

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY;

A NEW SERIES

Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.

VOL. X.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

1822.

THE

SCOTS MAGAZINE,

AND

EDINBURGH LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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VOL. LXXXIX.  
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FOR 1822.—PART I.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
 AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine,

JANUARY 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LLITH.

Days.	Morn.		Even.		Days.	Morn.		Even.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Feb. 1822.					Feb. 1822				
Fr. 1	9	46	10	33	Su. 17	11	10	11	44
Sa. 2	11	18	11	59	M. 18	—	—	0	13
Su. 3	—	—	0	30	Tu. 19	0	37	1	1
Mo. 4	0	59	1	23	W. 20	1	23	1	13
Tu. 5	1	45	2	5	Th. 21	2	3	2	22
W. 6	2	25	2	43	Fr. 22	2	39	2	57
Th. 7	3	1	3	17	Sa. 23	3	13	3	32
Fr. 8	3	33	4	48	Su. 24	3	51	4	9
Sa. 9	4	4	4	18	M. 25	4	28	4	48
Su. 10	4	33	4	47	Tu. 26	5	8	5	32
M. 11	5	2	5	19	W. 27	5	52	6	14
Tu. 12	5	32	5	49	Th. 28	6	15	7	18
W. 13	6	6	6	24					
Th. 14	6	48	7	18					
Fr. 15	7	54	8	40					
Sa. 16	9	37	10	29					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

Full Moon, Wed. 6. 21 m. past 5 morn.
 Last Quarter, Th. 14. 7 3 morn.
 New Moon, Th. 21. 35 7 aftern.
 First Quarter, Th. 28. 12 2 aftern.

TIRMS, &c.

February 2 (andlers).

14 Old (andlers).
 24. First Sunday in Lent.
 — Duke of Cambridge born.
 27. Harc hunting ends.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. MANS, Edinburgh, or to LONGMAN and COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be particularly addressed.

To Correspondents.

We are sorry that an incidental compliment paid to Mr Young's Note on the Plague in Malta in 1813, should have given any one offence. When we made this extract from Mr Young's performance, we were not aware that any thing had previously been published on the same subject in the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, and could not, therefore, intend to establish any contrast between the two narratives, unfavourable to the former. But the complainant should remember, that *his* statement is anonymous, whereas Mr Young's was vouched by his name, and therefore, in the strictest sense of the word, more "authentic." "In essential points, the two narratives do not differ." With regard to the allegation, that Mr Young's account is "embellished," and the insinuation, that he wrote the notice of his own poem, the Editor deems it sufficient to state, that the Review of "Antonia" was written by himself, that he has the honour to enjoy Mr Young's friendship, and that he believes him a man of unimpeachable honour and veracity.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of Mr Gower's expostulatory letter, the temper, moderation; and good sense displayed in which do him infinite honour. When he produces any thing really good, we shall be more prompt to praise than we were to blame him. The accompanying verses are respectable.

We have not had time to peruse "*The Prophecy*," by Miss Landon. She may rest assured it shall meet with all favour and consideration.

By an inconceivable fatality, we are again compelled to defer inserting the judicious remarks of our correspondent on Dr Chalmers's "*Christian and Civic Economy*."

The curious Narrative respecting an English Dissenting Preacher shall appear in our next.

We really beg the author of "*Original Poetry for the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE*" to discontinue her labours. We cannot insert such trash; and we do not know why we should be pestered with vindications of character, when the supposititious accused is to us a perfect nonentity. We shall in future take no notice whatever of her lucubrations.

"*The Naval Christmas Dinner*" is very clever, and very humorous, but better adapted to the boisterous jovialty of the Gun-Room, than to our sober pages.

"*An Autumnal Excursion*" in our next. The author will observe, by this Number, that we are pleased with him.

"*The Country Clergyman*" we have not yet found leisure to peruse. We shall, by-and-by.

We have not lost sight of the "*Fairy Legends*." We cannot help thinking, however, that the learned author might do better than merely translate. We shall be happy to receive an original paper from him.

The Review of Dr Hibbert's very valuable work on Zetland will appear in February.

"*A Summer Frolic in the North*" has merit, but it is, upon the whole, rather tame, and not so interesting as it might have been easily rendered. The incident relative to "Rory MacVurich, the Murderer," is very striking, and ought to have been turned to better account. We shall be happy to hear again from the author, whose modesty and want of pretension are very becoming.

"*The true art of Reviewing*," like every thing from the pen of its author, displays both sense and talent; but it is too grave, and too formally didactic. We think he might have accomplished his object in a pleasanter form. We have too much poetry in this Number already, and are therefore necessitated to reserve "*Love*" for our next.

"*Reflections on Chevy Chase*" is very well as the production of a gardener's muse, but it is a great deal too flowery for the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

The "*Song*" sent us from Jedburgh manifests poetical feeling, but is too loosely and carelessly composed.

The communication on the "*Great Improvement in Iron Bridges*" is an advertisement, not an article.

To Correspondents.

The verses on "*Caledonia*," &c. transmitted us from Perth, are tolerable. We request the author to read attentively the "*Tale of the Secret Tribunal*," that he may acquire some notion of the poetry we can command, and, of course, of what is likely to be admitted into our Miscellany.

The account of an Indian Wedding probably in our next. It is certainly curious enough.

In our February Number—and if the thing be physically possible—we shall try to favour our readers with an intelligible account of "*Attraction, Adaptation, and Variety*:" for which, if we succeed, (and we have some misgivings,) we will establish a claim to the lasting gratitude of the author.

We have in types an article in the Scottish dialect, which, we are sure, must puzzle every living being, Dr Jamieson only excepted. We intend to publish it.

J. R. P. has our thanks and our esteem. We shall certainly avail ourselves of part, at least, of his communication. He will do us a favour by writing us frequently.

The graphic legal portraits taken in "*WESTMINSTER HALL*," by our ingenious and accomplished friend, will occupy a conspicuous place in our next publication.

The "*Abstract of Report to the British Parliament, relative to the Hindoo Widows, and other voluntary immolations in India*," though highly interesting and important, reached us too late for this month. It will appear in February.

Being anxious to dispose at once of all Lord Byron's new creations, or abortions, we are therefore necessitated to decline the able Review of Sardanapalus, transmitted by our ingenious correspondent at M———.

The correct version of the anecdote of Dr Carlyle in our next.

"L" wont do at present. Another effort may have better success. "*That's all*."

We shall be glad to be favoured with a call from the author of the paper on Private Tuition, when we shall explain to his satisfaction the reason of his excellent article not appearing in the present number.

The author of "*ILL TAM*" must not be displeased that the second part of his ingenious paper forms no part of this month's bill of fare. It came too late for publication, but shall assuredly appear in February.

Since the above was written, a great variety of papers has been received. We have not yet had time to peruse them. Their respective authors may rest assured that none of them will be overlooked.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
 AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY

JANUARY 1822.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE POLITICAL
 CONDITION OF EUROPE AND SOUTH
 AMERICA.

IN considering, generally, the present state of Europe, no one, we think, can be sanguine enough to calculate on any long continuance of peace. Without inquiring into the causes of the late sanguinary wars, which raged so long between France and the other powers, we may safely state, that the settlement in which they terminated was the result, not, of any mutual compromise or reconciliation of jarring interests, but of pure force. The compact of peace was not, to use Mr Burke's phrase, in the spirit of peace—it was ratified at the point of the sword. Peace was brought about by the complete triumph of the coalesced powers, who trampled on the necks of their formidable and long-victorious enemies, and dictated such terms as are usually given by the conquerors to their fallen adversaries. As this treaty was brought about by the sword, the sword was its natural guarantee; and the Allied Powers accordingly took good security that the settlement which they effected should not be disturbed by any of those rebellious spirits who might have been left, discontented, by the fluctuating chances of revolution. But this pressure of foreign force, which weighed down and kept steady the various and complicated machinery of the great European system, being now withdrawn, all the discordant passions and clashing interests which were, for a time, laid

asleep, are now again in full play, and are working, with all their former activity, to produce new wars: Independently of this balance of discord, which has never yet been discharged, there prevails, almost in every country of Europe, a controversy between governments and their subjects, which has already produced various disturbances, and is far from being set at rest. The tranquillity of the European powers is thus menaced from two sources: 1st, From their differences with each other, and from the still rankling animosities of the last war: 2dly, From civil discord, by which most of them are perplexed. We shall, in the following Sketch, endeavour to trace shortly the principal features in the political condition of each.

1st, With regard to Great Britain, the chief peculiarity in her condition is her enormous debt, which has had the effect of weighing down both her commerce and her agriculture. In the last contest, she has unquestionably gained every object for which she took up arms: having settled the old hereditary family of the Bourbons on the throne of France, and restored quiet to Europe. But she has received in the broil such severe contusions, that she has never yet recovered her former alacrity and strength. Her enormous debt, and the immense revenue which it is necessary to levy from the people by taxes, is the dead-weight which hangs upon her, and obstructs her progress. There never was a time when it was more necessary that the commerce and agricul-

ture of the country should be flourishing, in order to yield a suitable revenue for the public service; but such is the dilemma in which we are placed, that the very circumstance which renders a large revenue necessary, prevents the revenue from flourishing. Taxation has been pushed to such a pitch, in consequence of our great war-expenditure, that it has deadened all the springs of industry. Our commerce was so depressed, that the labourer could neither procure his wages, nor the master his profit. The land was filled with idle, starving, and discontented workmen, who met and consulted about political reform, vainly looking to this quarter for the relief of their miseries. They were driven to despair, and threatened to involve the country in tumults. By the revival, in some degree, of our commerce, these great evils have abated. But the leading branch of our domestic industry, namely, our agriculture, continues in an extremely depressed state, and seems every day to decline deeper into embarrassment and distress. The landed interest vainly look to Parliament for relief; not aware, apparently, that the low price of produce, from which all their distress has arisen, has been brought about by causes far above all human control. By the late act, restricting the importation of foreign corn, they have obtained for the last two years the complete monopoly of the home markets, and Parliament cannot go farther for their relief. But, say they, agriculture, in its present depressed state, cannot bear the burdens laid upon it. Let the public expenditure, therefore, be reduced, and taxes taken off. Here, then, is the dilemma in which we are placed. A great class of the community, composing the landed interest, the most powerful of all, are, owing to the distress which they have suffered, thrown into the ranks of those who are crying out for economy and retrenchment. From this circumstance, considerable inconvenience is expected to arise to Ministers, in the approaching parliament; and, what is of far greater consequence, if the distress of the country does not abate, from what source is a revenue to arise, suitable to our great expenditure? What pro-

spect have we, if our revenue do not materially increase, of ever discharging the debt by which we are at present oppressed? These are the great and critical points in the present condition of this country. Our revenues are mortgaged to pay the interest of a large debt, the principal of which is, long ago, spent. We have to provide for this as well as for our annual expenditure; and the whole strength of the nation is tasked to the utmost for these purposes. But it is clear, that if, in addition to this, we cannot provide a surplus for the gradual extinction of the debt, we must still be in a very precarious state. With our expenditure and our revenue nearly equally balanced, and without the means of adding one shilling to our revenue, it is clear that we present a broad and unshielded mark for every mischance. The public revenue of a great country is necessarily precarious; but as we are situated, we have no provision whatever against unexpected casualties. We must lie like a log on the water, the sport of every wave, or, rather, we are like a vessel sore beset to weather a certain point, with every inch of canvass set, and laid close to the wind, and thus running her inevitable course, either for safety or destruction. Nor have we any spare resources, to answer an unexpected call. In the event of a new war, we must remain neuter. We can no longer interfere in continental affairs, nor conclude subsidiary alliances. In regard to foreign politics we are manacled hand and foot by our immense debt. We cannot stir, either to aid or to oppose the continental potentates; and in this situation we must remain, until we have provided an adequate sinking-fund, for the redemption of our debt. From these considerations, it is apparent that the state of our finances furnishes the true standard of our political importance, and that, according as they are flourishing, or otherwise, will our power be great or small. It was by the prodigal use of our almost boundless resources, during the last struggle, that we acquired so much glory and importance; and these being now exhausted, our importance is necessarily diminished, until we recruit our wasted strength. Economy, therefore, is the

policy of Great Britain. It is her sure road to greatness—the true and only remedy for all her grievances, which consist merely in the taxation which oppresses her. The great defect in her political condition is her enormous debt, and for this defect economy is the certain and only cure.

2d, With respect to France, her situation, though apparently peaceable and prosperous, contains ample materials for inflammation and mischief. The fact cannot be denied, that France, notwithstanding the great exploits of her warriors, is now a conquered country. She has been thrown down from the highest pinnacle of military glory, and trampled upon by her enemies, who, to fill up the measure of her humiliation, compelled her to accept of the dynasty of the Bourbons, which she disliked, but was fain to submit to. To appearance, she is now better broke to the yoke, and wears her chains more peaceably—an effect which has been partly brought about by the prudent and temperate administration of Louis, who does not consider himself as the representative of the pride and prejudices of the Bourbons and their adherents, but is content to reign as a revolutionary king, the guardian of revolutionary interests. Notwithstanding this outward calm, however, we cannot doubt that amongst the patriot soldiers and statesmen of France, the prevailing feeling, in regard to recent events, is that of bitter humiliation and mortified pride; and if we consider for a moment what human nature is, how can the French, a proud and national people as they are, but be stung to the quick, by the complete and recently-proclaimed triumph of their enemies? With what a pang must they look back to the partition of their country's glory! To form a just notion of the popular feeling in France, we ought to put ourselves in their place, and suppose, for a moment, that the Duke of Wellington had been totally overthrown by the French troops—that the enemy, rapidly advancing and entering the capital, had there dictated a disgraceful peace which we, yielding to necessity, were forced to agree to. What would be the feeling of our patriots and statesmen, and of the na-

tion in general in such circumstances? Would patience, in such a case, be ranked among the British virtues? Would we not rather long for an opportunity of revenge, that we might wipe out the stain inflicted on the national honour, by the presence of a hostile army in the capital? and would not such a feeling be held as the true mark of a patriot? Such, then, is the state of France, and such is the popular feeling in that country, which shews itself, by many symptoms, too plain to be mistaken, and by none more strongly than by the uniform hatred evinced to the English, whenever an opportunity occurs of shewing it. This feeling is so prevalent, that it has been seen and experienced by all who have visited the country; and it is nothing more than an expression of indignation, and of mortified pride, at their own humiliation, directed particularly against the English, the authors, as they are generally considered, of all their misfortunes. He knows little of human nature, or of the history of the world, who imagines that, in the great and powerful nation of France, such a deadly feeling of enmity can, for any length of time, lie dormant and innoxious. It will, sooner or later, burst forth, and, in its own time, rekindle the conflagration of war. The symptoms, indeed, of this spirit, are already visible in late dissensions between the Chamber of Deputies and the King of France. This dispute is a complete index to the political feeling prevailing in France. It was evidently intimated by the Chamber to the King, that they considered him the mere tool of the Allied Sovereigns, to whose views he was ready basely to sacrifice the national honour. It was no doubt to the late transactions in Italy that they referred, when they arraigned, in this manner, the policy of the country. They were indignant that Austria, their ancient rival and enemy, should interfere to settle the distractions of Italy according to her own absolute discretion; while France, so lately victorious and all-powerful, should stand by, the tame spectator of events with which she was no longer permitted to concern herself. Considering her former high claims to universal dominion, no-

thing can well be conceived more pitiful than her present attitude; no longer dreaming of glory and conquest, but sneaking, as it were, into a corner for safety, and leaving to other and more powerful states the arduous duties of settling the distractions of dependent nations. It may be said, that all these feelings are irrational and mischievous, seeing that their tendency is to involve the world in perpetual disturbance. This is no doubt true; France would do well to bury her past greatness in oblivion; to sit down quietly, and, without regard to foreign politics, to direct her cares entirely to domestic improvement. The only rational object of national interference is the security of the state which interferes. But the safety of France is in no degree menaced by the transactions of Austria in Italy, and therefore her interference is justified by no principle of policy. It is not, however, with what ought to be done, but with what will be done, that we have any concern. The influence of Austria in Italy piques the jealousy and the pride of the French statesmen; and it is clear, that they view their country as degraded from its rank among the independent powers of Europe. With these feelings, long and keenly cherished, the chance is, that, sooner or later, they will burst forth into some overt act of mischief, by which France will be embroiled with the other European powers; all the materials, in short, of an explosion are prepared, in the heart-burnings and animosities which the last contest has left in the breast of the unsuccessful party. In what particular manner, or at what exact time, the flame will burst forth, it is impossible to say; but that the engines of mischief are already at work—that the seed is sown, and will, in due time, produce fruit, is apparent.

In the event of any contest among the European powers, the question is, what will be the policy of Great Britain? That she would consult both her power and her interest, by adhering to the strictest neutrality, seems manifest. But it does not therefore follow that this will be the line of her policy. The enormous debt, however, under which she la-

bours, is a strong, and will, we believe, be found an irresistible argument for peace. Her revenue is barely equal to her expenditure, and it cannot be increased, as taxation has been pushed to its utmost limits. A new war, therefore, which would impose the necessity of raising extraordinary means, when we cannot do more than provide for the ordinary expenditure of the state, will not, we may be assured, be undertaken on any of these speculative contingencies, and distant dangers, arising from the disturbance of the political balance, which dwelt so much in our eyes when our pride and our money were in equal abundance. If we mistake not, France and Austria, if they enter into a new war, will be allowed to settle their differences as they best can, without any molestation from this country, further than by her mediation. The drooping spirits of our allies will no longer be refreshed by intoxicating draughts of British money; they have drained out the last drop of this delicious cup; and, in the event of any new war, they must look to themselves for a supply of the exhilarating cordial.

3d, No one who reflects on the state of Italy can, for a moment, believe that it promises any thing like solid rest. The Neapolitans shewed their eagerness for a free constitution in the late peaceable revolution which they effected. They have been since subdued, without a struggle, by a military force. But we may be assured, that they are not, on this account, the more reconciled to their conquerors. Their inclinations remain unchanged; and if the Austrian troops should be required for more pressing service, the deep and settled discontent which prevails in Italy, would burst forth into open insurrection. In the case of popular disturbance, nothing is so effectual for present relief as the bayonet; but it leaves the disease, the source of the disturbance, in full vigour. It even aggravates it, kindling a smothered fire in the bosom of the country, which, sooner or later, breaks out into a flame.

4th, Spain and Portugal have just consummated the revolution which has been crushed in Italy by foreign

troops; and we cannot doubt that these powers, which have applied the healing operation of the bayonet to the disturbances in Italy, look with no favourable eye on what has taken place in these countries. But the favourable position of Spain and Portugal, with France interposed between them and Austria, and also their more formidable attitude, has hitherto prevented the interference of foreign powers. In the present dispositions, indeed, of the leading men in France, an attempt to march an Austrian or Russian army through that country, to Spain or Portugal, would be equivalent to a declaration of war; and it appears likely, therefore, that those two states will be allowed full liberty to settle their own internal affairs. We are not so perfectly informed as could be wished, of the views of the different parties in the late revolution, and of those who are friendly to the ancient *regime*: the most melancholy accounts are circulated as to the distracted state of the country, and the disorganization of the government. Making every allowance, however, for exaggeration, it is evident that the country is still in an agitated state, from the shock of the late revolution. Fears and jealousies seem to pervade men's minds. The Cortes and the people repose little confidence in the sincerity of the King; and he, on the other hand, however strongly he may profess, is at bottom an enemy of the new constitution. No king, indeed, was ever yet a friend to any change which restricted his own arbitrary power, and Ferdinand is certainly no exception to so general a rule. It is from this want of confidence between the leading powers in the state, that convulsions may arise, dangerous to the constitution, and to the peace of the country; and to this source, indeed, may be traced all the disorders incident, generally, to revolutions. If the privileges of the people, and the power of the crown, are found incompatible, one or other must be discharged; and in the shock of those irreconcilable powers, the whole system of government is brought to the ground. This was the case in England during the reign of Charles I.; also at the revolution in 1688; and in France with Louis XVI. It

is seldom that a civil war of extermination can rage in a state without overthrowing the machinery of its constitution. Men's passions are gradually kindled in the course of these contests; in the wide-spreading scene of confusion, new objects arise to dazzle ambition; and when every thing is afloat and in disorder, bold adventurers are never wanting, to grasp at the prize of the supreme power. Such is, unhappily, the too frequent progress of revolutions, though begun on the justest grounds. Whether this state of things will be realized in Spain, cannot yet be determined. If the King manifests an inveterate enmity to the new order of things, he may possibly be removed, as was our James II., without much disturbance. Such is his unpopularity, that it is not likely he can make a party of any consequence; and his abdication of the crown, or his expulsion, in place of creating any tumult, might possibly remove the only impediment to a peaceable settlement of the national affairs.

5th, In the north of Europe, the prospect of a war between Turkey and Russia has for some time past fixed the attention of Europe. Russia, justly incensed at the late atrocious and unprovoked massacre of the Greeks by the Turks, remonstrated against these lawless proceedings. A negotiation has commenced, of which the issue was long doubtful, but which now appears to be unsuccessful, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of Austria and Britain for the preservation of peace. War will, in all likelihood, take place between these powers, which will open a wide field for Russian enterprise, and will give ample employment to her numerous and well-disciplined armies. In such a war, there can be little doubt of success. The Turks were never able to offer any effectual opposition to the Russians; and since the last contest, the disparity between the two parties has rather increased. The Russians have been involved as principals in all the late wars in Europe; their armies have acquired discipline and experience, and their officers science; while the Turks have all the while remained at peace. In the field, therefore, they would be quite overmatched by the Russians. In an

equal battle, they must be beaten and destroyed. They might, indeed, retard the advance of the Russian to Constantinople, by a skilful use of all the defensive positions afforded by the country, which, in some parts, is singularly strong. The ridge of Mount Hæmus, which bounds the province of Rœnnelia, would present, to the irruption of an enemy, uncommonly difficult passes, which, by an active army, might be defended to great advantage. But we doubt whether the Turkish armies possess that discipline and activity that would enable them, even on any conditions, to cope with their Russian adversaries; and we are not to suppose, that those who were not deterred from assaulting the almost impregnable fortress of Ismail, would stand very patiently before strong positions. By some means or other, they would contrive to penetrate through this mountainous country, after which there would be no intervening obstacle between them and Constantinople; and there is little doubt, indeed, that they would soon be masters of that far-famed metropolis. Nor do we see any reason for regret on this head. Those barbarians have destroyed the civilization of the countries which they conquered; every thing has degenerated under their wretched domination, which it is an abuse of words to call a government; and they have never shewn the least tendency to profit by the improvements of Europe. Were these fine countries, which they possess, taken out of their management, it would greatly conduce to their happiness and improvement. This will not be denied by any one who has the least notion, of the gross and brutal oppression which prevails every where throughout this barbarous empire. Every system of European government has always maintained this marked superiority over the Asiatic despotisms, that, however absolute the supreme power, it is exerted for the uniform protection of all. There is always perfect security for private property, and full scope for industry. Every man toils in the full confidence of enjoying the fruits of his labours; and if the matter be properly considered, it is for the interest of governments (to take even

the narrowest view of the matter) to afford equal protection to all, and to shelter the weak from the spoliations of the strong. But such is the ignorance of those wretched barbarians of the East, and so debased are the people in all their moral habits, that, with all their despotic power, they cannot accomplish this great object of all government. The light of knowledge has never arisen on these benighted regions; the government does not see, that, by protecting the industry of the people from the vexation of its delegated agents, it might raise a larger revenue, with less oppression to the people. Tyranny is never so perfect as when it has ignorance for its ally; and this is so completely the case in Turkey, that in many parts the land is left desolate, and only such part cultivated as will yield a bare subsistence to the peasant, who knows full well, that all beyond this would be seized upon, without scruple, by his rapacious masters.

Under the rule of Russia, we do not say that the inhabitants would enjoy the blessings of civil freedom in all their perfection; but they would enjoy all the freedom of which they are capable. All violent and unnecessary vexations would undoubtedly be repressed. No delegated minion of the supreme authority would henceforth be allowed to riot in the spoils of the people. The industrious labourer or merchant would no longer be fleeced without ceremony, and without mercy. Some barrier would be established between him and his oppressor, which could not be instantly overstepped; he could not be plundered as before, *bravi manu*; tyranny would be turned aside from its plain, straight-forward march; and, in the meantime, its former devoted victims would have leisure to prepare some scheme of defence. It is well known that the Russian Government is exemplary in the administration of impartial justice in its provinces, and that the iron hand of her vigorous government reaches the very extremities of her empire. That this is a just account of the policy of Russia, no one will doubt who is acquainted with the excellent regime which she has established in the mountainous pro-

Vinces of Caucasus, ceded to her by Persia, and labouring at the time under all the worst vices of an ill-regulated territory, where the supreme power, though despotic, was scarcely ever felt. The people were all robbers; they lived by robbery as a trade, which was handed down from father to son, and was greatly favoured by the rugged and mountainous nature of the country, full of inaccessible fortresses and secure retreats. To set about reclaiming the inhabitants from their Eastern habits of disorder, was truly an Herculean task. It was undertaken, however, by Russia; and by persevering efforts, admirably directed, the old trade of robbery and murder has been at length, in a good degree, superseded by commerce and industry. It is impossible to contemplate the stupendous efforts of Russia, for the improvement of the people in this remote quarter, without admiration. Roads have been constructed with incredible toil, across those vast mountain deserts; forts have been built, which are so many rallying points for the peaceable and industrious, and around which, accordingly, towns have arisen; and Cossack guards been distributed at convenient points, for the security of travellers, and of the commercial caravans which travel eastward into Persia. The progress which Russia has made in civilizing and improving these savage countries, is an earnest of what she, or any other European power, would accomplish in the equally-distracted and oppressed provinces of the Turkish empire: and we really, therefore, do not see any reason to regret the crisis that appears to be approaching, and that will probably terminate in the overthrow of this Eastern power.

Besides, it is plain, from the recent massacre of the Greeks, that there is no farther security for the oppressed race under the Turkish Government. A war of extermination appears to have begun between the two nations; and any treaty concluded with Turkey, whatever conditions it contained for their protection, must be entirely inefficient in the present infuriated state of the Turkish population. It would deliver the Greeks, hand and foot, into the power of their enemies. It is said, indeed, that the

Greeks are equally guilty with the Turks, of atrocious and unprovoked massacres, and an account is published of their sanguinary proceedings against the Turks, on the taking of Tripolitza. This may be true. It is happily, mankind are seldom behind-hand with each other in these enormities. The Greeks have been grievously provoked by their oppressors, and having a fair opportunity, they have indulged in a full measure of vengeance. Revenge has too keen a relish for the depraved appetites of mankind to be easily refrained from, when it can be safely indulged; and the history of the world is indeed stained with the mutual atrocities that spring out of national animosities. Of the two parties, however, who are now struggling for the mastery of Greece, the natives are in every view to be preferred, and they can certainly be guilty of no crime in which they are not far outdone by their Turkish oppressors. We do not indeed enter into those illusions drawn from ancient history, which would ascribe high refinement and humanity to the modern Greeks. They are considerably debased, no doubt, from the standard of their ancient manners. This must be, the case, considering the long servitude they have endured. But they must be, and it is well known that they still are, far superior to the Turks; and to give the supreme rule of the country into their hands, certainly appears to be by far the most eligible mode of terminating the present contest.

Some of our more zealous patriots have already reared up a fanciful structure of dangerous consequences to this country, from such an extension of the Russian power, and are dealing out, in all the pompous phraseology of the balancing system, predictions of evil, which can only be accomplished some thirty years hence, and that through a long chain of causes and consequences, which of course no untoward event is in any case to break, in order to disconcert these beautiful theories. It has always been the character of those who have taken upon them the care of the balance of power, to snuff up the scent of dangers at an immense distance, and, as if they had the gift of prescience, to embark in the calamity

of an immediate war, in order to avoid evils which were the subject of their sagacious foresight. But to surmise dangers to the balance of Europe, from an extension of power in an opposite direction, and over a people who must be refractory and rebellious against their new yoke for a century to come, certainly exceeds all former extravagance. It is manifest that Russia, by grasping at Turkey, must be rendered less capable, even if she were so disposed, to become the disturber of Europe. Her attention and her power would be directed to different objects, her forces would be required to keep her new subjects in awe, and the policy of her rulers would be directed to improve the uncertain tenure of recent conquest into a more solid and permanent tie. In whatever view the possession of Turkey by Russia can be considered, it must rather be a security to the other European powers against her ambitious designs, if any such she entertains, as she must evidently be less qualified for forming schemes of aggrandisement in Europe, when she has on her hands this new and useless acquisition. But even although the aggrandisement of Russia, by the conquest of Turkey, should alarm the continental powers, it need not alarm Great Britain. In the case of the partition of Poland, it was justly observed by Mr Burke, that, in regard to Great Britain, Poland might be considered a country in the moon; so little did he suppose that Britain was interested in such remote changes. Much more will the same doctrine apply to Turkey, with which we are still less connected, and from the possession of which by Russia, it is impossible for the most fertile imagination to divine any plausible ground of danger. We hope, therefore, that whatever happens, even although the continental powers, who are interested, should quarrel about the division of the spoil, Great Britain will stand completely neuter, holding fast by the policy of peace, and quietly repairing the injuries which her commerce and agriculture have sustained in the course of the late war.

6th, If we turn our view from Europe to South America, we find there the cause of independence every where triumphant. The vigorous

rulers of Buenos Ayres have not only achieved their own independence, but they have delivered both Chili and Peru from the yoke of the mother country. In the Caraccas, the leaders of the royal troops have rekindled the flames of war, of which it is difficult to see the object. Is it the intention of Spain to reduce her refractory colonies to submission? What is to be got by this, even if success were certain? Colonies, in their best estate, are of little real advantage to the mother country. They are little else than a sort of ornamental appendage, more showy than solid. We may question, on general grounds, whether any benefit ever accrued to Spain, or whether any benefit can ever accrue to any other country, from the possession of such extensive and distant dependencies. This may be very rationally questioned. But when once those colonies, from whatever cause, become tired of the dominion of the parent state—when they have revolted, and carried on a long war for the attainment of independence—and when it is apparent that no voluntary or equal union can any longer subsist, but that the colony must be subdued by force, and held fast to the mother country, not by the ties of a willing allegiance, but by the galling chain of military despotism; then it is quite clear, that such a connection, so far from producing any benefit to either party, must bring with it a long train of the most lamentable evils, and that, with a view to the mutual interests of both countries, it cannot be too speedily dissolved.

Now, this is precisely the state of matters between Spain and her colonies. They are, in fact, separated. That identity of feelings and interests which formerly united them, is gone. The charm of sovereign authority, which kept down the scattered elements of discontent, and hindered an explosion, is broken. The colonies have revolted—they have tried their new-born strength, and never again will they be the voluntary subjects of Spain. Though it was even possible for the mother country to crush them, what profit would there be in their forced subjection? But it is not likely that any such attempt could possibly succeed, and therefore any renewal of the

contest, on the part of Spain, is evidently hopeless.

With respect to the colonies, they also unquestionably have their difficulties, and we do not see that they are altogether done away by the prospect of independence. When that is finally accomplished—when they have entirely shaken off their dependence on the mother country, the arduous task must be immediately commenced, of framing a government, which shall unite the freedom of the subject with submission to lawful authority; and the great question is, what sort of government will this naturally be? Here, however, they appear to have no choice. They must set up a republic. They have no other alternative but to try this dangerous experiment. We call it dangerous, because we doubt whether they have materials for carrying on this difficult form of government. We doubt whether the mass of the people are sufficiently enlightened. We doubt whether there is that diffusion of knowledge among the community at large—whether there is that habitual reverence for legal authority, that will be necessary to set in motion all the complex machinery of a free constitution. We greatly mistake the matter, if we suppose that freedom consists in mere naked institutions, or in the mere existence of laws, however excellent and just. There were in England parliaments, and trial by jury, in the reign of Henry VIII.; but there was no freedom, because, although we possessed good institutions and good laws, we wanted the spirit and intelligence of an enlightened people, to animate with the breath of life those institutions and laws. The freedom enjoyed by any people, it has been said, is in the direct ratio of their intelligence. This is true; a free constitution cannot, therefore, flourish but among a people highly and generally enlightened; and we might just as well model a piece of clay into the figure of a ship, and set it afloat amid the tempests of the ocean, as set up the delicate structure of a popular government amid the still worse tempests of barbarism and ignorance. If these views be true, or near the truth, it is apparent that the colonies, even now, when they

may be said to have achieved their independence, have their difficulties as well as the mother country. The authority of the parent state afforded a central point, round which every thing revolved in quietness; it was a controlling principle which kept all subordinate factions in their proper place, and prevented them from distracting the state; and this check being withdrawn, is there no danger lest contending factious start up, and that in their conflicts for power, the constitution, now erected, in all the perfection of theory, may be torn to pieces and scattered to the winds? That these dangers are not imaginary, the example of the Buenos Ayres government plainly shews, which has for some years past been the prey of political factions, and in whose contests, if they are long protracted, all notions of freedom will soon be forgotten. In short, now that the controlling power of the mother country is withdrawn, there are no natural ties to hold this vast empire together, and it must disunite and fall asunder, into a number of independent republics. It will require great political skill, and the ascendancy of some superior mind, to establish even the precarious tie of a federal union; and as the popular leaders in America have fully evinced their genius for war, by their decided success, they will now be called upon, in contriving a constitution for the provinces they have conquered, to evince the talents in the no less important department of legislation and policy.

A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL*, which attained such formidable power towards the close of the fourteenth century, is mentioned in history as an institution publicly known so early as in the year 1211. Its members, who were called Free Judges, were unknown to the people, and were bound, by a tremendous oath, to deliver up their dearest friends and relatives, without exception, if they had committed any offence con-

* See the works of Baron Boek and Professor Kramer.

nizable by the tribunal. They were also under an obligation to relate all they knew concerning the affair, to cite the accused, and, in case of his condemnation, to pursue and put him to death, wherever he might be met with. The proceedings of this tribunal were carried on at night, and with the greatest mystery; and though it was usual to summon a culprit three times before sentence was passed, yet

persons obnoxious to it were sometimes accused and condemned without any citation. After condemnation, it was almost impossible for any one to escape the vengeance of the Free Judges, for their commands set thousands of assassins in motion, who had sworn not to spare the life of their nearest relation, if required to sacrifice it, but to execute the decrees of the order with the most devoted obedience, even should they consider the object of their pursuit as the most innocent of men. Almost all persons of rank and fortune sought admission into the society; there were Free Judges even amongst the magistrates of the imperial cities, and every prince had some of their order in his council. When a member of this tribunal was not of himself strong enough to seize and put to death a criminal, he was not to lose sight of him until he met with a sufficient number of his comrades for the purpose, and these were obliged, upon his making certain signs, to lend him immediate assistance, without asking any questions. It was usual to hang up the person condemned, with a willow-branch, to the first tree; but, if circumstances obliged them to dispatch him with a poniard, they left it in his body, that it might be known he had not been assassinated, but executed by a Free Judge. All the transactions of the *Sages*, or *Seers*, (as they called themselves,) were enveloped in mystery, and it is even now unknown by what signs they revealed themselves to each other. At length their power became so extensive and redoubtable, that the Princes of the Empire found it necessary to unite their exertions for its suppression, in which they were at length successful.

The following account of this extraordinary association is given by

Madame de Staël:—"Des juges mystérieux inconnus l'un à l'autre, toujours masqués, et se rassemblant pendant la nuit, punissaient dans le silence, et gravoient seulement sur le poignard qu'ils enforçoient dans le sein du coupable ce mot terrible; TRIBUNAL SECRET. Ils prévenoient le condamné, en faisant crier trois fois sous les fenêtres de sa maison, Malheur, Malheur, Malheur! Alors l'infortuné savoit que par-tout, dans l'étranger, dans son concitoyen, dans son parent même, il pouvoit trouver son meurtrier. La solitude, la foule, les villes, les campagnes, tout étoit rempli par la présence invisible de cette conscience armée qui poursuivait les criminels. On conçoit comment cette terrible institution pouvoit être nécessaire, dans un temps où chaque homme étoit fort contre tous, au lieu que tous doivent être forts contre chacun. Il falloit que la justice surprit le criminel avant qu'il pût s'en défendre; mais cette punition qui planoit dans les airs comme une ombre vengeresse, cette sentence mortelle qui pouvoit receler le sein même d'un ami, frappoit d'une invincible terreur."

L'Allemagne. Vol. II.

A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

Night veil'd the mountains of the vine,
And storms had rous'd the foaming
Rhine,
And, mingling with the pinewood's roar,
Its billows hoarsely chaf'd the shore,
While glen and cavern, to their moans,
Gave answer, with a thousand tones:
Then, as the voice of storms appall'd
The peasant of the Odenwald*,
Shuddering he deem'd, that, far on high,
'Twas the wild huntsman rushing by,
Riding the blast with phantom speed,
With cry of hound, and tramp of steed,
While his fierce train, as on they flew,
Their horns in savage chorus blew,
Till rock, and tower, and convent round,
Rung to the shrill unearthly sound.

Vain dreams! far other footsteps trac'd
The forest paths, in secret haste;
Far other sounds were on the night,
Though lost amidst the tempest's might,
That fill'd the echoing earth and sky,
With its own awful harmony.

* The Odenwald, a forest-district near the Rhine, adjoining the territories of Darmstadt.

There stood a lone and ruin'd fane,
 Far in the Oddewild's domain,
 Midst wood and rock, a deep recess
 Of still and shadowy loneliness.
 Long grass its pavement had o'ergrown,
 The wild-flower wav'd o'er the altar-
 stone,
 The night-wind rock'd the tottering pile,
 As it swept along the roofless aisle,
 For the forest-boughs, and the stormy sky,
 Were all that Minster's canopy.

Many a broken image lay
 In the mossy mantle of decay,
 And partial light the moonbeams darted,
 O'er trophies of the long-departed ;
 For there the chiefs of other days,
 The mighty slumber'd, with their praise :
 'Twas long since aught but the dew's of
 Heaven

A tribute to their bier had given,
 Long since a sound, but the moaning
 blast
 Above their voiceless home had pass'd.

So slept the proud—and with them all
 The records of their fame and fall ;
 Helmet, and shield, and sculptur'd crest,
 Adorn'd the dwelling of their rest,
 And emblems of the Holy Land
 Were carv'd by some forgotten hand ;
 But the helm was broke, the shield de-
 faced,
 And the crest through weeds might scarce
 be traced ;
 And the scatter'd leaves of the northern
 pine

Half hid the palm of Palestine.
 So slept the glorious—lowly laid,
 As the peasant in his native shade,
 Some hermit's tale, some shepherd's
 rhyme,
 All that high deeds could win from Time !

What footsteps move, with measur'd tread,
 Amidst those chambers of the dead ?
 What silent, shadowy beings glide
 Low tombs and mouldering shrines be-
 side,

Peopling the wild and solemn scene
 With forms well suited to its mien ?
 Wanderer, away ! let none intrude,
 On their mysterious solitude !
 Lo ! these are they, that awful band,
 The Secret Watchers of the land,
 They that unknown, and uncontroll'd,
 Their dark and dread tribunal hold.
 They meet not in the monarch's dome,
 They meet not in the chieftain's home,
 But where unbounded o'er their heads,
 All heaven magnificently spreads,
 And from its depths of cloudless blue
 The eternal stars their deeds may view !
 Where'er the flowers of the mountain-
 sod

By roving foot are seldom trod ;

Where'er the pathless forest waves,
 Or the ivy clothes forsaken graves ;
 Where'er wild legends mark a spot,
 By mortals shunn'd, but unforget,
 There, circled by the shades of night,
 They judge of crimes that shrink from
 light,

And guilt, that deems its secret known
 To the One unslumbering eye alone,
 Yet hears their name with a sudden start,
 As an icy touch had chill'd its heart,
 For the shadow of th' avenger's hand
 Rests dark and heavy on the land.

There rose a voice from the ruin's gloom,
 And woke the echoes of the tomb,
 As if the noble hearts beneath
 Sent forth deep answers to its breath.

“ When the midnight stars are burning,
 And the dead to earth returning ;
 When the spirits of the blest
 Rise upon the good man's rest ;
 When each whisper of the gale
 Bids the cheek of guilt turn pale ;
 In the shadow of the hour,
 That o'er the soul hath deepest power,
 Why thus meet we, but to call
 For judgment on the criminal ?
 Why, but the doom of guilt to seal,
 And point th' avenger's holy steel ?
 A fearful oath has bound our souls,
 A fearful power our arm controls !
 There is an ear, awake on high,
 E'en to thought's whispers, ere they die ;
 There is an eye, whose beam pervades
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades ;
 That ear hath heard our awful vow,
 That searching eye is on us now !
 Let Him, whose heart is unprofan'd,
 Whose hand no blameless blood hath
 stain'd—

Let Him, whose thoughts no record keep
 Of crimes, in silence buried deep,
 Here, in the face of Heaven, accuse
 The guilty whom its wrath pursues !”

'Twas hush'd—that voice of thrilling
 sound,
 And a dead silence reign'd around.
 Then stood forth one, whose dim-seen
 form,

Tower'd like a phantom in the storm ;
 Gathering his mantle, as a cloud,
 With its dark folds his face to shroud,
 Through pillar'd arches on he pass'd,
 With stately step, and paus'd at last,
 Where, on the altar's mouldering stone,
 The fitful moonbeam brightly shone ;
 Then on the fearful stillness broke
 Low, solemn tones, as thus he spoke :

“ Before that eye, whose glance per-
 vades
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades ;

Heard by that ear, awake on high
 E'en to thought's whispers ere they die ;
 With all a mortal's awe I stand,
 Yet with pure heart, and stainless hand,
 To Heaven I lift that hand, and call
 For judgment on the criminal :
 The earth is dyed with bloodshed's hues,
 It cries for vengeance—I accuse !”

“ Name thou the guilty ! say for whom
 Those claim'th' inevitable doom !”

“ Albert of Lindheim—to the skies
 The voice of blood against him cries ;
 A brother's blood—his hand is dyed
 With the deep stain of fratricide.
 One hour, one moment, hath reveal'd,
 What years in darkness had conceal'd,
 But all in vain—the gulph of time
 Refus'd to close upon his crime ;
 And Guilt, that slept on flowers, shall
 know,
 The earthquake was but hush'd below !

Here, where amidst the noble dead,
 Aw'd by their fame, he dare not tread,
 Where, left by him to dark decay,
 Their trophies moulder fast away ;
 Around us and beneath us lie
 The relics of his ancestry ;
 The chiefs of Lindheim's ancient race,
 Each in his last low dwelling-place :
 But one is absent—o'er his grave
 The palmy shades of Syria wave ;
 Far distant from his native Rhine,
 He died unmourn'd in Palestine ;
 The Pilgrim sought the Holy Land,
 To perish by a brother's hand !
 Peace to his soul ! though o'er his bed
 No dirge be pour'd, no tear be shed,
 Though all he lov'd his name forget,
 They live who shall avenge him yet !”

“ Accuser ! how to thee alone
 Became the fearful secret known ?”

“ There is an hour when vain Remorse
 First wakes in her eternal force ;
 When pardon may not be retriev'd,
 When conscience will not be deceiv'd.
 He that beheld the victim bleed,
 Beheld, and aided in the deed—
 When earthly fears had lost their power,
 Reveal'd the tale in such an hour,
 Unfolding, with his latest breath,
 All that gave keener pangs to death.”

“ By Him, th' All-seeing and Unseen,
 Who is for ever, and hath been,
 And by th' Atoner's cross ador'd,
 And by th' Avenger's holy sword,
 By truth eternal and divine,
 Accuser ! wilt thou swear to thine ?”
 “ The cross upon my heart is pre't,
 I hold the dagger to my breast,

If false the tale whose truth I swear,
 Be mine the murderer's doom to bear !”

Then sternly rose the dread reply—
 “ His days are number'd—he must die !
 There is no shadow of the night,
 So deep as to conceal his flight ;
 Earth doth not hold so lone a waste,
 But there his footstep shall be trac'd ;
 Devotion hath no shrine so blest,
 That there in safety he may rest.
 Where'er he treads, let Vengeance there
 Around him spread her secret snare !
 In the busy haunts of men,
 In the still and shadowy gloom,
 When the social board is crown'd,
 When the wine-cup sparkles round ;
 When his couch of sleep is prest,
 And a dream his spirit's guest ;
 When his bosom knows no fear,
 Let the dagger still be near,
 Till, sudden as the lightning's dart,
 Silent and swift it reach his heart !
 One warning voice, one fearful word,
 Ere morn beneath his towers be heard,
 Then vainly may the guilty fly,
 Unseen, unaided—he must die !
 Let those he loves prepare his tomb,
 Let friendship lure him to his doom !
 Perish his deeds, his name, his race,
 Without a record or a trace !
 Away ! be watchful, swift, and free,
 To wreak th' invisible's decree.
 'Tis pass'd—th' avenger claims his prey,
 On to the chase of death—away !”

And all was still—the sweeping blast
 Caught not a whisper as it pass'd ;
 The shadowy forms were seen no more,
 The tombs deserted as before ;
 And the wide forest wad'd immense,
 In dark and lone magnificence.
 In Lindheim's towers the feast had clos'd ;
 The song was hush'd, the hard repos'd ;
 Sleep settled on the weary guest,
 And the castle's lord retir'd to rest.
 To rest !—the captive doom'd to die
 May slumber, when his hour is nigh ;
 The seaman, when the billows foam,
 Rock'd to the mast, may dream of home ;
 The warrior on the battle's eve,
 May win from sleep a short reprieve ;
 But earth and heaven alike deny
 Their peace to guilt's o'erwearied eye ;
 And night, that brings to grief a calm,
 To toil a pause, to pain a balm,
 Hath spells terrific in her course,
 Dread sounds and shadows for remorse,
 Voices, that long from earth had fled,
 And steps and echoes from the dead ;
 And many a dream, whose fumes arise,
 Like a darker world's realities !
 Call them not vain illusions—born,
 But for the wise and brave to scorn !

Heaven, that the penal doom defers,
Hath yet its thousands and ministers,
To scourge the heart, unseen, unknown,
In shade, in silence, and alone,
Concentrating, in one brief hour,
Ages of retribution's power!

If thou wouldst know the lot of those,
Whose souls are dark with guilty woes,
Ah! seek them not where pleasure's
throng

Are listening to the voice of song;
Seek them not where the banquet glows,
And the red vineyard's nectar flows;
There mirth may flush the hollow cheek,
The eye of feverish joy may speak,
And smiles, the ready mask of pride,
The canker-worm within may hide:
Heed not those signs! they but delude;
Follow, and mark their solitude!

The song is hush'd, the feast is done,
And Lindheim's lord remains alone.
Alone, in silence and unrest,
With the dread secret of his breast;
Alone with anguish and with fear;
—There needs not an avenger here!
Behold him!—Why that sudden start?
'Thou hear'st the beating of thy heart!
'Thou hear'st the night-wind's hollow
sigh,
'Thou hear'st the rustling tapestry!
No sound but these may near thee be;
Sleep! all things earthly sleep—but thee.

No! there are murmurs on the air,
And a voice is heard that cries—"Des-
pair!"

And he who trembles fain would deem
'Twas the whisper of a waking dream.
Was it but this?—again 'tis there,
Again is heard—"Despair! Despair!"
'Tis past—its tones have slowly died
In echoes on the mountain side;
Heard but by him, they rose, they fell,
He knew their fearful meaning well,
And, shrinking from the midnight gloom,
As from the shadow of the tomb,
Yet shuddering, turn'd in pale dismay,
When broke the dawn's first kindling ray,
And sought, amidst the forest wild,
Some shade, where sunbeam never smil'd.

Yes! hide thee, Guilt!—the laughing
morn

Wakes in a heaven of splendour born!
The storms that shook the mountain
crest
Have sought their viewless world of rest.
Fligh from his cliffs, with ardent gaze,
Soars the young eagle in the blaze,
Exulting, as he wings his way,
To revel in the fount of day,
And brightly past his banks of vine,
In glory flows the monarch Rhine;

And joyous peals the vintage song
His wild luxuriant shores along,
As peasant-bands, from rock and dell,
Their strains of choral transport swell;
And cliffs of bold fantastic forms,
Aspiring to the realm of storms;
And woods around, and waves below,
Catch the red Orient's deepening glow,
That lends each tower, and convent-spire,
A tinge of its ethereal fire.

Swell high the song of festal hours!
Deck ye the shrine with living flowers!
Let music o'er the waters breathe!
Let beauty twine the bridal wreath!
While she, whose blue eye laughs in light,
Whose cheek with love's own hue is
bright,

The fair-hair'd maid of Lindheim's hall,
Wakes to her nuptial festival.
Oh! who hath seen, in dreams that soar
To worlds the soul would fain explore,
When, for her own blest country pining,
Its beauty o'er her thought is shining,
Some form of heaven, whose cloudless eye,
Was all one beam of extacy?
Whose glorious brow no traces wore
Of guilt, or sorrow known before?
Whose smile, undim'd by aught of
earth,

A sunbeam of immortal birth,
Spoke of bright realms, far distant lying,
Where love and joy are both undying?

E'en thus—a vision of delight,
A beam to gladden mortal sight,
A flower whose head no storm had bow'd,
Whose leaves ne'er droop'd beneath a
cloud;

Thus, by the world unstain'd, untried,
Seem'd that belov'd and lovely Bride;
A being all too soft and fair,
One breath or earthly woe to bear!
Yet lives there many a lofty mind,
In light and fragile form enshrin'd;
And oft smooth cheek, and smiling eye,
Hide strength to suffer and to die!
Judge not of woman's heart in hours
That strew her path with summer-flowers,
When joy's full cup is mantling high,
When flattery's blandishments are nigh;
Judge her not then! within her breast
Are energies unseen, that rest!
They wait their call—and grief alone
May make the soul's deep secrets known.
Yes! let her smile, midst pleasure's train,
Leading the reckless and the vain!
Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,
Besprinkled with the martyr's blood;
Her voice the patriot's heart hath steel'd,
Her spirit glow'd on battle-field;
Her courage freed, from dungeon's gloom,
The captive brooding o'er his doom;
Her faith the fallen monarch sav'd,
Her love the tyrant's fury brav'd;

No scene of danger or despair,
But she hath won her triumph there !

Away ! nor cloud the festal morn
With thoughts of boding sadness borne !
Far other lovelier dreams are thine,
Fair daughter of a noble line !
Young Ella ! from thy tower, whose
height

Hath caught the flush of Eastern light,
Watching, while soft the morning air,
Parts on thy brow the sunny hair ;
Yon bark, that o'er the calm blue tide,
Bears thy lov'd warrior to his bride,
He, whose high deeds romantic praise
Hath hallow'd with a thousand lays.

He came—that youthful chief—he came
That favour'd lord of love and fame !
His step was hurried—as if one
Who seeks a voice within to shun ;
His cheek was varying, and express'd
The conflict of a troubled breast ;
His eye was anxious—doubt, and dread,
And a stern grief, might there be read ;
Yet all that mark'd his alter'd mien
Seem'd struggling to be still unseen.

With shrinking heart, with nameless fear,
Young Ella met the brow austere,
And the wild look, which seem'd to fly
The timid welcome of her eye.
Was that a lover's gaze, which chill'd
The soul, its awful sadness thrill'd ?
A lover's brow, so darkly fraught,
With all the heaviest gloom of thought ?
She trembled—ne'er to grief inur'd,
By its dread lessons ne'er matur'd ;
Unus'd to meet a glance of less
Than all a parent's tenderness,
Shuddering she felt, through every sense,
The death-like faintness of suspense.

High o'er the windings of the flood,
On Lindheim's terrac'd rocks they stood,
Whence the free sight afar might stray,
O'er that imperial Riv'r's way,
Which, rushing from its Alpine source,
Makes one long triumph of its course,
Rolling in tranquil grandeur by,
Midst Nature's noblest pageantry.
But they, o'er that majestic scene,
With clouded brow and anxious mien,
In silence gaz'd :—for Ella's heart
Fear'd its own terrors to impart ;
And he, who vainly strove to hide
His pangs, with all a warrior's pride,
Seem'd gathering courage to unfold
Some fearful tale that must be told.

At length his mien, his voice, obtain'd
A calm, that seem'd by conflicts gain'd,
As thus he spoke—*Yes ! gaze a while
On the bright scenes that round thee
smile ;*

For if thy love be firm and true,
Soon must thou bid their charms adieu !
A fate hangs o'er us, whose secret
Must bear me far from them of thee ;
Our path is one of snares and fears,
I lose thee if I linger here !
Droop not, belov'd ! thy home shall rise
As fair, beneath far distant skies ;
As fondly tenderness and truth
Shall cherish there thy rose of youth.
But speak ! and when yon hallow'd shrine
Hath heard the vows which make thee
mine,
Say, wilt thou fly with me, no more
To tread thine own lov'd mountain-shore,
But share and soothe, repining not,
The bitterness of exile's lot ?”

“ Ulric ! thou know'st how dearly lov'd
The scenes where first my childhood
rov'd ;
The woods, the rocks, that tower supreme
Above our own majestic stream,
The halls where first my heart beat high
To the proud songs of chivalry.
All, all are dear—yet these are ties
Affection well may sacrifice ;
Lov'd though they be, where'er thou art,
There is the country of my heart !
Yet, is there one, who, 'reft of me,
Were lonely as a blasted tree ;
One, who still hop'd my hand should close
His eyes, in Nature's last repose ;
Eve gathers round him—on his brow
Already rests the wintry snow ;
His form is bent, his features wear
The deepening lines of age and care,
His faded eye hath lost its fire ;
Thou wouldst not tear me from my sire ?
Yet tell me all—thy woes impart,
My Ulric ! to a faithful heart,
Which sooner far—oh ! doubt not this—
Would share thy pangs, than others' bliss.”

“ Ella, what wouldst thou ?—'tis a tale
Will make that cheek as marble pale !
Yet what avails it to conceal
All thou too soon must know and feel ?
It must, it must be told—prepare,
And nerve that gentle heart to bear !
But *Oh !* was it then for me
The herald of thy woes to be ;
Thy soul's bright calmness to destroy,
And wake thee first from dreams of joy ?
Forgive !—I could not ruder tone
Should make the fearful tidings known,
I would not that un pitying eyes
Should coldly watch thine agonies !
Better 'twere mine—that task severe,
To cloud thy breast with grief and fear.

“ Hast thou not heard, in legends old,
Wild tales that turn the life-blood cold,
Of those who meet in cave or glen,
Far from the busy walks of men ;

Those who mysterious vigils keep,
 Whose earth is wrapt in shades and sleep,
 To judge of crimes, like Han on high,
 In stillness and in secrecy?
 Th' unknown avengers, whose decree
 'Tis fruitless to resist or flee?
 Whose name hath cast a spell of pow'r,
 O'er peasant's cot and chieftain's tow'r?
 Thy sire—Oh, Ella! hope is fled!
 Think of him, mourn him, as the dead!
 Their sentence, their's, hath seal'd his
 doom,
 And thou may'st weep as o'er his tomb!
 Yes, weep! relieve thy heart oppress'd,
 Pour forth thy sorrows on my breast!
 Thy cheek is cold—thy tearless eye
 Seems fix'd in frozen vacancy;
 Oh! gaze not thus—thy silence break,
 Speak! if 'tis but in anguish—speak!"

She spoke at length, in accents low,
 Of wild and half-indignant woe;
 —"He doom'd to perish! He decreed
 By their avenging arm to bleed!
 He, the renown'd in holy fight,
 The Paynim's scourge, the Christian's
 * night!
 Ulric! What mean'st thou?—not a
 thought
 Of that high mind with guilt is fraught!
 Say, for which glorious trophy won,
 Which deed of martial prowess done;
 Which battle-field, in days gone by,
 Gain'd by his valour, must he die?
 Away! 'tis not his lofty name
 Their sentence hath consign'd to shame;
 'Tis not his life they seek—recall
 Thy words, or say, he shall not fall!"

Then sprung forth tears, whose blest relief
 Gave pleading softness to her grief:
 "And wilt thou not, by all the ties
 Of our affianced love," she cries,
 "By all my soul hath fix'd on thee,
 Of cherish'd hope for years to be,
 Wilt thou not aid him? wilt not thou
 Shield his grey head from danger now?
 And didst thou not, in childhood's morn,
 That saw our young affection born,
 Hang round his neck, and climb his knee,
 Sharing his parent-smile with me?
 Kind, gentle Ulric! best-belov'd!
 Now be thy faith in danger prov'd!
 Though snafes and terrors round him
 wait,
 Thou wilt not leave him to his fate!
 Turn not away in cold disdain!
 —Shall mine own Ella plead in vain?
 How art thou chang'd! and must I bear
 That frown, that stern, averted air?
 What mean they?"

"Maiden! need'st thou ask?
 These features wear no specious mask!"

Doth sorrow mark this brow and eye
 With characters of mystery?
 This—this is anguish!—can it be?
 And plead'st thou for thy sire to me?
 Know, though thy prayers a death-pang
 give,
 He must not meet my sign!—and live!
 Well may'st thou shudder!—of the Band
 Who watch in secret o'er the land,
 Whose thousand swords 'tis vain to shun,
 Th' unknown, th' unslumbering—I am
 one!

My arm defend him!—what were then
 Each vow that binds the souls of men,
 Sworn on the cross, and deeply seal'd
 By rites that may not be reveal'd?
 —A breeze's breath, an echo's tone,
 A passing sound, forgot when gone!
 Nay, shrink not from me—I would fly,
 That he by other hands may die!
 What! think'st thou I would live to trace,
 Abhorrence in that angel-face?
 Beside thee should the lover stand,
 The father's life-blood on his brand?
 No! I have bade my home adieu,
 For other scenes mine eyes must view;
 Look on me, love! now all is known,
 O Ella! must I fly alone?"

But she was chang'd; scarce heav'd her
 breath;
 She stood like one prepar'd for death,
 And wept no more; then, casting down
 From her fair brows the nuptial crown,
 As joy's last vision from her heart,
 Cried with sad firmness—"We must
 part!
 'Tis past—these bridal flow'rs, so frail,
 They may not brook one stormy gale.
 Survive—too dear as still thou art,
 Each hope they imag'd—we must part!
 One struggle yet—and all is o'er—
 We love—and may we meet no more!
 Oh! little know'st thou of the pow'r
 Affection lends in danger's hour,
 To deem that fate should thus divide
 My footsteps from a father's side!
 Speed thou to other shores—I go
 To share his wand'rings and his woe;
 Where'er his path of thorns may lead,
 Whate'er his doom, by Heaven decreed,
 If there be guardian Powers above,
 To nerve the heart of filial love;
 If courage may be won by pray'r,
 Or strength by duty—I can bear!
 Farewell!—though in that sound be years
 Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears,
 Though the soul vibrate to its knell
 Of joys departed—yet, farewell!"

Was this the maid who seem'd, ere-
 while,
 Born but to meet life's vernal smile?
 A being, almost of the wing,
 As an embodied breeze of spring?

A child of beauty and of bliss,
Sent from some purer sphere to this,
Not, in her exile, to sustain
The trial of one earthly pain;
But, as a sunbeam, on to move,
Wak'ning all hearts to joy and love?
That airy form, with footsteps free,
And radiant glance—could this be she?
From her fair cheek the rose was gone,
Her eye's blue sparkle thence had flown,
Of all its vivid glow bereft,
Each playful charm her lip had left;
But what were these? on that young
face,

Far nobler beauty fill'd their place!
'Twas not the pride that scorns to bend,
Though all the bolts of Heaven descend;
Not the fierce grandeur of despair,
That half exults its fate to dare;
Nor that wild energy which leads
Th' enthusiast to fanatic deeds;
Her mien, by sorrow unsubdued,
Was fix'd in silent fortitude;
Not in its haughty strength elate,
But calmly, mournfully sedate.
'Twas strange, yet lovely to behold
That spirit in so fair a mould,
As if a rose-tree's tender form,
Unbent, unbroke, should meet the storm.

One look she cast, where firmness strove
With the deep pangs of parting love;
One tear a moment in her eye
Dimm'd the pure light of constancy;
And pressing, as to still her heart,
She turn'd in silence to depart.
But Ulric, as to phrenzy wrought,
Then started from his trance of thought:
"Stay thee, oh! stay—it must not be—
All, all were well resign'd for thee!
Stay! till my soul each vow disown,
But those which make me thine alone!
If there be guilt—there is no shrine
More holy than that heart of thine;
There be my crime absolv'd—I take
The cup of shame for thy dear sake.
Of shame! oh no! to virtue true,
Where thou art, there is glory too!
Go now! and to thy sire impart,
He hath a shield in Ulric's heart,
And thou a home!—remain, or flee,
In life, in death—I follow Thee!"

"There shall not rest one cloud of shame,
Oh Ulric! on thy lofty name;
There shall not one accusing word
Against thy spotless faith be heard!
Thy path is where the brave rush on,
Thy course must be where palms are won;
Where banners wave, and faithful glare,
Son of the mighty! be thou there!"

Think on the glorious names that shine
Along thy sire's majestic line;
Oh, last of that illustrious race,
Thou wert not born to meet disgrace!
Well, well I know each grief, each pain,
Thy spirit nobly could sustain;
E'en I unshrinking see them near,
And what hast thou to do with fear?
But when hath warriors calmly borne
The cold and bitter smile of scorn?
'Tis not for thee—thy soul hath force
To cope with all things—but remorse;
And this my brightest thought shall be,
Thou hast not brav'd its pangs for me.
Go! break thou not one solemn vow;
Clos'd be the fearful conflict now;
Go! but forget not how my heart,
Still at thy name will proudly start,
When chieftains hear, and minstrels tell
Thy deeds of glory—fare thee well!"

And thus they parted—why recall
The scene of anguish known to all?
The burst of tears, the blush of pride,
That fain those fruitless tears would
hide;
The lingering look, the last embrace,
Oh! what avails it to retrace?
They parted—in that bitter word
A thousand tones of grief are heard,
Whose deeply-seated echoes rest
In the far cells of every breast;
Who hath not known, who shall not
know
That keen, yet most familiar woe?
Where'er affliction's home is found,
It meets her on the holy ground;
The cloud of every summer-hour,
The canker'd worm of every flower;
Who but hath prov'd, or yet shall prove,
That mortal agony of love?

The Autumn moon slept bright and still
On fading wood and purple hill;
The vintager had hush'd his lay,
The fisher shunn'd the blaze of day,
And silence, o'er each green recess,
Brooded in misty sultriness.
But soon a low and measur'd sound
Broke on the deep repose around;
From Lindheim's towers a glancing oar
Bade the stream ripple to the shore.
Sweet was that sound of waves which
parted
The fond, the true, the noble-hearted;
And smoothly steem'd the bark to glide,
And brightly flow'd the reckless tide,
Though, mingling with its current, fell
The last warm tears of love's farewell.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY LEGACY
No. I.

MR EDITOR,

Will you have the goodness, my dear Sir, to examine the following sample of erudition, and give me your opinion of its merits.

Uncle Gabriel departed this life on the 13th ult., and left me, by way of legacy, a species of property, whose intrinsic worth, I freely confess, is far enough beyond the range of my calculation. Mr Monreath, the executor, was kind enough to transmit me a copy of the will, by which it would appear, that my share of the *personals*, is, in Uncle's estimation, much more valuable than the *real* estate bequeathed to my cousin Archy, at least I am led to believe so, from the manner in which he expresses himself. His words are precisely these:—"I have no notion of such humdrums. Archy may do very well to preside at a county meeting, and amend the phraseology of a loyal address—nay, he may even become entitled to the Society's medal for bettering the growth of turnips, improving irrigation, and crossing the Cheviot breed, *et cetera*; and, very likely, appear to advantage in the musical interlude of *Auld Glenae* at a country wedding; but never will his mental qualifications entitle him to distinction in polite society. He is a poor painter, a bad poet, and a worse musician; therefore do I cut him off with the lands of Killywhingrum, Maigrumbrac, and Carlinecraigs, consisting of eleven hundred and ninety-three acres of arable and pasture, Scots statute measure; together with the fisheries, superiorities, and pertinent thereto belonging—so much for Archy. On the other hand, my nephew Sam is a lad of promise—a fellow whose exuberant fancy and rare talent for versification will sooner or later enable him to figure away amongst the first-rate ballad-makers of these piping times. What a special blessing for the house of Killigrew, hitherto deemed incapable of celebrating the martial achievements of a midden-cock, in either prose or verse! To him, therefore, do I give and bequeath the whole of my valuable manuscripts, autographs, correspondencies, flute, fiddle-strings, &c. &c. &c."

Thus, Mr Editor, hath a shower of good luck fallen upon me like manna in the wilderness, and given my poor heart such a lift—the like it never before experienced. I now hasten to serve you with a morsel of the legacy, and remain, my dear Sir, your's to command,

SAMUEL KILLIGREW.

London, 1821.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

Ye maidens fair, consider well,
And look both shrewd and sly,
Ere reverend lips make good the knot
Your teeth will ne'er untie.

Many are the fair visions of ideal felicity that alight on the boughs of my imagination, like the pyeman's cry of "piping hot" on the ear of pennyless mendicity; but the fairest I ever beheld in reality was at the Grange of Balachan. John Dinwiddie stood by the hag-block, dissecting the finest carcasses of hill-welder-mutton that ever revolved on a spit, or tottled in a pot. Deacon Midriff, and his man Caleb Gorum were just arrived with a prime hind quarter of genuine Galloway stot, bred and brought up on Terraughty meadows, under the eye of the old laird himself; and the deep wreathes of featherly drift, enveloping both her and the stool whereon she sat, plainly testified that old Janet Clockerton had not been idle on the hen-roost. But the bustle of preparation for a most sumptuous banquet was not confined to the outdoor department—the same laudable exertion was also observable throughout the whole interior establishment. Young Harriet Halliday displayed much culinary knowledge in the construction of fruit, pigeon, gible and other pies, dumplings, puddings, and haggises, under the immediate superintendence of that most excellent woman, Mrs Hannah Drummond, so justly esteemed by the Gowk-biggin family for the exquisite delicacy of her dishes; and Aggie Dinwoodie—the fairest lily that ever sprang in the vale of Nith—she, too, was up to the elbows. Never did I see a young woman stand so purple-like at a bake-board, nor fashion dough in such style with her rolling-

pin. None of your ribless round sticks, shaped agreeably to the rule of thumb, without either taste or judgment; but a well-proportioned cylindrical utensil, from the loom of *Willie Edgar*, gracefully swollen in the middle, and grooved longitudinally from both ends, by his matchless hand, save and except a smooth round pivot at each extremity, exactly proportioned to the fair hands of Miss Dinwoodie. A well-toasted, rib-rolled farl, is as welcome to my teeth as the Land o' Cakes is dear to my heart; and I would seriously advise all young men to abstain from seeking consorts in gumshonless families, where plain rolling-pins are used. Nor was the gudewife of Balachan an idle spectator to passing events.

No woman could garnish hazel rods more adroitly with black and white puddings, nor hand them up to *Harmless Habbie* with a better grace, as he stood with one foot on the meal-barrel, and the other on an old oak cupboard that had been an heir-loom in the family from time immemorial. "Poor Habbie," quoth Mrs Dinwoodie, one day to an inquisitive neighbour, "he's a Lockerby lad that our Adam knows something of; and weel may they ca' him harmless, for a more inoffensive creature never broke world's bread. He was just within a day or twa o' being married to Provost Pirniecowl's dochter o' Lochmacban. The bridal braws were bought, bed, bedding, and every thing else that the heart o' woman could desire, when, gude forgie the light-headed limmer! she ran off wi' lang Jock Johnston the horse-cowper, and the poor lad has never been himself sipsyne. Habbie's o' a gude family, and, was his reason to tak' a turn for the better, there wadna be a finer fallow in a' the parish. He comes to our house regularly on the first Monday night o' every month, and gangs awa as regularly on the Tuesday morning, after he gets his parritch out o' a lug-gie that stands on the shelf beside Aggie's—nane else will he let it stand beside; and truly it's 'diverting enough to think o' his queer gates, for, he ~~will~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ a ha' house that keeps jades and sluts within its wa's, to mak' free wi' his ain words;

nor lie down i' the barn, unless Aggie mak's his bed, and Adam hauds the candle. Poor fallow, I often banter him about our Aggie. The very last time he was here, 'Troth, Habbie,' quoth I, 'she'll may be fill the neuk yet; that the provost's dochter ran awa frae;' but he just put off the joke wi' a—'whist, whist, gudewife; all things will be made manifest in due season,'—and that's the longest speech he ever made in my presence." Mrs Dinwoodie might have treated her friend with a much larger portion of fugitive biography, had she been so disposed.

Tinkers, hawkers, beggars—in fine, all manner of itinerants, who trouble not their heads about to-morrow, visited the Grange with a kind of periodical regularity, that gave rise to much curious speculation. Some were of opinion that the movements of these wanderers were regulated by means of a secret understanding amongst themselves; for it was very observable, that their numbers seldom exceeded, and never fell short of John Dinwoodie's accommodation, and yet no traces of previous arrangement could ever be discerned. Others, again, imagined, that they were piloted to warm kilns and empty barns, by their instinct; whilst a few handled the subject a little more philosophically, and maintained, that the gudeman's dwelling possessed a kind of sensitive attraction, so judiciously discreet in the exercise of its powers, that when ever a troop of mendicants forsook the barracks, another was draughted from the general stock, by means of the aforesaid attraction, in order to supply the vacuum. Be that as it may, John Dinwoodie, generally speaking, had always his full share of strollers.

Saunders Waddle the packman, now Mr Alexander Waddle, merchant, Dumfries, assured me many years ago, that he had seen no less than three full-grown pedlars, and five regularly-bred beggars, last John Tamson, mantling Will, and Wattie Kennedy, all billeted in Balachan barn at one and the same time. As for the kiln, Messrs Marshall and Co., the Annandale tinkers, merely went through the ceremony of asking leave and licence, before they took

up their abode therein, and the croft was always deemed by their respective cuddies a kind of birthright inheritance.

Many were the jokes and jibes passed on John Dinwoodie's good-natured simplicity, for harbouring such swarms of unprofitable sojourners; but they stirred not his bristles against the houseless Gaberlunzie, nor soured his loving kindness in the smallest degree. On the contrary, he defended himself with an eloquence so peculiarly in unison with the character of his philanthropy, that I really cannot resist the temptation of presenting the following morsel by way of specimen:—"In a land where every man enjoys himself his own natural way, providing *that way* interfere not with the comfort and well-being of his neighbour, the poor soul, who struggles with hunger, and scorn, and nakedness, whether from choice or necessity, it matters not, may surely be allowed the like indulgence—he shall never want a nook wherein to enjoy his morsel, so long as I have a barn to throw a sheaf in."—The gudeman of Balachan certainly possessed a very large share of practical benevolence—he was, moreover, prudently frugal and temperate in all his enjoyments; yet nevertheless, it is a matter of much surprise to me, how a family could possibly thrive with so many idlers living at free quarters; and there is a problem in rural economy, naturally arising therefrom, that has never yet been solved to my entire satisfaction.—John Dinwoodie's farm produced finer and more luxuriant crops than any of his neighbours, though the soils were equally good; and Balachan cheese, wool, butter, and so forth, were noted far and wide. Yet in the cultivation of their fields, and in the management of their flocks and dairies, nothing in the semblance of superior judgment, ~~and~~ on the part of the Dinwoodies, was ever observable. Whether the lands of Balachan were more favourably visited than those of the neighbouring tenantry, by the Hand that feeds the fowls of heaven, and provides for the beasts of the field, or merely bore testimony of the superior skill and industry of the gudeman and his family, I pretend

not to say. All I know of the matter is this, the Grange of Balachan was always deemed what we call a *fou, substantial house*.

But to resume our subject. Mrs Dinwoodie having dispensed of her puddings in a manner that could not fail of commanding respectful attention, most willingly transferred her services to the baking department, and lent Aggie a helping hand to stow away her well-toasted farls, in a tastefully-carved gurnal that flanked the meal-barrel. Harriet and her worthy preceptress cleared the decks of the finest specimens of pastry that perhaps ever felt the genial warmth of hot bricks; and when all and sundry, the offspring of their respective labours was fairly disposed of, the house set in order, and the hearth swept—never-failing symbol of good housewifery—in came the gudeman with a "Weel, Sirs, here's ac special day's wark aff our hands." "Troth, John Dinwoodie," quo' the gudewife, "it's the first day's wark o' the kind that ever came the gate o' our family, and right blithe am I to declare, that a single hand's turn hasna gane to *Couper* this whole blessed day, nor can the bouk o' that (pointing to her thumb nail) look out o' the jawhole, and remind an o' us o' the auld proverb, *a willfu' waste makes a waeju' want*. Wha's yon, think ye, coming owre the craft?—nac less than nine o' them?—My word, we'll hae a rare merry feet-washing."—And Mrs Dinwoodie was not far behind in her reckoning. Davie Morrison and Sarah Glendinning o' Kittlecamalie; Leesie Gillespie and Jenny Macnullan o' Midgielean; auld Roger Lindsay o' Glenbuckie, and five more, male and female, whose names have really slipped my memory, passed the hallan in orderly succession, and introduced themselves with the salutation usual on such occasions, "Peace be i' the house, and luchters o' luck to the bride." "Come awa," quo' the gudeman, as he arose from his arm-chair, and shook Roger cordially by the hand; "blithe faces are ay as welcome to a blink o' our ingle as my aul twa shing; and truly, wha a whiff o' luck comes in at the door, it's unco heartsome to see a fou laig settle. Such is my landart notion

o' a neighbourly fireside," continued the gudeman; "and, conscientiously speaking, if the lass may be deemed lucky wha meets wi' a douce, weel-living lad before the minister, I think we may safely say that our Aggie was born to fa' on her feet." "Aye, aye," quo' Harmless Habbie, "she'll fa' cat-fashion, i'se warrant her, and light on a hearth-stane where lang Jock Johnston darna show his ill-faur'd face." "Weel don't, Habbie!" exclaimed Harriet Halliday; "my word, lad, thou hits a nail on the head wi' an auld-farrand hammer—Gawin himsel' coudna better the clink o't." "He has paid the *Maister* a weel-faur'd compliment indeed," observed Mrs Dinwoodie; "but, poor fallow, it's awittens him—he kensna the signification o' his ain sayings—they just come awa frae his lips like sweet sounds frae the thairms o' Hughie Paisley's fiddle." As Mrs Dinwoodie's conjecture may happen to be called in question by-and-by, I shall merely observe, for the reader's information, that Habbie's sally had the merit of wakening a certain species of rogueish wit, that scruples not at times to overleap the fences of moral discretion; and a very long and learned altercation ensued regarding the affinity of snoods and apron-strings, the which I certainly feel not inclined to put on record, though sanctioned by the smudging laugh of Mrs Dinwoodie herself.

This strain of high-kilted conviviality ceased not to tickle the risibility of all concerned, until the bride's brother, Adam by name, sported a point, the true intent of which may very well be gathered from the identical words he made use of, viz. "There's a wheen primè wind instruments among us, that wadna be a plack the waur o' weeting before they begin." "Troth, Adam Dinwoodie," quo' the gudewife, "ye ken the gate o' the house unco weel—just slip awa to the awnery, my man, and keep in mind the gude auld saying, *blessed is he who can help himself, for he'll ne'er bein want.*" Now, Adam was, from his youth, a most compliable lad, and exceedingly attentive to good counsel, particularly that of his mother, whose will and pleasure he consulted on every occasion. Nay, such was the filial deportment of this

most amiable young man, when a perfect child, that it actually became proverbial! Nothing was more common, in those days, than to behold the moody dames chasing their rebellious children, switch in hand, and hawling as loud as their tongues could clink, "O thou lang-legg'd ne'er-doweel—ae lith o' Adie Dinwoodie's wee finger's worth the whole o' thy scaw'd carcase." No wonder that a goodly bowl of honest *half and half* was speedily prepared by this most dutiful young man, a bowl that Belshazzar himself would never have budged from, so long as a lady remained therein; and a full quench of its potent contents being handed about for the opinion of all whom it might concern, their verdict was such as the convivial punch-drinking reader will most assuredly approve of; unanimous in praise of its very superior accomplishments, both as to quality and zest. The remembrance of this famous beverage is cherished in Nithsdale even unto this day. No longer ago than last August, old Robin Lauder paid a very high compliment to its memory, when delivering his opinion of a bowl at Davie Flunkison's wedding: "Deed," quo' Robin, smacking his lips, and holding up a glass between his eye and the candle, "it's a sopp rare stuff, sure enough—the better o't hasna visited my interior since the night o' Aggie Dinwoodie's feet-washing." The reader will therefore not feel surprised when I assure him, that Adam's punch visited the life-springs of all present, and wakened a livelier strain of hilarity that evening than was ever known before at the Grange of Balachan, or indeed any where else. "The bride—thumping luck, and fat bairns"—went round the hearth with a cordiality bordering on enthusiasm. "The bridegroom," followed as a matter of course. "John Dinwoodie," and "Nansie," most respectfully took their circuit, and every individual of the family was honoured in the like neighbourly manner. Then it was that Roger forgot his locks were grey, and sang, "Tak' your auld clock about ye," in a strain of humour unknown to the classic stage, not forgetting to make his bow of perfect obedience to the bride, as he laid a peculiarly-express-

sive emphasis, strongly mingled with resignation, on these remarkable words:

"Nought's to be got at wonan's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea."

Davie Morrison was equally at home in humouring the hairuns-kairun drollery of "Duncan Davison," and Sarah Glendinning's "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my joe," evincing at once a thorough knowledge of tryste-making, hallan-haunting, and oiling of locks and hinges, the more effectually to suppress all unpleasant sounds, that otherways might offend the ears of *waukrife mammies*. But the bay was reserved for Mrs Dinwoodie's brow. She instinctively pitched on the very key that opens "John Anderson, my joe," in the tenderest strain of harmony; and a twitter of delight, that fully divulged the internal satisfaction of her audience, did ample justice to the fidelity of her feelings. But when the good old woman laid her palsied hand on John Dinwoodie's grey head, and sang the connubial benediction, "my blessings on that frosty pow," its endearing tenderness, in unison with the venerable tremor of her voice, for she was full three score, operated so powerfully on the sensibility of all, that the married men and their faithful dames exchanged looks of reciprocal affection, altogether untranslateable; and the young women's eyes met the corresponding glances of their sweethearts, as if by mutual agreement. All would most willingly have exchanged their lilies and roses for matron wrinkles, to partake of the fulness of Nanse Dinwoodie's joy. Such is the influence of language and harmony, when a-kin to each other. Indeed, I have it from very good authority, that all the young women then present had their lads before the minister in less than a twelvemonth.

To eulogize the many charming scugs, both comic and sentimental, and tell one half of the queer stories that enlivened John Dinwoodie's fireside, would not only exceed the bounds of my foolscap, but also require the pen of a readier writer; I therefore decline saying one word more on the subject, and beg leave to

inform my fair readers, that Mrs Drummond brought in a pailful of callar *Entire* from Balachan burn, seated herself by the bride like an experienced dame accustomed to preside on such occasions, and immediately proceeded to business. Now, my dear young countrywomen, have the goodnies to picture unto yourselves a blooming damsel on the eve of marriage, seated amongst her kindred and acquaintance, and an elderly handmaid flying off her stockings; and otherways officiating in the performance of a certain ceremony, that all of you, it is to be hoped, will sooner or later be called upon to undergo. Then draw the likeness of old Roger, groping for a favourite coin, whose singular character the facetious humourist thus delineated: "I'll back thee out against a' the white money i' the south o' Scotland for special gude luck. In mony a bridal pail has thou been since the year *fifteen*, when I faund thee under Jessy M'Culloch's muckle tae the very night before she was buckled to the young laird o' Glogachbar, and neither lad nor lass that clappit thumb on thee sinsyne at a feet-washing, ever lay their lane that time twelvemonth."

"I hae often heard tell o' that famous antique o' thine," quo' the gudeman of Balachan; "will ye favour a body wi' a glimpse o't?"

Deed will I," replied the kindly carl, in his usual tone of neighbourly civility, and accordingly produced a small silver piece of the gude *Kin Robert*, in a fine state of preservation. John Dinwoodie wiped his spectacles, adjusted them on his temples, and examined Roger's coin with great attention. "It's a Royal Robin, sure enough," quo' the gudeman of Balachan; "the best and bonniest likeness o' Bruce I ever beheld. Thou was a bauld fallow," continued he, looking stedfastly at the profile, and mony a bauld billie has stood at thy back; but thou hast fought the gude fight, and the reward o' the brave and the righteous is thine." A fine eulogy, in all probability, would have been delivered to the memory of our great and good king, but for a trifling incident that marred the gudeman's grateful flow of feelings.

On lifting up his eyes, the more reverently to expatiate on the god-like heroism that rescued us all from becoming hewers of wood and drawers of water, he unthinkingly descried the basket hilt of Adam Dinwoodie's broad sword lashed to a sooty rafter, with an old leather strap, and staring through the smoke, as though upbraiding his lineal descendant with unkindly neglect.

The gudeman gradually withdrew his eye from an object that seemed to call in question his respect for family renown, only to encounter another equally distressing to a sensitive mind, in the person of his brave forefather's target, divested of its

—“brazen studs and tough bull hide,
That death so often dash'd aside,”

and serving in the humble capacity of a lid to the meal-barrel.

Now, these implements of ancient warfare, according to family tradition, belonged to the identical Adam Dinwoodie, who stood at the right hand of a certain knight when he wrote on his crest, “I hae sicker'd him,” with the life-blood of the *Red Cummin*, a circumstance of itself that undoubtedly entitled them to a fair portion of family veneration; and though Adam's claymore had never been used for an unworthy purpose, except in one solitary instance, when that fawning spaniel, blinkin' Dick Pouchwhistle, took it down, availing of the gudeman, to protect young Gowkbiggin from the wrath of an infuriated population, when foisted on the five boroughs, as their representative in parliament, by a powerful *Thane*,

“Whose name did depart like the hated
man

Whom country and kin disown,
And his fame decay'd like the worthless
weed

By the wayside trodden down.”

Yet, as I was about to observe, notwithstanding this consolation, the very idea of his ancestor's favourite weapon, so ignominiously gibbeted in the smoke, like the skeleton of a dried hadlock, together with the servile state to which its faithful companion was reduced, probed John Dinwoodie's feelings more acutely than

ever did a condemned sermon the ulcerated conscience of a reprieved ne'er-do-well in Newgate chapel. He cast his eye alternately on the three antiques with a certain expression of countenance peculiar to the whole family, when aught in the semblance of ingratitude attached itself to their character, and finally deposited the Brucean coin in the pail where Mrs Hannah was bathing his daughter's feet, with the same reverence as though he had been laying aside his bonnet to *tuk' the buik*.

“Now, Habbie, my bonny man,” quo' Mrs Dinwoodie, “come hither, and grapple-ance mair for good luck.” “Troth will I, gudewife,” replied Halbert, with much simplicity;—“haith, I'm unco gleg at that sort o' wark.”

“And sae will I, wi' the bride's leave,” quo' Roger Lindsay; “our Sarah has long been ailing, and there is no knowing how soon she may slip the head. Whare's the harin in looking before a body's nose, and providing against the dispensations o' Providence?” “Hear to the auld grey gounk,” exclaimed Aggie Dinwoodie; “haith I am sair mista'en if Sarah disna see that tottering tabernacle o' thine pass the hallan heels foremost. Now, Roger, bide awa; the deil be here gin thae auld fixless fingers come to grape among my tae;—the very thrimble o' them would gie a body's feet the cramp.” But Roger was not to be gainsaid; and a dozen hands dashed into the pail at once, so anxious were all our uncoupled visitants to enjoy the pleasing hope of being first buckled—an anxiety, no doubt, infused into our very nature, for a wise purpose.

To translate the many laughs, and winks, and giggles, that enlivened the Grange i' earth on that memorable occasion, is far beyond the compass of my skill; and to describe the humorous scramble that ensued, for obvious reasons, shall never be attempted by me. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that Harmless Habbie captured the ominous prize, amid the congratulation of all present. “O Habbie, will ye ha'e me?” exclaimed Jenny Macmillan; “it's weel kent I'm nae provost's dochter. Auld aunty has a guid lock siller i' the laird's hand, forbye a goupin o' minted

gould i' the kist neuk; it wad'do ony young lad's heart gude to look at it—twa kye on the craif, a score o' gimmers on the hill, and nae to stand in her shoon when she slips out o' the gate, but bonnie Jenny Macmillan. Besides a' that, Habbie,

‘ There's bigg i' the trough, and maut at the mill,
And lint i' the dub, and corn at the kiln.’ ”

“ Dinna believe a word the brag-gart says,” quo' Leesie Gillespie; “ my word, her aunty's a feerie auld dame; there's anither bee bizzing in her lug, than leaving gowpkins & gould, and scores o' gimmers, to bonnie Jenny Macmillan, as she ca's hersel. If I rightly understand the glint o' aunty's e'e, when Johnny Crummie, the Kirkinahoe elder, comes owre the bent, he has little else to do, honest man, but just go through the ceremony o' speering her price. But come awa hame wi me, Habbie; I'm an only dochter, ye ken; and tho' I shoudna say't before every body, there's a peg for thy bonnet, and a stool for thy latter-end, in the coziest neuk o' a fou haud-din.”

“ Laying joking aside ategither,” observed Roger Lindsay, “ I'll lay a grey groat on Habbie's head that he makes sure o' some honest man's bairn before Beltan,”—a saying that added not a little to the mirth of his audience. But notwithstanding the great good humour that prevailed, our youngers were secretly nettled at the idea of a daft man falling in with such luck, for the fame of Roger's Royal Robin, as a sure foreteller of matrimonial alliance, was well established; and a few loose hints to that effect, thrown out in a manner that apparently stung Habbie's pride—and he at times was somewhat ticklish to deal with—induced him to sue for leave of absence in his usual brief manner, “ it's weeing late, gude-wife;” the sum total of Halbert's oration, when he felt an inclination for the barn. Adam Dinwoodie put his stable lanthron in a state of requisition, the bride slipped on her shoon, and away they went, arm-in arm, with Harmless Habbie, to his apartment.—I believe nothing further, worthy of particular remark,

occurred at the Grange on Monday evening, until the party broke up, and left the gudeman and his family in quiet possession of their own fire-side.

* * * * *

P. S. Should the foregoing specimens of Uncle's literary skill find favour in your sight, please to say so by return of post, and the residue will be forwarded to Edinburgh without delay; for I am determined, Mr Editor, not to suffer his light to remain under a bushel.

Adieu.

S. K.

FLIGHT OF MIGRATORY BIRDS,
ATTR CTED BY THE SCOTTISH
LIGHT-HOUSES.

DURING the late stormy weather, damage to an almost unexampled extent has been done to the shipping on our coasts. The feathered tribe has also suffered in a peculiar manner, if we may judge from the observation of the keepers at the Bell Rock and other Northern Light-house stations. It may be mentioned, that scarcely a season passes in which flocks of foreign, or migratory birds, while fluttering round the Light-houses, during severe gales of wind, particularly from the north-east, are not seen and caught, when they are driven in flocks from the coast of Norway; but it is seldom that the glass of the light-rooms is broken by their striking against it. In the course of the last month, however, a woodcock came with such force against the glass at the Bell Rock, that the bird went through it like a shot, and the pieces of broken glass did considerable damage to the fine polished surface of three or four of the reflectors. The glass is very thick and strong, and the poor bird was found lying quite dead in one of the reflectors. This happened about three o'clock in the morning, when the light-keeper on watch was panic-struck with the noise of broken glass, which showered down upon him in such a manner, that he imagined the whole house was breaking up. The force with which this bird darted upon the

glass, after a flight of perhaps 450 miles from the opposite coast of Norway, must appear truly astonishing, when it is considered that the panes of plate glass, though measuring about 30 inches square, are no less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch in thickness. During the same gale, the light-keepers caught about seven dozen birds, which they describe as resembling thrushes and blackbirds, but which probably belonged to the genus *Tringa* of Linnaeus. On these the secluded light-keepers feasted for five or six days. Among the small birds, a pigeon was also caught; it has been preserved alive, and seems to have taken a fancy for this solitary abode; for though it is allowed to fly about, it always returns to the light-house. The Bell Rock Light-house, our readers will recollect, is situated on a sunk rock off Arbroath, and twelve miles from the nearest land.

It may be added, that about the same time a great flock of birds visited the Start-Point Light-house at Sanday, in Orkney. A wild duck, species not known, darted through the glass, and did considerable damage to two of the reflectors; and here also a great number of small birds were caught, and made into pies by the light-keepers. At the Isle of Man Light-houses, during very foggy weather, in the month of October last, many thousands of small birds came fluttering about the Light-houses, and were caught in great numbers.

It is perfectly ascertained, that these flocks of birds are chiefly from the higher latitudes on the continent; and though they are occasionally much enervated and weakened with their flight, yet other flocks of them have been found fat and in good condition; from which last circumstance, it would appear, that their flight to this country is often performed in a very short period.

So attractive does the light prove to migrating birds, that at some of the French Light-houses it has been found necessary to cover the light-room windows with trellis work. In order to avoid obstructing the light in this manner, the glass of the Northern Light-houses is made strong enough to resist breaking by the smaller birds, and even, in most cases, by those of a larger size.

REALITIES AND IMAGINATIONS.

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory."
Hamlet.

THE philosophers who would prove that the whole system of material things exists only in imagination, reason too curiously. Common sense has, however, been injudiciously appealed to for a refutation. In such a controversy, common sense has no firm ground for her massy throne.

"Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad.
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!"

You would not appeal to the hunter to prove the deer a shade, or to the deer to prove the hunter a shade. They are inaccessible on the subject. If, then, this goodly frame, the earth, exists only in our imagination, the doughty advocates of its reality can never quit their own shadowy elements, and fight as if they were clothed with flesh and bones. Cicero adopts as pleasant and as conclusive an argument against those who denied the immortality of the soul, as one could wish to have in any controversy: *Nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo. sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi censent, nihil sentiam, non vereor ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irrideant.* "I choose not to be refuted while I live, and when I die, if my soul be not immortal, I cannot be ridiculed by those philosophical wisecracks whose souls must be mortal like mine." This sort of entrenchment might be very sagely thrown up by one who was just about to adopt the doctrines of the Immaterilists. "I am fully persuaded, that this world exists only in imagination, and this persuasion I am determined to maintain. In this persuasion, I am as secure from refutation as from ridicule, for if matter exists not, the common-sense-men can derive no more assistance from it than I can." But this is not the topic of my consideration—

"Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyrae.
Quòd, Myse, tendis? Desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum, et
Magnis modis tenuare parvis."

The profound controversy respecting the existence or non-existence of matter, is now as much neglected as the controversy of the eternal procession. It is in its nature too remote from human apprehension to be generally intelligible or permanently interesting. No church or state became dependent on its dogmas, and it sunk like a straw when the wind totally ceases. Opinions and controversies, when left unclothed by institutions which flatter vanity or promote ambition, like Hamlet's ghost, "scent the morning air," and vanish. But human nature is unchangeable. The same passions, the same operations of hope and fear, of love and hatred, of gratitude and resentment, characterize our species in every age and in every clime. All the materials of history are supplied, not by variations in our nature, but by various modifications of our circumstances;—not by alterations in our passions, but by changes in our manners. The same passions which prompted Romulus to kill Remus, still induce one brother to file a bill in chancery, in order to divest another brother of his father's estate. The same phantasy, or rather, the same imagination, which urged Germanicus to penetrate the forests of Germany, and to encounter all the perils of impassable lands and unknown regions, still impel a Grey to maintain the principles of Fox, and to brave all the insolent virulence of ministers, and all the fatuous clamour of the mob.

Of this unchangeable nature of ours, imagination is indeed the grand controller. Imagination, as opposed to reality, is the spring of action, the standard of improvement, and the dispenser of rewards and punishments. View the whole of our species during any given period of time; mark their objects of pursuit, their exertions to obtain them, and their final achievements; measure, then, with precision the "pleasures of hope" and their actual enjoyments. It will be found, that all realities are imaginary, and all imaginations real. But truths of this nature, though the most obvious in themselves, and familiar to all men, are not easily made tangible to the apprehension by any arrangement of words. Take, then, an instance from one of the liberal

professions, and, as not the least interesting, from the clerical profession in Scotland. A youth pants for the distinction of the gown in one of the colleges of the land. Real are his anticipated joys while confidently looking forward to this eminence. He obtains it. Stops he to enjoy any one of the feelings which he anticipated as almost heavenly? Not a moment. The tide, arrived at its height, begins instantly to recede, and thus to prepare for a second flow. The anticipation was real delight; the actual enjoyment exists not. But instead, comes another anticipation, not less gratifying or less real. He sees the rays of happiness converge on the pulpit. Thither he presses his steps with all the reality of enjoyment. Arrived there, he finds no reality, but instantly wings his flight towards a further object—the blissful instalment in a living, all his own. Here, alas! his anticipations are less pure and less honourable, for they rest not on his own exertions. This lot has all the misery of maidenhood, without its modesty or native pride. But the possession is not final satisfaction. Perhaps there are not, however, many feelings more comfortable to an independent and generous mind, than those which affect him who secretly says or sings,—“This manse is my own; here I have a shelter for my life, from the buffetings of fortune and the reverses of human affairs. This church is appropriated for my religious exertions, as the instructor and guide of the whole parish. ‘I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.’” But this transport is but momentary. The spot which delights as the summit of a steep ascent, soon becomes but the verge of an extended and unvaried level. The obtaining a wife, the furnishing the manse, the stocking his farm, and the selection of his texts, may form ulterior summits in his horizon; but these must soon cease to be novel, and the reverend incumbent must conjure up, in the distance, a height sublime, whether of rivalling Dr Robertson, or of surpassing Dr Blair;—or he must sink the degraded victim of little cares, mean jealousies, and grovelling artifices. The worst circumstance in this profession is, that hope dies on

its very threshold. The course of the critic is, in moral life, the only course of happiness :

"So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,

Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;

The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :

But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;

The increasing prospect tries our wandering eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

Happy is he who never reaches the highest Alps, but who dies, aged and cheerful, while ascending what he believes to be the last !

Let me not be understood to favour a gradation, such as our reverend neighbours in England boast. This is only an enlargement of the worst stage in the Scottish clergyman's career ; it is but the extension of patronage and servility, from the youthful sycophancy of the curate, to the toothless adulation of the bishop. The anticipations which spread a feast before the heart, and diffuse a delirium over the mind, rest all their weight upon one's own exertions, and centre all their visions in independent success. Such are the anticipations of the eloquent lawyer, the skilful physician, the liberal merchant, the ingenious author. In proportion as these are inspired by genius, and destined for victory, they anticipate success, and revel in its joys. But, grant them success to the utmost extent of their anticipations, and the joys all vanish, as by the wand of a necromancer. Dr Robertson felt gratified, unquestionably, when Lord Chesterfield complimented him with his characteristic elegance and point, and told him, that he was glad to find he spoke Scotch, for it would be too much if he had excelled the English in speaking, as he did, in writing. Yet, can it for a moment be doubted, that the ambitious historian felt far higher tides of joy when, in the thrilling anticipation of triumph yet to be, he wrote : "The time I have employed, and the pains I have taken, in order to render it (the History of Scotland) worthy of the public approbation, it

is, perhaps, prudent to conceal, until it be known whether that approbation shall ever be bestowed upon it ?" Ask Mr Scarlett, whether he derived, from the most splendid of his speeches, any joy corresponding with the triumphant anticipations of his own breast ? Let Mr Cockburn (*jaculo celerem levibusque vigittis*) whisper in your ear, whether he has ever actually sat down to that unalloyed feast which his imagination often anticipated, and which his eye of liquid fire sees with all the distinctness of reality. Has the gigantic grasp of Brougham ever embraced the accomplishment of any of his visions ? Did the matchless union of wit, and wisdom, and eloquence, which makes it the highest ambition of trembling cravens to calumniate Jeffrey—did his undaunted eye ever rest with satisfaction upon the past ? Like money accumulating by compound interest, is the progress of human anticipation. The accomplishment of any particular object is at once converted into an ingredient, in our anticipations of better things.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;

Man never is, but always to be, blest."

In the pursuits, the attainments, and the joys of life, there is, then, that idealism which Berkeley and Hume would find in material existence. Happiness, so far as it is peculiar to man, is purely ideal. Food and clothing give pleasure in proportion to the craving which they satisfy. There is a further accession to animal enjoyment, by the exhilaration and intoxication of strong drink.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,

O'er a' the ill o' life victorious."

But exhilaration of this kind is but a refuge from habitual gloom, and intoxication is but the resource of misery, when accompanied by irresolution. Such artificial stimulants are but crutches in aid of broken limbs. The highest flights of the Bacchanalian are not equal to the extacies of

"The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade

When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,

And spirits buoyant with excess of glee."

Happiness, worthy of the name, must be derived from something which may be laid aside, and again recur- red to. I anticipate signal success in an enterprize of a favourite nature. The contemplation of this enterprize, and of the anticipated result, fills my mind with the most delightful thoughts and associations. While enjoying this luxury, a friend visits me, and introduces other topics and other ideas. At his approach, I set aside my charming speculation, and I resume it at his departure with un- diminished eagerness and pleasure. Try your joys of intoxication by this test. The purest and best joys of life may have as slender a connec- tion with truth and fact, as the joys of intoxication; but their source is perennial, and not the creation of a passing shower.

Subjects of a purely intellectual nature must be in some measure cari- catured, in order to be thoroughly perceptible. Take, then, a caricature ready made by a keen-eyed observer of life:

—“Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebatur miros audire tragædos,
In vacuo lætus sensor plausorque theatro:
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
Mores; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere
servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagæne:
Posset qui rupem, et puteum virtute par-
tentem.
Hic, ubi cognatorum opibus curisque re-
fectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque me-
raco,
Et redit ad sese; Pol me occidistis,
amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta vo-
luptas,
Et deemptus per vim mentis gratissimus
error.”

Now, it would appear very ridicu- lous, to see a distinguished personage, Lord Byron, or any noble tragedy- maker, sitting solitary in Drury Lane, listening with outstretched ears and reeling eyes, to tragedies unutter- able, and ever and anon shouting in paroxysms of admiration and de- light. It is indeed, recorded, that Mr Brougham, more witty than Ho- race, and more caustic than the author of the Dunciad, insinuated a similar fancy for parliamentary de-

bates—*mentis gratissimus error*—in Mr C. W. W. Wynn. “I am amaz- ed at the conduct of my honourable and learned friend; learned beyond all others in the history of this assem- bly, whose prerogative I am, endea- vouring to assert; skilled beyond all men—deeper than all the children of men—in the long records of parlia- mentary precedents;—a man who is supposed by all the world to know the Journals of the House by heart;— a man whose studies and researches are pursued through weeks and months of patient labour, over the midnight oil, and in assiduous soli- tude;—in short, a man whose long- accustomed habits of parliamentary attendance and observation are be- lieved to be so inveterate, that some persons imagine he comes down to the House every morning by ten o’clock, expecting to find the members actu- ally assembled, according to the strict letter of adjournment. I know of nothing which can equal the devo- tion of that honourable gentleman to his high pursuits, unless it be the example of his illustrious ancestor, to whom, fainting from excessive toil, occasioned by the same ardent attachment to this House which dis- tinguishes my honourable and learn- ed friend, a member was hastening to present a smelling-bottle, when he was admonished of his error by a friend, who better understood the constitution of the invalid, and who exclaimed, ‘For God’s sake, bring an *Act of Parliament*, and let him smell at that.’ I cannot help sug- gesting to my honourable and learn- ed friend, that, in case he should ever be attacked in a similar way, the mere smelling at the *Parliamentary Journals* cannot fail instantly to re- vive him.”

But though Horace laughs at the Argive admirer of ideal tragedies, and Brougham sneers at the Welsh lover of parliamentary precedents, let it not be imagined that their transports are not as genuine and as valuable as those of Home when ap- plauding Mrs Siddons in the cha- racter of Lady Randolph, or those of Canning when listening to Sir James Macintosh’s intellectual eloquence. “Each man walks in a vain show.” How many hours of real happiness have men enjoyed, in concerting and

promoting plans and speculations, which they afterwards abandoned, without every bringing them to the test of experiment! Would it not have been cruelty, to have at once told them, that their delightful speculations would never be tried, but would be cast away by themselves as unworthy of attention? How many men are really blessed by hopes and anticipations, which thorough knowledge would pronounce utterly unfounded, and incapable of being realized! Who would deprive them of the delightful delusion—*mentis gratissimus error*? A view behind the scenes of human life would afford an appalling disclosure of the vanity of realities, and a dreadful conviction of the inestimable value of imaginations. With this view before his eyes, the language of Hamlet becomes the words of truth and soberness: "This goody frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you—this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"

To him who can firmly and steadily fix his eye on this naked and unvarnished phasis of life, and nature, and truth, fearful and wonderful indeed will appear the mysterious laws of our being. We are mere instruments in the irresistible hand of nature. As the grey-hound passionately pursues the hare whom he dares not enjoy; so we eagerly pursue the objects prescribed by nature's awful voice, but cannot enjoy them. Human life, in its best form, is a continued chase, and for the accomplishment of purposes which we dream not of. The omnipotent passion of love is indisputably implanted for the purpose of procreation. Does that purpose form the least ingredient in the ten thousand motives which stimulate the lover? If, in this inter-

esting department of life, reality, and not imagination, were our guide and authority, would one subject of his Majesty desire to have a child, unless he wanted an heir to his estate? Lucretius was a coarse philosopher, though an elegant poet, but he justly exhibits the deception which nature practises on the lover.

"At lacrymans exclusus amator limina
sepe
Floribus and sertis operit, posticisque su-
perbos
Unquit amaracino, et foribus miser oscula
figit.
Quem si jam admissum, venientem offen-
derit aura
Una modò causas obcundi quærat honestas;
Et meditata diu cadat altè sumpta que-
rela;
Stultitæque ibi se damnet, tribuisse quod
illi
Plus videat, quam mortali concedere par est
Nec Veneres nostras hoc fallit: quo ma-
gis ipse
Omnia summo opere hos vitæ postscenia
celant,
Quos retinere volunt, adstrictosque esse in
amore."

To quote Latin on the subject of love, and not to translate, would be an offence beyond the reach of Dominic Sampson himself. To translate, I therefore essay:—

"With swollen eyes and agonized heart, the lover apprehends the ruin of all his hopes, and the blighting of every joy in life, if his mistress but look upon him with the altered eye of unkindness; and let but the slightest token of favour revisit his fancy, he is overwhelmed with delight. But admit him to all the rights of matrimony, disclose to him the real character of his charmer, and fain would he be severed from her presence for ever. The temper is odious and the manners offensive; but the knot is tied, and the slave must toil. Well our dears know this trick, and therefore they keep those they love best in utter ignorance of the truth, till retreat is precluded."

What a mighty enchantress this is, who allures irresistibly to her tower, though nought is to be seen all around as far as the eye can roam, but heaps of the bleached bones of her victims! but I would only point out and illustrate facts. Far be it from me to complain of the wise and salutary ar-

rangements of Providence. Still farther be it from me to offend the lovely deceivers.

" Their tricks and craft have put me daft ;
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;
But clear your decks, and here's the sex !
• I like the jad's for a' that."

But to revert to our theme, and to deduce a moral, since our hopes and our fears, our joys and our miseries, are in fact imaginary, it is the part of wisdom to restrain them within just and convenient limits. He is an enemy to his own happiness who analyzes too curiously the fountains whence hope and joy, however imaginary, flow copiously, and refresh his spirit. He is still more an enemy to his own happiness, who does not rigidly and thoroughly expose the fallacies and deceptions whence his fears proceed, and whence his privations derive all their misery. Magnificent is the display here given of the wisdom and goodness of our Maker. Good and evil, that is, mental good and evil, proceed not from inscrutable and uncontrollable reservoirs, but from fountains of which every man holds the key. He whose mind is duly disciplined, can keep the fountain of evil forever locked, and derive, from the fountain of good, perpetual refreshment. It is not my province to allude to the important part which religion performs in promoting this discipline. It is the doctrine of religion, of philosophy, and of common sense, not to give your money for that which is not bread. Yet if this simple maxim were adhered to, there would be no misery but from bodily pain; while pleasure would flow from all the springs which imagination is capable of unlocking.

" Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari !"

Fortunatus est ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque, Sylvinumque senem, Nymphasque sorores !

Illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum

Flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres ;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro :
Non res Romana, perituraque regna ; neque ille

Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti."

THE SEA SPIRIT.

PASSING the ——— in the summer of the year 17—, we were overtaken by a storm, which rapidly increased, and threatened, by its violence, to engulph us in the waves. To one who has never experienced such a scene, no description could convey an adequate idea of its horrors ; and to those who have been so situated, description would be superfluous.— The roaring of the wind, the raging of the waves, the shivering canvas, and the noise of the creaking and straining cordage, can be but faintly imagined by any but those who have known the reality. As night approached, our situation became more dreadful, the darkness adding to the other causes of terror. The ship was, for hours together, darted along, and again hurled back ; by successive waves. At length day broke, and the light of the morning, in some degree, revived our spirits ; but the sight of our vessel was in itself enough to destroy all hope. She had lost a mast, her rigging was burst and shivered, and the torn sails flapped about in long stripes. It seemed that but little chance remained of the vessel weathering the storm, and the Captain ordered the boats to be got out ; and being speedily obeyed, the crew and the few passengers crowded into them. We left the ship, and in a few moments lost sight of her.

We were now entirely abandoned to the mercy of the elements. A few boards alone separated us from the ocean ; we were exposed to the wind, the rain, and the waves, and we had little prospect of escaping death. Added to these evils, our provisions were scanty, and damaged by the water. Our prospects were melancholy enough, and despair sat on every countenance. Each of us gazed at his neighbour, but shuddered at the horror and dismay which met his glance. Some sat in a sullen torpor, whilst others muttered ejaculations of despair, and gazed with wild and intense looks on the waves, which seemed ready to engulph us on every side.

The storm continued for several days ; we were faint and weary with exertion and suffering. Some lay

down, to endeavour to obtain rest, while the others threw out the water which came into the boat. A tremendous wave rolled towards us; and the other boat, which had continued to keep at no great distance from us, was instantly swamped, and one of our men washed overboard. The fate of our comrades contributed to increase our misery, for the same fate might every moment overtake the survivors. Our provisions were exhausted, and famine stared us in the face. We chewed the soft leather of our shoes, to deaden the sense of hunger, for every morsel of food had been consumed. One of our number died. He was to be thrown over, into the sea. Two sailors laid hold of the body to perform that last sad office to it. A sudden thought seemed to seize their minds—they hesitated, and looked round. It was dreadful—no one spoke, yet every one knew what was meant. The sailors laid the body down: some horrid feeling seemed to agitate every breast, but it could not burst forth in words. It was the deep silence of every one in the boat—the motion of the eye, a certain pervading feeling, which told each man why the body was again placed in the boat, instead of its being committed to its watery grave.

At last the Captain spoke; but his voice could scarce be heard, amid the raging of the contending elements.—“Why is not the body thrown into the sea?” he said; “will ye keep him here to rot and decay? or do you wish to satisfy your hunger on the carcase of your fellow?” He laid hold of the body, and speaking to a sailor, they lifted it over the side of the boat, and it disappeared.

The weather soon altered, and grew calm. One morning we were greeted with the welcome cry of land. We strained our eyes to see it, and plainly perceived it at a considerable distance. We laboured at our oars, and towards evening arrived at it. With some difficulty we landed, and looked round on a barren and comfortless track of country, principally level, and occasionally interrupted by rocks jutting out of the ground, or an ill-formed and bare tree. We were, however, too much rejoiced to have escaped from the sea to examine mi-

nutely the spot on which we were thrown. Exhausted with continued fatigue, we lay down on the ground, and enjoyed a profound sleep till morning.

When we rose from our slumbers, the bleak and cheerless prospect depressed our spirits; we were without either shelter or food, and the latter want pressed us most severely. For five days we had not tasted food. We wandered about in hopes of meeting with something, but there were no traces which might indicate that any living creatures save ourselves existed on this barren spot; a few roots, however, rewarded our search, and in some degree satisfied our hunger.—We spoke but little, and that little consisted in useless and unavailing repinings. At length it occurred, that we were totally destitute of any lodging to protect us from the rigour of the weather, and we therefore set about looking out for a spot suitable for erecting some kind of shelter. Two rocks, which were considerably elevated above the level ground, formed an angle which would shelter us on two sides. We stuck our oars in the ground, and stretched on them a large piece of canvas, which had been used as a sail, and which we had brought along with us in the boat. We were uncovered and exposed over head, it was true, but we were on safe ground, and even this most of us considered far preferable to being tost about on the ocean in a boat which one wave might swallow up for ever. The weather was now fine and dry; the few trees on the island were covered with verdure; and the leaves strewed on the ground, composed our humble beds, and were likewise of greater use in another manner. We contrived, by means of a pistol and a little powder, to light a fire with leaves and branches which we broke off the trees. The scene in the evening, when the mists began to gather around, was highly picturesque. The flame rose in high and curling flashes, threw its red glare over the island, and blazed against the rocks. As it increased, it was reflected on the waves, and extended in a long red blaze over the water. My companions, as they moved about in the light, which shewed more plainly their hard and

deep-marked features, seemed like some strange and fearful beings, performing their unhallowed rites. We gradually grew more cheerful, and hope represented to us the chance that some vessel might pass by, and relieve us from our present desolate situation. Still our condition was wretched, and our food scarce and unwholesome, consisting merely of roots, and the few fish of various kinds that we occasionally found on the shore.

An incident occurred, which rather startled us, and did not contribute to add to our comfort. A sailor who had been wandering about the island, had remained out later than usual, and came running into our inclosure out of breath, his eyes starting from their sockets, and exhibiting all the marks of violent terror. We enquired earnestly the reason of this appearance. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered himself, he exclaimed, "I have seen a ghost!" Sailors are generally superstitious, and we stared at each other with wild looks, as if each expected to encounter the eyeless scull and bloody winding-sheet of some terrible apparition. The Captain only preserved his composure unmoved; he laughed at our fears, and joked the ghost-seer unmercifully. The man, however, persisted in his tale. He was walking on the shore, at a part of the island to which we had seldom resorted in our peregrinations, on account of its particularly rugged and barren appearance. Here, as he was picking up some shell-fish, which lay at his feet, his attention was engaged by a slight noise, and, looking up, he perceived, to his horror, the figure of a man, which seemed to skirr along the surface of the water, and was followed by a female form who pursued him, and whom he strove, but in vain, to avoid. The woman overtook him, and with a tremendous laugh, plunged him into the waves. In a moment after, the apparition disappeared, and he saw it no more.

Various were the speculations which this narration gave birth to, among the members of our society. A degree of fear prevailed among us, and whispers were circulated, as if every one had dreaded to hear the sound of his own voice. The Captain, too, it

was remarked, who had at first made the circumstance an object of merriment, now seemed inwardly troubled, and strove in vain to dispel the melancholy which clouded his brow.— On retiring to rest, all huddled together in the farthest angle of the rocks. Sleep came over us, but the imaginations of many tormented them with ghostly dreams, and occasionally an exclamation of horror would burst from some one, and disturb the others, who, scared at the noise, joined in the hubbub, thus increasing the general confusion.

Morning broke, and dispelled the visions which had haunted us. Our first operation was, to accompany the man to the place where, according to his narration, the spirits had appeared. Nothing was, however, to be found, excepting (what were much more acceptable than ghosts) some shell-fish, which, however, the superstitious apprehensions of one or two of our number prevented their touching. Others, who paid less respect to the supernatural visitors, or were more hungry, speedily devoured this sort of food. The day wore away without any novelty occurring, and the shades of the evening began to descend. The sun, which had sunk beneath the sea, still illuminated the edges of the light clouds that skirted the horizon. It was a sweet evening; one of those whose soft and gentle influence steal upon the soul, conjuring up those delightful reminiscences, and "lang-syne" ideas, that the mind dwells upon with unfading pleasure. The wind was quite still, and we sat down near our habitation (if such a name may be given to such a spot). The Captain, who had been silent all day, now spoke, and informed us, that he thought he was able to disclose some particulars relating to the last night's occurrence. Every one drew nearer to his neighbour, and prepared to listen, with long faces and open mouths, not unmixed with sundry twists of the eyes over the left and right shoulders, to have due warning, in case any unearthly visitant should clandestinely attempt to attack us in the rear. To obviate the possibility of this, however, we drew, as by instinct, into a circle, in which position every side being guarded, no undue advantage

could be taken by any emissary from the invisible world. "When I was a cabin-boy on board the *Thunder-proof*," said the Captain, who, as orator, was stationed in the centre of the assembly, "a plot was concerted, by the greater part of the crew, to murder the Captain, and take possession of the vessel. I, with several others who were unconcerned in the scheme, knew nothing of it till the moment of its execution. We were suddenly seized and pinioned; and the Captain, after being severely wounded, was thrown overboard. His wife was in the ship, and hearing the noise, came on deck.

The villain who had concerted the plot, caught her in his arms; she struggled, and escaping his grasp, ran to the ship's side, where stumbling, she was again seized. Perceiving herself in the wretch's power, she desisted from her endeavours to free herself; and he, deceived by her apparent submission, relaxed his hold. At this moment she caught him in her grasp, and with a violent effort, sprung over the ship's side, dragging the ruffian along with her. We heard them fall into the water; we heard the shrill and heart-rending scream of her victim, as he received his well-merited punishment. We were afterwards unbound; perhaps the villains considered us too few and too insignificant to excite alarm among them. They did not long enjoy the fruits of their crimes. The vessel was wrecked, and I and two others alone escaped; and since that time, the seas near that spot have been considered as haunted by the spirits of the victims and the murderers. Doubtless, it was near this island that the events took place; but having lost our compass, we can only guess at it; and the appearance which was seen by Jenkins last night, bears relation to the events I have mentioned."

This narrative by no means tended to quiet our fears, which rose to a considerable height. After much deliberation, it was proposed that we should sit up and wait in expectation of the unwelcome visitants, which proposal was agreed to by many with fear and trembling, who, however, assented, that they might

not be thought to possess less courage than their fellows.

Hour after hour passed, but we neither saw nor heard any thing to justify our fears. The disagreeableness of the situation made the time seem much longer than it was in reality. We began to grow uneasy of waiting for spirits, and some spoke of giving up the watch. Still we delayed, when, on the surface of our ocean, far off, a dim light appeared. Certainly it would be highly indecorous in me to speak aught reflecting on the courage of British sailors, but, natheless, I will venture to affirm, that the hair of every individual stood in a more upright and porcupine position than they were wont to do. The appearance presently assumed a more definite form; it seemed the likeness of a woman, and we perceived, with feelings by no means pleasant, that it approached the shore. A second figure was perceived in the act of avoiding the first. It fled towards the shore, and was pursued with incredible speed by the other. It had almost reached the shore, when it was overtaken by the female form. She seized on the hair of his head, dragged him round, and with a laugh, that curdled the blood in my veins, seemingly plunged her victim in the waves, and disappeared. My companions were petrified with terror, and the captain lay senseless on the ground. At last we regained some degree of self-possession, and raising the captain with much difficulty, restored him to the use of his faculties. But the impression made upon him by the scene was so strong, that it was a considerable time before he perfectly recovered from the effects of it. He declared that he knew the features of the figures as well as he knew any one living. He became extremely uneasy, as did the rest of us, at our abode on this island, and we thought of again trusting to the boat for our deliverance, when we were fortunately taken up by a vessel, and conveyed to England. Our joy at revisiting our native country may be conceived, but not described; but, if I may judge by my own feelings, none of us wish again to tempt like dangers.

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

I TURN me to my native home,
Where all my warm affections be;
My country! wheresoe'er I roam,
My heart is still with thine and thee.

Again I view thy vallies green,
Thy hills, thy woods, thy prospect
fair;

And doubly sweet to me the scene,
For all that I have lov'd are there,

Where once my infant footsteps rov'd,
My mind unclouded, blest, and free,
Still happy, loving, and below'd,
At home, at ease, at liberty.

Then all was bright, and all was fair,
Undim'd as yet with tears of sorrow;
The passing hour was all my care,
I knew not, thought not of the morrow.

Return'd, I will not wander more
In foreign climes 'mid stranger men,
I've brought my little boat to shore,
And ne'er will tempt the waves again.
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SONNET.

THE rose-bud flourish'd in a gentle shade,
And op'd its bosom to the wooing air,
And doves, and laughing cupids, nestled
there;

Around it calmly breezes ever play'd,
And robb'd its pale leaves of the tremu-
lous dew,

Fanning the green leaves that upon it
grew,
And simple music 'mid the branches
made.

Oft would the amorous nightingale re-
pair

To woo its loved flow'r, and warble there,
At midnight when the hum of men was
staid,

And the pale moon lumin'd the heav'n's
blue,

And silver'd the light clouds that round
her flew.

I lov'd that rose-bud, for it seem'd to me
The dwelling of some spirit born of
purity.
©.

TRANSLATION OF SENECA'S

Quis vero Rex?

IT is not wealth, nor riches great,
Nor purple Tyrian, robe of state;
Nor diadem, nor crown,
That mark the monarch from the clown.

A king alone, in truth, is he,
Whose mind from Vice's stain is free;
Who casts from off his nobler soul
The bonds which meaner minds controul.

Whom no ambition lures to glare
A transient meteor in the air;
To live in shouts his little day,
By turns the people's dupe and prey;
Who envies not the gold that shines
In rich Hesperia's boundless mines;
Or where, the boast of other lands,
The Tagus rolls her yellow sands;
Or all the fields of golden grains
That wave in Lybia's fertile plains;
Whom e'en with lightning's gleam ob-
lique

The thunderer will not dare to strike;
Who fears not all the winds that rave
Along the Adriatic wave;
Who views the stormy firmament,
With cheek unblanch'd, and heart un-
bent—

Who safely lifted up on high,
Sees earth as if beneath him lie;
And meets the fate he cannot shun,
With joy, as if his task was done.—
Let kings to battle hasten far,
Who drive the Dacian host to war,
Who rule the realms, which wide sur-
round

The sea, which strews with gems the
ground—

The sea, along whose redd'ning breast
Float gales from Araby the blest—
Or who the Armenian confines sway,
Where Caspian hills access display;
Or who the frozen waters tread,
Where Danube's icy ocean's spread;
Or where the Seres till the ground,
The Seres by their fleece renown'd :—
Let these, for kingdoms, thousands kill,
'Tis virtue makes the monarch still.—
A kingdom can her power bestow,
Which asks not falchion, steed, or bow—
Which asks not Parthian spear or lance,
Or engines which, like towers, advance,—
Which solely asks and but requires,
A mind exempt from low desires,
Or fear,—and he who thus is blest,
May find this kingdom in his breast.
Let others seek the glittering court,
Where high ambition's votaries sport ;—
Be mine—the ease and downy rest,
Which soothe the quiet country's guest;
The humble roof, the lowly shed,
Where trees around their foliage spread;
Where no disdainful Roman eye
May break upon my privacy.

So when my days at length are past,
Ungloom'd and cloudless to the last,
I may, beneath my darling shades,
Expire, as day-light softly fades;
My only monuments the trees—
My only dirge the mountain breeze—
Such be my lot! For death will call
On him most dire, who, known to all,
Is found, when comes the mortal blow,
To find he has himself to know.

PHRENOLOGOS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

For touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal substances and things unseen. *Garth.*

My theme is courtship ; maids and widows read ;
If reading pain you, lend a listening ear ;
In silence sit, and let the muse proceed,
I know the subject to your hearts is dear ;
But love, like fashion, has a changing creed,
And you of novelties may chance to hear :
This is a learn'd and philosophic age,
And Science spreads to all, her broad, exhaustless page.

In days of yore, Love was a wayward child—
A thoughtless, giddy, fond, romantic boy ;
A glowing cheek, a lip that softly smil'd,
Shot through his frame a wild, delirious joy ;
His eyes of sleep, his heart of peace beguil'd ;—
The world was nought without his darling toy ;
But, metamorphos'd, oft, by Time and Care,
The blush, the smile had fled, he knew not how nor where.

That age is past ; Love clanks his golden chain,
And there is fascination in the sound ;
An ample dowry, or a wide domain,
Can wing the shaft which seldom fails to wound ;
Prince, peer, and peasant, haste to Hymen's fane,
To have their feet in golden fetters bound ;
Deeds, contracts, parchments, close the legal sale ;
The bride goes with the rest, a make-weight in the scale.

But they who seek for pure domestic bliss
Must Truth and Reason in the search employ ;
It dwells not in the raptur'd, melting kiss,
Nor in the blandishments of wanton joy ;
In Pleasure's path they may the object miss,
Or found, yet time will soon the spell destroy ;
There is a charm in Hymen's hallow'd fire,
Which Prudence still must fan—Minerva must inspire.

To cherish love, and check domestic strife,
Some, patient, plod o'er Greek and Roman lore ;
And how to choose that heavenly gift—a Wife,
Some on Defoe's Religious Courtship pore,
Some the Economy of Human Life
And others counsel take from Hannah More ;
All these exploded, by the sons of science,
They on a firmer basis build their sure reliance.

Phrenologos had por'd on many a page ;
From classic lore, with patience, skim'd the cream,
At college, listen'd to his tutors sage,
Expounding metaphysics' mazy theme ;
Read authors sanction'd by the dust of age,
And those who in the wilds of fancy dream ;
With Bacon, Berkeley, Malebranche, Locke, and Boyle,
Pass'd many a pleasing day, and wasted midnight oil.

He left the college with a teeming brain ;
Opposing schemes and systems there were blended ;
Free-will and fate link'd in a circling chain ;
Matter and spirit on a point suspended :
Nought could the ardour of his mind restrain,
Where truth and falsehood, right and wrong contended ;

It was a store-house fill'd in gay profusion,
Where gold and gilded toys were mingled in confusion.

At last, he felt that study spoil'd his rest ;

His mind had lost its fine elastic spring ;

Thus, mountain eagles slumber in their nest ;—

They cannot always soar on towering wing ;

Somewhat he wanted to be truly bless'd ;

A kind companion would be just the thing,

To share his joys, and soothe the cares of life ;

But where can such be found?—Why, only in a Wife.

This made Phrenologos reflect: “ I'll pause,”

Said he, “ and act with due deliberation ;

Though this is one of Nature's constant laws,

I'll not proceed with blind precipitation ;

I know effect must ever follow cause ;

The *pro* and *con* require consideration ;

I now am free, but, coupled with a mate,

My future bliss or woe must then be fix'd as fate.

“ Should I, or rashly, or mistaken, bind

Myself to one with cold phlegmatic soul,

Of vulgar nature and ignoble mind,

Or blind and grovelling as the sordid mole,

Or haply, one to pleasure's paths inclin'd,

Who never knew her passions to control,

Or tongue untiring, like a pendulum wagging,

This were to rivet gyves—through life my fetters dragging.

“ Man's is a mongrel, mean, degen'rate race ;

Turks, Tartars, Scandinavians, Germans, Jews ;

Yet we can seek, with most unyearied chase,

Blood-mares, Merino rams, and Southdown ewes !

It must be deem'd Philosophy's disgrace,

That she so long has circumscrib'd her views ;

To quadrupeds improvement is confin'd—

No care bestow'd on man—he retrogrades behind.

“ Circassian bloom, the graceful forms of Greece,

Would charm and wake the heaviest eye from sleep ;

For mental models, Portia and Lucrece

Might still be found ;—but, ah ! it makes me weep—

The fair neglected for a greasy fleece—

A woman's mind less priz'd than Spanish sheep !

Man weds a wife—less careful of the source

And stock from whence she sprung, than of his fav'rite horse !

“ We see the sportsman's hound and setting dog

Are never cross'd with mongrel village cur ;

A dunghill cock was never yet in vogue

For speckled feathers, crest, or length of spur ;

The farmer who would rear a long legg'd hog,

Would on his judgment justly cast a slur,

And hence, 'tis plain, the most ignoble brute

May be improv'd by care, or sunk in disrepute.

“ Nay, more—in every farmer's field, we read,

How prone to retrograde is madam Nature ;

How plant and flower degenerate with speed,

How fruits grow small, and trees of stunted stature ;

Oats less prolific, till we change the seed ;

Potatoes, sometimes, lose their form and feature ;

Till we by change, graff, and inoculation,
From well-selected stocks produce a renovation.

" Though chance the human breed may often cross,
It ne'er is tried by philosophic skill ;
Ere ore is often mix'd with sordid dross,
Or spume and scum, which make it baser still :
The epicure, tied to the glutton gross ;
The stagnant lake mix'd with the ice-bound rill ;
The boasting bully weds the shrill-tongu'd shrew ;
When matches thus are made—what monsters must ensue !

" I'd have a law, forbidding fools to mingle ;
Wherever Nature has her work disgrac'd,
Hump-back'd and bandy-legg'd should all live single ,
The dolt and dwarf from Hymen's temple chas'd ;
But discords make a most harmonious jingle
When fitly join'd—in proper order plac'd ;
Hence might be mix'd the brown and fair complexion,
The meek and fiery mind, until we reach'd perfection.

" Methinks, for man, it were a glorious scheme
To mend the breed, and renovate the race ;
From ev'ry taint to purge life's purple stream,
And deck the form with each external grace,
Till love and truth in ev'ry eye should beam,
And beauty bloom on ev'ry human face ;
O blest emprise ! all folly hence to banish !
And, in the age to come, deformity would vanish.

" The iron age of Ignorance is past ;
The morn of Science smiles upon our clime ;
Her happy golden age will come at last,
In noontide blaze, surcharg'd with light sublime !
Perfection's era is approaching fast ;
She speeds her flight swift on the wings of time ;
Why was I born a century too soon ?
O were my life prolong'd, to hail that sun-bright noon !

" Vain wish ! and I to marriage feel inclin'd ;
'Tis sanction'd both by reason and theology ;
Yet I would fainly trace the fair one's mind ;
But where's the key ? nor Logic nor Astrology
Can teach the skill—ah ! why to science blind ?
And why forget Gall, Spurzheim, and Phrenology ?
Though I've the study foolishly neglected,
'Tis just the thing I wish, and ev'ry where respected.

" Divines and sages have bewilder'd been ;
How vain each visionary, mystic notion !
To me 'tis plain that mind's a mere machine ;
The brain the main-spring that impels the motion ;
And skulls are just like barrel-organs seen,
Some tun'd to love, and others to devotion ;
In some such flats and sharps discordant mingling,
We find no music there—all unharmonious jingling !"

He nightly on the novel-system ponder'd,
Fond, yet afraid, his *occiput* to handle ;
Deep lost in thought, he mus'd, admir'd, and wonder'd ;
The doctrine seem'd a new invented candle
To search the brain ;—he finger'd, felt, and blunder'd ;
But on the doctrine that could bring no scandal ;

For in a proverb, long confirm'd the fact is,
Though theory be good, perfection springs from practice.

With Spurzheim's nomenclature on the table,

He grop'd for bumps in Tom the shoe-boy's crown ;

And next he sent for Francis from the stable ;

And then the cook her greasy head laid down,

He deem'd himself a scholar apt and able,

When thumbing past her locks of matted brown ;

Young, blushing Susan, too, must feel his fingers,

And, somewhere near her neck, he, paddling, fondly lingers.

On Sunday, in the sacred house of prayer,

Unseen the parson—and unheard his lecture ;

The field before him was both rich and rare,

In various forms of Nature's architecture,

On which his eyes would most intensely stare,

His mind indulging many a bold conjecture ;

And, station'd still at bottom of his pew,

A passing sea of heads came under his review.

He sigh'd with craving, restless, keen anxiety,

To hail the day when Lords of Session meet ;

No spot could offer such a rich variety ;

His fancy kindled at the banquet sweet,

When clients, lawyers, men of notoriety,

Would to his eyes afford a glorious treat ;

It came—he went—his heart with transport big ;

But found he had forgot that ——— wears a wig.

When'er he mingled with the young and fair,

In fancy's airy track condemn'd to tread,

His eyes were foil'd to aid conjecture there ;

For o'er their craniums fashion's masks were spread,

And bonnets, caps, bandeaus, and plaited hair,

Forbade inspection of a lady's head ;

His boasted science here essay'd in vain,

To trace the mazy wilds of woman's teeming brain.

But still, resolv'd each obstacle to master,

And ev'ry cranny of the head explore ;

He purchas'd skulls and casts in Paris plaster,

Of those who figur'd in the days of yore ;

But found his progress stopp'd—for, dire disaster !

He had exhausted all Edina's store ;

Then off to London quick our hero scampers—

Returns with fresh supply, in boxes, tubs, and hampers.

And now was fitted up a light saloon,

Where busts, contrasted, rang'd in order stood ;

The sage was plac'd beside the droll buffoon,

The harden'd wicked near the gentle good :

'Twas here Phrenology, in dazzling noon,

Spread her repast of rare and luscious food ;

The richest picture-gallery in the nation,

Could not such contrast shew—such field for contemplation.

'Twould tire the reader, and exhaust his time,

Were we to try the wond'rous nomenclature ;

For here were heroes of each age and clime,

To shew the sportive freaks of madam Nature,

“ The moping idiot ” and the sage sublime,

Laponia's dwarf and Patagonian stature.

At Homer's elbow carping Zoilus stood,
And chaste Penelope in Helen's neighbourhood.

Here he who "gave his little senate law,"
Still look'd with scorn on haughty Cæsar's pride ;
Next Cleopatra stood an Indian squaw ;
And Howard smil'd serene by Nero's side.
Next Shakespeare was a broad-fac'd Esquimaux ;
Grim Betty Laing on broom-stick seem'd to ride,
King James beheld her with affrighted glance,
While Newton's piercing eye explor'd the vast expanse.

John Knox still frown'd on Scotia's beauteous Queen—

But we must hasten from a former age,
To note a few that grac'd this classic scene,
Whose later names are found in hist'ry's page :—
Wilkes, with his squinting, laughter-loving mien,
And Johnson, fir'd with virtue's noble rage ;
Voltaire and Whitefield ; Pitt and Fox were there ;
Thus rabbits, fat and lean, are coupled for a pair.

With Washington was coupled Ferdinand ;
And Louis stood on Bonapartè's right ;
The Autocrate with Franklin took his stand ;
There Cobbet frown'd, a sad, dejected wight ;
While Southey, station'd on his dexter hand,
Still seem'd to sing, "Whatever is, is right."
A wond'rous pair stood next, Byron and Maturin—
And, what was stranger still, mild Wordsworth stood between !

But o'er the motely group we'll draw a veil ;
For brevity is still the musè's aim ;
Your patience, reader, and my rhymes would fail,
Ere I could register each sounding name
That there had place : suffice to say, the scale
Extended o'er the ample roll of fame ;
Embracing hero, poet, sage, and braggart,
"From Macedonia's madman" down to David Haggart !

In this Lyceum, patient as a clerk,
Who tries some ancient record to explore,
Our hero, studious, daily made remark,
Till perfect grown in Phrenologic lore ;
He'd tell their names and natures in the dark,
So oft each head-piece had been handled o'er ;
"And now," said he, "I've had a pleasant trouble ;
But when I chuse my bride, I'll be rewarded double !

"I'm glad I was not that romantic fool,
To fix myself in matrimonial trap,
Till I had been at Spurzheim's magic school,
Which lays the mind expanded like a map,
In courtship this shall be my golden rule,
'To know the lady—feel below her cap !'
Her skull submitted to my keen inspection,
I'll chuse, of Nature's works, the nearest to perfection.

"But ladies are a coy, capricious sex,
And some, fastidious, haply may refuse
So low to bend their snow-white, beauteous necks,
While I the casket of their minds peruse ;
Now, this would all my prudent plans perplex,
My projects mar—eclipse my brightest views

But why despond before I make the trial?
 'Tis time enough to pause when I have met denial."

To put the science in immediate action,

Phrenologos no longer would delay ;

Amanda was the object of attraction,

On wings of love to her he bent his way ;

In terms respectful then propos'd his paction,

Impatient to begin his grand survey ;

Amanda, though she deem'd her lover frantic,

Would follow out his whim, so solemnly romantic.

There was a witching twinkle in her eye ;

Her dewy lip was ruddy, soft, and plump ;

Her cheek was dimpled, forehead fair and high—

These made our hero's heart with rapture jump ;

And now his tingling fingers fondly ply,

In restless search, to find a fav'rite bump ;

But she had something in her skull bewitching,

Which made his fingers dance as with Galvanic twitching.

The first he felt was right behind her crown,

It was the largest he had e'er beheld,

And rose his buoyant hopes in doubt to drown ;

But anxious still to have his fears dispell'd ;

Behind her ear his hand slid gently down,

And there another vile intruder swell'd,

Above the centre of her slender neck ;

And long he search'd in vain to find a counter check.

He, speechless, gaz'd upon the beauteous fair ;

The fire of love was sparkling in her eye,

His fingers stray'd amidst her auburn hair,

Her cheek was glowing like the morning sky ;

Love whisper'd, " Stay—'tis bless to banquet there !"

Phrenology cried, " Run—temptation fly !"

The strife was long—a well-contested field ;

But Science overcame—and Love was forc'd to yield.

He press'd her hand, and took a tender leave—

His wishes cross'd, his airy hopes o'erthrown ;

And cried, " O Spurzheim, what a blest reprieve

From one who lives but for herself alone !

I ne'er shall wilfully myself deceive

With one so fair—so much to pleasure prone ;

Amanda will, if there be truth in science,

Set Matron modesty, and Malthus at defiance !"

Thus have we seen our hero's hope defeated ;

But he is rich and young—the world is wide ;

And, like a war-horse, for the battle heatef,

He's on the field, with Spurzheim for his guide ;

With time and patience, trials oft repeated,

We still may hope he'll find a gentle bride ;

Such skill and prudence cannot search in vain :—

Should Love propitious smile, the muse may sing again.

ON CASTLE-BUILDING.

I BELONG to a class of architects, whose productions, I am sorry to say, are looked upon by the public in general with rather an unfavourable eye. It is true, they have nothing to say against us, either on the score of beauty, or rapidity of execution; but there is one weak side, on which they have discovered that we are penetrable stuff, and against which, sundry biting sarcasms, and potent conclusions, have been directed by the ultra-reasonable part of mankind. In short, they have discovered that we do not build for posterity; and the want of stability in our edifices forms a standing joke against us. A punning acquaintance of mine annoys me regularly with certain venerable jokes on my extensive property in the Isle of Sky, the county of Ayr, and Terra Incognita, which, if age and long acquaintance ought to command respect, have the best claim in the world to that privilege. Another kindly insinuates something about the foolish man who built his house upon the sand. And I have more than once been cut short in pursuing the thread of some splendid speculation, by the polite enquiry which Leo addressed to Ariosto, when he presented him with a copy of the Orlando Furioso: "Where, in the name of wonder, I had collected such a parcel of nonsense, and what possible purpose it could serve?" This, I confess, is one of those questions which are a great deal more easily asked than answered. If such cases, the *argumentum ex crumena* is the only one which is considered of any weight; and unless you can reduce your theory to its value in specie, you may as well give up the point at once. Unfortunately, however, I feel myself barred, *personali objectione*, as the lawyers say, from the use of this argument; for though I consider myself as quite an intellectual Palladio, and have built, in my time, palaces as splendid as the fabled edifices of Aladdin or Kubla-khan, or Alcina and Armida, I am sorry to say that they have vanished with as much celerity as they arose, and the place where they were known, now knows them no more. They have disappeared be-

fore the strong light of reality, like the Czar's famous palace of ice, at the first splendour of a Russian summer. Of course, they have been about as productive, in a pecuniary point of view, as a Frenchman's *Château in Gascony*. My income, which was never very large, grows "small by degrees, and beautifully less," and I begin to think I shall soon find myself in the situation of honest Faulconbridge, "lord of my presence, but no land beside." I still, however, cling to my favourite pursuits, with the fondness and the obstinacy of an alchymist. Happiness is the philosopher's stone which I seek; and if, from the objects that are scattered around me, I can elaborate, in the crucible of the mind, a fairer world, and more delightful visions, I shall not think that the process by which these effects have been produced has been in vain, or that my toils have evaporated *in fumo*. When, by indulging in the contemplation of an imaginary world, I find I can lighten the crosses, or soothe the disappointments, of this, and even reap a present pleasure from the prospect of one that is future and contingent, I cannot regret the hours which I have thus spent, or say with Titus, "I have lost a day." Happiness is still the same, whether it is gained in the actual or ideal possession of the object of our wishes: whether we are ourselves carried down by the tempestuous current of the world, or only image forth, in the silence and calmness of the study, the windings of our course, and the pleasures of the voyage.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone.
He who can call to-day his own—
He who, secure within himself, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd
to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shire,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate,
are mine:
Not Jove himself upon the past hath pow'r,
For what hath been, *both been*, and I
have had my hour."

Such is the happiness of the castle-builder; he snatches a pleasure from the passing hour, and "scores it up, as clearly won," from the dominion of care, anxiety, or listlessness.

Gray used to say, that his idea of *Paradise* consisted in lying on a couch and reading new novels. I should rather say, it consisted in indulging, without restraint, in mental creation, in that delightful feeling with which, in the duskiness of twilight, the castle-builder seats himself, by the fire, "while dying embers, through the room, teach light to counterfeit a glow," calling up spirits from the vasty deep of his imagination, and revelling in a world of bright thoughts and irregular fancies. First, he fixes his eyes on the fire and shapes out a thousand forms and images in its fiery depths—towns, and castles, and rocks—gigantic heads, grinning faces, and figures uniting more incongruities than the monster which *Horace* conjures up in his *Epistle* to the *Pisos*. This, however, is but the overture to the piece—the prologue to the intellectual drama. The mind soon requires no assistance from any thing material, and asks no *fire* but the warmth of kindling fancy, like the veteran castle-builder in *Horace*.

"Qui se credebat miros addere tragicædos,
In vacuo latus sessor plausorque theatro."

As the attention soon becomes completely occupied with the fantastic tricks "which are performing on the theatre of the imagination, it becomes absorbed in itself, and sees but with the mind's eye." It does not even deign to recognize the existence of the chair on which its corporeal accompaniment is seated, nor of the fire which imparts to it its kindly and comfortable warmth, till the opening of the door, the entrance of some friend who might have chosen a fitter time, or the "daily-tea is ready," recalls the dreamer, like another *Alnaschar*, from his high estate on the woollack, or the treasury benches, to the level of sober reality; and sweeps from his sight the fabric which his fancy had reared, with all its glittering and alluring accompaniments.

"Ne muro appar ne torre in alcun lato,
Come se mai castel non vi fosse stato."

As I have a high reverence for the character of the true castle-builder, I think it necessary to exclude from this definition certain worthy people

whose sole pretensions to the title consist in dozing over the fire after dinner, and assuming a portentous gravity of countenance, but who occasionally have the good fortune to be mistaken for very imaginative personages; just as a dull fellow sometimes passes in company for a philosopher, by having wisdom enough to hold his tongue. You would imagine these people lapt in *Elysium*, while they are only contemplating a register stove, or counting the brass nails upon an arm-chair. They put one in mind of *Sterne's* description of *Dr Slop's* appearance when he was confounded by an unexpected *detour* of my *Uncle Toby*. "They look up, then down, then east, east and by south, and so on, coasting it along the plinth of the wainscoat, till they have got to the opposite point of the compass," and all the time thinking of nothing, either past, present, or to come. But the true Castle-builder does not fix his eyes upon *vacuancy*, as the novelists say: his amusements are of a more lively and energetic nature. He peoples *vacancy*, and is never less alone than when alone. He sits supreme ruler of a world of infinite and beautiful images, and can look ennui in the face with that independent air, which says, "Do your worst—I defy you—I have that within which passeth the outward show, to which others look for amusement or consolation."

There are two ways in which we may enjoy this luxury; we may either suffer the current of our thoughts to glide on absolutely uncontrolled, demanding no further principle of connection among our ideas than the almost imperceptible link by which one idea must introduce another; or we may exercise over them a gentle sway, sufficient to prevent them from running completely wild, yet leave unchecked the ease and freedom of their flow. The first is the irregular or *Arabesque* style of intellectual architecture; the other is the regular or classical style of castle-building. The latter has generally self for its object. It is the picture of our future hopes and fears—the mirror in which, like the fabled glasses of romance, we endeavour to read futurity. There we image forth dangers escaped, difficulties overcome by successful ex-

ertion, and energy unsullduced—the clouds which overhang and darken the morning of life, rolling off as the day advances, and nothing interfering to blight the tender leaves of hope as they expand. The fabric of future happiness rises like the walls of Thebes, at the sound of the lyre of Amphion. The student foresees the midnight vigils and laborious days of study, repaid by fame and distinction, and lettered ease. The warrior looks forward, through the smoke and dust of battles, to the peaceful and honoured repose, which shall close the tumultuous course of his existence, and compensate him for dangers, privations, and toils. The lover dreams, that for *him*, at least, the course of true love *shall* run smooth. The Editor of a Magazine (I speak it with reverence) sees his miscellany increasing in spirit and circulation, and the other more opaque bodies, which perform their monthly revolutions in the literary hemisphere, shorn of their beams, and “paling their ineffectual fires” before its superior lustre. The parent transfers to his children the golden visions which he once indulged in for himself; and sees them eminent and respected, treading in his footsteps, and gilding the evening of his age with the sunshine of their talents and virtues. It is the proud boast, too, of these visions, that no uneasy passions ever intrude to disturb the harmony and warmth of their colouring. Virtue seems to breathe over them a peculiar influence. We look forward, indeed, to fair hopes and brilliant prospects, as the reward of our labours; but we aspire to the prize nobly and honestly, by enterprise and perseverance. We think not of gaining it by mean and treacherous arts, by base adulation, or the hypocritical assumption of virtues which we do not possess. Here, for the time, even the coward is brave, the knave honest, and the miser generous. How favourable, then, to the best interests of virtue, must the cherishing of these creations of the fancy be! how likely to banish from the mind the darker and more malignant passions, and to replace them with noble emotions, and domestic and benevolent affections!

“Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignorare servis,”

is the trait by which Horace describes the castle-builder of Argos; and every one must see that it is founded on a deep knowledge of human nature.

Poets are notorious castle-builders. One of our modern critics would indeed try to persuade us that all the world is poetry, and all the men and women merely poets. This, however, is rather *de trop*—it is proving too much. For, what comes to the same thing,—nothing; for, were we to adopt such an opinion, we should find, that instead of having advanced a single step in ascertaining the distinctive qualities of poetry, we had only been unnecessarily loading it with extraneous accompaniments, and involving in additional darkness what was before sufficiently obscure. Had his assertion been more limited—had he said, that all the creations of the fancy were poetry, and all who possessed the power of calling up and exhibiting such images to the mental eye, poets, he would have been nearer the point. For in what does the *invention* of the poet differ from that of the castle-builder? In nothing, certainly. Both conjure up a world of their own, and give colour and body to vague and obscure conceptions. In what, then, is the one superior to the other? Only in this, that, while in the one these visions, fit over the mind, and are as if they had never been, the other possesses the power of embodying and arresting the beautiful and endless images which are presented by this mental kaleidoscope; that the pleasure enjoyed by the castle-builder is solitary, and expires with himself, whereas that of the poet is social and communicable; that while the former cannot recall, even to himself, the picture, which delighted his imagination, the latter fixes them with the unfading colours of language and versification, and hangs them up for the common delight of all who have feeling and taste enough to appreciate their beauties. He, therefore, who possesses the power of giving order, grace, and consistency, to the creations of his mind, *will*, even in indigence or mis-

fortune, can surround himself with the "poign and circumstance" of an inexhaustible fancy, possesses in himself all the elements of poetry, and requires only the operation of circumstances to develop his powers, and of patient attention to overcome the mechanical difficulties to which even the divine nature of poetry subjected. But omitting these more active exertions of the mental power, which may perhaps be considered as rather overstepping the province of castle-building, I might produce a very formidable array of distinguished names, votaries of the art even under its more humble aspect. Indeed, the only difficulty I experience in citing examples, is that of selection. Berni, Thomson, and Cowper, afford, perhaps, the most striking illustrations of this propensity among poets. The first seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the "*firnipt*," in regard to all bodily exertion, and to have placed his whole delight in the cultivation of a fancy naturally fertile and vigorous. He tells us, in a description which breathes the very spirit of castle-building, that he knew no amusement more delightful, than to lie for hours together, watching every streak and stain on the top of his bed, blending them in strange combinations, and losing himself in a maze of wild imaginations. This was "calm contemplation and poetic ease" with a vengeance!—Thomson, whose aversion to active exertion exceeded even Berni's, was an inveterate castle-builder. His whole life, like the scenes he describes, was the beautiful ideal of calmness and repose.

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut
eye,

And of gay castles in the clouds, that pass
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

He is, indeed, the poet of the art, and seems to have consecrated his exquisite poem, the Castle of Indolence, to the recollection of those pleasures of the imagination in which he used so frequently and so fervently to indulge. Hear how completely *con amore* the amiable Cowper enters on a defence of castle-building:

"Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,

That never felt a stupor, knew no pause,

Nor need one. I am conscious, and confess,
Fearless, a soul that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Chas'd with a waking dream of houses,
towers,

Trees, churches, and strange villages, expressed

In the red cinders, while, with poring eye,
I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw.

I am but too happy to take shelter under the wing of this celebrated trio, and to say, as Cicero did on a subject of far higher importance, "*Quod si in hoc erro, libenter erro, nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo.*" M.

LETTER FROM POLYPHEMUS O'CARY,
S. B. L. S. INCLOSING NUGLE CA-
NONS, TO THE EDITOR OF THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,

My relation, and your correspondent Θ (being himself prevented by illness), desires me to transmit to you the inclosed. I hope they will not arrive too late for the next Number. They would have been sent off last night, but I was engaged at a literary society, which has been established in our village, and of which I have the honour to be secretary. The members are, I assure you, possessed of considerable talents. Mr Thomas Lean, deputy secretary, has composed several tragedies, and likewise written divers epics. Mr Scrip has penned a most affecting elegy on a tailor, who was killed by falling on his own bodkin. The president, I assure you, (but this is a secret,) had a hand in that excellent work, the Milliner's Sure Guide, or Infallible Band-box. My nephew pretends to ridicule these great, and to call their shocking unchristian names; but we must not look to find wisdom in every corner. He makes a joke of us, because one of our members, who has a predilection for meytaphsics, is the son of a well-digger!—ignorant animal!—*veritas in puto!* I cannot stay to write any more, but remain, dear Sir, your most obedient servant to command,

POLYPHEMUS O'CARY.

S. B. L. S.

Brandynhtc, 4th Jan. 1822.

* We profess we are at a loss to un-

NUGA CANORA.—PART II.

No. IV.

The Fisherman.

I LEFT my couch to breathe the morning
air,

What time the sun, among the misty
clouds,

Emerging from the ocean in the east,
Far distant shed some glimmering of
light,

Not strong and clear, but pale and du-
bious,

And soft as 'tis in twilight, (dewy hours!)
Which homeward points the swain, and
shuts the flower.

Still was that hour, and soon the broad
flat sand

Of the wide ocean-shore my steps re-
ceiv'd;

And there I wander'd, slowly, by the
brink

Of the advancing waters, and inhal'd
The pure refreshing breezes. The new
day

Gather'd fresh strength—the clouds dis-
pers'd, the sun

Broke through their dusky ranks, in all
the gay

And bright refulgent splendour of his
beauty.

How fair the face of Nature then appear'd
The billows leaping in the glowing beam,
Sparkled so bright, no mortal eye could
bear

To gaze a moment on them; and the
vane

Of the old village church, whose humble
spire

Just peers above the chain of sandy knolls,
Which range themselves the bulwarks of
the coast;

And cottage casements, like the trem-
bling wave,

Brighten'd the beam the sun resplendent
gave.

O, Morning, fair art thou! To thee the
flow'rs

Unfold their dewy leaves; the warbling
birds

Attune their sweetest lays, and Nature all
Beams her most pleasing smiles: Thou

hast the youth,
The beauty, homage, and the strength of
all.

At thy approach the murky clouds re-
tire.

And the young sun, ascending in thy train,

Appears in all his splendour, pride, and
pow'r;

And at thy call the slumbering mortal
starts,

And, freshen'd by the balmy sleep of night,
Worth thou allur'st him to his daily task,
And cheer'st him with thy smiles, Ap-
rora fair!

unceforth may I, at the first glimpse of
day,

bow at thy shrine, and grateful homage
pay!

Now near and louder sound the dashing
waves

Of the advancing tide, and o'er the wide
Extended surface of the main, the eye

May see the billows leaping into life.
See crowds on crowds innumerable rise,

And sparkling in the breeze that freshly
blows,

Roll on their foaming forces to the shore.
Inch 'after inch effacing every track

The rolling waves gain fast upon the sand;
And now, well pleas'd, the fishermen I see

Forth issuing from their low thatch'd cot-
tages,

To take advantage of the morning tide—
Each with his net, and toiling with his

load
Of wicker baskets: on his back is slung
His keg of water, and his little store

Of humble food. Needful are these, I
ween,

Although that weather-beaten face, that
form,

Shoeless, and in its threadbare jacket
blue,

But ill protected from the cold, might
seem

To reek but little the endurance keen
Of a long ten or twelve hours' fasting in

The cold hungry ocean breeze; yet he
Who placeth confidence in winds and

seas,
Trusteth to wild and wavering elements.

Just as the foremost billow, spreading out
Upon the soft flat sand, has reach'd his

boat,
And now is feebly rippling round the

keel,
Each fisherman has gain'd the beach, and

all
Are busily preparing to embark—

Placing on board their little stores of food,
And water-barrels; stowing so as least

To incommode the small contracted
barks—

Their empty creels—disposing of their
nets

In order due—examining their sails,
And oars, and ever and anon, at times

Gazing upon the sun, the sea, and sky;
And marking

the wind,

derstand the meaning of these ominous
letters. Perchance the one-eyed man will
favour us with an interpretation in his
next Editor.

1822.]

Nuga: Canora—A Fragment.—Morning.

Thereby to judge whether or not the trip
They are about to make will have suc-
On these awhile perchance they specu-
late—
Or village news goes round, or mirthful
jests,
Crown'd with the boisterous and the
heartly laugh.—
Ready are all; and now the rolling tide
Is up. The banks are cover'd, and the
boats,
Though still aground, seem distant from
the shore.
The billows gather force, and, heaving,
swing
Against each other. Now the vessels
move,
And now each fisherman hath stow'd his
bark
Further into the deep, and now they all
Are fairly launch'd, and rock upon the
tide—
The fishermen spring lightly in, raise
sail
And bear away.—

No. V.

A Fragment.

HERE, stretch'd upon the clay-cold
ground,
He cast his wistful eyes around;
The sun still gleam'd on Duncare's
towers,
On Eldric's hall, and Bertha's bowers;
And yet his last bright golden beam
Play'd lingering on the placid stream;
And only was the solemn glade
Envelop'd in the ev'ning shade;
The solemn glade, where Solitude
Sat list'ning to the murmuring flood,
That pensive o'er the pebbles roll'd,
Or to the Abbey bell, that toll'd
The solemn tune of ev'ning song,
When heavy paced the monk along,
Bearing a taper, dim and faint,
Whose flitting light each carved saint
Scantly illum'd in his slow march,
O'er chequer'd floor, 'neath Gothic arch—

No. VI.

Morning.

By seaside breeze, or tempest torn,
Serene and placid is the morn;
The sombre night still bears its sway,
Like ignorance in infancy.
As midnight silent is the hour,
When fairies light flit by the tower.
No gentle zephyr sweeps the glade,
Nor trips the lawn the cottage maid;

A vapoury mist hangs o'er the lake,
Thick darkness screens the woodland
brake—

But now, far in the eastern sky,
A milky colour shews forth, fly
The gloomy clouds—now golden streaks
Appear, and, lo! the morning breaks—
The sun advances blushing red,
And leaves his watery ocean bed.
Slowly away the darkness stole,
As ignorance leaves the infant soul;
But, like the mind when darkness flies,
When Sol rose higher in the skies,
And shone with full and steady light,
The landscape burst upon the sight.
Ah! who could wish that beauteous
scene

Had veil'd by sombre darkness been?
Though that impenetrable shade
Conceal'd the crag, and hid the glade,
That now in loveliness appears,
Like beauty when suffus'd in tears.
The vapoury particles convolve,
And on each blade and leaf devolve:
There, and upon the flow'ret's stems,
Sparkle ten thousand dewy gems.
When Phœbus' rays shot up the lawn,
Never by artist was there drawn
A sight so fair, or picture seen—
'Twas burnish'd gold, or velvet green.
Daisies, and drops of pearly dew,
The foliage of the oak and yew,
That in soft shadows on were laid,
While thorn and bramble border made.
To this fair carpet stretching wide,
To lake, and vale, and mountain side,
The cattle now rise from the mead,
And on the flow'ry herbage feed.
The morn advanced, the peasant hastes
O'er verdant fields, or heathy wastes,
With mattock, spade, and hedging bill,
To meet his labour on the hill.
The shepherd's flock strays o'er the dale,
The milkmaid fills the brimming pail;
The thresher plies the flail again,
And steeds are harness'd to the wain;
Salutes the car, a mingled sound
Of joyful notes from all around;
From every bush, and every spray,
Sweet concerts hail the opening day;
From shepherd's pipe, that sweetly plays,
And milkmaid's voice in humble lays;
From warbling birds and blythesome
swain,
Who cheerful whistles o'er the plain.

No. VII.

The Dawn of Reason.

FEELER is human wisdom's ray,
Faintly it gleams in infancy;
As yet no guilty looks we trace
In the unconscious infant's face—
Discover there no cunning wile,
But at its innocency smile;

Wish that the face may always wear
 A look so void of guilt or fear.
 But, ah ! the wish were ill applied ;
 Infant simplicity will hide
 Graces, as well as faults conceal ;
 Both are obscur'd beneath the veil ;
 But, ~~let~~ the veil aside be drawn,
 And on the soul let reason dawn ;
 By that fair sun illum'd we find
 A beauteous or deformed mind ;
 As it acquires a stronger glow,
 Stronger the faults or beauties show.

LONDON PERIODICALS.

No. I.

Sir Richard's Magazine.

Know ye the land where the gay Ma-
 gazine

Contends for dominion with sober Re-
 view,

Where monthly and quarterly pamphlets
 are seen,

Now stitch'd up in yellow, now pasted
 in blue ?

'Tis the land of the Lamb, 'tis the land
 of the Leigh,

'Tis the land of Sir Richard, the land of
 Cocknee. *Byron.*

Or, like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
 and fierce— *Pepe.*

WE regret to find that we had given the inhabitants of our "Gude Town" credit for more *vous* in literary matters than they really seem to deserve. Speaking, the other day, to a friend on the important change which has recently taken place in the *eternals* of the *Monthly Magazine*, we were struck dumb with astonishment to find that the man absolutely knew nothing about the said Magazine, and had never heard that such a publication was in *esse* !—I'ctriying ignorance !—and, what is worse, we have discovered many others equally immersed in the same Cimmerian darkness ! Not know *The Monthly* ! Not know Sir Richard ! Impossible ! Has not Homer conferred immortality on *Zoilus* ? and can even a dog-fly on Newton's mantle escape observation and notoriety ? Are not the wonderful writings of the Refuter of the *Principia* known to the children of men ? Is there a pastry-cook in the land who hath not found profit in the *trunk* of a trunk-maker who hath not rejoiced over them ? For shame !

ye reckless children of Edina ! Were your ears impervious to melodious sounds when Sir Dick was-blowing his own trumpet ?

But our conscience upbraids us for thus unnecessarily delaying the enjoyment of our readers. Let them prepare then (*εκας, εκας εστε, βεβηλοι* !) for an intellectual banquet of the highest order, and for the reception of many valuable morsels of wisdom and eloquence. On opening this Magazine, our optics are first greeted with an engraving, quaintly cut in wood, and curiously imprinted. This, however, is a matter of comparatively small moment. Nor will we detain our readers by transcribing, for their improvement, communications relative to the African Colonies—accounts of musical meetings—methods of preventing yellow fever—or improvements in the occult and mysterious science of extinguishing a candle. The German student, however, deserves a word before we turn the leaf, and consign it to oblivion. It is written with a laudable and honest intent of putting an end to the study of the German language in this country ; and we deem it but fair to mention, that this profound article is more than enough to alarm a person of delicate nerves. The execution is, indeed, worthy of the design. We cannot stay to taste the honey of L'Ape Italiana ; and our tender conscience is hurt to be compelled to omit Mr John Partridge's reply to Mr Farcy. These, as in duty bound, must all give place to an article bearing the magniloquent title of "*The Philosophy of Contemporary Criticism*," and purporting to be a regular hostile manifesto against a periodical work, which we are sorry to offend Sir Dick's well-known modesty by naming in the same page with *The Monthly Magazine*—we mean the *Edinburgh Review* !

The first part of "Poor Richard's Almanack" certifies, that "Mr Jeffrey's prose has all the richness, flow, and elasticity of the finest poetry ;" (right for once, Dick !) and that the "*Doge of Venice*" is a very stupid thing, consisting of "five prosing, dialogues, in place of five acts ;" and yet—strange to tell !—a possessing beauties which render it worthy to be bound up with Cato and

Irene!" "Article second," we are assured, "is judicious enough;" and we are farther instructed by this "Philosopher," that "punishments are framed with a design to deter the innocent, rather than reform the guilty!" This, to be sure, is a little beyond the reach of our comprehension. We have been accustomed to believe, that the laws afford *protection*, instead of awarding punishment to "the innocent;" and that one of the grand objects of criminal jurisprudence was "the reform of the guilty;" "a labour of love" that has conferred an endearing immortality on the names of Howard and Nield, and elicited the admiration and esteem of a grateful country for Bennet, Buxton, and Fry. "*Classical education*" is anathematised as "a blustering sort of essay," and therefore, we presume, written by some contributor of Sir Richard's. The editor, too, is taxed with "compromising his former opinions," and with "not being careful to preserve consistency in his journal." What his former opinions were, the worthy inhabitant of Bride Court has *prudently* declined informing us; and, being himself singularly remarkable for "consistency" in his own opinions, he unquestionably derives a right to hold, that all mankind, and Mr Jeffrey in the number, gravitate naturally to the opposite error.

As might naturally be expected, this sage mirror of knighthood shows some discretion. He speaks tenderly and humanely of "*capital punishments*," and with a manifest leaning to the side of mercy in favour of those useful members of society, the coiners, forgers, highwaymen, thieves, and pickpockets, "whose interests," he says, "are too frequently sacrificed, and their *motives* calumniated, in the cant of religion and aristocracy!" "*Melmoth the Wanderer*," however, puts him in the horrors, and he straightway opens his mouth, which is full of curses, and stigmatizes Anastasius as a "demoniacal ruffian;" "exemplifies the vices of his temper" on "*Malthus and Godwin*," reads the "*Art of War*" with "loathing and abhorrence;" tells us he is "not a *cooler*," (the reader may search Johnson in vain for this word, the meaning of which we do not pretend

even to conjecture); and fairly holds, that we might have turned Buonaparte adrift, without such a prodigal expenditure of powder, shot, and steel, at Waterloo. By this time, however, he has wrought himself into such a pury organ of rage, and is so full of "sound and fury," that he is nearly caught in a "*Mantrap*," and escapes by miracle from the deadly aim of a "*Spring-gun*," belching forth, for the information of all whom it may concern, that, in the "manufacture" of the Edinburgh Review, "paste and scissors are the chief implements employed!"

But the splendid qualifications of this Literary Hercules are chiefly apparent in his able and intelligent defence of "*Laureate Hexameters*," which he very properly holds may consist of *five* as well as of *six* feet; adding, that "the length of a *line* is as indeterminate as that of a stanza;" from which, we presume, he means, that it may be extended to six fathoms if necessary. We, heedless mortals! had imagined that the article in question displayed great ability, and uncommon acquaintance with the organization both of Latin and English verse, and had set the question as to the possibility of introducing hexameters into English poetry completely to rest. We are sorry to find that we have been labouring under a delusion. The "flashy" knight has emitted his oracular dictum, that the "*Laureate's Hexameters* are *quite* defensible," and that nothing could have been more out of place than "a discussion on the fitness of Hexameter measure to English versification," in a review of the "*Vision of Judgment*," written in that very measure!

But Rhadamanthus is armed with his scourge, and he is resolved to use it on all and sundry; "*castigatque cogitque futuri*." The review of the "*Life of Mr Pitt*" he avouches is "dull and prolix;" and adds, were the "aristocratical journals to write impartially, few would believe them." Of course they must write "partially;" or, in other words, violate truth and honesty, that they may be "believed!" Is not this a libel on the moral and intellectual mind of the country? Sir Dick's notions

of *honesty* appear in the paragraph that follows, where the worthy Litteratist labours to prove, that it is not criminal to defraud the public creditor, and that it would be a highly-meritorious act to apply a sponge both to principal and interest, and to reduce him to beggary, because he had preferred the government security to any other. We have also a conspicuous sample of the knight's love of *truth*, in the glaring and wilful misrepresentations, contained in the article we have just been examining, of a work that has done more to enlighten the great body of the people, than the whole mass of periodicals put together.

Now for the poetry. Here is an entire new kind of verse. Let Elegy whine—let Satire grin or bark—let Pastoral doze—or let Epigram laugh—I'll have none o' them, says Sir Dick to himself. To all admirers of poetry he has introduced a *rara avis in terris*. We beg pardon of the Vicar of New Steaford, or of his spirit, but we cannot stay to notice the Ode on Man, superfine as it undoubtedly is. We must hasten to the *magnum opus*. Now, good reader, we are about to open the sacred source, of sympathetic tears. Listen to "*the Hero Flogged*:"

"I pass'd the hero's dwelling,
I heard a dreadful moan,
It was a mortal's yelling—
It was a soldier's groan !

"Tied, pinion'd, stripp'd,
And naked whipp'd,
Each horrid agonizing roar
Was follow'd by a stream of gore !"

We could have wished to have given this beautiful piece entire, but we are afraid of trespassing upon the editor's copyright in so inestimable a composition. The next stanza we therefore omit. Our readers have had a specimen of true pathos;—now for a little warm and natural indignation :

"Mute and transfix'd I stood
Beholding this scene of blood—
—rang'd around,
—saw each wound
—ring as 'twere a joke,
—er each bloody stroke !
Nor did they drink the less,
Nor sad appear at morn."

Scarlet, feathers, and lace,
Glitter'd around the place.

Callous are they !
The ball, the play,
The wanton's wiles,
Their time beguiles, (*excellent grammar !*)

Link'd with a harlot,
Clothed in scarlet,
That think they of the poor man's woe ?
Do they feel for the poor,
Or their sufferings deplore,
Or strive to relieve ?—their care 'tis below."

Horrible wretches they must be !
We wish they could see this Magazine. We are sure even *their hearts*, "*callous*" as they are, would relent at such flint-moving strains. Sir Richard will perhaps transmit a copy to the Mess. But we fear "*his care 'tis below*." The writer's blood boiled within him, and, in the bitterness of his heart, "*he cursed all tyrants and vain glory*." Why did he not give us the curse ? It would have been a model of imitation for all future cursers and swearers. The history of this castigated hero must be read in the original. It deplores, in poetic grief, the miseries of the youth who had left his friends, and his lass beloved, to turn soldier.

"Return'd, alas ! too late repentant, found
His aged parents in the narrow grave—
His disobedience blighted all around ;
His love distracted, and himself a slave !

What wonder, then, that he who bore
A feeling heart was stricken to the core ?
What wonder, that his wretched soul
Sought comfort from the life-destroying
bowl ?

That he who once was foremost in the
rank,
His hopes all fled, his spirits sank,
Should be less soldier-like and gay,
And that from muster he had staid
away ?"

None in the world ! but who can
read the concluding lines without
sympathy ?

"This was his ~~chance~~—for this a soldier
brave
Was pinion'd, stripp'd, and whipp'd into
a slave !"

"Whipped into a slave !" Do we
understand this rightly ? Does this
elegant writer mean to insinuate that
the hero was *bona fide* incorporated

with a slave, and that they twain became one flesh, and by the mere act of whipping? Oh! "whipp'd into a slave!" We repeat it—our admiration is unbounded. Again and again let it be "wafted by the breeze," that all may hear it and mire—"whipp'd into a slave!"

Poor Jemmy Bottom, thou undone for ever! thou art, indeed translated into an ass. Thy poetry is eclipsed, and thou must yield the palm. Vain are the "raging rocks"—powerless are "lion, wall, and moonshine;" aye, and the man in the moon to boot, although he bring to his assistance the lantern which was his lantern, and the dog which was his dog. Pyramus and Thisbe too! but it is useless to contend with this poetical giant.

We are sensible that any more extracts, and far more any thing that we could say, must, after what we have quoted, appear "flat and unprofitable." We shall here finish, therefore, hoping our readers will join in our humble prayer:—From the Monthly Magazine—from the harlot clothed in scarlet—from such stuff and from such poets,

Good Lord deliver us!!!

©.

JACOBITE RELICS, NOT IN HOGG'S COLLECTION.

The Farce;

OR A GRAND TRAGI-COMEDY BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Being an excellent new Ballad.

To the tune of "The Fast of St James's."

From Mr Marshall's collection—See our November Number, p. 439.

Of late, as they say,
On a Christmas day,
Old Jove oped his great blue eyes,
To take a general view,
Of the worlds old and new,
From his capital mansion in the skies.

Chorus.

With his hum, hum, hum!
And his bum, bum, bum!
And his rat-a-ta-ta-tatt!
Like a drum, drum, drum.

The god stood amaz'd,
As Northward he gaz'd,

VOL. X.

(For he looks down but once in a while,
To see Great Britain drunk,
Or rather wholly sunk,
To make room for some Hottentot isle,
With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then to cheer his old eyes,
Straight to Phœbus he hies,
Where he kept household at Capricorn;
Whence he, with due regard,
Cast a glance at court, and star'd
To see nothing there but—horns, horns,
horns!

With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

And princes by the nose,
Led by fools or by foes,
Pimps, dukes, Turks, and fine foreign
doxies;

Whilst a man of sense and grace,
Could no more show his face,
Than a footman his front in the boxes,
With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

There no language was fix'd,
But all jargons were mix'd,
Which gave the new courtiers much trouble;

And though in all the herd
No cloven tongue appear'd,
Yet each tongue was both forked and
double,

With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

The farce was complete,
Both in church and in state,
And the drawing-room was left to the
rabble;

Which made great Jove to doubt,
The old isle was gone to pot,
Or transform'd to a bedlam or a Babel,
With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

"Hum, hum," quoth the god,
With a shake and a nod,
That shook all the firmament round him;
"What a vile disorder's here!
Straight away, my wing'd courier,
Bring the guilty here, that I may con-
found them,"

With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

The little airy post,
As the welkin he cross'd,
Spied three royal dames laid all along;
Britannia the bold,
Caledonia the old,
And Hibernia with harp all unstrung,
With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

As he nearer did advance,
"What the devil means this trance?"
Cried Merky, and he plied them with his
wand;

"Arouse, ye drones!" quoth he,
"Tis great Jupiter's decree,"
Whereat suddenly they started and they
yawn'd,

With a hum, hum, hum, &c.

G

Then they, somewhat abash'd,
Follow'd Merky in haste,
Till they reach'd Jove's throne of mighty
wonder ;

At the sight his haughty blood
Boil'd in such an angry mood ;
'Twas a merty he withheld his red thun-
der,

With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

"What avails it now," cried he,

"To have given to you three,

You pack of ungracious jades !

Such fair domains to till,

If you doze thus and lie still,

While a stranger your sacred right in-
vades ?"

With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

"Look ye, yonder is a court

That makes you the sport

Of all the nations around you.

"Get you gone from whence ye came,

To bear witness to your shame,

Or by heaven I will straightway con-
found you !"

With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then, seiz'd with wild affright,

They all posted off by night

To St James's, where in truth they espied

Their great monarch in a trance,

With his trews in sad mischance,

And the princess a-puking by his side,

With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

"What the deuce have we got here?"

Quoth bold England to Mynheer,

"What ! a madman for all my great
pains ?"

"Aha !" quoth Caledon,

"I smell a rat, and so I'm gone,

Devil a drop of my blood is in his veins !"

With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then Hibernia she sigh'd,

As 'tis oft her way, and cried,

"Too long have I serv'd you, hard mas-
ters !

'Tis all at your own doors,

For I strove with all my powers

To prevent all those shameful disasters,"

With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

But after much pother,

And rage at one another,

These three most abandoned cullies

Cried for help about the court,

But, alas ! no good support

Could be had from Turks, panders, and
bullies ;

With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

Thus helpless in their smart,

They were urg'd to take heart,

And resolve to be no more afraid ;

But in vain ! 'tis too well known,
They could ne'er pluck off a crown,
Except from the right owner's head,
With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

Whilst the dastards were thus

In their cowardly fuss,

Jove, still arm'd with thunder and threats,

Would have blasted them to hell,

Had not Pallas us'd a spell,

That gave a quick turn to their fates.

With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

For the goddess of Peace,

With such wisdom and grace,

Interpos'd to assuage her fierce fire ;

That seeing them repent,

He withdrew his dire intent,

And calm'd the hot rage of his ire,

With a hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then Jove, all serene,

With a fatherly mien,

And that voice that decrees mortal fate,

Said, "Fair daughter, for thee

I absolve the guilty three,

Though they've oft mov'd my anger and
hate,"

With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

"In vain do they dare

Their past errors to repair,

With their foul sacrilegious hands ;

But I'll bring a youth ere long,

From a race of heroes sprung,

That shall free them from their shame
and their bond !"

With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

"For him, the righteous heir,

I've reserv'd all my care ;

He shall make this vile discord to cease ;

By joining, as he shou'd,

The ancient Stuart blood,

With the spirit of our brave Tudor race,"

With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

"For him I do ordain

Golden days to come again

To these lands long oppress'd with wast-
ing war ;

And from him there shall come down

A race to wear the crown,

As fix'd as the bright Northern star,"

With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then all the gods on high

With a shout rent the sky,

To welcome the true heir to his own ;

And great Jove gave such a roar

As was never heard before,

Till he made the tyrant totter on his
throne,

With his hum, hum, hum !

And his hum, hum, hum !

And his rat-a-ta-tatt !

Like a drum, drum, drum.

THE TWO MEN OF COLSTON, OR THE
TRUE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

An excellent new Song,

To a celebrated Scotch air called, "Go to the kye
wi' me."

From Mr Bulmer's Collection—See our
November Number, p. 441.

"WHY Joey, mon, where be'st thou go-
ing,

Woth all theyne own horses and kye,
Woth thee pocks on thee back leyke a
fether,

And bearnies and baggiye foreby?"

"Why dom it, man, wost thou nwot
hearing

Of all the boad news that are out?

How that the Scwots devils be's cwom-
ing

To rave all our yauds and our nowt?

"So I's e'en gwoing up to the muirlands,
Among the weyld flosches to hcyde,
Woth all mee haille haudding and get-
ting,

For fear that the worst mey beteyde.
Lword man! heast thou neaver been
hearing?

There's noughts but the devil to pay;
There's a Pwope coming down fro the
Heclands

To herry, to bworn, and to sley.

"He has mwore than ten thousand male
women,

The fearsumest creatures of all:

They call them rebellioners—dom them!
And canny-bulls some do them call.

Why, mon, they eat Christians leyke rob-
bits;

And bworn all the chworches for fwon;
And we're all to be mwordered together,
From the bearn to the keyng on the
thrwone.

"Why our keyng he sends forth a great
general,

Woth all his whole army, no less!
And whot does this Pwope and his
menzie?

Why Tommy, mon, feath thou't not
guess—

Why they fols all a rwoing and yelling,
Like a pack of mad hounds were their
gowls;

And they comes wopen mouth on our
swodgers,

Arid eats them oop bodies and sowls.

"There was not one creature escap'd
them,

The great mighty general foreby;

And one of the canny-bulls seiz'd him—
Swoch canniness! dom it, say I!

For he fix'd his twong teeth in him's
roomple,

And held leyke grim death for the
wheyle,

And he kept his firm hould without flinch-
ing,

Till the general he gollop'd one meyle.

"Why, Hester! what devil's thou doing?
Coomme caw up the yaud woth the cart;
Let us heaste out to Burten's weyld
sheeling,

For mee bleud it rwons could to mee
heart."

So fare thee weel, Tommy!—I's crying!
Command me to Mwoil and thee weyfe.

If thou sees oughts of Josey's wee Mcary,
Lword! tell her to rwon for her leyfe."

"Why Joey, mon! hahaha! thou's raving,
Thou'st heard the wrong side of the
truth:

For this is the true keyng that's coming,
A brave and mwoch wrong'd rwoyal
youth.

Thou's as ignorant as the yaud that thou
ride's on,

Or the cauve that thou dryves out the
lwone;

For this Pwope is the Prince Charles
Stuart,

And he's cwome but to cleyrn what's
his own.

"His feythethers have held this ould keyng-
dom

For a matter of ten thoosand years,
Till there cwomes a bit vile scrwoggy
bwody,

A thievish ould rascal I hears;

And he's stown the brave honest lad's
crown fro'm,

And kick'd him out of house and hold;
And rein'd us all woth his taxes,
And hang'd 'p the brave and the bold.

"If thou in thee friends had soome
hwope,

"Now Joey, mon, how wod'st thou leyk it,
If swome crabbed, half-wotted loun,
Should cwome and seize on thee bit haud-
ding,

And dryve thee fro all that's theync
own?

And Jocy, mon, how wod'st thou leyk it,
If they should all turn their backs on thee,
And call thee a thief and a pwope?"

"Why, Hester! where devil's thou gwo-
ing?

Thou't d'ive the ould creature to dead;
Stop still thee cart till I consider,
And take the ould yaud by the head.

Why Tommy, mon, what was't thou say-
ing?

Cwome say't all again without fail:

If thou'lt swear unto all thou hast tould
me,
I've had the wrong sow by the tail !”

“ I'll swear unto all I hast tould thee,
That this is *our true sovereign king* :
There naever was house so ill guided,
And by swoch a dwort of a thing !”
“ But what of the canny-bulls, Tommy ?
That's reither a doubtfull concern ;
The thoughts of them horried mal ewo-
men ;
Make me quake for poor Hester and
bearn.”

“ There the clans of the North, honest
Joey,
As brave men as ever had breath ;
They've ta'en the hard side of the quarrel,
To stand by the right untill death.
They have left all their feythers and mo-
thers,
Their wyves and their sweethearts and
all,
And their hearnes, and their dear little
bearnies,
Woth their true prince to stand or to
fall !”

“ Oh ! God bless their souls ! noble
fellows !
I word, Tommy, I'se crying like mad :
I don't know at all what's the matter,
But 'tis summat of that rwoyal lad.
Why, Hester, thou dom'd stupid hussy !
Turn back the yaud's head towards
heame ;
Get up on the twop of thee panniel,
And dreyve back the rwoad that thou
came.”
“ Now, Tommy, I's deune leyke me
batters ;
I's chang'd seydes ; and so let that
stand,
And mwore than mwost gentles can say,
for
I've chang'd both woth heart and woth
hand.
And since this lad is *our true sovereign*,
I'll give him a' that I possess ;
And I'll fight for him too, should he need
it ;
Can any true swobject do less ?”

“ Now give me theyne hand, honest Joey !
That's spoke leyke a true English
man !
He needs but a plain honest story,
And he'll do what's reyght, if he can.
Come thou down to auld Nanny Corbat's ;
I'll give thee a quart of good brown ;
And we'll drink to the health of Prince
Charles,
And every true man to his own.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME—AFFECT- ING INCIDENT.

DURING last autumn, I went to vi-
sit the spot where I was born. I had
to ascend a narrow pass, down which
a small burn tumbles over a rocky
bottom, and falls into the river —,
from the sunny side. I knew well
every low heathy ridge which I had
to cross, every hollow where I should
find tall breckans bending to the
breeze, and the green sward spangled
with daisies and blue-bells, as in the
time of my youth : for the face of
nature remains the same through
numberless years : man only flou-
rishes for but a short period, and is
forgotten after the next generation.
Every gray stone, by the way-side,
reminded me of some trivial and long-
forgotten incident of boyhood ; and
contrasting the past with the present,
I recollected what gay anticipations
I had once indulged in, amid those
very scenes over which I was now
treading a poor and friendless stran-
ger.

As far as the glen reaches, confined
ravines, filled with hazels and rowan-
trees, extend abruptly up the steep
mountains ; but considerably farther
up, it spreads out into a *hope*, or wide
bosom of hills, with a tinkling stream
descending between each of them.
These rills meet at nearly the same
point, and, in a sheltered situation,
beside their junction, once stood my
father's house.

It had gone to decay several years
back, and no new dwelling had been
erected in the glen. Its four walls
were now four green mounds. At
one end, a few stones, covered with
white lichen, were still to be seen
projecting above the surface, and
a seil was fast gathering over them ;
but as yet, they lay loosely, and the
stone-chatter had built her nest
among them. The floor was green,
like the surrounding mountain pas-
ture, and where the hearth once was,
some ferns had sprung up. There
were no nettles to be seen, nor any
of that ranker herbage which usually
rises among recent ruins. My mind
for a moment reverted irresistibly to
the past. I thought of my father,
and my mother, and my sister, and
how many autumn evenings had clos-

ed peacefully round those walls, while we were all in silent happiness within. I cast my eye upon the green mounds before me, and remembered, that, since I had accompanied their former inhabitants to the church-yard, many more had closed over them, while I was far away, alone, in sickness and in sorrow. My heart swelled almost to bursting, and I threw myself upon the grass, and shed some natural tears.

My sister, when she was seventeen, went to serve with a neighbouring farmer. She was beautiful as the young spring, and artless as Nature's very self. About two years afterwards, she was to have returned home at the Martinmas term, in order to make preparations for her marriage with a young shepherd. Near the end of the harvest, one Saturday night, she came to see her parents. She attended the parish church with them on the following Sunday, and towards evening set out for her master's house. Her lover had agreed to meet her at the river side, as it was expected to be flooded. About the dusk, a high wind arose, accompanied with a driving rain. He waited long on the opposite bank, under the shelter of a fence, a few paces below the ford, but had missed seeing her, owing to the darkness. If she had called, the fierceness of the wind, blowing directly against her, and the rushing of the stream, had prevented her from being heard. He recollected afterwards having seen something like a garment rise to the surface of the water, as he gazed upon it; but he paid no attention to it at the time, as he knew that the boiling of the river, and the uncertain light upon it, might easily deceive him. She was next day found washed to the side, a considerable way down, and four days after, her betrothed husband laid her head in the dust. He returned from the interment to his usual avocations, but to him existence had lost its relish. When he looked back, he thought only of his hopes so suddenly and so fearfully blasted, and when he looked forward, life without them was nothing but a dreary blank. At the term day following, he left the neighbourhood, and wandered away, nobody knew whither.

My mother took a mournful de-

light in speaking to me of my sister. "Ye're my only bairn now," she would say: "my dear Mary! she was aye sae hearty, and speired sae kindly for us a', when she came to see us, and was sae weel pleased wi' only bit thing her father, or me gied her—my puir woman!"

My mother was not one of those who can say, "The will of the Lord be done," and sit down satisfied to think themselves thus easily released from the heavy load of grief. She could, and she did say so; but insensibility to suffering, and resignation under it, are two very different things. The sorrow of a mother could not be restrained. She would weep for hours together, till recollecting that the greater part of her daily work remained to be done, she would rise to it, sighing mournfully, and remarking, that she had "nae heart to ony thing now."

At such times I have seen my father hastily wipe away the tear from his eye, and hurry from the house. There is something dreadful in the deep grief of a man. He seeks to conceal it, but it only gathers strength from the effort, and rages in his bosom, preying upon his very vitals, till it gain an outlet: like the swollen river that rushes from side to side, roaring, and foaming, and chafing itself into fury, against the rocks, and then pours with fearful force down the precipice.

After the death of my sister, my parents kept me always with them; but they did not long survive her, and at the end of a year and a half, I found myself an outcast from the ordinary feelings and enjoyments of mankind, for I was alone in the world. Since that time, my soul has had none to share in its sorrows; and when at any time it was revisited by ought like joy, it has been too apt to keep aloof within itself, and indulge in selfish exultation. I have had to struggle with difficulties which I was ill fitted to encounter, and the contemplation of my own misfortunes has sometimes led me to look with an eye of dissatisfaction upon all the ways of men. At such times, the remembrance of my youth comes over my mind with the most soothing influence. Not one of the hopes I then cherished has ever been rea-

lised; yet I take a pleasure in the recollection of them, which is perhaps rendered more pure by their disappointment. It chastens the spirit into mildness and resignation, reconciles it to the world, and induces it again to hope.

No situation could be more congenial to such musings than the one in which I was now placed. I beheld the very point where I was wont to come first in sight of home, when I returned from school on the Saturday afternoons; and at which, home again disappeared from view on my departure. Often, especially in the season of autumn, I had wandered, heedless of an aim, among the hills and over the heathy moors that now lay extended around me. I arose, and strayed almost instinctively to the summit of one of the nearest mountains. I had stood a hundred times on the self-same spot. It was a beautiful afternoon. Ridges of hills, whose tops were covered with heather in full bloom, and their sides with green pasture, stretched away into the lowlands. As far as the eye could reach, the country was spotted with fields of corn, which appeared beneath the beaming sun to be in reality golden. Here and there villages were marked out by the little patches of land around them, kything of diverse colours, according to the crops which they produced; and the smoke floated in curling columns, through the still atmosphere, above the cottages and farm-steadings. On one hand a river flowed on, broad and full, through rich parks and corn-lands; and on the other it winded away among the uplands, sending off along the lesser valleys, numberless streams, that warped themselves, as it were, round every portion of the soil, to moisten it for the good of man: the bright sun shone upon their clear waters, and diffused light and life over the face of the whole land. I breathed the pure air of heaven. Not a sound was heard, and no winds were abroad to disturb the repose of creation.

In the morning of my life, under the influence of the feelings which this very scene excited, I had first formed the wish that I might, in some way, become useful to my native

Scotland. While the gray gloaming crept over the level country and along the bottoms of the glens, I began to descend from the hills, and this wish was revived with new ardour in my bosom. T.

THE ROSE-BUD.

DEEP in the wood where a rose-bud grew,
I saw it steep'd with the morning's dew;
In the nook of a sheltering rock it hung,
Half hid from the day-light, modest and young:

The noon-day came, and the deep blue sky
Was calm, and the sun shone bright and high;

The warm air woo'd its leaves to expand,
And it bloom'd the bonniest flower in the land.

But the sick'ning drought so fierce prevail'd,

That it droop'd on its stalk, for the moisture fail'd,

Till the heavens sent down a cooling shower,

And it scented anew the summer bower;
Its leaves sprung fresher than before,
And far more pure were the hues they bore.

A maiden, lovely and young, came by,
And this fair wild-rose caught her eye;
She turn'd aside where she saw it grow,
But her heart was kind, and she lov'd it so
That she would not do it harm; "If I
Should pluck the flower," said she,
" 'twill die."

But, long before the fall of even,
Thick murky clouds roll'd over heaven,
The rough winds blew, and the heavy sleet
Cold, cold on its tender bosom beat,
Its beauteous leaves were rudely torn,
And scatter'd far from their parent thorn.

'Tis winter now, and the sod is laid
On the grave of that young and lovely maid;

A wooer came, and with cruel art
He won her love, and broke her heart:
He found her happy, he saw her fair,
And the tender flow'ret he did not spare;
She sank down sorrowing to the tomb,
Cut off like the rose in her youthful bloom. H.

OBSERVATIONS ON "REMARKS ON THE FLORA SCOTICA OF DR HOOKER."

MR EDITOR,

I REQUEST permission to offer, through the medium of your Magazine, a few observations on a paper contained in the last number of the

Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, and entitled, *Remarks on the Flora Scotica of Dr Hooker*.

This anonymous paper is neither more nor less than a review of Dr Hooker's work.

The author is evidently only to a certain degree acquainted, even with the Linnean system of botany; as to the natural orders, he must be altogether a stranger to them, otherwise he would certainly, after having criticised, in rather a captious manner, the first part of the *Flora Scotica*, have entered somewhat into the merits of the second part, which, for judgment, accuracy, and patient investigation, do Dr Hooker and Mr Lindley infinite credit.

I shall now proceed to follow the author very briefly through a few of his principal objections to the *Flora Scotica*.

His first complaint (No. XI. p. 146. *Phil. Jour.*) is, that the genera and species are given at length in the natural, as well as the artificial arrangement; or, allowing, as he says, that the genera might be retained in the second part, "*little doubt is to be entertained about the impropriety of a repetition of specific characters, or even of specific names, they being in no respect different from those used in the artificial method.*"

This objection could only have been advanced by one who had no wish to study the natural system. Dr Hooker has evidently constructed the second part of his *Flora* with a view of encouraging the study of the most beautiful and most philosophical part of botanical science; and the facility he has thus presented to the student is most obvious. The *Flora* has been so arranged, that it may be divided into two parts, each of which forms a pocket-volume. The student may take his choice between the two systems; and every one, although ignorant of the subject, must allow, that the part containing our complete *Flora*, naturally arranged, must be far more encouraging to the learner, than if it had been tacked, in the form of a mere skeleton, to the end of the artificial method.

His next cause of censure is Dr Hooker's "*predilection for synoptical arrangement*;" and "*the grasses*," he asserts, "*one of the most perplex-*

ing to the beginner of the natural tribes, are arranged with a degree of division and subdivision that cannot fail to puzzle the novice who has not a turn for the minutiae of arrangement."

In answer to this objection, it is sufficient to observe, that where a subject is perplexing, minuteness and accuracy of division are indispensable.

He mentions in the next paragraph, that "*this intricacy of division is more remarkable in the cryptogamic orders, where, indeed, it is necessary.*"

The observation on this passage will be short. The author has contradicted himself. If it is necessary in the cryptogamic orders, on account of their perplexity, why should it not be necessary in the grasses, on account of their perplexity? The rest of the paragraph I confess my inability to understand.

He next laments that the Hypnum, Bryums, Jungermannia, and Lecanora, cannot be treated like less intricate genera; by which a want of uniformity is produced in an artificial system. His feelings, however, meet with a severer shock in the beautiful genus *Rosa*, on account of which he is highly indignant with Dr Hooker, because he has not followed the example of those who engage to furnish libraries by the yard, and squared his characters and descriptions with mathematical accuracy. Let the public judge for themselves. "*The genus Rosa, (p. 147. of the Phil. Jour.), of which there are only ten species described, has half as many divisions as species, and each division dignified with a name in capitals, and a long character in italics, as if it really constituted a natural order. A method of this kind may do well enough in a Monograph, but in a Flora, regularity and consistency should be preserved: and whatever merit Mr Woods and Mr Lindley may have for their prolix descriptions of Roses, Dr Hooker can have little for adopting their method, when it stares the other genera of his arrangement out of countenance, by its disproportioned figure.*"

This is a most unfortunate objection; for, besides being founded on an absurd principle, it proves the author to be totally unacquainted (in a scientific sense,) with the genus

Rosa, than which there is not one involved in greater obscurity, or more subject to variation. It would be quite useless to enter on this topic in detail, and it will be sufficient to refer the reader to Mr Lindley's admirable Monograph, or to Dr Hooker's own book; when a glance will suffice to shew him the nature of the subject, and the acceptable service Dr Hooker has done the Scottish student, in giving Mr Lindley's views unaltered.

Several more complaints are enumerated, which it is scarcely necessary to mention: such as, *some of the specific characters being too long—plants omitted—habitats omitted—omission of Gaelic names—omission of vernacular names in the cryptogamia!!* &c. &c. The first of these only I think it worth while to answer. Dr Hooker has been at much trouble in forming an *English Flora*, and the author does not seem to be aware, that much circumlocution is sometimes necessary to construct an *English specific character*.

I now take my leave of the author, having confined my strictures to that part of his paper which he has devoted more immediately to the criticism of the *Flora Scotica*.

To enter myself into its merits or defects, would be inconsistent with my present intention, which is solely to shew, that the author of the "Remarks" has ventured out of his depth, that many trifling and futile censures have been passed upon it, without sufficient foundation, and that the best and most learned part of the work has been entirely overlooked.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

CONSIDERATIONS ON A PETITION OF THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF RENFREWSHIRE, TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; PRAYING THAT HONOURABLE HOUSE TO ALTER THE CORN LAWS, AND TO SUBSTITUTE, IN THE PLACE OF A "PROHIBITORY," A PROTECTING SYSTEM.

BEFORE entering on the subject of the petition, which indeed is founded upon the very principle of the system it pretends to reprobate, it is necessary, in order to follow out the

observations to be made on it, to have the whole of the petitioners' views before us. These were detailed in several newspapers; but the fullest account, we think, was given in the *Glasgow Chronicle*. From it, therefore, we have extracted the report of the speeches, the petition, &c.

"On Tuesday, the Michaelmas Head Court was held at Renfrew, when several gentlemen were admitted on the roll of freeholders."

It was then inquired if any other business was before the Court?

John Maxwell, Esq. M.P. said, he had understood that the freeholders present were that day to give their opinion upon the corn laws. He had lately been consulting his friend, Mr Thomson, and a number of commercial gentlemen, and he found that there was a considerable discrepancy of opinion on this question. He knew it would be brought before Parliament during the ensuing session, where it would undergo a warm and interesting discussion. It was seldom disputed that the corn bill operates to the hurt of the commercial classes; and, in his opinion, it operated materially to the injury of both the landlord and the manufacturer. Every three or four years, the ports were opened by a bad harvest, and then there were such vast quantities of grain poured into the country, as reduced the prices beneath their natural level, and thereby rendered the farmers totally unable to pay their rents. Some gentlemen were of opinion, that it would be best to abandon the restrictive system altogether, and at once to adopt the principles of *free trade*: but when he considered that the burden of the poor, the support of the church, yeomanry cavalry, &c. fell chiefly upon the landlord, he thought it was evident that he should have a little more protection. He thought that a protecting duty of 5s. or 6s. lower upon wheat than the present prohibitory prices, would insure prosperity to the manufacturers, and would not be so prejudicial to the landed interest. Though he was favourable to a protecting duty, he could not consent to one so large as was advocated by Mr Curwen, and some other distinguished agriculturists; because, in his opinion, it would operate like a poll-tax upon the people, and would be as bad as the Corn Bill. He was for a fair and moderate duty, which would not operate to the prejudice of the manufacturers, and would, at the same time, afford protection to the landlords. He thought it would be highly proper, both for the landed gentlemen and the commercial classes, to lay their

opinions, on this subject, before the House of Commons, and his Majesty's government; and he would be very glad to hear the mind of any gentleman present.

Mr Alexander said, he approved of what had been said by Mr Maxwell, and would be very glad if the county would meet and give their opinions on this interesting subject. Like Mr Maxwell, he had talked with a number of his friends, and found they were all in favour of protecting duty. For his own part, he conceived that a protecting duty would be more advantageous both for the agricultural and commercial classes.

Mr Spiers said, there would be no prosperity in the country till they got a protecting duty. He was anxious to see full meeting of the county, to give their opinions. Mr Thomson was very well qualified to give the mind of the commercial classes, and Sir John Maxwell, and Mr Alexander could give the opinions of the landed interest; and committees of the two classes should be appointed to correspond with each other on the subject. The interests of the two classes were inseparably connected. It was evident that their estates would not be half their value, were it not for the manufacturing classes: they were all embarked in the same ship, and ought to co-operate to promote each other's prosperity. He considered that the Corn Bill was the greatest curse that ever befel this country. He was in Parliament when it was passed, and was accused of voting for it, and the people several times threatened to burn his house: he did not even give his opinion, because he would not be *bulked* into any thing; but he never gave his vote for this pernicious bill.

Mr Thomson said, the Corn Bill was very unpopular. It had caused more misery and discontent than any other measure of his Majesty's government, and those gentlemen who were best informed upon the subject were most against it.

Mr Spiers wished to know what they intended to do. They surely would not allow the matter to be forgot, after making these observations. The county was to meet about the roads on the last Tuesday of this month, and the subject might be discussed then. He was anxious that it might be considered on that day, because it would save Sir M. Shaw Stewart, Mr Wallace of Kelly, and other gentlemen, from taking a long journey at this inclement season of the year.

Mr Maxwell said, that if any gentleman would take the trouble to turn over the roll of freeholders, he would see that it contained a body of most respectable and intelligent commercial gentlemen;

and he thought, that by a full county meeting, the opinions of both classes might be pretty accurately ascertained.

Mr Alexander thought it would be best to address a requisition to the convener in the usual way. Sir John Maxwell and Mr Spiers approved of this suggestion, and Mr Bafr (their clerk) wrote a requisition, for the purpose of calling a meeting of the Noblemen, Gentlemen, Freeholders, Justices of the Peace, Commissioners of Supply, and Magistrates of Towns, at Renfrew, on Tuesday the 29th, to take into consideration the Corn Laws, which was signed by the gentlemen, and the meeting broke up.

Pursuant to that requisition, a respectable Meeting of the Noblemen, Freeholders, Magistrates of towns, Justices of the Peace, and Commissioners of Supply, met at Renfrew, to take into consideration the state of the Corn Laws.

The requisition being read, Mr Alexander, on the motion of Mr Maxwell, was called to the chair.

Mr Maxwell then rose, and said, the subject they were met to discuss was equally involved in ignorance and irritation, and hitherto rendered perplexing in proportion as it had been canvassed. A deviation from any uniform principle is an expedition in search of difficulties, and certainly one which intimates a preference to a powerful class of the community is not likely to be disappointed of its object. The principle which pervades our commercial policy is to admit the productions of all other countries upon payment of certain duties, and these duties have been large, or small, according to the extent that the production imported was liable to do injury to the native whose property was invested, or whose labour was engaged in the business of supplying them. The wisdom of this restrictive legislation is at present questioned by some of the most powerful writers on political economy, but it is considered by practical financiers, to be the most easy and certain mode of collecting the revenue, and one which, if pernicious, has been so long customary, as rather to seem an obstacle to the greatest possible good, than to be felt to be a positive evil. Indeed, although it is not easy to deny the truth of these theories which are opposed to the restrictive system, and few men whose fortunes are guaranteed by, or whose bread and sustenance depend upon its continuance, have been able to obtain sufficient faith in them, so as to accede to the principles of a free trade; but the

restrictive system has been violated, and the theory of a free trade most rigorously repulsed, in the anomalous and indefinable mode of indemnifying the agricultural interest for the detriment of extraordinary taxation. It is to the effects of this mode of protecting the cultivation of the land that I have felt it to be my duty to call your attention; and I purpose, as shortly as possible, to point out to you the impolicy of continuing under the influence of a system which gives the least possible protection to agriculture, at the greatest possible sacrifice to commercial prosperity. When I speak so strongly on this matter, it is as the representative of a manufacturing county; but I think the law, which has made such a breach between the poor and the rich—which has placed the farmer and manufacturer in direct hostility to each other—which has betrayed speculators in foreign grain into collusive practices—I think I am morally justified in calling it the least beneficial law that could have been devised. Next to that, security for capital, and inducement to the exertions of skill, which are consequent upon equitable laws, the low prices of the necessities of life must be the greatest attraction to manufacturing enterprise; and when we recollect the competition for the raw products of the land, which is excited by that valuable branch of domestic industry, we must be anxious to retain it, even at some apparent sacrifice. When we increase the power of consumption in any class of society, we stamp a value on the articles they require, exactly proportionate to that increase; and, *vice versa*, if we impede the trade of the country, we diminish the means of purchase amongst the classes dependent upon commerce, and contract the sale of our articles, and of course lower the exchangeable value of the whole. It is thus, by prohibiting the introduction of grain, we choke up one of the vents of manufacture, and become liable, not only to the evil of giving undue encouragement to agriculture, but even of inflicting a sort of poll-tax upon the community. This, in practice, is to give a great nominal value to raw produce, and, in so far as it is consumable, it may bring a large price; but if only one half of it can be consumed, the other half is, in point of fact, without farther value. This at least is the case in Britain, because taxes on landlords have made grain too high priced to be saleable on the continent. The prohibition, although contingent in the letter, is now likely to become positive in the spirit, from the improved value of the currency; but, if otherwise, still it con-

tinues to be injurious to the manufacturer, by creating fluctuations in price, by introducing stagnation of trade, and by making the introduction of foreign corn a speculation for the monied interest, and not a barter of raw produce against articles of manufacture. Our great national policy ought to be, to direct labour into those channels which are most productive of remuneration to the workman; because he can bear greater burdens with less suffering, by attention to this object, and may consequently be less discontented, and of course more easy to govern. If, by working a certain number of hours as an artisan, a man can exchange the commodity he has wrought up against foreign produce, sufficient for his wants, whilst, by cultivation, for as many hours, he could only obtain a scanty and inadequate subsistence, trade is his proper employment. All that the state has to do, is to see that it is the badness of the soil and climate which makes his farming fruitless, and not artificial causes; such as tithe, poor laws, roads, bridges, churches, jails, and other burdens, principally charged upon landed property.

But there may be another person who has not the same power of changing his occupation, and yet cannot furnish the artisan with food in return for his manufacture, because the burdens on his *lease*, are almost as heavy as the whole cost of the foreign husbandman. How to meet these two interests with equal impartiality, and with safety to the revenue, was a question with the Legislature; and at last it was resolved, that the artisan shall suffer two years out of three, and the agriculturist one, if we may judge from the past. But, in the meantime, by this uncomfortable process, the speculator grows rich, and articles of consumption, which never contributed to the revenue, are sold although, *de facto*, as contraband as Holland, or lace, in the same place where they are the object of a sanguinary and expensive preventive service. In the meantime, the absence of British direct and indirect taxes, and public burdens, makes a very unprofitable bounty to the foreign grower, depreciating British capital and skill, and promoting that of foreign cultivators. Surely the national debt is quite *onerous* enough, without subtracting a single spot from the field of its operation; and surely, if we can afford exemptions, they should be extended to any other class of society, rather than the monied interest. We are told that it is not opening the ports which now hurts us. Dantzic wheat is the foremost on the list of prices daily. "We are told that a free and unrestricted admission of

foreign grain would be sound policy."—We are told that every protecting duty is ruinous to commerce. We are told that we ought to betake ourselves to the employment of supplying the whole world with manufactures. But, when we look to the effect of the duty recently imposed upon foreign wool, as a protection to the agriculturist, and which, we were told, must be ruinous, we find, by the Leeds Mercury, that the woollen trade never was, in the memory of man, so good now! And when we read the account of German fairs, we find that British manufactures cannot be sold, even on our present confined system of manufacture. A free trade is an object to be desired by an experienced and wealthy people; but I must have the consent of the freeholder, to be adopted immediately in the British Isles. But at all events, it is unreasonable to ask the land-owner, and his tenant upon lease, to devote their fortunes to the illustration of theories; or, while manufactures remain shrouded in duties equivalent to prohibition, to offer themselves for a lonely experiment in political economy, the failure of which would be followed by the cession of their patrimony and their capital to fundholders, mortgagees, and Polish serfs.

Situated as we are, less apprehension might be felt in acceding to the principles of a free trade, than in districts purely arable, from the nature of our security from competition, in almost all the valuable, as well as the most bulky articles of our husbandry. Yet, when I contemplate the situation of remote agricultural districts, and the poor upon them, to the extent they are in England, and the financial condition of the empire, I would not concur in any petition for a free trade at present. A duty not so high as to be a prohibition, unless taxes can be shown to authorise it to be of that height, which I know cannot be the case, and merely such as would place the British landed interest upon a par, in point of obstacles, to low prices, with its foreign competitor, in my opinion would be not only just, but, in our present circumstances, politic.

I conceive that the tenants and landlord must suffer the depreciation of nearly 30 per cent. on their respective properties, which all other interests have undergone, by the resumption of cash payments. I should wish to see union on this subject, between the grower and consumer, and I am most anxious to see such a trade as will give back some of those comforts to our operatives and mechanics, to which, I fear, the majority of them have been long strangers. I have been told, that by calling your attention to this topic, I

should make myself unpopular, and do no service to any party; and I am fully sensible, that I have exposed myself to the suspicion of *Englishness*, and that I have advocated the ancient and unfashionable practice of this nation, in opposition to writings of the ablest theorists of the

But I have hopes that those gentlemen, whom I have the honour to address, and my countrymen of every rank, will believe me to have acted from a sense of public duty, and that my sentiments are deduced upon a conviction, that the end of one is the interest of all, and Providence suffers no class of society reap permanent advantages in the decision of its fellow.

Provost Carlie said, it was with the greatest diffidence he rose to give his opinion on this very important subject, especially after the able and powerful speech of the Honourable Member. There were in this country two classes, which were called the landed and manufacturing interests, and, by a concatenation of events, they were both on the decline. Since 1810, landed property had sunk in value one-fourth, and the same might be said of manufacturing property. They all knew how this had occurred. Before the late war, the value of land was moderate, when compared to what it rose to during the war; and at that time the labourers were all employed, and well paid, and every thing went on smoothly and happily. The nominal value of property had now fallen about 50 per cent.; and since the peace, we had lost that commercial monopoly we had formerly enjoyed. The nations have all too much concurred in the restrictive system. They are all so deeply involved in it, that it would be very difficult to return to a free trade. Such were the industry and skill of our workmen, the ingenuity and enterprise of our merchants, and the perfection of our machinery, that this country had nothing to fear from a free trade. There was one great bar in the way of a free trade, however, and that was, a national debt of eight hundred millions, the interest of which was thirty millions, and other twenty millions were annually required for the exigencies of the state. There are only two ways in which this great burden can be lessened. The first is, by economy, and he was glad that principle had been adopted at the end of last Session of Parliament; and he trusted that Ministers, at the beginning of the next session, would commence retrenchment on such a liberal scale, as to produce a blessing to the country. Besides the agricultural and commercial interest, there is another interest, composed of rich Jews and great men. There is a monied

interest in the country, more powerful than them both. The Jews had eight hundred millions of money in the funds, for the interest of which there was a great part of the land in mortgage. Money was never plentier than at present. Bank interest was reduced to 3 and 3½ cent., and it would be generous in fundholders to come forward with a reduction of 1 per cent. on the dividends, which would be equivalent to sweeping off a fifth-part of the national debt. (*Applause.*) Since the alteration in the value of the national currency, he could not agree with those who considered such reduction would be a breach of the national faith. It might give the Jews great alarm, but they could now procure provisions, and purchase them at a very low rate. He was happy to say, that, from the cheapness of the markets, the poor were better off than they had been for a long time; but still it required care and economy; and if a poor man had three or four children, his utmost exertions were necessary for the support of his family. He considered that a duty was preferable to the prohibitory system. They could recollect the high ground the agriculturists took when the Corn Bill was first brought into parliament: 120s. 110s. and 90s. were what they strenuously insisted upon; while the manufacturing classes universally petitioned, that, if it passed at all, the rate might not be fixed at above 70s. or 75s. The bill was at last passed, and the rate was fixed at 80s.; and this high rate was the sole cause of the low prices. There is a great number of speculators in the country, who watch every act of parliament, and carefully take advantage of every circumstance; and whenever the ports are opened, they purchase immense quantities of grain, and pour them into the country, and thus reduce the prices. He approved of a protecting duty, if it was a moderate one, and all depended upon that. It would be more beneficial to the country than the present prohibitory system.

Mr Spiers thought that a committee should be appointed to prepare a report on the subject. He thought a protecting duty preferable to the law as it stood; and moved that a committee be appointed to prepare a report on the subject.

Mr Alexander seconded the motion of Mr Spiers for a committee.

A committee, consisting of three of the landed interest, and also three of the manufacturing interest, was accordingly appointed to prepare a Report, to be laid before the county at another meeting, which was to be

held on the first Monday of December.—The meeting then broke up."

REPORT.

The Committee appointed at the late Renfrewshire Meeting, to consider the important subject of the Corn Laws, met to prepare a Report, of which the following is a copy:—

"This Meeting, interested in a nearly equal degree in the prosperity of husbandry and of manufactures, consider it to be a duty irresistibly imposed upon them, from their peculiar situation in this respect, to convey their sentiments on the subject of trade in foreign grains, in the view of a revision of the present Corn Laws.

"The agricultural, like all other interests of a country subjected to extraordinary taxation, may require peculiar privileges in its own markets; and if such were merely correspondent to the excess of its own contributions to the necessities of the state, the native husbandman would obtain no indemnity unauthorised by impartial justice.

"While articles of manufacture continue to enjoy protecting duties, equivalent, from their amount, to a prohibition, the produce of the soil is responsible for the resources of the civil and religious institutions, and burdened with the support of roads, bridges, jails, churches, and similar national concerns; and while the income of the land-owner is charged with jointures, annuities, and interest of mortgage, payable in a currency suddenly increased in value from 20 to 30 per cent.; it is impossible that he should desire a free trade, or devote his fortune to a solitary experiment in political economy.

"But restriction on the traffic in grains, which is involved in contingent prohibition, is inconsistent with the rest of our commercial regulations. It intimates, too, a preference to the most powerful class in the community, which is too strongly impressed upon the popular feeling to be removed by argument, or effaced by time. Hence this deviation from ancient and systematic policy, defended by assumptions which can scarcely be verified by a great majority of the British public, has hitherto been

more favourable to the allusions of speculators, than to the interests of the native agriculturists.

“To prevent the competition of the foreign peasant, under preventives to low prices, similar to those incurred by our own cultivator, might be a salutary stimulus to the industry of the British husbandman. It would, at the same time, secure the manufacturing and commercial labourers from that undue toil, for the acquisition of food, which might be called forth by the exclusion of foreign grain; and it would guarantee the whole from the pernicious effects of monopoly.

“In the firm conviction that the admission of foreign corn, on payment of a *duty* exactly equivalent to the PECULIAR expenses of farming in Britain, would be a beneficial change in our present Corn Laws, this Meeting earnestly recommends an application to the House of Commons, to substitute the protecting for the prohibitory system.”

On Monday the 10th, instead of the 3d day of December, the adjourned meeting of the Noblemen, Freeholders, Magistrates of Towns, Justices of the Peace, and Commissioners of Supply, was held in the Old County Hall, Paisley, to hear the report of the Committee appointed at the last County Meeting, to take into consideration the state of the Corn Laws.

On the motion of Colonel Mure, Mr Maxwell, M.P. was called to the chair.

Mr Maxwell, said, as there were probably a number of gentlemen present who were not at the former meeting, it would be as well to read the minute of last meeting, to give them a proper idea of the business. This was accordingly done.

Mr Spiers, said, that on one of the nights appointed for a meeting of the committee, he had met one of the members, Mr Fulton, who told him distinctly that he would not attend; and that he did not think any of the commercial gentlemen would attend, as he believed the land-owners merely meant to look to their own interest. He (Mr Spiers) replied, that this was truly a very high compliment to the landed gentlemen; but, unhappily, the statement was not borne out by facts, as there were only three of them in the committee, while there were seven

commercial gentlemen; and the land-owners were thus hardly one to two. This was said to him when he was merely going to attend a meeting of the committee, and had not made up his mind upon the subject. He had read all that had been published on the question, and he declared most solemnly, that he considered himself yet as ignorant, on this point, as the child unborn. He was, certain, that the present Corn Law had done much hurt. It had disaffected every body, caused a great deal of discontent, and done no good to the agriculturist. He was fully convinced, that the prosperity of the manufacturing interest insured the welfare of the land-owners, and these two classes must stand or fall together.

Mr Maxwell said, that he would only make a few observations. An impression had gone abroad, that it was their intention to raise the price of grain; but they had no such object in view. Suppose their design was to force a higher price, this was totally impossible; and even though they should try to do so, and succeed in the attempt, it would injure them still farther, by discouraging the trade of the country, and diminishing the means of consumption. It is perfectly evident, that all restrictions upon trade narrow the profits of the manufacturer, reduce the wages of the workman, and diminish the power of consumption. By substituting a protecting duty for the prohibitory system, trade would be steady, the manufacturer would receive better prices, and be enabled to give higher wages to his workmen; and thus, by increasing the powers of consumption, all classes would be benefited. He considered, that a duty which would keep wheat at about thirty shillings a boll, would be most beneficial to all classes. It would ensure to the manufacturer the money which now goes to the fund-holder and the monied interest, and put an end to speculation.

They might all recollect that there was an opinion lately, that the ports would be opened. The funds fell at the time, and the fall was entirely owing to some holders selling out, with an intention to speculate in grain. The policy of the Government has unfortunately been such, as to cause great irritation between the manufacturer and the agriculturist, the artisan and the farmer. He would not stop to enquire into the cause. He agreed with his friend Mr Spiers, that both classes were embarked in the same vessel, and the shipwreck of the one would be the certain ruin of the other. He lived in a manufacturing district; and his object

had particularly been to benefit the manufacturing interest. He was anxious to enable them to give better wages to their workmen, and an increase in the consumption would best promote the prosperity of the landlord; and no manufacturer would say that they had mooted the question.

He had received a communication from a body of weavers in Paisley, who, like other classes, felt keenly on this subject, and in these melancholy times, their exertions to-day are to find themselves fit for to-morrow. It was temperately said, and on that account he should read it to the meeting. Like others, they seemed to be convinced the real object of the present meeting to raise the price of grain. The illusion before the meeting would show the fallacy of such an opinion. They said that 30s. for a boll of wheat would be the price most conducive to the welfare of the country. He considered that every man must submit to a reduction of one-fourth on his income, as, owing to the resumption of cash payments, the gold was now only £.4 an ounce, whereas it had been £.5 an ounce when prior contracts were made.—This raising of the currency had depressed all interests, except the fund-holders, to whom it had given a bonus. He begged pardon for detaining the meeting. He had made these few observations, merely because they were suspected of being too mindful of their own interests."

The Memorial from the body of the weavers was then read. It stated that the Memorialists were a permanent committee appointed at the passing of the late Corn Bill, to watch any alteration of the Corn Laws: they deprecated any attempts to raise the price of grain, as their wages had been reduced in proportion to the fall in the price of provisions; and they considered that the best remedy would be the gradual removing of all restrictions upon trade.

A letter, which Mr Maxwell had received from the Editor of the Farmer's Journal, was next read to the Meeting.

Mr Maxwell considered that it contained the minds of ministers on the question. It stated, that the Editor had seen the report of the last County Meeting in the Glasgow Chronicle, and the opinions of Mr Maxwell were, in some measure, the opinions of ministers upon the subject. The government are very desirous to proceed to a remedy themselves; but they wished, in the first place, to show

the absurdity of the present system, by an exposition in a court of law. The great objection to the present system was, that the averages were falsified; but there was a new bill in preparation, which would obviate this completely.

Mr Alexander said, he was very sorry that he had been prevented from attending a meeting of the committee, as he had some resolutions prepared, which he would wish to be read to the meeting.—They were all agreed that a protecting duty would be better than the present prohibitory system. But no good could be done in the business, unless they corresponded with other counties, either by committee or otherwise. Mr Alexander's resolutions were then read. They stated, in substance, that the agricultural, and commercial, and manufacturing interests were the same; and when any thing arises to depress the one, it is the interest of the other to endeavour to ease the pressure. That they approve of a graduated scale of duties, and such as the following should be recommended: When wheat was at 40s. a quarter, the duty should be 38s.; when it went above 40s. and 41s. a quarter, that the duty should be 34s.; and so on till the price rose to 75s., when the duty should cease. When the price of barley, peas, and beans, was 35s. a quarter, the duty should be 15s. When the price rose from 35s. to 36s. that the duty should be 14s. till the price reached 50s., when the duty should cease. When the oats were 20s., that the duty be 13s.; and from 20s. to 21s., the duty should be 12s.; and when the price rose above 23s., the duty should cease.

The last resolution carried, that a committee be appointed to meet in Edinburgh, with committees from other counties, and this would bring the business into a tangible shape. He stated, that the graduated scale of duties was merely his own opinion, which he wished to submit to the meeting, for their consideration. He would not stand rigidly by the scale, and he therefore had put on the duties only with a pencil, that they might be more easily altered to the mind of the Meeting.

Colonel Mure seconded Mr Alexander's resolutions, after which,

Provost Carille rose, and his age and experience, and the calm and distinct manner in which he delivered his opinion, commanded every attention. He said every thing connected with the agricultural interests of our country is entitled to serious consideration, whether we contemplate the millions that are interested in its success, or the great amount of its produce, which has been calcula-

ted at 200 millions of value, annually. Every thing that tends to depress or discourage the cultivation of the soil, must be considered as a great evil. The revenues of the state, the comfort of the inhabitants, and the stability of the empire, depend greatly upon its progressive improvements; and it is the surest foundation upon which the commerce and manufactures of a country can be built. At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that commerce and manufactures are a grand fabric, that has been erected on this foundation. It would be difficult to estimate the extent and value of the manufactures and commerce of Great Britain. They certainly exceeded the amount of any other country, of equal population, on the face of the earth.

It is a curious subject to contemplate the important and rapid progress that both these branches of human exertion have made during the life of one person, from the year 1754. The rent of arable land let, before that period, was from 5s. to 7s. 6d. an acre; and may be estimated, in 1810, from 55s. to 65s. During the period of years from 1754 to 1792, a steady and regular improvement took place in both these important branches. The six years that the commercial treaty subsisted with France, were probably the period of our history during which the prosperity of our country made the most solid advances: the taxes were moderate; and the great mass of the people enjoyed much comfort. To adopt any measure just now, to benefit one interest at the expence of the other, might produce fearful consequences. The manufactures are produced just now at the lowest rate of labour that the low price of provisions will admit of; the operatives require *more* wages to make them comfortable; but the employer cannot afford to give more. The cotton mills are become unproductive; the whole manufacturing interest have diminished their capitals one-fourth, if not one-third, since 1810—how far they may still sink it is not for me to say.

It is generally understood, that the farmers are not able to pay their stipulated rents. It is believed that the reduction necessary may be, in many instances, one-third, if not one-half. Many of the land-holders are certainly placed in a very disagreeable situation; they must either reduce their present establishments, or emigrate to a country where they may enjoy the same comforts of life at a less expence; whatever alternative they take, the public taxes must be diminished.

If a farther pressure come on the operatives, or their employers, they will then be compelled to carry their valu-

able branches of industry to rival nations. There are symptoms of this mode of relief in embryo for some time past; for remedies for these threatening evils we must look to the wisdom of Parliament, and the united voice of the people.

The operation of the present Corn Law has been attended with *uncommon fluctuation* of prices, which has disappointed hopes and expectations of both the lord and the farmer. They find it difficult to ascertain what rate should be for the ultimate benefit of both;—if a high rent, upon a long lease, is contracted for, it brings ruin on the farmer, and ultimately a great loss and disappointment to the landlord;—if the farmer, from the diminution of his capital, cannot afford to manure his land, a few scourging crops will render the farm of less value. It is undoubtedly the interest of both, and likewise of the manufacturer, that these great fluctuations should be prevented as far as possible; and this can only be done by a graduated duty, so constructed, that the general rate of prices should not descend too low, nor rise too high. If this could be attained, it would check that spirit of speculation which rages to such a degree at the present time; it might have a tendency to make Great Britain the great emporium of the transit of grain to Europe and the American islands. It might likewise tend to lower the exchange against the British merchants, so highly prejudicial to the interests of this country at this time.

My decided opinion of this proposed measure then is, that, if a new Corn Bill should be procured, that would not materially injure the agricultural and manufacturing interest, and calculated to render the prices of agricultural production more permanent, it would be attended with many salutary consequences to all concerned. The fewer restrictions laid on foreign commerce the better. What a blessing would it have been to Great Britain, and all mankind, if such restrictions had never existed, unless it was with respect to Colonies emanating from, and depending for protection upon, the mother country!

Colonel Mure said, that he had seconded Mr Alexander's resolutions, chiefly that they might meet with other countries, and not be isolated, as it were, on this important subject.

Mr Spiers said, I could wish to see the present corn-bill put into the fire; 3½ per cent. was all the bank interest that was now given for money, and country banks only gave 3 per cent. During the depreciated currency, when a man let his land for £4 an acre, it was not £4 he

received, but only four times 14s.; and when a gentleman let his land at £2 an acre, it was only twice 14s. or £1 or 8s. he received. He did not like to give his opinion against such a wise ministry as this country had, or ought to have; but he thought they should have issued the sovereigns at one pound four, instead of one pound. There was a thing which his friend, Provost Carlile, had for which he had formerly noticed, that was the reduction of one-fourth of the national debt. It might be said, this might do very well for the labourer, but how would it do for the fund-holder? It might be said, take something also from the land-owner. Certainly, with all his heart, if they had not done so already. It would undoubtedly be for the interest of both classes to get a new bill, in place of the present prohibitory system; but he was of opinion, that the voice of the manufacturing interest would never have its proper weight with the government, till there was a Reform in Parliament.

Mr Buchanan said, Mr Spiers was wandering from the question before the meeting.

Mr Spiers said, it was perhaps true, and he was likely to do so again, as he would maintain, that this country would never flourish till they had a Reform in the Commons house of Parliament.

Mr Barclay had heard much about Reform; for his own part, he never expected to be in parliament, and he would like to hear what that Reform should be. He had heard something about the depreciation of the currency; but he thought that the real cause of the evil was, that there are too many manufacturers; and, instead of the Corn Bill, it was the good crops which were the real cause of the present low prices of grain. He had heard something about putting an end to speculations; but the merchants must, in fact, be made of very different materials, before there was an end put to speculation; and he thought the funds not more likely to fall on account of a prospect of a speculation in grain, than in any other commodity.

Some discussion now take place as to the more proper and regular mode of procedure. Mr Spiers thought they should consider whether they approved of a fixed or graduated scale of duties; and some others, that it should, in the first place, be ascertained whether the Meeting wished a revision of the Corn Laws or not. This question was accordingly put. When it came to Mr Spiers, he said,

in his usual emphatic manner, "There never was a more infamous thing in the world than this Corn Bill. I wish it was burnt, and that we may never see another Corn Bill."

The question of revision being carried, the following resolutions were adopted, and the meeting broke up:

RESOLVED,

1. That there ought to be a revision of the present Corn Laws.

2. That a protecting duty on the importation of foreign corn ought to be substituted in place of the existing contingent prohibition.

The following resolution was then moved by Mr Maxwell, viz. "That the meeting were conscious that such a rate of duty, as would keep the price of wheat about 30s. a boll; would be most conducive to the prosperity of the community;"—which motion being seconded, Mr Alexander moved the following resolution as an amendment to it:—"That, as a representation from any one county could not reasonably be expected, even on a subject of such vital importance, to be sufficient to induce the Legislature to alter the present system, a committee should be appointed to correspond with committees of the other counties in Scotland, in order to frame a petition to parliament, with a view of obtaining the relief sought for. Which amendment being seconded, and the vote being put, the amendment was carried by a majority, and the following gentlemen were appointed as a committee, viz.

Mr Maxwell,
Mr Alexander,
Mr Speirs,
Mr Kibble,
Provost Carlile;

Mr Alexander being convener, and three being a quorum.

The Meeting appointed these minutes to be published in the usual newspapers.

(Signed) J. MAXWELL, *Preses.*

Such is the substance of these speeches, and of the report and resolutions. To analyse, or lick them into anything like form and feature, would be a vain task. The Honourable Member, who opened the debate, boxes every point of the compass, and tries to press into his service the most con-

licting elements of political economy. We wondered at this *unpopular* step of the principal Whigs of Renfrewshire; and would not have credited it, had we not remembered, that "*touch my purse*" is a weightier argument with some than speculative opinions, and that not a minister in the cabinet holds more tenaciously the seals of his office, than certain folks do their attachment to their own rack-rents. We recollect how rapidly the flaming patriotism of an honourable and worthy Member amalgamated itself with the feelings of aristocracy, when the doctrines of *Radicalism* were likely to become practical. Heir to a fine estate, and sprung, as he tells us in his pamphlet, from a noble and ancient family, the peradventure of losing it, and of seeing it parcelled out among mechanics, could not be a pleasant idea, and, therefore, on *Radicalism* he was no longer a MAN of the people.

But a diminished rental, and an empty purse, are not comfortable things; and, therefore, the Honourable Member, who loves the people, and is anxious to promote the happiness of the manufacturing and working-classes, and to "give back" to them "some of those comforts to which, he fears, the majority of them have been long strangers," imagines that the best way to fill the one, and increase the other, is to take something out of their pockets, by raising the price of corn, to put into those of the agriculturist. This is truly a friendly, and a most ingenious method, to "give back" their "comforts." We see, by his last speech; that the Honourable Member denies that it was his "intention to raise the price of grain," and that he "had any such object in view;" but we find him, in his opening speech, speaking very differently, and stating, explicitly, that "he thought it was evident that he (the landlord) should have a little more protection!"

Now, what is this "protection?" Is it not to raise the price of corn—to keep it more equal, and high—and by such means to relieve the present distressed state of the agriculturists? If this was not the object of the Honourable Member, and the other freeholders of Renfrewshire, then their meetings had no object in view

at all. Did they meet to benefit the manufacturer, or the community alone? Were they a patriotic and disinterested? The Report speaks otherwise. It proposes to "require *peculiar privileges*" (to agriculture) "in its own markets;" and these *peculiar privileges* are, to raise the price of corn to 60s. or 75s. a quarter—or, in other words, to lay a duty upon foreign corn of 35s. when the home produce is 40s. a quarter. In short, it was to make the *poor man* pay 16d. or 17d. for his peck of meal, when, by opening the ports, and allowing a free trade, he might have it for 8d. or 10d. The "*peculiar privileges*" required, therefore, were, in their tendency, to put a tax upon our *daily bread* to near the HALF of its value, in order to enrich the landed proprietor, and to enable the farmer to pay his rack-rents. Every one can appreciate this *patriotism*, and disinterested conduct of the leading Whigs of Renfrewshire. Self-interest, it is said, oftentimes unites the most jarring and discordant elements, and accounts sufficiently for Mr Alexander and Colonel Mure making common cause with them, on a question which so deeply affects them.

The speeches, and report, and resolutions, form a curious mass of *heterogeneous* ingredients; artfully mixed up, indeed, and blended together, in order to persuade the manufacturing interest, and the working classes, that this "*protecting duty*" was for their benefit. The oiliness of those speeches shows an anxious desire not to offend the people—to convince them that it was all for *their good*—that the markets would be steadier, and their comforts brought back. There is a whining lamentation, too, poured over their privations, at the very moment when they have cheap bread and reasonable markets; and all this is done when the sole object in view is to heighten the price of corn, and to render that high price permanent, in order that the exorbitant rents of the landlords may be permanent also, and their luxury and splendor retained. The mind turns, from such address, with perfect loathing; and this is increased by the plaintive strains of the Honourable the Lord Provost of

Paisley, when he tells us, that "many of the land-holders are certainly placed in a very disagreeable situation. They must either reduce their present establishments," he says, "or emigrate to a country where they may enjoy the same comforts of life at a less expence!"

And why not reduce their establishments? Are the manufacturer and artisan to sacrifice their interests, in order to support the extravagance of land-holders? Have not multitudes of manufacturers been placed, by the fall of property and diminished capitals, in a "situation" still more "disagreeable" than the landed interest? and yet they call not on the community to have a legislative enactment—a "protecting duty," in order that they may obtain remunerating prices for their goods. If they did, what would the landed gentlemen think?

That there are restrictive duties on commerce is what all know; but, then, these are for the benefit of the agriculturists, and the finances of our country, not for the advantage and profit of the *merchant*. In so far as they affect mercantile concerns, it is our belief, that every intelligent merchant would be glad to see government lay aside all restrictive measures on commerce, and to permit a *free trade* to all the nations of the earth. This, as will be shewn by-and-by, would be for the good of the whole; but before touching this and other topics, it will be necessary to consider the consistency of the speeches of some of the *principal* speakers at the above meetings. And,

I. Mr Maxwell falls foul of the Corn Bill. "It operates," he avers, "to the hurt of the commercial classes, and, in his opinion, materially to the injury of both the landlord and the manufacturer," while "he thinks a protecting duty of 5s. or 6s. lower upon wheat than the present prohibitory prices, would not be prejudicial to the landed interest."

Now, we deny the position that the Corn Bill has operated "to the hurt of the commercial classes;" on the contrary, we affirm, and are ready to show, that it has operated, substantially, in their favour; whilst this "protecting duty," if obtained,

will injure them, and that most materially, should it work, as the Honourable Member expects. The high maximum of 80s. tempted speculation. A bad year, and the idea of scarcity and dearth, excited the cupidity of the monied interest. Corn was brought from all quarters, and warehoused, ready to be poured into the market the moment the ports were opened. In a little the markets were glutted with foreign corn. The supply exceeded the demand. Day after day the prices fell; and for *seven years past*, in consequence of the speculations of the fund-holders, or monied interest, the average price of wheat, in England and Wales, had fallen to 55s. 1d. a quarter, on the week ending the 2d of November 1821.

We are not surprised at the Honourable Member, and other freeholders, loudly vituperating the fund-holder. But, for his exertions, corn must have continued, on an average, since 1815, at about 70s. or 75s. a quarter, and thus the landed interest would have put into their pockets the difference betwixt 55s. 1d. and 70s. or 75s. *i. e.* from 15s. to 20s. upon each quarter of wheat! and taking the gross amount of agricultural produce in Great Britain at two hundred millions, the sum which would thus have been put into the pockets of the land-owners, would have been no less than about 20 millions Sterling—a sum, exclusive of the interest of the public debt, and sufficient for all the expenditure of government! Is it wonderful, then, that Mr Maxwell and his coadjutors should be angry at the fund-holder? But, in proportion as he and they are dissatisfied, in the same proportion the manufacturer and the community should be glad.

Indeed the word *speculator* is just as applicable to the farmer, or land-owner, that discounts bills, in order to keep up grain to the dearth, as to the fund-holder, who speculates in grain, to order to sell it when the ports are open. In the one case, in bad years, we might, through the greed and avarice of the farmer, reach almost to the point of scarcity, with an extraordinary high price; in the other, we cannot, in general, rise above the maximum; for the

immense quantities poured in at once by the fund-holder from all quarters, have a tendency both to give plenty and to keep down the markets.

This has, in fact, been the actual operation of the present Corn Bill. The greed of the landed interest in fixing the "*maximum*" so high as 80s. defeated itself; and had this not been the case—had the corn remained at 79s. or even 75s. a quarter, we should have had no meetings of the land-owners at present for a revision of the Corn Laws, whatever might have been the privations of the working classes—nor any attempts made, we believe, to bring back those comforts to which the majority of them have long been strangers.

With these impressions, let us think on what, in all probability, would be the effect of this *protecting duty*, were it to pass through both houses of Parliament, and become another Corn Bill. The effect, we hesitate not to affirm, would be more ruinous to the farmer and land-owner themselves, than the present bill, with all its sins and infirmities about it. Whether the Honourable Member's *maximum*, of 30s. a boll of wheat, or Mr Alexander's scale, commencing at 40s. and ascending to 75s. be assumed, they are both injurious, we deem, to the landed interest. If 30s. a boll, that is, 60s. a quarter, be adopted as the price when the ports are to be opened, will this relieve the farmer's present difficulties? The price of wheat, during the last month, in the Haddington, Dalkeith, Edinburgh, and Glasgow markets, has been, we believe, nearly as follows: The best old wheat has been quoted at 35s. and 36s. a boll; and if, at these prices, the farmer cannot pay his rent, how is he to do it at 30s.? Must not the bill be totally inefficient, for effecting the purposes for which it was intended, and become a perfect mockery?

If, on the other hand, Mr Alexander's scale be adopted, a similar result will follow. Corn, it is true, may be imported when wheat is 40s.; but then the foreign grower has to pay a duty of 35s., which just leaves him 5s. a quarter, or 2s. 6d. a boll for his wheat imported hither; and, therefore, to him, 40s. amounts to a

complete prohibition. From this 35s. of duty, 1s. it is true, goes off, as you ascend from 40s. to 75s. when the duty ceases: but then, this prevents the foreign grower from importing till the price of wheat is 52s. 6d. Then, indeed, he can pay the surplus duty betwixt this and 75s., and have a profit on his wheat. But say that the foreign grower cannot send it hither from Danzig under 32s., and from France under 34s., and have a profit. In this case, the one cannot import till it is at 53s. 6d., and the other till it is at 54s. 6d. But then, at these prices, he can effectually *undersell*, in his own market, the British grower, on the supposition, that the home grower cannot, as the Honourable Member thinks, sell his wheat for less than 60s. a quarter, or 30s. a boll, so as that it shall be a "price conducive to the welfare of the country." But the difference betwixt 60s. and 53s. 6d. is 6s. 6d.; and the difference betwixt 54s. 6d. and 60s. is 5s. 6d.; so that, by Mr Alexander's scale of duties, the British farmer must either sell his wheat at 53s. 6d. or 54s. 6d., or keep it. If he cannot sell it at this, he is driven out of the market in ordinary years; and, instead of having a rent for his landlord, and a capital for improving his poor soils, he has not a farthing, and must therefore give up his improvements altogether. By adopting, therefore, Mr Alexander's scale, we see no amelioration to the agriculturist. Ruin stares him on every hand, and he is made to feel all the evils of a free trade, whilst the community shares none of its benefits.

But if such a protecting duty be hurtful to the farmer, as it leaves the ports at all times open, on paying according to the scale of duties; it is also most oppressive and unjust towards the manufacturer and the community.

There is nothing more true, than that *cheap bread* is best for the working classes. At his usual wages, a man is better off with the meal at 10d., than at 20d. a peck, and with the quarter loaf at 9d., than at 18d. The first would be the necessary result of a free trade in corn; the last, that of this "protecting duty." In ordinary seasons, we could import

wheat from Dantzic at 30s. This is just the half of 60s., at which the Honourable Member would keep it. In like manner, we could import oats, in ordinary years, from 12s. to 14s.; but by this measure, the average price of oats must be kept at about 27s. 6d. Thus, in whatever light we view this measure, whether as it regards the farmer or the manufacturer, it is alike prejudicial to their best interests. By keeping the ports always open, the never-failing tendency would be to keep the prices betwixt 55s. and 60s. and thus neither to do good to the landed interest, nor relieve, in any shape, the present agricultural distress; whilst, by this price, the manufacturer and his operatives are obliged to purchase wheat at 55s. or 60s., which they might have at 30s. or 32s. or 34s., if the trade in corn were absolutely free*. And as to the sound policy of a free trade, many of the arguments of the Honourable Member, as well as of the Lord Provost of Paisley, bear sufficient recommendation. "A free trade," says Mr Maxwell, "is an object to be desired by an experienced and wealthy people." "It is perfectly evident," he adds, "that all restrictions upon trade narrow the profits of the manufacturer, reduce the wages of the workman, and diminish the powers of consumption."

Now, we ask, is not this protective duty restrictive? Is it not pro-

hibitory to the foreign grower, till the price rise to 53s. or 55s. a quarter? If, instead of preventing him from importing his wheat at 50s., you allowed him to import it, when he could sell it at 30s. or 34s., would the foreign grower not take a greater quantity of our manufactures in return? and would not this demand increase the number of our artisans, and enable them to receive higher wages?

By such a free trade, every class in the community would be benefited. By doubling, or trebling our manufactures, the finances of the state would be proportionably increased, and the profits of the merchant ultimately enlarged. The prices of corn being cheap, would leave a greater surplus to the labourer for comforts, or for luxuries. Every other kind of agricultural produce would rise; and, through the rapid increase of population, take up a much larger portion of land for pasture than before. The farmer, by such an arrangement, would live better; the landlord have steadier rents; and the whole operations, *within* and *without* doors, be more suited to our soil and our circumstances.

Nature has marked out Britain as the seat of manufactures and commerce. Her Mines, Coals, Waterfalls, Capital, Machinery, Ingenuity, and Navigation, all point to trade as her chief province; while the sterility of her soil, and the humidity and uncertainty of her climate, alike forbid her to rest on agriculture as her profitable employment. The Honourable Member illustrates our meaning well, when he says—"If, by working a certain number of hours as an artisan, a man can exchange the commodity he has wrought up against foreign raw produce, sufficient for his wants, whilst by cultivation, for as many hours, he could only obtain a scanty and inadequate subsistence, trade is his proper employment."—Now Britain can work up her raw materials, against foreign corn, sufficient for quadrupling her wants, *in the same time*, and with less expence, than in raising her supplies from the soil; and, therefore, on the Honourable Member's own principles, manufactures must be best for Great Britain. Would it not be folly, for in-

* If the farmer or agriculturist cannot live when the average price of wheat, for these six years past, has been 76s. 3½d. a quarter, and oats, 27s. 8d., and barley 40s. 11½d.; how can they live, and improve their farms, with wheat at 60s. a quarter?

Table of the Average Prices of Grain for six years.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1815.....	61	7	30	3	23	10
1816.....	75	10	33	5	23	6
1817.....	94	9	48	3	32	1
1818.....	84	1	63	6	32	11
1819.....	73	0	46	8	29	4
1820.....	65	7	33	10	24	4
Average	457	10½	245	11	166	0
Average	76	3½	40	11½	27	8

stance; for the people in the Highlands, and in Galloway, to grow corn, when their soil and climate are so ill adapted for husbandry; and leave off the rearing of young cattle, which is so profitable, and best suited to them, when, by going down to the low country, they could supply themselves with cheaper and better corn than they could possibly raise? and is it not equal folly for Great Britain to grow corn on her poor soils, when she can supply herself with better grain, and at a cheaper rate by *one half*, in the foreign market? Would any wise man raise corn at 60s. a quarter, when he could have it from his neighbour at 30s. or 28s.? or would any manufacturer give 2s. for a peck of meal, when he could have it for 6d.? Taking the soil of this country, and the soil of the corn countries in Europe, as productive machines for manufacturing corn, can there be a doubt which of them is best calculated to yield the greatest quantity, and of the best quality, in the same given time, and that, too, at the least labour and expence? And taking Great Britain, and comparing her capabilities for manufactures and commerce, with the capabilities of the other nations of Europe, as little doubt can remain, that trade, commerce, and manufactures, are best suited to her genius and her interests. Would any farmer sow grey oats on a field which could produce the finest crop of wheat? or sow wheat on it, when its mines could produce ten times the value of his wheat? This is the state of Great Britain. She can produce manufactures at a ten-fold advantage compared with corn; and, therefore, for her to grow corn is absurd, in so far as her manufacturing prosperity and interests are concerned.

Mr Malthus has finely illustrated our position. He says, "When a machine in manufactures is invented, which will produce more finished work, with less labour and capital than before; if there be no patent, or, as soon as the patent is over, a sufficient number of such machines may be made to supply the whole demand, and to supersede entirely the use of all the old machinery. The natural consequence is, that the price is reduced to the price of pro-

duction from the best machinery, and if the prices were to be depressed lower, the whole of the commodity would be withdrawn from the market.

"The machines which produce corn and raw materials, on the contrary, are the gifts of nature, not the works of man; and we find, by experience, that these gifts have very different qualities and powers. The most fertile lands of a country, those which, like the best machinery in manufactures, yield the greatest products with the least labour and capital, are never found sufficient to supply the effective demand of an increasing population. The price of raw produce, therefore, naturally rises till it becomes sufficiently high to pay the cost of raising it, with inferior machines, and by a more expensive process; and, as there cannot be two prices for corn of the same quality, all the other machines, the working of which require less capital, compared with the produce, must yield rents in proportion to their goodness.

"Every country may thus be considered as possessing a gradation of machines, for the production of corn and raw materials; including, in this gradation, not only the various qualities of poor land, of which every large territory has generally an abundance, but the inferior machinery, which may be said to be employed when good land is further and further forced for additional produce. As the price of raw produce continues to rise, these inferior machines are successively called into action; and as the price of raw produce continues to fall, they are successively thrown out of action."

Such is Mr Malthus's opinion; and from it, it is quite clear, that if a free trade were established in corn, the inferior machines, that is, the inferior soils of Great Britain, would be thrown out of culture, and the superior machines, that is, the superior soil and climate of the European corn countries, would afford this manufacture of corn much cheaper than our home manufacturers could, and consequently, "with a duty exactly equivalent to the peculiar expences of farming in Britain," would drive the British agriculturist entirely out

of the British market; for, it is never compete with soils that require perfectly clear, that soils which require little expenditure, and which produce a greater expenditure to work more.
 them, and which produce less, can (To be continued in our next.)

ADDRESS WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS'S BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN Homer, parent of the epic strain,
 Sung chiefs in arms, on Ilion's hapless plain,
 Greece prais'd the song; but, to the bard unkind,
 Left him to wander, helpless, old, and blind;
 But when she saw inscrib'd th' immortal name,
 The first—the brightest on the roll of fame,
 Contending cities claim'd him as their son,
 Their proudest boast, the bays by Homer won.

And such, when Nature, with benignant smile,
 Inspir'd a BURNS, the glory of our isle—
 Such was his hapless fate, while old and young,
 Admiring, listen to his tuneful tongue;
 The hills—the vales re-echo back his lays;
 From shore to shore resounds the ploughman's praise;
 The grave, the gay, the peasant, and the peer,
 All read with wonder, or with rapture hear.

They lead the bard where wealth and rank resort,
 Like Manoah's son, to make the Heathen sport;
 They prompt his passions with unhallow'd fire,
 With wit and wine the Bard degrades his lyre;
 While wanton jest, and loose, licentious song,
 Inspire the orgies of the revelling throng;
 And he, inglorious, wakes his flow of soul,
 That richer zest may sparkle in the bowl:
 Their wonder sated—tir'd the gazing eye,
 They send him home—to droop—despair—and die!

Blush, Scotia, blush! for that insulting need,
 Which made his soul in bitter anguish bleed!
 Lur'd from the plain—from life's sequester'd way,
 Led forth to mingle with the great and gay;
 Admir'd, caress'd, and flatter'd by the fair,
 Taught all the sweets of polish'd life to share;
 Till tame and dull appear'd the rural cot,
 And guileless joys, that bleas'd his early lot;
 His heart of peace and simple bliss beguil'd,
 His patrons fix the Muses' fav'rite child
 The lowest minion holding post or place,
 Ev'n there to dread expulsion and disgrace;
 And doom'd his manly, independent mind,
 To sink a slave—a bye-word to mankind;
 Till Heav'n in mercy nipt the blighted bloom,
 And hid his griefs and frailties in the tomb.

The dews of heaven fell on his clay-cold bed,
 And bleak the night-winds rav'd around his head,
 While on his turf the reckless peasant trod,
 And crush'd the daisy blooming on his sod;
 Till year on year, and seasons roll'd away,
 And Fame proclaim'd his name should ne'er decay;
 Then conscious shame, and self-approving pride,
 Gave to his shade what they to him denied;

And those who scorn'd to cheer his humble home,
Too late repentant, rais'd the splendid dome.

But marble monuments to dust shall turn,
And silent time o'erthrow the sculptur'd urn;
A nobler record of his fame we find
In the rich treasures of his matchless mind,
Who makes our bosoms glow at his command,
And rules the passions with his magic wand.

Say, is there one whose aspirations rise
To Him whose throne is fix'd above the skies?
Who would not with the pious cottars kneel,
His full heart panting for the hopes they feel?
Each parent, sure, must feel the hallow'd fire,
And every child revere the hoary sire.

Who would not sigh for innocence betray'd—
“Sweet artless blossom of the rural shade?”
What bosom bleeds not o'er his tale of woe,
When love's keen shaft produc'd th' anguish'd throw?
Or lives the man by love e'er doom'd to mourn,
Who would not weep o'er Highland Mary's urn?

His Mountain Daisy, and the Mouse's Nest,
Wake keen reflection in each thinking breast,
Inspire our sympathy, excite our fears,
And raise our views beyond this vale of tears.

But when, in vision wrapt, he sings sublime,
And boundless Fancy soars o'er space and time,
With living light the fairy landscape glows,
And green the holly glistens round his brows!

When tempests howl, and thunder shakes the skies,
Where Alloway's old haunted ruins rise,
The picture lives;—in Promethéan fire
The figures start at his enchanting lyre;
And such the magic of his wizard spell,
We mark each motion in the imps of hell.

The faithful paintings of his glowing page
Delight the young, and soothe the cares of age;
Their years forgot, they mingle in each scene;
List to his Dogs; sport in his Hallow-e'en;
Fond Fancy guides them to the glen and grove,
To whisper, soft, their wonted tales of love;
Or lone, complaining to the Harvest Moon,
Address the “Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon;”
Or join the Plough-boy, whistling o'er the plain,
And, joyous, live their youthful years again.

Peace to his shade! and sacred be his fame!
While Scotia's sons revere the Muses' flame,
While blushing loves her daughters' cheeks adorn,
Their bosoms spotless as the dews of morn;
So long his lays shall over time prevail,
Speed with the light, and float upon the gale;
Till love and beauty, song and Scotian lore,
Brown hills, green vales, and music charm no more!

ELEGY WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY,

1822.

Vive memor lethi. *Persius.*

THE fox was sleeping in his secret lair,
 The tim'rous hare close in her covert lay,
 Dim fogs and darkness curtain'd o'er the air,
 And crisping hoar-frost cloth'd the leafless spray ;

Edina's streets display'd a blaze of light,
 The prying watchman slowly went his round,
 While ceaseless, on the drowsy car of night,
 Burst many a blithe and strange commingling sound ;

When lo ! on old St Giles's towering spire
 A spectre stood, of tall majestic mien ;
 Encircled round with bright electric fire,
 With snow-white locks and countenance serene :

From his broad shoulders wings were seen to wave ;
 He held an hour-glass in his trembling hand,
 And many a glance and earnest look he gave,
 To mark its trickling, nearly-wasted sand !

A scythe of pond'rous size the spectre shook,
 And seem'd to stretch it o'er the gazing crowd ;
 He rais'd his eye, with melancholy look,
 And thus, in solemn accents, spoke aloud :

" My race is o'er ! fast speeds my closing hour ;
 But few remaining sands have now to run ;
 Yet I have had my day of pomp and power,
 And, in my course, have spoils and triumphs won.

" 'Twas mine to burst Oppression's iron chain ;
 From Superstition's eyes to lift the veil ;
 To see Columbia spurn the yoke of Spain,
 And Freedom's banner floating on the gale—

" To see the shades of ' mighty dead ' descend ;
 On plains of Marathon again to gaze :—
 I saw their sons in glorious strife contend—
 Their fathers, smiling, fann'd the fervid blaze.

" 'Twas mine a vanquish'd hero's eyes to close,
 Whose blighted laurels long had ceas'd to bloom ;
 And bid a hapless queen in peace repose,
 And end her devious wand'rings in the tomb.

" But I have seen Ambition's restless strife
 Pervade the cot, the altar, and the throne ;
 Seen party rancour poison social life,
 And heard the oppressor's shout—his victims groan.

" I've seen a despot draw the murd'rous steel,
 In vengeance, on a poor degraded race ;
 Beheld the abject cowards crouching kneel,
 Their country's stain, their ancestor's disgrace !

" I've seen the warm enthusiast fondly dream,
 Heard Sophistry confounding right and wrong,
 Seen Folly basking in the meteor's gleam ;
 Heard courtly Flattery chaunt the venal song.

" And now, I see, from this time-honour'd seat,
Which long has brav'd stern winter's wildest storm,
A splendid city spread beneath my feet,
And rising still in renovated form.

" She stands sublime in venerable pride,
With castled cliff and massive hoary pile ;
Her modern glory grows on every side,
Each coming day beholds new beauties smile.

" Her spacious streets to right and left extend,
Her tow'ring columns proudly seek the sky ;
Unrivalled shall Edina's name descend,
Her modern fame with ancient Athens vie.

" But ah ! her sons, in pride of polish'd art,
Have Nature's nobler beauties rudely torn ;
With ruthless hand, and cold, unfeeling heart,
Insensate, they her finest features scorn.

" Yon beetling cliffs*, whose gray heads rise sublime,
In hoary grandeur and majestic pride,
Whose rugged crags have brav'd the hand of time,
The piercing frost, and fiery bolt defied,

" Must yield their honours to plebeian hands,
And, shiver'd, fall beneath a peasant's toil !
For tasteless Wealth the sacrifice demands,
That Avarice may riot in the spoil !

" Oh ! yet be warn'd ; the mandate stern revoke,
And Nature's fine romantic features spare ;
Edina ! stop the sacrilegious stroke—
Oh ! do not thou the guilty plunder share !

" For dissolution dwells in every stone,
Each crumbling cliff accelerates thy doom ;
And thou, who hast so long unrivall'd shone,
Shalt, in the palace, build thy splendid tomb !

" In plenitude of pomp thou may'st rejoice,
And proudly sit, fair Caledonia's Queen ;
But list, attentive to my warning voice,
Remember—Tadmor *was*—and Troy *has been* !

" But thou canst boast in richer, nobler pride,
Than lofty towers or splendid domes supply ;
When these are swallow'd in oblivion's tide,
The memory of thy sons shall never die.

" They stand recorded on the roll of fame,
For song and science, in exhaustless store ;
And thou shalt live in many a mighty name
Of sages fam'd for philosophic lore.

" Yes, these shall live, while ages roll away,
When pomp and pride in dust forgotten sleep ;
Thy children's children, to time's latest day,
Shall their lov'd names in fond remembrance keep.

" Yet, what the poor ephemeral being, man ?
An insect, sporting in the summer beam ;
An atom, in the universal plan ;
A feather, floating on time's rapid stream.

* Salisbury Craigs.

"The sun descends, and seals the insect's doom,
The atom mingles in the general mass,
The feather glides to ocean's ample womb;
So man decays, and generations pass!

"Yet breathes a spark, to triumph o'er the urn,
Beyond earth's bounded narrow span to soar,
In happier climes, with purer light to burn,
When worlds dissolve, and time shall be no more."

With withering hand Time touch'd the mid-night bell-
The speaker paus'd, and bow'd his reverend head;
While slowly peal'd the deep sonorous knell,
In viewless air the hoary spectre fled.

THE THANE OF FIFE

THE distinguished author of the poem whose title we have now copied, was first known to the literary world as the bard of "*Anster Fair*," incomparably the best Mock Heroic in the English language; and we are singularly happy, that, after a long interval, he has once more come forward as a candidate for poetical renown. Knowing him to be a man of various learning, of inexhaustible invention, and of great originality, and allowing for the Horatian care and patience with which we have no doubt he elaborates his performances we certainly opened "*The Thane of Fife*" with highly-excited expectations of a rich and varied intellectual and imaginative banquet; and it affords us no common pleasure to state, that we were not wholly disappointed; but, on the contrary, discovered a mastery over language, a concentration and vividness of thought, a fertility of incident, and a diversity of character, seldom to be met with in the naked, pompous, and pretending compositions of still more celebrated writers. But, while the beauties of "*The Thane of Fife*" are so marked and conspicuous, the faults and blemishes are no less prominent; so much so, indeed, that were the beauties and the faults to be placed in the opposite scales of a critical balance, we are not quite sure which side would preponderate. But it may be said, in extenuation, that great faults are the tax which we pay for splendid beauties; and that the mind feels but little interest in, or sympathy with,

those too polished, and smoothed, and monotonous compositions, which, like a level and newly-shaven lawn, present no elevations on which the eye can repose, and no inequalities of landscape, to give the charm of contrast, and the buoyancy of expectation. This is, no doubt, to a certain degree, true; but, before we deliver our opinion more in detail, we shall present our readers with a brief outline of the incidents of the poem.

Garnard, the son of Brude, "who lately reigned in Pictland, o'er her every shire and shore," being "constrained to leave the realm," his father had oppressed by his misrule, had, for many years, wandered an exile, for the purpose of "exciting kings to arm and vindicate his throne." In the course of his peregrinations, he visited the king of the "Cimbric Chersonese," or Denmark, who, actuated by the roving and buccaneering propensities of his countrymen of that day, rather than guided by any enlightened principles of legitimacy, readily seized the pretence of restoring young Garnard, to make a descent on the coast of Scotland. Accordingly, having made the necessary preparations himself, and been joined by "Harald, the bastard of the Swedish king," the invading force set sail, but encountered a violent storm, which threatened them with summary destruction, as they approached the coast of Caledonia; which they would never have lived to witness, but for a memorable prayer and vow of King Hungar.

This wise prince, feeling within himself strong yearnings to devotion, at a time when all men are religious—we mean in a gale of wind—offered up a fervent prayer to the Runic God Odin, accompanied with a vow of sacrificing to the Norse Deity, twelve Scottish boys, and as many maidens, should he live to land once more on *terra firma*. Odin could by no means resist so pious and humane a supplication. The heavens brightened up in an instant “with a gush of radiant light, magnificent.” In less than no time, the array of Danskers landed on the east coast of Fife; whereat, Thor, son of Odin, was so immoderately rejoiced, that he quitted Valhalla—port down, the herald Mercury, on the Ben Nevis—and yelled forth “a world-alariming shout,” that “trembled Scottish land through all her round.”

The news of this invasion were soon carried to King Constantine, then holding his court at “Sanct Androis,” and who had been just not frightened to death, by a hideous dream, prophetic of change, and ominous of danger. A cabinet council was called, and the first who, on this memorable occasion, appears on the tapis, is “Fife’s blameless Lord, the lion-hearted Thane, Macduff.” Atholl, Douglas, and others, assist at the council, where his majesty delivers a somewhat lengthy and prosing account of the foresaid dream, which, nevertheless, makes a strong impression. But as some thousand marauding Danes were really no dream, an immediate resolution must be adopted. After some demur, it is agreed, that Macduff, with a chosen train, shall repair to the enemy’s camp, and “question the intrusive Dane.” The Thane accordingly sets out on his mission, arrives at the post of danger, demands a parley with Hungar, and rather gruffly cross-examines him as to the purpose and object of his very unexpected landing; whether, in short, he came “for pastime, and for summer sport,” or, “like sea-rover, and sea-bandit stout,” after the fashion of his vagabond countrymen, from the fall of the Roman Empire, downwards? The “Royal Dane” replies somewhat sulkily, that he did not come “for pastime, or for summer

sport,” but, as he was pleased to allege, to reinstall Prince Garnard on his father’s throne, and to expel the usurper Constantine. Macduff naturally fires at this treasonable speech, and immediately challenges the Dane to single combat. Hungar accepts, and a furious encounter takes place, in which many thundering blows are given and received. But the whole ends in vapour, and little to the credit, to say nothing of the satisfaction, of either party: for an officious immortal, “Niord, the green-hair’d god, that rules the sea,” observing the critical predicament of his favourite, and conscious that no mortal means could rescue him from the hand of the fiery Scot, instantly leaves his post of reconnaissance at the Isle of May, comes “in a golden chariot, sliding o’er the surge,” and circumsfuses such a dense mist, that the hot-blooded combatants, missing each other’s pates, beat for a while the viewless air, and finding it impossible to renew the fight, retire to their respective adherents. Macduff, who had lost some blood, but who had had the best of the skirmish, sets out, together with his friends, for Sanct Androis; and, in his way, discovers a troop of fairies, tripping it by moonlight, on the light fantastic toe. The Queen of the tiny Elves appears to the gallant Thane; lauds to the skies his courage and patriotism; and bestows on him “a magic helm, by fairy artists made,” capable of securing the “palace of his soul” from any burglarious assaults of Norse Marauders; and likewise a silver whistle, of such goblin-moving power, that a single shrill blast would suffice to muster every fiend in Araby or the Red Sea.

Accoutered with these precious gifts, Macduff and his companions reach Sanct Androis, where it is finally determined that, before engaging the invaders, the king shall issue a mandate to the Scottish nobility, to assemble with their respective vassals. The Scottish Barons never lent a deaf ear to the call of their king and country. The order was promptly obeyed, and King Constantine in a condition to turn his face to the foe. Meanwhile, the court continued “in Sanct Androis’ wall’d defence,” waiting the propitious moment to act on

the offensive, when the noblemen should have assembled with their retainers. During this interval, all was consternation and dismay in the town. Nothing was to be seen but processions of bare-headed, stupid monks; and the whole saints in the calendar were deafened with prayers, loud, long, and fervent; for a man never prays more sincerely than when he believes himself in peril. Danger and devotion are nearly allied. But the Scandinavian banditti are to be expelled by less sanctified instruments than relics, rotten bones, and crucifixes. The town is soon beleaguered by Hungar's troops, and the king, who now believed himself firmly established on dry land, began to make preparations for redeeming, under the walls of the capital of the kingdom, his vow made amidst the terrors of the raging and tempest-vexed sea. The youths and maidens are brought bound, like Isaac, to the sacrifice, and Fulbert, "gloomy priest of Odin," stands ready to plunge the murderous knife into the breasts of the innocent victims to a sanguinary superstition. At this heart-rending moment, when the townspeople were overwhelmed with horror and consternation, and when the hearts of the bravest yearned within them, the "blameless" and gallant Thane, called to mind his "silver tube," and

'pip'd so loud a twang,
Turret and wall replied, and all Balmungo rang."

This was a humane and lucky thought, for, in a trice, "the mightiest spirits within Arabia's bound,"

"Dwarfish and iron-jimb'd, of features fell,
Tail'd like the devil, too, and sooty-grin as hell,"

appeared, armed with an iron mace, or bar, of gigantic dimensions. This Apollo of the devil species seems to have been a sensible, business-doing fiend, and to have had a rough guess wherefore he was sent; for he no sooner visits the light of day, than he moves off to battle, brandishing his illegitimate weapon in a menacing and altogether frightful manner. The devils of this world live in reasonable terror of those of the next. Hence, Fulbert, and the whole host of Danskers, set scampering at the terrific approach

of this "earth-whelp'd monster!" and there cannot be a doubt, we think, that the invaders would have been in the receipt of most unmerciful and heterodox blows, from this iron-maced devil, had not Odin looked down from Valhalla, and compassionating the hapless plight of his Runic worshippers, sent to their aid his beloved son Thor, who, accordingly, appears at the very nick of time—abuses Tadpole, the dwarfish sprite—and, in short, talks in rather an insolent and bullying tone, to a fiend so well accounted for mischief. Thor is decidedly the more eloquent, but Tadpole cuts short the colloquy, by hitting

the son of Odin such an infernal one on the jole, with his iron that he sent him "up-bick—to the sky," and roaring "as if a thousand devils screech'd and scream'd." The spectators on the walls send forth a loud huzza or cheer, to the praise and glory of their ferripotent goblin champion, who, however, does not wait to smell the odour of his own renown, but quietly slips under the earth, apparently satisfied with the double honour of having given Thor a bloody nob, and released two dozen innocent children from the pious and murderous knife of a butcherly superstition.

But the chiefs, with their followers, having arrived, the day of the fearful struggle for plunder and existence on the one hand, and for victory and a throne on the other, at length approaches. All within the "wall'd defence" of Sanct Androis are eager for the conflict, burning to signalize themselves in defence of their king and country, and to take vengeance on the buccaneering Danes, at that time the plague and terror of all Europe. But as the day of battle draws nigh, Odin, mindful of his worshippers, and specially grateful for the humane and pious act which he of the iron mace had so impiously disturbed before it reached its completion, addresses the rabble-rout of shades and ghosts in Valhalla, and professes himself much at a loss whom to send to cheer up the spirits of Frotho's son, seeing that Thor's ply, siognoyny had been somewhat "endamag'd" by the unmerciful devil, who seemed to have taken for his motto, "Whistle and I'll come to

you, my lad." The god is relieved from his anxiety by the offer of Niord, the Scandinavian Neptune, who promises his aid; while "the blustering, black, tremendous ghost of Bojorix" is commissioned to repair to the tent of Hungar, to rouse him from his slumbers, and to animate him for the approaching fight; a duty which he discharges like—an honest ghost!

Both hosts are now in motion, and, agreeably to the manners of those times, King Constantine, as soon as the hostile armies came in sight of each other, rode forth between the opposing lines, and challenged to single combat the pretender Gernard, who readily accepted the defiance. The prince, however, is vanquished by the king, who would soon have made him bite the dust, had not the Danskers rushed tumultuously to his rescue. The followers of the king are no less ready to surround the victorious monarch, whom they bear off to a place of safety. *This* is the prologue to the tragedy which now follows, and which is described in the very highest style of poetry. The battle commences, and soon rages with ungovernable fury. The Thane of Fife is the Destroying Angel of the fight, and wherever he appears, the tide of battle sets in strong against Denmark: he is omnipresent in the carnage, and his sword appears to thirst for the Danskers' blood. The other chiefs behaved in a manner worthy of the renown of their ancestry, and their own warlike glory; and, to all intents and purposes, the battle had been won for Scotland, when two circumstances, both a little novel and startling, occurred, to turn the scale in favour of the Rovers. The first of these was supernatural and impossible; the second natural and improbable. Niord, the Norse Neptune, watching the fight from the rocks of May, and perceiving his countrymen recoiling from the iron ranks of the Scots, lets loose a whole regiment of sea-monsters, as a reinforcement to the Danskers, who, under cover of their novel attack, gain ground on their enemy, now yielding only to supernatural terrors. M'Duff was, however, making head even against the maritime brutes, and had

killed one with a huge stone hurled at it, when, strange to tell! the enchantress Alvilda, the daughter of Edebrand King of Gothland, and who had followed the fortunes of Hungar, caught his eye, and had no sooner rivetted his gaze on her matchless charms, than, like another Atalanta, she turned and fled, pursued, however, by the "mad-struck" Thane, who, reckless of every thing, continued the chase to the "sea-marge," which, when the sorceress had reached, she nimbly vaulted into a vessel, still followed by the frantic Thane. The lion was now caught in the toils: "the crafty son of Odin" had laid the snare for him. He is no sooner aboard, than the anchor is weighed; he is carried off perforce to the Isle of May—and never again appears on the scene!

It is surely no wonder that, from this double disaster—the attack of the corps of sea-monsters, and the loss of their hero and champion—the Scots should retire from the well-contested field. This, however, they do in good order, directing their march to Sanct Androis, under whose walls they encamp. Here two chiefs, Roland and Bancho, are appointed by lot to hover on the outskirts of the enemy's camp, and watch their motions. They immediately set out on their perilous and important duty;—as they approach the enemy's position, they meet the kindly fairy queen, who enshrouds them in a cloud viewless to their eyes, but impenetrable to all others—and, availing themselves of this transparent concealment, they enter the camp of Hungar, now reinforced by fresh hordes—and, like the angel of the Lord in the camp of Sennacherib, put to death every living thing that comes in their way; till weary with slaughter and "murderment," they return in safety to their friends. And thus abruptly, and as a fragment, closes *The Thane of Fife*! We shall therefore conclude this article with a few extracts from, and remarks on, the poem which we have just analyzed.

The description of the Storm, with which the poem opens—the Prayer and Vow of Hungar—and the stamping of Odin on "the pavement saphirine" of Vahalla, imitated from

Homer's representation of Olympus quaking at the nod of Jove—are very powerfully given. We extract the following lines :—

Amid his hall he came, whose gorgeous floor

Is pav'd with tiles of pearl and chrysolite ;

Whose roof is gold ; whose sides are garish'd o'er

With swords all flashing forth a joyous light :

There he his children found—the mighty Thor,

Njord the stern, and Balder the polite,
With all the brotherhood of gods in throng
Consort at their cups, carousing deep and long.

And farther off, at tables ranged round
The circuit of that broad and spacious hall,

Lean'd the huge ghosts of mighty heroes, crown'd

With bloody laurels, grimly-featur'd all,
Earth's direst ones, most murderous, most renown'd,

Butchers of life and slayers capital,
Quaffing their hydromel in measure full,
And lipping lusciously their yellow cups of skull.

There, in long shadowy unsubstantial rows,

According to their age, and to their fame,

Sat, bench'd and bousing, all the shades of those

That in the Cimbric wars toil'd out a name ;

From Bojorix of old, whom Latian foes
Before Massilia slew, but not with shame,
Down to the private captain of renown
Slain by King Egbert's hand on field of Hengesdown.

All these, a ghostly crowd—sans flesh, sans skin—

Sat chirping shrill, and batt'ning on their mead,

Till, when their deity and king came in,
Up sprung the gloomy spirits of the dead,

And, bowing low their boneless statures thin,

Each in obeisance grim nods down the head :

He, with a haughty disregard, mov'd on
All stately to the seat where wont he feast alone :

For there, in very centre of his hall,

Apart from that vain populace of guests,
High plac'd, and with his eye o'er-lording all,

He at his table solitary feasts ;

His food is of the tusked animal

Whose flesh, though eaten still, yet never wastes ;

His drink is of th' imperishable wine,
That from his golden cup exudes its gush divine.

He sat not down to diet on his boar ;

He sat not down to revel on his wine ;
He stood, and with his feet three times and four

Smote soundingly the pavement's sap-phirine :

Trembled through all its round the solid floor

Beneath the trample of that foot divine,
And in an instant died from every tongue
The hubbub shrill of shrieks warewith the benches rung.

We cannot pass over the description of the combat between Macduff and Hungar.

Whereat incens'd, with ready words replied

The fearless Chief of demi-dion crest :—

O King, if thus thy sword upon thy side

Hangs fretting at its cold unbloody rest,

And if thy purpose be, in wrathful pride,
T' embroil these happy regions of the west,

Here stand, here first approve thy sword on me,

Who, in my country's name, defy thy god and thee.

Think not that though thou come, with purpose proud,

Imperiously to dictate on our shore,

Thou like a master thus shalt be allow'd
To force that tyrant whom our states

forswore ;

My King has nobles many that have vow'd
To save the land their fathers sav'd of

yore ;

And I am one who, in Saint Andrew's might,

Now dare thee to the death ; here stand, and to the fight.

This said, he from his noble steed in haste
Dismounting, gave his footsteps to the soil,

And went to meet the King, who on as fast

Came *obvious* to the battle and the broil :

As whirlwinds from the chasms of other vast

Conflicting rush and ruinous t' embroil

With gusts the cloudy chambers of the sky,

And o'er the troubled world in blustrous battle fly :

So fiercely, and with such loud onset dire,
Rush'd the contending heroes to the fray,

As in their mighty breasts the mounting
 ire
 Inflam'd them to the perilous assay ;
 Out-flew and flash'd like flames of flirting
 fire

Their swords with inextinguishable play,
 And in their greedy quest of deadly wound
 Made ring both shield and mail with clank
 of iron sound.

As when on rainy eve of winter day
 The peasants, gather'd from the clayey
 field,

Crowd round the forge to sharpen or o'er-
 lay

Coulter or share with rigid metal steel'd,
 They with enormous double-handed sway
 High over-head their pondrous ham-
 mers wield,

And, whirling fast the never-ceasing
 stroke,

Assault the anvil's strength with many a
 sounding shock :

So on their shields and clatter'd frocks of
 mail,

Shower'd from the swords of these en-
 raged foes,

Frequent and furious fell the strokes like
 hail,

Eager to give to life its bloody close ;
 Each hauberk-chink, though small, that
 might avail

To admit the cruel death with all its
 woes,

Was search'd by cunning eye, and well
 explor'd,

All for the murder's stab by point of
 forceful sword.

The scenery around Denino, once
 the residence of the author, is thus
 beautifully and graphically describ-
 ed :—

There, too, as in my thoughtful walks
 I err'd,

Rambling in sweet seclusion down the
 dell,

The crash and tumult of the world I heard
 When from his peak of power Napo-
 leon fell ;

And on what day his wasteful legions
 dar'd,

All-haughty as they were and cuirass'd
 well,

To stand before our Lion's wrath, whose
 howl

Back scatter'd them with shame, disas-
 ter'd sad and foul.

• Our last extract shall contain an
 account of the great battle fought
 between the forces of King Constantine
 and Hungar the "Royal Dane,"

and in which the Danes were victo-
 rious, by a reinforcement of very ex-
 traordinary auxiliaries.

Anon, with shock and tumult like the
 sound

Of twice ten thousand billows rolling
 proud,

And sweeping up the shore's rock-ribbed
 mound,

Mix the crush'd armies in encounter
 loud ;

Whilst mad Contention, hov'ring o'er the
 ground,

Walk'd o'er the heads of each infuriate
 crowd,*

And, waving 'tween the heavens and earth
 her arm,

Whipt them to conflict on, and scathe and
 bloody harm.

Then Wrath, and Fury, and Debate, and
 Strife,

Madness and Murder, ever-coupled,
 pair,

And scythe-arm'd Death, that sweeps the
 crop of life,

And Exultation proud, and pale De-
 spair,

And Horror shudd'ring at red Slaughter's
 knife,

And hellish Hate, whose breath em-
 poisons air,

Stalk'd glorying o'er each host that toils
 and bleeds,

Confounding all the field with foul and
 damned deeds.

A thousand spears thrust forth all pure
 and bright,

Tarnish'd with Death's red dew return-
 ed back ;

A thousand swords that wav'd aloft in
 light,

Falling, were dimm'd with life's un-
 seenly wrack ;

And arrows, shot aloft with hissing flight,
 In gore alighted from their gleamy
 track ;

And cries arose of triumph and of pain,
 And shouts and shrilling shrieks of slay-
 ing and of slain.

Chief o'er the field in whirlwind-wrack
 and wrath,

The Thane of Fife, with all his yomen
 bold,

Were seen careering in the heart of death,
 With quenchless souls and vigour un-
 controll'd ;

Enriching with a copious bloody bath,
 From hostile veins, their land's insulted
 mould,

And, with destruction's sickle wide around,
 Mowing to havoc down the fiercest rank

renown'd.

Who first, who last, O Muse, before his sword,
 Shrunk howling down within the gates of hell?
 Gigantic Godefrid, fair Sleswick's lord,
 Beneath his sword the slaughter's first-ling fell;
 Fool, though his bones with marrow rich were stor'd,
 And huge of bulk, and laced with sinews well,
 T' obtrude his vanity of vastness so,
 Ev'n in the teeth of death, and grapple with such foe!

He, as the Thane rode forward to th' assault,
 Planted his magnitude of brawn before,
 And dar'd his weapon and his voice exalt,
 Against the hero on his own lov'd shore;
 Here, in King Odin's name, I bid thee halt,
 Thou whose false crest with lies is written o'er,
 For there the lion grins in wrath severe,
 While in thy coward heart skulks tremblingly the deer.

So speaking, vainly confident, he toss'd
 His spear, which singing up the rifted sky,
 Hit the fair golden lion that emboss'd
 The hero's shield with glorious imagery;
 The golden lion, that no empty boast
 Might seem in his so fair impress to lie,
 Receiv'd as if in scorn the clatt'ring spear,
 And sent it flying off in shivers shatter'd sheer.

Thereat, the Thane approaching close his foe,
 Up-swung his arm for vengeance, and brought down
 As if from heaven his noble sword, with blow
 Like thunder from the cloud sulphurous thrown;
 Clov'n in a moment stood in fearful show
 His giantship of burd'nyous flesh and bone,
 Helmet and head shewn through like summer grass,
 Down to the goryet strong that binds his throat with brass.

And, Stand thou thus, Macduff exulting said,
 Thus stand, a monument of fearful sort,
 (As stood that giant with his cloven head,
 Laps'd down to either shoulder for support.)
 Thus be a warning what reception dread,
 And salutation warm, and sharp and short,
 On their arrival waits the spoilful brood,
 That come to summer here in carnage and in blood!

More words he wasted not, but in his wrath
 Past on to seek another death-doom'd,
 Whom soon he found, for strait to thwart his path
 With armed hindrance Odin's priest presum'd,
 Fulbert, the gloomy priest, whose right hand hath
 His ugly knife from black sheath dis-entomb'd,
 And vibrates now its threat'ning point before,
 Secure in Odin's aid to thrust it home in gore.

King Odin's aid then prov'd a help of straw
 Against a foe of such unmeasur'd force;
 For when the Thane that low'ring aspect saw,
 He dash'd upon him his high-bounding horse,
 Which beating him to ground, 'gan smite and paw
 With sturdy hoof the man into a corse,
 Crushing and grinding him with tortures fell,
 And trampling down his grim and ghastly soul to hell.

That death accomplish'd, in a moment flew
 The Chief to where he saw his ranks destroy'd
 By Sambar, whose huge battle-axe o'er-threw
 Where'er it struck, making the place a void;
 He flew, he smote him as he backward drew
 His weapon with its crop of murder cloy'd;
 His shoulder where it joins the nape receives
 The sword, whose every stroke a shunless death achieves.

Shoulder and arm, at once clean lopp'd away,
 Drop earthward from that thorough shearing wound;
 (The quiv'ring fingers sprawling on the clay,
 Yet grasp convulsively their weapon round.)
 The despoil'd trunk, in woful disarray,
 Totter'd a price, then sinking goes to ground,
 While the stout ghost out-flies to join withal
 The rabble-rout of shades that tenant Odin's hall.

These passages, we think, will bear out the general eulogy we have bestowed upon Mr Tennant's powers, at the commencement of this article. But we must, nevertheless, be just, and candidly tell the author of "The Thane of Fife," that we consider the design of the present poem as fundamentally vicious; that is to say, if he meant his poetry to please, and to instruct the enlightened part of society. We are quite clear, that the introduction of supernatural machinery into a *serious* poem—a poem, too, which professes to record the achievements of our gallant forefathers, and in which their high chivalry, and generous self-devoted patriotism, would have borne through a poet of meaner name—is a defect for which no degree of skilful execution will possibly atone. In a burlesque poem, such as the *Rape of the Lock*, or *Anster Fair*, we can tolerate the introduction of the mythological personifications of any form of superstition, provided they are made, in conformity to their supposed character, to accelerate the action of the piece. The reason of this is plain; no demand is made on our *belief*. We laugh at the ingenious fiction of the poet, and the felicitous adaptation of the different parts of his imaginary machinery, and self-created beings—and there is an end of the matter. Mr Tommy Puck caracoles and curvettes in Maggy Lauder's mustard-pot, and, finally, after playing a tune on his tiny bagpipe, rehearses to the solitary and spouse-seeking maiden the part she has to act, in order to attain the consumption of her wishes—a *man*! and in the *Rape of the Lock* the Sylphs and the Gnomes are in continual war about the fair-one's person; but would either Pope or Mr Tennant have ventured to introduce the same beings into a *serious* poem? Mr Tennant, we know, will answer in the *negative*; and Pope's taste was too refined, and his judgment too correct and severe, to permit the supposition for a moment. No supposition, we believe, will be more readily granted than this, that a fictitious composition ought to be *probable*, not to say *possible*. It ought not to shock our *belief*, or excite our disgust or contempt, by the

extravagance, the horror, or the absurdity of its imaginings. But every fictitious composition that aspires to interest and please, and which borrows its imagery from an exploded superstition, will inevitably fail of attaining the desirable object. Whatever is exploded is necessarily disbelieved; and what is disbelieved is *improbable*, and can never be rendered *interesting*. The gods of Homer were the gods of Greece, and, therefore, proper for his purpose: yet even Longinus objects to them, that they are deficient in that dignity which commands belief and reverence, and that they display the worst of human passions. To what does *Paradise Lost* owe its fearful and unutterable power and fascination, but to the implicit faith which we repose in the Christian mysteries, and in the glorious immortality which has been disclosed to our hopes? Suppose that Milton had availed himself of the exploded mythology of Greece or of Scandinavia, would his poem have been remembered at the expiry of the century in which he was born? We confidently aver that it would not; and, farther, that neither Mr Tennant, nor any one else, can produce an instance of *success* founded upon the principle which we now oppose. *Munfred* is the least known and the least relished of Lord Byron's works. The fiction of the White Maid of Avenel was, we confidently believe, injurious to the popularity of the *Monastery*. In a word, extravagance and absurdity can interest nobody, not even the extravagant and absurd. We do regret that Mr Tennant has exposed himself to this censure; but we feel constrained, by a sense of duty, to tell him our mind freely and honestly. What, for example, can be more absurd, than delivering Hungar from the sword of Macduff, by Niord spreading darkness around the combatants? We are well aware, that Mr Tennant may plead the example of Homer, and cite the darkness in which Ajax was involved, when he uttered the fine prayer which Longinus has so highly eulogised, as an instance in point: but this cannot serve him; for Ajax, as we have already shown, acted under the impression of the reli-

gion which he believed, and therefore his action is *probable*. But this is absolutely nothing to the prodigious monstrosities which follow. The Scots are routed, not by the Danes, but by an array of sea-horses and sea-calves, marching up the hill, against their lines, at the *pas de charge*! "Horrible, most horrible!" And the hero is led off on an amorous chase, in the very heat, fury, and delirium of the battle, when no man, born of woman, ever thought of love; and this *because*, forsooth, Alvilda was an enchantress, and she was aided in her "captivating" trick, as the Americans would say, by "the crafty son of Odin!" Verily this is the worst of all. A hero, and he too "Fife's blamelcss Thane," in the heat of battle, and after he had achieved wonders against the invaders of his country, and established a claim to favour of his prince, and the gratitude of his fellow-subjects—to quit the fight!—to forget his God, his honour, and his country!—to chase in amorous eagerness one of the daughters of his mortal enemy, the Dane!—and, to complete the whole, to mount the vessel, and wait patiently till they had weighed anchor, and put to sea, *after he must* have seen, if not absolutely stultified, the trick that had been played off upon him, to separate him from his brave associates in arms!—These things surely are not well; and it is no very redeeming answer to inform us, that the daughter of Edebrand was an enchantress, and that the man was bewitched. We think it much more likely, that the poet is bewitched by some false theory of poetical beauty, which, unless he put from him anon, with rites of expiation, we prophesy that he will never attain that high reputation in the poetical world, to which his great learning, his fertile invention, and fine imagination, so well entitle him.

Mr Tennant is fond of new-coined words, and anxiously presses them into his service. The following are a few examples:—"tempested,"—"marge,"—"sea-marge,"—"en-round,"—"turms" (*turma*),—"confirant," &c. Several English words, derived from Latin, are likewise used, not in the English acceptance, but

in that of the original words of which they are the derivations, thus:—

"Exciting kings to arm and indicate his throne." p. 30.

And again:—

"Came *obvious* to the battle and the broil." p. 72. (*Venit obviam hosti.*)

The following line appears to be tautological:—

"Far in th' horizon's rim first peep of land *afar*." p. 5.

We think "*tilting* keel" a violent metaphor; and "he *begun*" does not appear to us grammatical. The following is surely a misprint:—

"For a great feast is *toward* on the earth." p. 19.

In the following stanza, the Greek is strangely jumbled with the Scandinavian Mythology:

"Yet must we not permit these men of ours,

Hungar and Hubba, and that valiant race,
To fight unaided by those heav'nly pow'rs
Wherein their hope and confidence they place:

Thine be it, *Thor*, to-morrow, when the *Hours*

Yoke *Titan's* horses in their silvery trace,
From heaven's eternal revels to descend,
On embassy of love, our people to defend."

We have made these remarks from no propensity to hypercriticism, or severity. We think Mr Tennant a highly-gifted man, and revere him as exhibiting a rare union of profound learning, with a most active and vigorous imagination. We know, moreover, that he is capable of very great things indeed; and we would fain persuade him not to circumscribe the range of his powerful faculties within the limits of a fanciful and delusive theory. Truth and nature are the basis of all poetry, as well as of all philosophy. This Mr Tennant knows better than we can tell him; but still we hope he will excuse us for calling his attention to what is so indispensable to his future success. His diction is rich, mellow, terse, variegated, and Miltonic; would that we could equally eulogise the fable of his poem! He appears, too, either to be deficient in pathos, or, which is more likely, never to have attempted the delineation of any si-

tuation where powerful passions are evolved. But we must draw these hasty, but well-meant remarks, to a conclusion. We take leave of Mr Tennant, grateful for the pleasure he has afforded us, and entertaining a reverence for his genius, which we would do injury to the truth of our feelings were we to conceal, and which being real and sincere, has prompted us to read him the long lecture which we are now happy to bring to a conclusion.

MARY ALLAN : A TALE.

Oh ! thou, who sleep'st where hazel bands
entwine

'The vernal grass with paler violets drest :
I would, sweet girl ! thy humble bed were
mine,

And mine thy calm and enviable rest ;
For never more, by human ills oppress'd,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine !

Charlotte Smith.

THE interest which every sensitive mind feels in Highland scenery, does not arise merely from the bold and striking features which inert matter assumes in mountain-landscapes. There is doubtless much that is fascinating in the outlines of natural scenery of the wildest kind—in the long lines of hill and upland, and the rich variety of wood and water—in the dark frowning masses of bare mountain cliff, which bound the view on every side—and the picturesque variety of flood, and lake, and plantation, which fill up the deep and beautiful straths. The feeling, however, has a deeper foundation. When we step on Highland ground, we feel that we are treading a land which is consecrated by the recollections of love and heroism—we breathe, as it were, the fresh air of freedom—and our imaginations dwell on the nameless majestic deeds which have signalised, from immemorial time, the "land of the mountain and the flood." I never ascend a Highland eminence, without being irresistibly oppressed with a load of high and indefinite feelings of power and awe. Hill and dale, and rock and stream, seem pregnant with the images of sublime and stirring antiquity ; and those very fields, from which every trace of "other times" has long departed, appear yet haunt-

ed by a dim and majestic shadow of former renown. Different minds necessarily feel these impressions with different degrees of vivacity ; but that mind must have very scanty resources of deep and solemn thoughtfulness within itself, which can derive no warm and glowing lessons from our high hills and our deep glens, or which can reflect upon them the beautiful association of no sweet or romantic legend.

The simple tale which I am now to relate is one of those which sheds a consecrating light on the scene which witnessed it ; and though its simple incidents happened within the memory of man, they breathe so much of the spirit of the "olden time," that to me, at least, they are invested with a considerable portion of that sacredness, which only remote antiquity can, in its widest extent, bestow.

Strath-Almond is one of the most lonely of these mountain defiles which intervene between the high grounds of the north of this kingdom. The summits of the hills which encircle it are covered over entirely with black moss and heath, and their sides, except in a few plots, where some hardy evergreens contrive to struggle out a melancholy existence, are nothing but successive ridges of bare rock. The only spots where the hand of cultivation is at all visible, are here and there on the banks of the wild brawling stream, which rambles along the bottom of the defile ; and these are rare, being only a few acres of arable ground around the pastoral huts which are scattered, at long intervals, at the bottom of the hills.

Mary Allan was an only daughter of one of the inhabitants of this mountain retreat, and was considered, as well from her superior education, as from the grace and beauty of her person, the female ornament of the valley. John Allan, her father, was the wealthiest and most respectable shepherd, or rather farmer, in the Strath, and Mary, therefore, was not neglected by the rustic gallants, who were at all aware of the value of a beautiful wife and a bountiful dowry. The only youth, however, who had made any impression on Mary's heart was William Lee.

then a farm-servant of her father's, but who latterly exchanged

"Following the plough upon the mountain-side," for the more heroic occupation of following the arms of his native country, in the plains of the new world. The cause of this change was his aspiring to the hand of the Highland maiden, who was so generally beloved. The marked civilities paid by Mary to the lowest of her father's servants, could not fail to attract the attention, as well as to excite the alarm of the youthful suitors, who had an eye to John Allan's flocks, as well as his daughter's person; and long time did not elapse before this unfortunate young man became the object of the resentment of all the wealthy youth of the glen.* His situation was at last rendered so irksome, that he determined to leave the place of his nativity, and taking the opportunity of a recruiting party, who paraded a neighbouring town, without taking leave of his mistress, he accepted the king's bounty, and set sail for the destination of his regiment, from which, it is believed, he never afterwards returned.

The grief of Mary for this sudden and unexpected departure of her lover was almost insupportable; but she was obliged to cherish it in silence and secrecy. Her suitors having got so easily rid of their dangerous rival, lost no time in plying all their efforts to get her fettered in the bonds of matrimony. Her father, fond of her to distraction, was too anxious to see his daughter well settled in life to be long in complying with the unremitted solicitations of so many lovers; and at last she was united, at his wish, and contrary to her own inclinations, to one of the young men who was considered rather opulent, and who had been most active in persecuting the unhappy William Lee. Many of the old women in the glen still remember the bridal of Mary Allan; and often have I heard its ceremonies dolefully chaunted over by a venerable grandame, for the instruction of a group of little urchins, who were eagerly crowding round a wintry ingle side, with gaping earnestness, to listen to them.

"I ne'er could think it a gude sign," said old Margaret Alison to me, the last time I went to enquire respectiue

Mary's only surviving child. "I ne'er could think it was ower gude a sign," said she, assuming a look of mysterious solemnity, that seemed put on for the purpose of impressing her auditor with an idea of her superior sagacity, "when the salt tears streamed down frae the bonny bride's faec, on the green graves i' the kirk-yard."

"And that," continued Elspeth Mathers, in the same solemn tone, "on the very first Sabbath she was kirkit—and a bonny sunny Sabbath it was."

"Wha but kens," said a third gossip, "that cauld tears and new-opened graves are nae mair cauty than winding-sheets and death-signs—and weel I wat, Mary Allan, that's now dead and gane, kens the truth o't!"

Mary certainly felt comfortless and unhappy with her husband; but either from motives of prudence, or from simple and artless notions of married life, she never expressed, by her conduct, any of her regrets and grievances. The affection which she showed towards her husband was, however, merely assumed. Her heart, in spite of herself, was still with William Lee, beyond the Atlantic, fighting the battles of his country; and often has she been surprised in tears, with no mortal beside her, on the banks of the lorn stream, where William and she first plighted their youthful vows.

The secret evil which preyed at Mary's heart was not, however, always to lurk concealed. Her spirits began gradually to deepen into a settled melancholy, and her health at last to exhibit a visible alteration. Instead of the light-hearted, smiling girl, that was wont to be seen tripping to the kirk on a spring Sabbath, tricked out in all the gaudy finery of rustic life, you might now witness a pale and wasted figure, clothed in the simplest attire, and exhibiting the most chastened deportment; and she, who heretofore had been always foremost at the May-day sport, or the harvest merry-making, was now never seen but sitting lonely in the chimney-corner, or wandering, like a disconsolate and broken-hearted widow, by the unfrequented banks of the brook, or among the desolate and melancholy heather.

This alteration could not long escape the penetration of Mary's husband; and, instead of softening, it had the effect of rendering still more unendurable his naturally sour and unamiable disposition. It would be needless, and it would be endless, to attempt recounting the different ways in which this savage and merciless ruffian betrayed his coarse ill-humour. Suffice it to say, that it grew to such excess, that at last the meek and passive Mary could no longer bear it.

The sun had set in a chill and drizzling evening of spring, when this brutal monster came home in a state of intoxication. His natural temper, in addition to being stimulated by the strong liquors of which he had drank copiously, was rendered tenfold more caustic and irritable by the news which had been brought him, during the day, of the unexpected death of John Allan, without any legacy in his favour. In the most unfeeling manner he told Mary of the death of her father; and, in the same breath, upbraided her with the disappointment he had suffered in not falling heir to his property. This was too much for the already broken-hearted Mary; and she decided upon taking that resolution, which had often occurred to her, but which, till then, she had never seriously determined to carry into execution. Cold and comfortless as the night was, she sallied forth; and, clothed almost in rags, bade an eternal adieu to the detested scene of her connubial misery. That long night the hapless Mary Allan never closed her eyes in slumber. Alone and unprotected—labouring under a decline—without clothes—without sustenance, she pursued, at the cheerless dead of night, a wild, unfrequented path, which she would in other circumstances not have ventured to tread alone in summer and in sunshine. Not a human step once in a twelvemonth crossed that howling wilderness; and, in the minds of a simple pastoral people, it was associated with the personifications of a wild and romantic superstition. Surely some power more than human watched that livelong night over the gentle traveller, and ministered that strength and courage, with-

out which she must have sunk on the desolate moor. Mary's strength, however, had not long to undergo so flinty a probation. The last shade of evening which she was to witness in this world, had already closed around her; and, with another setting sun, she was to sink into her long last slumber, and to mingle with the clouds over which her wearied limbs now scarce supported her.

I shall never forget the incidents of that day which closed this hapless female's humble history. At the boundary of that dreary extent of heath over which Mary Allan wandered, there is a neat cottage, connected with some plots of cultivated ground, then possessed by a David Laidlaw, with whom I was intimately acquainted. The traveller will easily distinguish it from the other cottages, which, like gems in a desert, people this interminable solitude, and give animation to the lonely moor, by its being built upon a green sloping upland, from which it commands a fine prospect of the Almond, as it widens into the loch of the same name. To that beloved house I was wont to go on a tour every annual spring-time; and many a gleesome holiday have I spent, in roaming, with its happy inmates, over the long moor, when gaudy with all the garish bloominess of spring, seeking for the nest of the green-linnet among the resplendent broom and the scented whins. The day to which I allude was devoted to one of these boyish rambles. We had left the cottage, after an early breakfast, with the intention of visiting a mountain cataract that was distant among the hills. The aspect of the morning was enchanting. There had fallen, during the night, a considerable quantity of rain; and the vapour, which was streaming from the tepid earth, under the radiance of the morning sun, had formed itself into a soft and silvery wreath of mist, which hung like a rich mantle over the face of the landscape. There was scarcely a breath of air; and, as we turned off into the wide common, the birds on the neighbouring furze were beginning to chant sweet hymns to the sunshine; and the smell of the moistened furze came mellowed to us from the glens, on which the

bright mist still lay slumbering. As the sun rose higher, the vapour gradually floated up to Heaven; and before we had reached the lynn of Langolme, the sun was high above the clear blue air of noon, and the landscape on every side spread out to the eye many a long line of wild moss and bright heath flowers, sleeping as silently and as festally beneath the radiant heaven as on a Sabbath of summer. All that day we roamed up and down in the romantic dells; and the aslant beams of the evening sun were lightly twinkling through the leaves of the woods, ere we ever once thought of returning to the cottage of our friend.

It was on our return that we had the melancholy satisfaction of rescuing the heroine of this tale from an unseen death. We found her lying under a rugged hedge, verging fast to dissolution—sheltered by two lonely sycamores, which seemed also to be far advanced in the winter of their existence. Exhausted with fatigue, it appeared that she had sat down under their branches, and had fallen insensibly asleep; and the dampness of her clothes, which were removed from the influence of the spring sun by the boughs, had contributed, along with the coldness of the night, to accelerate the fatal effects of a malady which had been for a long period gradually, though imperceptibly, undermining her health. In that dead sleep we bore her to the cottage of our friend, which fortunately was at no great distance. It was not till almost every restorative that could be suggested was employed, that she shewed the slightest signs of returning animation. Young as I then was, I yet remember the pale young woman, evidently in the agony of death, casting her mild blue eyes wildly around the room, and on the countenances watching her. Her countenance, though deadly pale, was singularly expressive and touching; and it was lighted up, every now and then, by a passing hectic flush, which seemed to impart a momentary warmth and animation to features now verging fast towards settled iciness. It was evident to all that the hand of death was on her; and I could see, from the mournful and resined countenances of my friends,

who hung over the bed, as if she had been an only daughter of their own, that no hope was entertained of her recovery.

"Carry me to my William," muttered the hapless Mary, in a wild, faint tone; and as she spoke, I fancied I could mark a faint sign of reviving animation flitting across her white features. "Carry me to my William," she repeated.

"Poor innocent!" said Mrs Laidlaw; "you will never be carried again but to the kirkyard!"

The hectic flush, which animated Mary's sallow countenance, was only the bright gleam that presages total extinction. Before we had time to note it, it was gone; and the spirit that produced it was gone along with it!

The third day after, which was the Sabbath, was the day of Mary's funeral. Not a relative came to assist in conveying her remains to the burying-ground. Unknown and strange hands were to let down her coffin into the dust: and *she*, whom, in the bloom of her maidenhood, all the young and the sprightly thought themselves honoured in attending, could not obtain one beloved hand to perform this last office to her memory. But, Mary! thy sleep is not less peaceful, though no company of relatives bore thee to thy lowly dwelling; and the wild-flowers shall spring as sweetly, and the summer sun shall shine as brightly, on the green turf that wraps thy grave, as though a flood of conjugal tears had been shed on it!

Never was there a sweeter Sabbath! The sun was beaming with all its brilliancy on the green pastoral hills over which we bore her to the place of her final rest; and the sweet and simple beauty of the wild-flowers that decked the solitude, shed over the scene a peacefulness, that imparted much of its character to the mind. I know nothing more touching than carrying a young beautiful female, to her everlasting rest, in the green smiling beauty of spring-time. The festal descriptions, which poets have interwoven with their immortal hymns, of scattering flowers on the green graves of infancy and beauty, are all completely realized in imagination; and the thoughts

that arise in the calm and mellowed spirit are holy, and yet so solemn—so mournful, and yet so full of calm joy, that they seem given us as foretastes of the happiness of the spirit that has burst its clayey casement!

On such a day were the remains of Mary Allan committed to the dust. Every spring, for several years afterwards, I visited the place of her repose; and the last time I was there, "green was the church-yard, beautiful and green"—and the flowers were springing in beauty all around her grave! C. L.

EBEN. ANDERSON'S VISIT TO LONDON.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd;
E'en Ministers they ha'e been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' scripture.
But this which I am gaun to tell
Is just as true's the diel's in hell,
"Or London City."

Burns.

LETTER FIRST.

"The London Coffee-houses."

A STRANGER in London, Mr Editor "aut quocunque nomine gaudes," will find ample employment for all his senses, even allowing him, as in the present instance, according to the immemorial belief of his countrymen, to be endowed with "seven.*" He will at least see and hear as much within the limits of one short month, as a regular fed citizen, a full-fledged Cockney, will in twelve. Passing over, for the present, that vast influx of information which cometh by hearing, his eyes alone cannot fail to admit an interminable flood;—for, in addition to all that vast, and indescribable, and inconceivable originality, and extent, and intricacy, and confusion, and bewilderment, and stupefaction, with which his first entrance into the "mighty City" will be met and overwhelmed—as the haze and smoke begin to clear off; he will find the

detail not less overpowering than the gross amount. St Paul's venerable and far-seen pile will arise, in distended expansion, like the smoke of an exploded magazine, on his view; and as he advances nearer and nearer, whether by sea or land, this gigantic "Νεφεληγερετα Ζευς" will gradually emerge from his robe of cloud, and assume over tower, and spire, and turret, and mast, and citadel, his undisputed and clearly-defined superiority; and, by the time he has taken up his residence at the "Bull and Mouth," or in the neighbourhood of Millar's Wharf, he will have glanced at the Monument—ascertained the bearing of the Tower—and distinguished the turrets of Westminster Abbey. To see London without seeing the river, with all its accompaniments of bridge, dock, shipping, and boating, with its toiling water-works and alternating currents, is like visiting Carlton-house without obtaining a peep at Majesty,—it is like observing the freshness and vigour of the outward frame, without feeling the pulse, and ascertaining the play of the lungs: and then, after all this, what an inexhaustible *et cetera* of "to be seen-ables" remain! The Royal Mint, with its "smelting apparatus" and "stamping machinery," with its pans of liquid gold, and perennial fountains of silver coinage;—the Museum, with its infinity of gratification and inconceivable variety of wonderment—with its original copy of Magna Charta, and its Elgin marbles; with ample employment for an age, crowded into the narrow and phantasmagoric lapse of a few hours. Chantry's too, must be seen, with the Statues that live, and walk, and converse—with the twin Babes enjoying, in more than angel innocence, the long dream of death—and the Parents bending, in an interesting variety of Christian resignation, over the lips that have just ceased to breathe. The new Roman Catholic Chapel must not be overlooked, with its altar-piece of sacred and resplendent glory, with all of striking and impressive which the pencil, guided by the most animated imagination, can pourtray. Vauxhall, too, must be surveyed, perambulated, explored, in all the unlimited and unma-

* God bless your "seven senses!" don't you see the thing as plain as a pike-staff?
The Complaynt of Scotland.

gined extent of its giddy folly and splendid vice, from the blazing orchestra, to the obscure and withdrawn recesses—those “reductæ valles,” where, like Ghosts of departed iniquity, the Dames “that love the moon”

“Eunt obscuræ, sola sub nocte, per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna,
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce magna
Est iter in silvis.”

And then there are the Theatres, and Gog and Magog, and the India-House, and the Bank of England, and the Lord Mayor's Mansion, and the Custom-House, and Rag-Fair, and the Park, and Newgate, and the Old Bailey, and Chelsea, and Greenwich, and the Times Printing-office, and the Breweries, and Edmonton Fair, and the Booksellers' Shops, and the Auction-Mart, and the Lottery-office, and Covent-Garden Market, and Billingsgate, and Bedlam!

But after all, what is mere “seeing” but looking, staring, gaping—unless accompanied by some operation upon the Bumps, some excitement of those little elves which have taken possession of the “*Fairy Knowes*” of the brain. In order to see London, as a rational being would wish to see it, one must mix in the society, participate in the whims, and join in the pursuits and amusements of the place. One must not only walk the streets, gaze at the shops, or ascend St Paul's; but he must ride in the “round-about,” have his head turned in the “swings,” visit the “*Shows*,” be present in the marketings, and, above all, make himself acquainted with the “Coffee-houses.”

“A London Coffee-house,” Mr Editor, has by no means a prepossessing appearance. There is nothing arresting or attractive in a dark and narrow entrance, with a soiled and faded “Sun,” a “gilded Cock,” or a double-headed “Swan” stuck over it; and yet it is in these respectable and permanent abodes that freedom, and comfort, and civility, and social intercourse, have taken up their immemorial residence. It was in “Coffee-houses” that the luminaries of the Augustan age of our literature

shone forth, in all the intensity of wit, and in all the playfulness of literary intercourse; that our Drydens, Popes, and Goldsmiths, acquired that knowledge of men, and that nice discrimination of character, by which their writings are distinguished, not less than by delicacy of taste, or strength, and reach of imagination. It was in “Dolly's,” a name still sacred to good eating and prompt accommodation, that Addison sat in the centre of a “literary planetarium,” diffusing a mild radiance around, and preserving, in their orbits, those eccentric and erring spirits who, in all their wanderings, still acknowledged the attractive and moderating influence of good sense and virtuous conduct: and more may still be learnt, in these snug and inviting retreats, of John Bull's habits, and disposition, and peculiarities, than can possibly, in the same time, be acquired any where else. If you wish to see the manners of the Great, in the only way in which they are accessible to “a Stranger,” visit the gambling-houses, or take a stroll, of a Sunday evening, in the Park. If you have any wish to view vice in rags, drink gin twist at Miller's Wharf, or ransack the purloins of Wapping. But, if your aim be to avoid an exhibition, which, in both extremes of society, is not a little disgusting and revolting, you cannot too frequently discuss your twelve-hour's porter, enjoy your mutton-chop, or stomach your beef steak, at one or other of these numerous and unpretending coffee-houses, which may be found almost in every quarter of the city.

It was late in the evening when I was safely set down in the court-yard of “The Bull and Mouth:” and after a night's repose, diversified, however, and sorely marred and interrupted by the everlasting grating of carriage-wheels, which still continued to occupy my ear and almost turn my brain, I arose; dressed myself in “*my best*,” and whilst breakfast was preparing, found amusement in peeping from my chamber window at what was passing without. I had not remained many minutes in this attitude, when my attention was arrested by a tall figure, advancing, at a slow pace, along the

pavement, and ever and anon turning his eyes sidelong down over the railing, upon the kitchen areas beneath, repeating, at the same time, in a kind of soft and somewhat soothing note—"Pots below, maids—pots below, maids." Immediately after breakfast, I sallied forth, like the Knight of La Mancha, in quest of adventures; but had only advanced to the corner of the first street, and was hesitating which way to proceed, when two or three little suspicious-looking urchins at once surrounded me, and holding each up to my very throat a kind of chevaux-de-frise of knife-blades, cork-screws, lancets, and stocl-pikes, accompanied this demonstration, which was any thing but agreeable, with a Dutch concert of discords, of which "only a shilling—only a shilling," seemed to form the chorus.—Having made my way at last into Fleet-street, I was not a little astonished at the crowd of passengrs, which in two distinct currents, set on in both directions, and in the most orderly and peaceable manner imaginable. I immediately plunged into the current, and ere I had advanced two paces, had my right hand completely filled with hand-bills, which promised me a restoration to health, whatever might be the suspicious nature or inveteracy of my disease. I was immediately preceded by a boy, who carried a loaf under his arm; and, as my dress was new, I allowed him to keep in advance, though he continued to walk somewhat more slowly than I was inclined to. We had not proceeded far, when all of a sudden, and with the rapidity of thought, I discovered the loaf making a retrograde curve over my head, and descending into a pair of ragged and outstretched arms, which, at the sudden pronunciation of the watch-word "Tom," were prepared, as I observed, to receive it. I need scarcely add, that all efforts to overtake or secure the culprits were unavailing. As I advanced upon Temple Bar, I found a group of newspaper-venders surrounding the *Courier* Office, and vociferating upon me with great eagerness, as I advanced—"Buy a paper, buy a paper—great news, great news, from Naples, Sir."—My resolution, even previous to this inviting address, had been

taken, so pocketing what I believed to be a copy of the *Courier*, I prepared to navigate my way into the "*Cock*" Coffee-house, to which I had been recommended by a clergyman who had accompanied me from Durham in the coach. I could see, however, upon glancing over my shoulder, that the "paper boys" were merry, squinting from time to time towards me with a kind of knowing whisper, which I did not half relish. But as I was a "Stranger in London," I was inclined to set this down to something of that character, which, in spite of all my tailor's efforts, still adhered to me. I entered a small and snug apartment, surrounded, like an armoury, with rows of clear and burnished tankards, suspended by the ear—and believing this to be the "Coffee-room," I proceeded forthwith to take possession of the only seat I could discover. Having thrust my hand into my pocket, in pursuit of my late purchase, I was resolved to be quite free and easy, till the waiter should arrive, to supply my porter demands. In—trice, a brisk little fellow, with a short well-brushed coat, brown cloth breeches, white stockings, and "Day and Martin" shoes, not only made his appearance, but rushed past, and, in his speed, almost upset me. Hey day! thought I, this is free and easy, in all conscience; but seeing it is the fashion here, I must just put up with it; and, in order to conceal my provincial rusticity, "do as the folks do in London," whilst I remain amongst them. So I turned my tripod towards a confined fire-place, precisely in the corner of the little apartment, and spreading out my elbow, upon a small table very much stained, in a manner to shew I was under no constraint whatever, I took up the tongs, placed a foot upon each cheek of the chimney, and pushed my stool in an oblique position backwards, and without any very nice calculation of the centre of gravity, so that, ere I could recover myself, stool, table, fire, fender, tongs, poker, live-coals, and all, were scattered around me in one promiscuous confusion worse confounded. As I lay supine upon the floor, for carpet happily there was none, a large shaggy Newfoundland dog, which seemed

but just awakened from a forenoon's nap, perceiving my plight, and misconceiving in all probability the nature of it, advanced in the most unceremonious manner possible, extending the whole length and breadth of portentous eclipse over my face and shoulders. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished man of tankards, returning upon me the second time, and finding me in such an unexplicable attitude; "is it not you, Mr Hickenbottom? I thought," continued he, to a gentleman who, in respect of an equal number of members, but in no other certainly resembled me—"I thought it was you, Master, and now I find it has been some rascally fellow, come in behind my and, to tease us of a few harticles we have more use for yet; but he as taken the wrong pig by the hear, when he thinks to himpose upon onest Neptune there, and Jeremy Bentham!—Get up, fellow!" continued the loquacious man of glasses and goblets, "and contrive to make yourself scarce, else you may happen to fall in with those who will make surer work of you, and without much ceremony too." Hereupon, however, Mr Hickenbottom interfered, by withdrawing the growling tones and menacing fangs of dog Neptune, and by assisting me in resuming the use of my legs. "There is undoubtedly some mistake here, gentlemen," said I; "I only wanted a *gill* o' your gin, with water, for which I meant honestly to pay you; and I know not how, in a public coffee-room, I should be mistaken for an ill-doer, or a downright thief." Hereupon the matter was soon cleared up—I had mistaken the waiter's antichamber for the coffee-room, and he again, on his part, from the free and easy manner in which I had taken possession, never doubted but I was, in the person of his master and employer Hickenbottom, quite at home.—It was a good jest, the good-natured landlord observed, and if I had no objection, we should laugh it over in an adjoining box, to the tune of "Barley's entire." Being happy to fall in with any one who might instruct me how to avoid such unhappy mistakes in future, I readily closed with the offer; and whilst the porter was under discussion, took

the opportunity of our side or retired corner, to look around me, and to make such enquiries at mine Host as the place and the circumstances suggested. "And so," said I, drawing out, at the same time, my newly-purchased newspaper from my pocket, "you term that tankard *there a pot*?" to which having received a nod of assent, whereby my morning's "serenade" was sufficiently explained, I proceeded to unfold my *Courier*, as I imagined, yet wet as it was from the printing-press, with the view of ascertaining the Neapolitan intelligence, to which I had been allured into the purchase. But, instead of the comparatively limited, and unpretending pages of the *Courier*, I saw, extended in all the pride of paper margin and advertisement before me, not the *Courier*, but the *Times*, a paper which, from my Scottish education, I had been taught to regard as somewhat dangerous in its political bearings. "Bless me," said I to my landlord, who had just rung for a fresh supply of "the brown," "I purchased this paper for a *Courier*, and at the very door of the office too, and it has been metamorphosed into a *Times*! How has this come about, think ye?" "Oh!" replied my really intelligent informer, "that is not at all wonderful—nothing is more common; you ask, in a hurried manner, for a *Courier*, at a place where you suppose nothing but *Couriers* can be disposed of, and a sly urchin slips a *Times* into your fingers, pockets his 7½d., and is commixed with the crowd in an instant." "Precisely!" said I; "that was the very way in which I was done." "And so," said mine Host, pausing after a pretty long pull on the replenished "*pot*," (I shall never forget the appropriate name), "and so you read the *Courier* in preference to the *Times* and the *Chronicle*, do you?" "Why, to tell you the truth," returned I, "my newspaper reading has been rather limited; but you surely do not mean to institute any comparison betwixt the sound constitutional views of the one, and the democratical, I had almost said radical principles of the other?" "Yes, but," rejoined my landlord, somewhat nettled, "I do, and as a proof of it, I have on my

tables, five copies of that paper which you have unintentionally purchased, and only one of the *Courier*; and that one I retain partly out of compliment to that 'old quiz' whom you observe smoking his pipe, and sipping his glass of negus, in the further corner." Upon this I turned my eyes towards the figure pointed out, and through a volume of incense which gradually ascended to the roof, and settled over his head like a blue and silky canopy, I discovered a round squat figure with grey hairs, and a kind of "Dirk Hatterick" aspect, something betwixt hardy enterprize and determined roguery. "This man," continued "mine Host," in an under tone of communication, "has made his fortune, by cheating—and is now endeavouring to establish his character as an honest man, by be-praising—the King. Having had an appointment in the naval department, he managed matters so, that his dismissal became absolutely necessary, not only to the interests of the board, but to the forwarding of his own deep-laid and nefarious schemes. He has retired beyond the reach of prosecution, and within the entrenchments of the Inns of Court; and vapours away in this place, each day, from one to four, on the integrity of the present ministry, and the beauty and permanency of the British constitution. That large overgrown figure, who is just now swallowing the last morsel of his mutton chop, is a tallow-chandler in Cheapside. He has lately married, or, to speak more properly, *been* married to a young wife, an admiral's penniless daughter, whom he leaves to amuse herself with ponds, parrots, and flower-pots, in his splendid country mansion, whilst he repairs, every day, in his own carriage, to the city, where he is to be found any hour, (except one), betwixt ten and five, with a large striped apron tied round his immense paunch, disposing of 'his grease' by the pound to all and sundry, who may be prevailed upon to become purchasers. Look into his country box—you may observe it near by a 'jet d'eau,' no larger than a weeping willow, on your road to Edmonton—and you will conceive him to be the very essence of refinement and pink of sentiment;

but visit him in his warehouse, where he will be fully as happy to see you, and you will find his refinement confined to that of tallow, and his sentiment to the smell and exhalation thereof." "In Scotland," observed I, "such an incongruous combination could never take place."—"In Scotland," rejoined my informer, "you know nothing at all about the matter; you put on one coat at Christmas, and it serves you without alteration or change till the return of that season; you assume your rank in society, and by that, as by an immutable allotment of Providence, you abide—once a plebeian, and always a plebeian—once a gentleman, and always a gentleman. Now this method is extremely preposterous, and subjects you, from the want of pliability and accommodation to many inconveniences, and much awkward adjustment. But in London, nothing is more common than that the same individual shall, during the course of a single day, exhibit a variety of distinct, and even quite opposite rank and character. View this same rotund personage at his breakfast-table, surrounded with footmen, and palavered by simpering ladyhood, with his gun-powder tea, and buttered toast; and you cannot fail to see the 'country Squire' peeping through all the easy frankness of his demeanour; observe him attached to his fine greys, and under the management of a livery servant, making his way up to town—and the 'Citizen' begins to become apparent; ask him, in his shop, for a pound of candles, and he will even wipe the scale for you in which they are weighed, and with a polite bow over the counter, thank you for your custom; here the 'Shopkeeper' has acquired a decided predominancy. And were you at this very instant that he is ringing the bell to settle his chop, to accost him either under the altitude of his matrimonial, or under the humility of his professional character, it is ten to one but he would conceive himself insulted. He is now plain honest 'Williams,' who pays his taxes, rails at the government, and owes no man a farthing!

"In that concealed box, a little to the left, there are at this moment two Reporters for the great rival papers, making up their points of dis-

agreement for the evening press, in the most amicable manner imaginable. These fellows have hard work ~~on it~~ just now; but they eat and drink well—sleep when they can—and have a rare spore once a-week.—Though one of them is bound to put on a most outrageously Tory countenance, we all know him to be a true genuine Whig at the heart, after all.

"That there figure with the snuff-box in his hand, and the cane head in his mouth, is a Bookseller's flunky, or, in other words, an 'Author,' not from choice, but from necessity, having failed in an attempt to render himself publicly known, by a work of great labour and research, which, in this age of 'Quid-nunc-ism' and 'tact,' fell still-born from the press. His subsistence, such as it is, he now earns by translating foreign books, by writing occasional articles for the London Magazine, and by undertaking all the drudgery of correcting sheet after sheet for the press. But here comes one of his Employers, or, as they are termed, 'Patrons,' a celebrated bookseller in 'the Row.' Hereupon I observed a smooth little round man, somewhat like a pound of butter set upon end, glistening in oil, and ornamented with a green shade, or *cabbage leaf*, which came so far down as to eclipse not only his eyes, but a full half of his countenance. No sooner had this man of books and shelves made his debut, than poor "Suck-cane" made his exit, evidently anxious to escape the irradiation of so splendid a luminary. "And is it possible," thought I—for my friend, in consequence of a call to the bar, had just left me—"is it possible that men of education and talent can, in this learned and literary Metropolis, become the slaves and drudges of mere Booksellers—that the mind which actuates, and the soul which excites and energizes, can be regulated in its movements, and cramped in its efforts, by mere 'machinery'—that the *body* of literature should thus *lose* its *spirit*, and the 'certamen quod est animo cum hac gravi cura,' should be at once so severe, protracted, and degrading? I sat some time musing upon this melancholy subject, in expectation of mine Host's return; but return he did not; business had suddenly laid its

claws upon him, and in his situation in society, nobody thinks of resisting such claims; so I was left to finish my steak and my porter by myself. I had not remained, however, long, when my companion's place was supplied by another individual, with whom, as I had no inclination, for the present, to commence an acquaintanceship, I quietly pocketed my newspaper, rung the bell, found all, by my landlord, already settled, and was actually upon my legs to depart,—when the lately-arrived stranger suddenly addressed me, in somewhat of an embarrassed "me—" "I, I beg your pardon, Sir, but you will excuse me, if I request a reading of that paper you have just now put into your pocket, Sir. We do not usually carry the papers along with us from this place, Sir!" Seeing at once the source of his error, I proceeded to explain the circumstance to him, upon which he seemed perfectly satisfied, asked my pardon again and again—and suggested, if I was not otherwise engaged, that he would be glad to have a little more of my company. It seemed strange to me, that every one I met with seemed so desirous of my conversation—but this I found afterwards to be a peculiar and most prepossessing feature of the London, I may add, of the English character. They enter at once into an acquaintance, and conduct themselves towards a stranger with all the ease, and even confidence, of old and established intercourse. In this instance, however, I found it convenient to decline the invitation, and once more placed myself amongst my quizzical friends, who had formerly supplied me, to their own mind, with a newspaper. Having no more purchases to make, I passed along, mixing with that continuous and unebbing stream of humanity, which, like the waters at the Straits of Gibraltar, is ever setting in and out, through Temple Bar. As I was employing myself in idling away the time most agreeably, at a caricature-shop window, a face passed me, and an eye met mine, which I felt to be associated with times and circumstances not quite forgotten. Yet I had no distinct recollection of the individual to whom these belonged, but stood looking

after him, till I saw him go down an entry immediately opposite that from which I had so lately emerged. I tried to walk in the opposite direction, endeavouring, all the while, to recollect a distinct impression of the face; but the more eagerly I pursued every link and association, by which the object might be individualized, the more deeply was I involved in uncertainty, and the greater was my curiosity to ascertain the truth; so, turning almost insensibly on my course, I gradually drifted to the very entry at which I had seen the mysterious countenance disappear. I entered, having previously resolved on a two-o'clock beef-steak dinner, and hoping, likewise, to be at my wits' end respecting the object of my pursuit. I was not acquainted with a single individual in London, with the solitary exception, if such it might be regarded, of my kind and hospitable landlord at "the Cock;" and I was every hour more anxious to meet with some one more experienced than myself in the ways and the tricks of this "great City," by whose advice I might contrive to navigate myself clear of misapprehension and imposition. I started back, however, under some degree of alarm, upon observing, as if through an inverted telescope, a dim light, struggling, from a distance, through a lengthened avenue of darkness, up which it behoved me to advance. However, following closely at the heels of one who had just passed me, I was at last conducted to an abode of a very suspicious appearance. Into this retreat the light of day had never, seemingly, been known to penetrate. It was lighted by a large patent lamp, hung from the centre of the ceiling; and shining like the sun in a November mist, through a complete envelopment of smoke, emitted and emitting from mouths innumerable. The whole contour of this place was truly terrific—every inanimate object wore a sombre aspect—the walls were blackened—the seats were disfigured with cutting, like the benches in a school-house—and the tables were without table-cloths, groaning under immense pewter trenchers, which were sunk into the wood, whilst the knives and forks were cautiously

chained to rests on each side of the several plates, on which, as satellites, it was their duty to attend. Over the chimney, written in legible characters, was displayed the price of every variety of drinkable or eatable, which the place afforded, accompanied with this admonitory remark—

"PAID WHEN TABLED."

Spit-boxes stood in every corner; and a large shaggy nondescript dog seemed to move about, quite at home, presenting his head to be patted, and his sides to be stroked by the various customers who condescended to notice him*. Gin and brandy seemed here to have usurped the place of port and porter; and an expression of sulky impatience, and dusky malignity, seemed to predominate amongst the visages which gleamed and glared around. It was some time before I found an empty seat, and still longer whilst I remained in suspense, whether or not I should take possession of it and I was still hesitating, when the same countenance, which had excited my curiosity before, again, from a position immediately opposite, arrested my attention. In a word, for I am becoming tedious by being minute, I was at last recognized by this stranger as an old school-acquaintance, and found in him, after a varied succession of rather untoward fortune, the Captain, or Skipper, of a coasting-vessel, engaged in the coal trade. There is no school, Mr Editor, like the world; "it kiddles wit, it waukens lair," or, what is still better, "supplies it," and "pangs us fu' o' knowledge." This young man, who had made but a sorry figure in his class, and ranked as a kind of simpleton amongst his playmates, had now acquired a promptitude of decision, an ease of manner, and a sagacity in respect of worldly matters, which altogether astonished me. He was glad, he was truly glad to see me; and even with all the deductions of a somewhat particular dress, and an acquaintanceship in no way prepossessing, I still was de-

* I have heard that dogs of this description are sometimes kept in low Coffee-houses, for the purpose of cleaning knives and forks upon their shaggy hides; but this I never saw, and believe to be fiction.

lighted to make the recognizance. He was to sail that very afternoon, otherwise we should have travelled it, he said, together through London "in style," or, in other words, so as to see, through his superior experience, of what various and inconceivable materials this immensity of sin and folly is made up. We spent, however, two hours in a very agreeable manner, talking over our school-days, and laughing immoderately at all these little incidents, which, to any one but ourselves, would have appeared trivial and uninteresting. And when at last I took notice of the very suspicious-looking retreat where we had encountered each other, he assured me, quite gravely, that this was the "Hole-in-the-Wa'," one of the oldest and most respectable coffee-houses, in the line, in London. That, although the general run of the house was rather of the labouring and mechanical description, yet there was "a certain Nobleman, of facetious memory," who had actually dined here, in preference to any other place, for nearly forty years. "But I see," added he, "you are still trammelled by your Scotch prejudices. If you wear a good coat, keep the proper side in walking along the street, and pay what you call for here, you are a gentleman: nor does that fellow, who has now placed our beef-steak on the table, provided we advance him one penny over the very moderate charge which is made, care a single stiver whether, when out of his sight, we drive a dung-cart through the City, or 'hip it,' four-in-hand, in a tandem." Nor is the freedom of rank greater with us than the freedom of speech. You have heard nothing, since you entered this room," continued he, "but censure on the government, direct abuse of Majesty, and insinuations of the most disgraceful nature against certain individuals high in favour and in power. Those very individuals, who are at present using this liberty, are, in many cases, immediately dependent upon the very power which they censure, and endeavour to bring into contempt; and yet, such is the confidence which every man here reposes in his neighbour, even though he happen to be a stranger, that no disguise is assumed, no constrained

and temporizing sentiments are spouted. When a man pays down his two-pence for his plate of veal or mutton, he pays, at the same time, in his own apprehension, for the privilege of speaking, as he terms it, his mind—of venting spleen, whim, prepossession, prejudice, truth, or falsehood, in the words and manner which occur most naturally and readily. The government is far too wise and liberal in its views to take the smallest notice of this; the steam-vessel (to use a professional comparison) of the government, makes her way through the waves of popular opinion with the greater security that she is possessed of "a safety-valve," by which all redundant and dangerous vapour escapes. It was by endeavouring to stop this "safety-valve"—that Louis and King Charles lost their heads, and that the governments of Spain and of Turkey are at this instant in imminent danger of being blown out of the water. But in Scotland, matters are otherwise managed." "Say no ill of Scotland," interrupted I, looking rather suspiciously around me; "we are all Ministerialists in Scotland, and, should I say we are otherwise, nobody can tell who, even here, might repeat my observations." "There now," retorted my school-fellow, "you have exhibited a specimen of that worse than Egyptian bondage to which you are reduced. Before you dare speak your mind, you look over your shoulders, and then only do it in a whisper, lest a bird of the air should tell the matter. In every district you have some 'great little man,' some mighty 'Regulus' of a limited domain, whose prerogative it is to get his younger children, and other immediate relatives and dependents, into warm, and comfortable officialities—to navigate his politics by the government "Beacon"—and to preserve all the neighbourhood in a state of subjection, and even in apparent attachment to the existing Ministry." "We will pay our reckoning," said I, "and depart, for I have made it a rule all my life long, never to dabble in politics." So saying, we separated—he to attend, for the time, to the interests of his trade, and I, in the course of a few minutes, to ring my room-bell at the

"Bull and Mouth," in order to obtain a "glass of cold water." Hoping, my good Sir, to meet you next month in Bedlam, I remain, in the mean time, your's truly,

EEN. ANDERSON.

SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA, DOMESTIC, LOCAL, AND CHARACTERISTIC; TO WHICH ARE ADDED, PRACTICAL DETAILS FOR THE INFORMATION OF EMIGRANTS OF EVERY CLASS; AND SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. BY JOHN HOWISON, ESQ. EDINBURGH AND LONDON, pp. 339.

A BODY of emigrants, collected on the shore of their native land, and about to sail for that distant, and, in many respects, unknown region, for which they are bound, is, we think, one of the most affecting sights which the present state of human society presents. On the first view of such a multitude, our minds are perhaps carried forcibly back to those early ages in the history of the world, when colonization was a thing of frequent occurrence, and when the early inhabitants of those regions to which we now look as the most fortunate, of all that are to be found upon the earth, for the renown which they have acquired in letters and in arms, prepared to carry the very first elements of civilization and of knowledge into other countries, which had not then received any form of rational life. But there are other feelings awakened by the view of a body of emigrants, which soon show that there is a wide difference between the colonists of those early times, and the individuals who are preparing, in the present age, to bid adieu to all their previous habits, and associations, and connections. In the early ages of the world, man seemed to feel that his duty was to people the wide world, which lay in desert solitude around him; and when, therefore, he left the country in which he had been born, it was with the spirit of an adventurer, who felt that he was doing what was in itself both dutiful and becoming. The feelings of those to whom he was bound, went along with him in his enter-

prize, and he appeared to them rather as a hero who was setting out in quest of adventures, and who was probably to become the founder of a new race, or the original tenant of a country which was hereafter to be renowned, than as a person over whose hard destiny they were bound to lament, and in whose future history they could see only labours and sorrows.

But the emigrants of modern times are in a very different situation. They are not adventurers in quest of glory, but, in general, men whose affections are bound to the land which they are forsaking, and who are forced, by the hard necessity of obtaining a livelihood, or an independence, to forsake a country which, in their hearts, they value above all under heaven; and, what is far worse, to sacrifice affections which to them have hitherto constituted the charm of existence. They are men upon whom the hard fortune of the world has pressed with unusual severity, and who are forced to seek, in a foreign land, that freedom from distress, which, in their native country, they have either never known, or which has been severely torn from them. Such an assemblage, therefore, presents to him who witnesses their departure, one of the most melancholy subjects of reflection which it is possible to behold. And the ship which bears the interesting cargo, seems, as it leaves the shore, from which it is carrying them for ever, to be a more than usually affecting representation of the hardships of that voyage of life, which has already been attended with so many storms to those who are departing, and which may yet bring to them so many more of which they are at present ignorant.

After these reflections have produced their effect upon our minds, we naturally follow the path of the voyagers into that distant land to which they are proceeding; and in such moments, the most consolatory information which we can receive, is, that the region before them is one in which they may venture, not only with safety, but with good hope; that they are now, therefore, but in the crisis of a change, which to them is to be productive of good;

and that in future years they may safely be represented as sitting each under the shade of his own fig-tree or vine, with nothing to make them afraid.

These reflections, we think, are not unnaturally awakened by the perusal of the volume before us. It is the production of a person who has lately spent a considerable portion of his time in the very heart of one of those countries towards which the emigrants of this land are now crowding, and who seems to have had both the opportunity and the capacity of forming a correct estimate of the advantages and disadvantages which that country presents. He has fairly stated the inconveniences to which every settler must at first be subject. But, at the same time, his account is fitted to encourage all those who are willing to submit to some temporary privation; and, indeed, his whole representation is so sensibly and so candidly given, that we cannot but assent to the truth of it, and are happy, therefore, to think that so fair a prospect is before those who, in leaving their native country, must often be making one of the most heart-rending sacrifices, but whose temporary labours and services are likely to be rewarded by future years of independence and of comfort, and who may become the founders of families which are yet to figure in the highest walks of active or of intellectual life.

The first part of the book is devoted to an account of the author's journey from Quebec, up the river St Lawrence, into the heart of the country. During this journey he had of course to traverse those magnificent woods with which the country is covered; and it is gratifying to find, that he had the taste to feel the majestic solemnity of such a journey, and powers of description, such as to enable him to communicate his impressions with effect to his readers. Nothing, indeed, can be more impressive than the scenery along the banks of the St Lawrence, and the other rivers of that country, where immense and primeval forests stretch their interminable shade in all directions, and the solitudes of which are only broken by the deer, which find a refuge in their glades—by an occasional hut in

which the woodman or the hunter reposes from his toils—or by those companies of Indians, who, in all the gaudy but savage magnificence of their costume, realize the captivating description of savage life given by Coleridge, in the following beautiful words:

How sweet it were on lake, or wild savannah,

To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty!

We venture to recommend the following description of the "Lake of the Thousand Islands" as a good specimen of Mr Howison's powers of communicating his own impressions, and as a sample of that kind of scenery and society into which his journey led him.

We now entered that part of the river which is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The St Lawrence expands into a large basin, the bosom of which is diversified by myriads of islands, and these are characterized by every conceivable aspect of nature, being fertile, barren, lofty, low, rocky, verdurous, wooded, and bare. They vary in size as much as in form. Some are a quarter of a mile long, and others only a few yards; and, I believe, they collectively exhibit, on a small scale, a greater variety of bays, harbours, inlets, and channels, than are to be found throughout the whole continent of America. Nature seems here to have thrown sportively from her hand a profusion of masses of the material world, that she might perceive what combinations of scenery would be produced, when they assumed their respective positions on the bosom of the waters.

The number of islands has never been correctly ascertained, but it is generally supposed to exceed seventeen hundred. Many of them are of little value, being covered with scraggy pine, and having no depth of soil; and, I believe, any person, whose romantic fancy might inspire him with the desire of possessing one, would find no difficulty in getting it granted by government. But some of the larger islands would form delightful little farms; and the energies of a future people may perhaps bring them under cultivation, and embellish them with all the beauties that arts and agriculture can communicate. When this takes place, the scenario will realize all that fairy loveliness in which eastern historians have delighted to robe the objects of the material world.

The scene reminded me of the beauti-

ful description of the Happy Islands in the Vision of Mirzah, and I thought at the time, that if the Thousand Islands lay in the East, some chaste imagination would propose, that they should be made an asylum for suffering humanity, and distributed according to the respective virtues and merits of those who deserved them.

The current between some of the islands is so rapid, that the boatmen, with all their exertions, can scarcely make way against it. There are particular channels with which the Canadians are well acquainted, and which they invariably follow, for if they ventured upon others, they would soon be bewildered among the islands, and might probably continue in search of the true course during many days, as has several times been the case.

Shortly after sunset we landed upon a small island, and the Canadians having moored their boats, proceeded to make a fire, as they intended to enjoy themselves for several hours. We were just opening a basket of provisions, when we were all startled by hearing shouts, which apparently proceeded from people on the other side of the island. The ruddy glare of a fire likewise attracted our attention, and the continuance of the noise induced several boatmen to hasten to the spot where the light seemed to be. My imagination was instantly excited, and when I heard the wind whistling among the trees, and the perturbed waters of the St. Lawrence dashing against the island, and saw a lurid sky stretched above me, the most alarming impressions crowded upon my mind. All the stories I had heard of the horrible atrocities often committed by the Indians, rose in my memory, and I already conceived that I saw my companions tomahawked, and their mangled bodies struggling convulsively among the whelming surges of the river.

However, the return of the Canadians put an end to my fears. The supposed Indians were no other than the crew of a brigade of batteaux; and the shouts we heard, were raised in consequence of their having seen three deer, in the pursuit of which they requested us to join. This proposal was acceded to by all parties, and some began to kindle large fires in several parts of the island, while others stripped the hickory tree of its bark, and made torches. Thus prepared, we sallied forth, some carrying arms, and the others being provided with blazing flambeaux. Intending to surround the deer, and gradually close upon them, we dispersed into a large circle, and sent two dogs among the brushwood to rouse the game, which they soon accomplished, and we

accordingly made regular encroachments upon their precincts. The deer, when they saw themselves thus environed, sprung from one side to the other, leaped into the air, reared upon their hind-legs, and at last sunk down apparently in despair; but upon the discharge of a couple of fowling-pieces, they again started, and having escaped our circle, plunged into the river.

Several of the boatmen had remained upon the banks of the island, that they might prevent the deer from taking the river; but when they found this impracticable, they shouted to us, ran to the batteaux, and immediately unmoored them. The remainder of the crew soon followed, with arms and torches, and they all rowed out in pursuit of the game. Nothing could be more brilliant and picturesque than the scene which succeeded. We saw the heads and antlers of the beautiful animals moving with graceful rapidity upon the surface of the water, while the brightness of their eyes rivalled that of the transparent drops which sparkled around them. When the shouts of the crew, and the dashing of the oars, assailed their ears, the exertions they made to escape were inconceivably strong—sometimes raising themselves almost entirely out of the water, and sometimes springing forward several yards at one leap. The bustle among the boats, the glare of the torches, and the ferocious countenances of the crew, were finely contrasted with the meekness and timidity of the deer, and the whole effect was heightened by the islands around, the wild and romantic features of which were strikingly displayed at intervals, when the ruddy light of the torches happened to fall upon them.

Several shots were fired, though apparently without effect, and I began fervently to hope that the deer might escape. Two of them eluded their pursuers, but the batteaux surrounded the other, and the Canadians beat it to death with their oars, and, having taken it on board, returned to the shore.

While we were around the fire, dividing the booty, two canoes, full of Indians, suddenly emerged from behind a point of land, and steered directly towards us. The women were seated, but the men stood erect, and managed their paddles with the utmost elegance and dexterity. Their heads were adorned with steel crescents and waving feathers. The rest of their dress consisted of the skins of wild beasts, and long scarlet cloaks covered with ornaments, which, though mere tinsel, had a very shining effect. This was the first time I ever heard the Indian language, and never could its harsh

and fantastic sounds have been more impressive to any one than they were to me, surrounded as I was with objects the most wild and uncivilized in their character.

These unexpected visitors landed near us, but seemed not at all incommoded by our presence, for the women immediately began to cut firewood, and their husbands having collected a few poles and some birch bark, set about making a wigwam. At my request, some venison and spirits were sent them, which they received with many acknowledgments.

Assisted by my fellow-passengers, I now spread a table, and obtained the necessary furnishings from our respective provision-baskets. Our repast proved both a comfortable and an amusing one. On one side were the Canadians loitering round the fire in different groups, some half asleep, and others singing and wrestling with their comrades; while a few attempted to read a half worn-out French hymn-book, the devout expressions in which were heard at intervals among the oaths that proceeded from almost every mouth. On the other side we saw the Indians seated under their wigwam, and dressing their venison. The rum they had drank began to affect them. The men looked ferocious, sharpened their tomahawks, and occasionally uttered the war-whoop. The women talked incessantly, and their children played the Jew's harp. Our party completed the group; and, though our voices were almost drowned amidst the confusion of tongues, a spectator would easily have ascertained, that at least three different languages were spoken on the island.

About four in the morning we again took to our boats, and soon passed the termination of the Lake of the Thousand Islands. However, a strong westerly wind began to prevail, and rendered the working of the batteaux so very laborious, that the crew were obliged to rest a little every half hour. The Canadians row at the rate of three miles an hour when the weather is perfectly calm, and, of course, rather more when they have a favorable breeze to assist them; but, at best, they never go further than thirty miles in twenty-four hours. The average length of the passage from La Chine to Kingston is seven days.

The wind at length became so strong, that we resolved to stop until it moderated. As the day was extremely hot, we remained upon the bank of the river, and constructed a small tent of sails and oil-cloth to protect us from the sun, and laid down under its shade; however, I soon got tired of this, and having left my com-

panions asleep, I walked out alone. The sunshine was so intense, that the St Lawrence sparkled too bright for the eye to bear, and at each step I took, a thousand insects sprung from the flowers on which they had been feeding. I wandered along the side of the river, until I reached a little bay paved with smooth rock, against which the glittering waves broke in rapid succession. Here I found a canoe tied to a tree. Having embarked in it, I paddled out from the shore, and laid down at my ease, and committed myself to the guidance of the current. The influence of the heat and scenery was overpowering, and I fell into a half slumber. I was occasionally awakened to a consciousness of my situation, by the radiant flashes which were shot forth by the sun-dipt wings of the humming birds, as they flew over me. My mind was in a state of perfect quiescence. The most dazzling and enthusiastic conceptions rose in it without effort, and faded away without resistance. Had a super-human voice told me that I was entering the vortex of the most terrific Rapids, I believe I would scarcely have had energy to ascertain whether it was so or not.

The following passage would not, perhaps, have been quoted by us for any thing remarkable in the composition; but it has a recommendation infinitely above what could have been communicated by any excellence of style—for it points out a source of misery to which persons emigrating to Canada are exposed.

One evening, as I strolled along the beach of the Lake, in front of Niagara, a woman, whom I had observed at some distance, approached, and, after several low curtsies, requested me to follow her; and, as she seemed to be in deep affliction, I immediately complied, without asking an explanation. She conducted me to a kind of cave, under a high sand-bank, the mouth of which was barricaded with a chest of drawers, several trunks, &c. A mattress occupied the floor of this wild abode, and two children played gaily with one another upon it, the one attempting to beat his merry companion with an old pillow, and raising shouts of laughter and delight every time he succeeded in giving a blow. The mother, who continued to shed tears, told me, that she and her family were Irish emigrants. They had been induced, by a series of misfortunes, to set sail for Canada, with the intention of obtaining land, and had, after many difficulties, got thus far in their voyage; but, being now des-

titude of money, they were unable to procure a lodging, and knew not where to apply for work, assistance, or information. "A husband and these two boys," said the woman, "are all that now remain to me. My little girl died in the ship, and they threw her into the sea. Aye, sure, that was the worst of all," continued she, in an agony of grief. "Poor babe! she had neither prayers nor a wake!"

On my way back to the village, I was occupied with reflections upon the helpless condition of most of the emigrants who come to Canada, and the indifference which the supreme government have ever manifested about the welfare and prosperity of the colony. Those people, who came to the province with an intention of settling in it, are totally destitute of the means of obtaining authentic information respecting the place to which they should proceed, or where or in what manner they should apply for a grant of land. Inexperienced, ignorant of the country, and often disappointed with it at first, it cannot be expected that they should resolutely struggle with the difficulties that present themselves on every side. The slaves of vague reports, and false and exaggerated descriptions, they know not where to direct their steps; and, after being alternately encouraged, depressed, and deceived, they perhaps prematurely determine to return to their native country, wretched as the asylum is which it at present affords to the poor and unfortunate of all classes. When I was in Quebec and Montreal, I had opportunities of knowing, that many of the hovels of these cities contained crowds of British emigrants, who were struggling with those complicated horrors of poverty and disease, whom the hope of being exempted from such evils had induced to abandon the clime of their birth. The greater number of these people, when they first landed, had funds enough to carry them to the Upper Province, and even settle them comfortably on their locations; but they knew not where the "promised land" lay, and were detained in Lower Canada, by anxious and unavailing efforts to obtain correct information upon the subject. All the misery occasioned by this circumstance, and various others of a similar nature, might be easily prevented, and thousands of active settlers annually added to the province, if the supreme government would bestow a moment's attention upon the matter, and place in Quebec, Montreal, and the other towns, an agent, to whom the emigrants could apply for advice and information. I am aware that Emigrant Societies have already been established in the principal towns of Lower

Canada, but such owe their existence entirely to the benevolent exertions of private individuals, and are, comparatively speaking, superficial and limited in their operation. Nothing but the interference of the supreme government can effectually rid poor emigrants of the difficulties they have at present to encounter when they arrive in Lower Canada.

In the course of his journey towards the interior of the country, our author had, of course, to pass the falls of Niagara. Mr Howison has laboured not very successfully to convey to his readers an impressive idea of that magnificent scene, which he describes in flowery, and somewhat bombastical language. We have neither room nor inclination to extract this description, and we do not think the author's vocation is poetry.

After a good deal of description relative to the grandeur of the forests, and to those other circumstances which could not fail to impress a person of ordinary taste, who has made his way into the bosom of any of the primeval woods, our author devotes two chapters to a summary account of the country, and of the precautions necessary to be observed by the different classes of emigrants. We cannot afford room for the whole of the valuable matter which this last article presents, but we are exceedingly anxious to do any thing we can to diffuse correct information upon so very important a subject; and it is with this view, therefore, that we request the attention of our readers to the following rather long quotation:

I shall now suppose that the emigrant has made all necessary arrangements for the occupation of his land. His first object then is to get a house built. If his lot lies in a settlement, his neighbours will assist him in doing this without being paid; but if far back in the woods, he must hire people to work for him. The usual dimensions of a house are eighteen feet by sixteen. The roof is covered with bark or shingles, and the floor with rough hewn planks, the interstices between the logs that compose the walls being filled up with pieces of wood and clay. Stones are used for the back of the fire-place, and a hollow cone of coarse basket-work does the office of a chimney. The whole cost of a habitation of this kind will not exceed £12, supposing the labourers had been

paid for erecting it; but as almost every person can have much of the work done *gratis*, the expence will not perhaps amount to more than £.5 or £.6.

Whenever the house is completed, the emigrant ought to bring his family, cattle, provisions, and farming utensils, upon the lot. He should, if possible, have a couple of oxen, a cow, two pigs, a harrow, and an axe. The cost of the whole will be about £.28. But many settlers commence their labours without any cattle or implements at all, contriving to borrow what they want from their neighbours, and returning the obligation in work. If the emigrant's location lies in a settlement, he will find it advantageous to purchase his provisions there, particularly if there is much land-carriage between it and the nearest market. Flour and pork are the only articles of subsistence which can be conveniently transported into the woods. The price of a barrel of flour, containing 186 lbs., is £.1.10s; and of a barrel of pork, holding 200 lbs., about £.5. It is easy to calculate how long a barrel of each article will support any given number of persons. A cow always proves a valuable animal to a new settler, her milk being convertible into many agreeable varieties of diet. He will find pigs a very profitable kind of stock, as they pick up abundant subsistence in the woods, require little attention, and multiply very fast.

The emigrant will use the axe rather awkwardly, and suffer a good deal of fatigue, when he first commences chopping. However, a few months' practice will render him tolerably expert. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a man never proves a good or successful settler, unless he has been accustomed from his infancy to cut down trees. The Americans and Canadians doubtless excel all other people in the use of the axe; but they do not work so steadily as Englishmen and Scotchmen, and seldom have much advantage over them in the end. This is daily exemplified in the new settlements of Upper Canada.

The clearing of land overgrown with timber is an operation so tedious and laborious, that different plans have been devised for abridging it, and for obtaining a crop from the ground before it is completed. The easiest and most economical system is that named *Girdling*. The land is first cleared of brushwood and small timber, and then a ring of bark is cut from the lower part of every tree; and, if this is done in the autumn, the trees will be dead, and destitute of foliage the ensuing spring; at which time the land is sown, without receiving any culture whatever, except a little harrowing.

This plan evidently possesses no advantage, except that of enabling the settler to supply his immediate wants, at the expence of comparatively little time and labour. The crops obtained in this way are of course scanty, and of inferior quality. The dead trees must be cut down and removed at last; and being liable to fall during high winds, the lives of both labourers and cattle are endangered.

After the trees have been felled, the most suitable kinds are split into rails for fences, and the remainder, being cut into logs twelve feet long, are hauled together into large piles, and burnt. The land cleared in this manner is sown with wheat, and harrowed two or three times, and in general an abundant crop rewards the toils of the owner.

After the felling, dividing, and burning of the timber have been accomplished, the stumps still remain, disfiguring the fields, and impeding the effectual operation of the plough and harrow. The immediate removal of the roots of the trees is impracticable, and they are therefore always allowed to fall into decay, to which state they are generally reduced in the space of eight or nine years. Pine stumps, however, seem scarcely susceptible of decomposition, as they frequently show no symptoms of it after half a century has elapsed.

Notwithstanding the quantity of labour necessary in clearing a piece of land, the first crop seldom fails to afford a return more than sufficient to repay all that has been expended. The clearing, fencing, sowing, harrowing, and harvesting an acre of wasteland, will cost about £.5.5s. The produce is usually about twenty-five bushels of wheat, which on an average are worth £.6. After the land has been in crop, its cultivation becomes much less expensive. The cost of putting in a second crop (ploughing being then necessary) will not exceed £.2 per acre, while the produce will amount to perhaps thirty-five or forty bushels; thus affording a clear profit of from £.4.15s. to £.6.10s. after £.1.10s. has been deducted for harvesting and threshing.

The emigrant will sometimes require assistance in the business of the farm, particularly if he has no family. Those whom he hires to work for him will generally be contented to receive two-thirds, or perhaps the whole, of their wages in grain. This makes payment very easy to the farmer, as the nominal value of his produce is usually equal to double the sum it has cost him to raise it; but if he has neighbours, he will often be able to get his work done without any direct outlay, it being customary for the inhabitants of

a new settlement mutually to help each other, by accepting labour in return for labour. There is thus no outlay on either side, every one affording another a degree of assistance equal to what he has received from him. A man, perhaps, borrows a waggon for a day from his neighbour, and repays him by lending his oxen for an equal length of time. A new settlement is sometimes twenty or thirty miles distant from a mill, and the roads are generally so bad, that the person who carries grain to it waits till it is ground although he should be detained several days. When this is the case, each individual, by turns, conveys to the mill the grain of three or four of his neighbours, and thus the great waste of labour, which would be occasioned, were every one to take his own produce there separately, is avoided. From these simple facts the advantage of living in a settlement must be very evident.

When the farmer is able to raise a larger quantity of produce than is required for the support of his family, there are several ways in which he may dispose of the surplus. In many new settlements the influx of emigrants is so great, as to produce a demand for grain more than equal to the supply. In Farbot Road, the average price of wheat has of late years been 4s. 6d. per bushel, while in most other parts of the country it was selling for 3s. and 3s. 6d.; shewing evidently that the farmer will sometimes find the best market at his own door. But should there be no demand of this kind, he may carry his produce to the merchants. They will give him, in exchange, broad-cloth, implements of husbandry, groceries, and every sort of article that is necessary for his family, and, perhaps, even money, at particular times. He will likewise often have it in his power to barter wheat for live stock of different kinds, and can hardly fail to increase his means, although without a regular market for his surplus produce, if he gets initiated into the system of traffic prevalent in the country.

The emigrant must not expect to live very comfortably at first. Pork, bread, and what vegetables he may raise, will form the chief part of his diet for perhaps two years. To these articles, however, he may occasionally add venison, if he is a tolerable sportsman. The various kinds of grain which farmers raise, enable them to enjoy a great many sorts of bread that are not known in Britain. Buck-wheat, rye, and Indian corn, make

excellent cakes and they have several ways of using flour, besides that of baking it into loaves. All the above-mentioned articles, conjoined with vegetables, poultry, and milk, which every settler can have in the course of time without much trouble or expense, afford sufficient materials for the support of an abundant and comfortable table. In Upper Canada, the people live much better than persons of a similar class in Britain; and to have proof of this, it is only necessary to visit almost any hut in the back woods. The interior of it seldom fails to display many substantial comforts; such as immense loaves of beautiful bread, entire pigs hanging round the chimney, dried venison, trenchers of milk, and bags of Indian corn. Many of the farmers indeed live in a coarse and dirty manner; but this arises from their own ignorance, not from a want of those things that are essential to comfort and neatness.

Our extracts have extended so far, that we cannot venture to present our readers with any additional quotations from Mr Howison's work. We would willingly, for example, have given them some specimens of the *slang* language at present current among the native Americans; and, indeed—with the exception of Mr Aaron's admirable work, which has all the life and attraction of the most exquisite and natural drama—we have no book from which a better idea may be obtained of the rude and insolent, but improving, mode of living, which prevails in the United States: For, it must be added, that to his *Sketches of Canada*, the author has added *Recollections of the United States*. We can only, however, recommend it to the reader to peruse these *Recollections*. He will find Mr Howison an intelligent and candid guide, with a considerable share of good taste; and though, perhaps, not very profoundly informed, yet always judicious enough in his remarks—though his attempts at wit, or jocularity, are by no means of the best kind. The book, however, is, upon the whole, both instructive and pleasing, and, considered as a first fruit, promises well of that harvest, which, we hope, is yet to be matured.

SARDANAPALUS, A TRAGEDY—THE TWO FOSCARI, A TRAGEDY—CAIN, A MYSTERY. BY LORD BYRON. 8VO. pp. 440.

Espectes eudem a summo, minimoque Poeta. JUV.

THE fury of Lord Byron, and the imbecility of Barry Cornwall, have had the same fate in tragedy. But two tragedies at once, aye, and a Mystery, and in the space of half a year after the publication of Marino Faliero, a tragedy, is the astounding crop produced by Lord Byron's fertile mind. Hitherto it had been supposed that culture, as well as fertility, was necessary for the production of tragedy; but Lord Byron has discovered, that he is privileged from the labour of cultivation, especially since he has undertaken to prove that Pope is the first of poets, because his execution is the most elaborate. We wish much that Lord Byron's imagination had had power and honesty enough to have represented to him the looks and feelings of the fastidious bard of Twickenham, enduring a rehearsal of his Lordship's tragedies, before he thrust them upon public observation. This had been but his duty to himself and to the public. He has not done his duty. We shall endeavour to do ours.

In the preface to the tragedies we are informed, that "the author has, in one instance, attempted to preserve, and, in the other, to approach the 'unities;' conceiving that, with any very distant departure from them, there may be poetry, but can be no drama." This is told to us in the same preface in which it is said, that "the tragedies were not composed with the most remote view to the stage." Will not every reader lament that Lord Byron should give us drama without poetry, and without the most remote view to the stage? We have indeed the "unities;" but without poetical effect, or dramatic representation. The noble lover of the unities may bewail the issue of his experiment in the language of the scholastic: *Μεγαλῆν ἔργων γὰρ ἡμᾶς μὴ ἵσχυται, τοῖς ἀνδράσι.* We are not sorry for the speedy death of his Lordship's hobby; for the prolongation of his meagre existence could only expose his Lord-

ship's neck to repeated perils. It is conceivable, that as the poet never read Milton since he was twenty years of age, the tragedian may never have read Dr Johnson's preface to Shakespeare at all. Let him obtain it from his publisher, and learn that "there is no reason why an hour should not be a century, in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field." If the unities be essential to drama, why should not the sacrifice of a goat be essential to tragedy? With any entire neglect of the goat, there may be poetry, (the ode to Bacchus,) but there can be no tragedy, (an ode sung on occasion of sacrificing a goat.) A pointed Johnsonian period well becomes a peer or a poet, but it would be all the better of a little foundation in truth, for fear the Grub-street rabble should laugh; and, what is worse, laugh with reason against the martyr for Pope.

SARDANAPALUS is the first in order, and incomparably the best of the three pieces published in the volume before us. The *argument* is shortly thus: The Sovereign of Assyria, devoted to the plegant and soft enjoyments of imperial luxury, neglects at once his amiable and affectionate wife, and his extensive and distracted empire. All his love is engrossed by MYRRINA, an Ionian slave; and his favourite maxim of state is, to drink wine instead of shedding blood. **ARBACES**, a Mede, availing himself of the effeminate reputation of the emperor, and instigated by the ruthless prognostications of **BELESES**, a Chaldean soothsayer, aspires to the empire. **SALEMENES**, brother-in-law to the emperor, discovers the plot, and obtains, with difficulty, power to seize the authors; but, while in the act of overpowering the desperate resistance of **ARBACES**, the emperor, equally brave and dissolute, interposes his personal authority, and pardons the traitors. They avail themselves of his magnanimity to make an attempt upon his life. He fights like a hero, and repels the conspirators. A general engagement soon follows, in which **SALEMENES** is slain, and **SARDANAPALUS** forced to retire within his palace. He dismisses all his slaves, manumitted and enriched with his treasure, having, previously

to the action, taken an affectionate leave of his wife, who escaped with her children; and he and his Myrrha perish in the conflagration of the palace, which they had deliberately contrived.

So far as the merit of this plot is concerned, all that historical truth has to answer for, is, that Sardanapalus, sunk in every species of impotent luxury, had resolution enough to escape from the insults of his conqueror, by the conflagration of himself and his palace. In this he shewed himself no ways superior to Cleopatra. The great historian of imperial Rome records, as a reproach, the reluctance of Messalina to die: *Lucullianis in hortis prolatum vitam, componere preces, nonnulla spe, et aliquando ira. Evodus raptim in hortos progressus, reperit fusam humi, assidente matre Lepida; quæ florenti filie haud concors, supremis ejus necessitatibus ad miserationem evicta erat: suadebatque ne percussorem operirentur, transisse vitam, neque aliud quam morte decus querendum sed animo per libidines corrupto, nihil honestum inerat: lacrymarumque et questus irriti ducebantur.* And an emperor, only not thus base and spiritless, is the hero in whose fate Lord Byron would interest us, and in whose sentiments he would wish us to sympathise! The character, as drawn by his lordship, is, in the first place, unnatural, and such as never did exist in this our world: in the next place, it is infatuated and cruel, though represented by the author as wise and generous: and, in the third and last place, it is as uninteresting in a tragedy, as it could be in a sermon. But to the proof:

Sardanapalus is first introduced, in the description of *Salemenes*, thus:

—————In his effeminate heart

There is a careless courage which corruption
Has not all quenched, and latent energies,

Repress by circumstance, but not destroy—
Steeped, but not drowned, in deep voluptuousness.

If born a peasant, he had been a man
To have reached an empire; to an em-

pire born,
He will bequeath none.

Such language would be more fittingly
Applied to Titus, or Henry the

Fifth, in their earlier years, than to a confirmed and nerveless Eastern dotard. In the following passage there is much political truth:

Sardanapalus. By the god Baal!
The man would make me tyrant.

Salemenes. So thou art.
Thinkst thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of
vice—

The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—

The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand
tyrants,

Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However hard and harsh in his own bearing.

In the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*—a work of labour and power—Lord Byron denounced the faith and practice of Christians with the vivid force of the very highest poetry. Religion and war, the scull in Athens, and the armies in Spain, suggested the sublimest flights of a powerful, but irregular mind. Unhappily for his reputation as a poet and a man, and for the dignity and authority of his writings, he has lately added another theme to those which formerly inspired his poetical indignation. The verses which the hero is made to utter in reference to his faithful and affectionate wife, convey the most detestable sentiments which the coldest-hearted sensualist could harbour, and the hardest contemner of natural affections could avow. Far, very far indeed, be it from us to insinuate that they have the slightest approbation from the real disposition of Lord Byron's mind. We would only reprobate the perverse ingenuity which produced, without exposing such a declaration as this:

She has all power and splendour of her
station,

Respect, the tutelage of Assyria's heirs,
The homage and the appanage of sovereignty:

I married her as monarchs wed—for state,
And loved her as most husbands love their
wives;

If she or thou supposed'st I could link
me,

Like a Chaldean peasant to his mate,
Ye knew not me, nor monarchs, nor mankind.

Vanity and bloated self-conceit contribute as much to the vices as to the follies of men. A monarch may trample on the principles of moral rectitude and true enjoyment, (for they are inseparable,) because he is a monarch; a poet, because he has genius; an alderman, because he has wealth; a beggar, because he hath nothing but rags. But when a poet degrades his calling so far as to palliate the insolent licentiousness of any of those orders, he invites and merits the severest censures of criticism. "Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl." Dr Johnson could find worse employment of poetry in the reign of George the Fourth.

Of the destructive fallacy which consecrates conquerors, and emblazons war, the following is a very poetical exposure:

The ungrateful and ungracious slaves!
they murmur
Because I have not shed their blood, nor
led them
To dry into the deserts' dust by myriads,
Or whiten with their bones the banks of
Ganges,
Nor decimated them with savage laws.

Oh, thou wouldst have me doubtless set
up edicts—

"Obey the king—contribute to his treasure—

"Recruit his phalanx—spill your blood at bidding—

"Fall down and worship, or get up and toil."

Or thus—"Sardanapalus on this spot
Slew fifty thousand of his enemies;
"These are their sepulchres, and this his trophy."

I leave such things to conquerors; enough
For me, if I can make my subjects feel
The weight of human misery less, and
glide
Unroaring to the tomb; I take no li-
cense

Which I deny to them. We all are men.
I feel a thousand mortal things about me,
But not godlike, unless it may be
The thing which you condemn, a disposi-
tion

To love and to be merciful, to pardon
The follies of my species, and (that's hu-
man.)

To be indulgent to my own.

This is sublime Utopianism, and
would have graced the perfectibility

of Mr Southey before he became the
Laureate of Kings. He has known
better since. But what observations
of life, or what theories of human
nature, have led Lord Byron to think
that this divine philanthropy could
lodge in his breast, who, "effemi-
nately dressed," and having "his
head crowned with flowers, and his
robe negligently flowing," says,

Forbear the banquet! not for all the plot-
ters

That ever shook a kingdom! let them
come,

And do their worst: I shall not blanch
for them;

Nor rise the sooner; nor forbear the gob-
let;

Nor crown me with a single rose the less,
Nor lose one joyous hour.

I would not give the smile of one fair girl,
For all the popular breath that e'er divid-
ed

A name from nothing.

The same absurd and contradictory
combination of incompatible feelings
is further dilated, and then Sardanapalus (*solus*) is made to philoso-
phise.

—My life is love:

If I must shed blood, it shall be by force;
Till now, no drop from an Assyrian vein
Hath flowed for me, nor bath the smal-
lest coin

Of Nineveh's vast treasures e'er been lav-
ished

On subjects which could cost her sons a
tear:

If then they hate me, 'tis because I hate
not;

If they rebel, it is because I oppress not.
Oh, men! ye must be ruled with scythes,
not sceptres.

Yet this amiable and generous prince
relieves his patriotic yearnings, by a
dialogue with his favourite Myrrha,
upon the value of woman's heart,
and most bewitchingly tells her:

• Salemenes has declared—

Or why, or how, he hath divined it, Be-
lus,

Who founded our great realm, knows
more than I—

But Salemenes has declared my throne
In peril.

Come, we'll think no more on't—
But of the midnight festival.

This really appears to us worse
than the worst drivelling of the most

babyish novelist. An indolent man may be roused to great exertion; a diffident man to desperate resolution; a luxurious man to valiant daring: but the lazy, torpid sensualist, was ever yet selfish, ungenerous, cruel. The passion for effeminate enjoyments was never found in company with the love of humankind, or with reluctance to occasion human misery:

For, oh! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Henry the Eighth, Charles the Second, and many others, amply illustrate the remark. Lord Byron may have all the Benefit of drunken Claudius's insensibility to good or evil. Otho is in fact more like the hero of this tragedy than the Assyrian Sardanapalus; but we shall by-and-by point out the difference between the delineations of Tacitus and the fictions of Lord Byron. The wonderful discoveries of Baron Münchhausen, whether of men carrying their heads in their hands, or of brutes acting the part of men, may supply Christmas pantomimes, but they will never form materials for genuine tragedy, even with the aid of Lord Byron and the unities.

The second act opens with a description of the setting sun, which Bowles would praise, though he would not assign the right reason for his praise. Belshazzar, the traitor-priest, addresses his deity:

The sun goes down: methinks he sets
more slowly,
Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
How red he glares amongst those deepening
clouds,

Like the blood he predicts! " * * *

" 'Tis the furthest
Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how
calm!

An earthquake should announce so great
a fall—

A summer's sun discloses it. "Yon disk,
To the star-veiled Chaldean, bears upon
its everlasting page the end of what
Seemed everlasting; but oh! thou true
sun!

The burning oracle of all that live,
As fountain of all life, and symbol of
Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou
limit

Thy love unto calamity? Why not
Unfold the rise of days, more worthy
thine

Vol. X.

All glorious burst from ocean? Why not
dart

A beam of hope athwart the future's years?

The contrast between the serene splendour of the sun, descending in his fixed course, and the sanguinary agitations of a great empire, is striking and affecting. The philosophism which this contrast suggests is neither original nor just. Lucan sings as sublimely and as wisely as his Lordship,

Sive parens rerum, cum primum informia
regna,

Materiamque rudem flamma cedente recepit,

Fixit in aeternum causas; qua cuncta
coerces,

Se quoque lege tenens, et secula jussa ferentem

Fatorum immoto divisit limite mundum;
Sive nihil positum est, sed fors incerta vagatur,

Fertque refertque vices, et habent mortalia casum;

Sit subitum quodcumque paras: sit caeca futuri

Mens hominum fati: liceat sperare timenti.

But does not the same sun that portends the death of Sardanapalus, "dart a beam of hope athwart the future's years," for Arbaces his conqueror. The same vision which represents the lifeless corpse of Pompey, on the sands of Nile, assures Caesar of undisputed empire. Good fortune has its omens and precursors, as well as calamity. Hope and joy, too, unborrowed from the sun, gild the life of man. To a pious man we would quote the Bible; to Lord Byron we quote Pope:

Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying
rays,

Those painted clouds that beautify our

Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy.

Sardanapalus, having interposed between Salmenes and Arbaces, who had defied Salmenes, and openly avowed his resolution to "die a king, at least of his own breath and body," acts a part infinitely more ridiculous than the pedant James could have done among a conclave of theologians.

Sal. Peace, factious priest and faithless soldier! thou

Unit'st, in thy own person, the worst vices
Of the most dangerous orders of mankind.
Keep thy smooth words and juggling
homilies,

For those who know thee not. Thy fel-
low's sin

Is at least a bold one, and not tempered
By the tricks taught thee in Chaldea.

Bel. Hear him,
My liege—the son of Belus! he blas-
phemes.

The worship of the land, which bows the
knee

Before your fathers.

Sard. Oh! for that, I pray you
Let him have absolution.

I love to watch them, in the dark blue
vault,
And to compare them with my Myrrha's
eyes;

I love to see their rays redoubled in
The tremulous silver of Euphrates' wave,
As the light breeze of midnight crimps
the broad

And rolling water, sighing through the
sedges

Which fringe his banks: but whether
they may be

Gods, as some say, or the abodes of gods,
As others hold, or simply lamps of night,
Worlds, or the lights of worlds, I know
nor care not.

I see their brilliancy, and feel their beauty;
When they shine on my grave, I shall
know neither.

Bel. For neither, Sire, say better.

Sard. I will wait,
If it so please you, pontiff, for that
knowledge.

The same sapient bacchanalian re-
torts upon the priest,

That's a good sentence for a homily,
Though not for this occasion.

Arbaces is quite overpowered by the
magnanimity of *Sardanapalus*, but is
again excited to treason by the priest,
and talks of the bloody policy of *orient*
monarchs. Surely they are not orient
to their subjects. The king again
concludes this act in "colloquy sub-
lime," with *Myrrha* on storms, reli-
gion, treason, revenge, and love.

In the third act, *Sardanapalus* talks
in this intelligible style:

What is it that we seek?

Enjoyment. We have cut the way short
to it,

And not gone tracking it through human
ashes,

Making a grave with every footstep.

Graves are made with footsteps! and
in the ashes of those who are to be
buried! Is it for poetry like this
that even a Peer of Parliament can
call Pope his friend, and talk of the
persecutions of Grub-street?

The generous sensualist next suf-
fers himself to be worshipped, and
after a peal of thunder, and some gen-
tle remonstrances from *Myrrha*, he
says, in the spirit of a modern poet,

But arise, my pious friend;
Hoard your devotion for the thunderer
there.

I seek but to be loved, not worshipped.

The quibbling with which the noble
poet follows this up, he must think
clever and witty, or we should not
have it so frequently repeated, yet is
it nothing but the veriest ribaldry of
infidelity, ill at ease.

Sard. Methinks the thunders still in-
crease: it is
An awful night.

Myrr. Oh! yes, for those who have
No place to protect their worshippers.

Sard. That's true, my *Myrrha*; and
could I convert

My realm to one wide shelter for the
wretched,

I'd do it. (*Bravo, Sardy! That's a good
fellow.*)

Myrr. Thou'rt no god, then, not to be
Able to work a will so good and general,
As thy wish would imply.

Sard. And your gods, then,
Who can, and do not?

Myrr. Do not speak of that,
Lest we provoke them.

Sard. True, they love not censure
Better than mortals.

All this is represented as the exu-
berant enjoyment of the bacchanal-
ian banquet. Milton more correctly
consigns such discussions to a party
of the damned. But his Lordship
has not read Milton since he was
twenty.

The banquet and the divine dis-
course are suddenly terminated, by
the arrival of tidings, that the par-
doned Satraps are engaged in hot
conflict with *Salemenes*, and that
the king's presence is required in-
stantly on the field of action. The
king, of course, is all ardour, and
intrepidity, and heroic resolution—
for that is the way to be wonderful.
With no regard to personal safety,
he arms himself, yet, when eagerly
sallying forth, he stops, and calls,

Sard.—I had forgotten—bring the mirror.

Sfero. The mirror, Sir?

Sard. Yes, Sir, of polished brass, brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy—(*Looking at himself.*)

This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,

And the helm not at all. Methinks I seem passing well in these toys; and now to prove them.

Myrrha, embrace me; yet once more—once more—

Love me, whate'er betide.

This is mightily fantastical; the satirical mention of Otho by Juvenal was no doubt supposed, by our author, to warrant this nonsense; but he has only proved himself ignorant of Juvenal, of the character of Otho, and of human nature. The satyrist brands the grave impostors, who would seem severe and moral, but are, in fact, effeminate and luxurious; and as one of this class he describes Otho, whom he reproaches at once for cowardice and infamy. That this was the object of the lines,

Ille tenet speculum pathici gestamen Othonis,

Actoris Arunci spoliū, quo se ille videbat Armatum, cum jam tolli vexilla juberet—

is manifest from the fact, that Otho never did proceed armed to a field of battle. In a cowardly buffoon, the conduct would be natural; in Lord Byron's Sardanapalus it is monstrous absurdity.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

The champion of Pope writes—

"Can I do less than *him*,
Who never fleshed a scimitar till now?"

The king, who never fleshed a scimitar before, drives his enemies to a retreat, too rapid for his pursuit, and, on his return to his palace, of course, refuses to rest upon his throne, or to drink aught but water.

Where's the soldier
Who gave me water in his helmet?

Slain, Sir!

An arrow pierced his brain, while, scattering

The last drops from his helm, he stood in act

To place it on his brows.

Myrrha is not less fantastical, unreal, uninteresting to the human

heart, than is the hero; yet the following description of her appearance, urging on the troops, is vivid and distinct beyond all painting:—

Sard. You see this night Made warriors of more than us. I paused To look upon her, and her kindled cheek, Her large black eyes, that flashed through her long hair

As it streamed o'er her; her blue veins that rose

Along her most transparent brow; her nostril

Dilated from its symmetry; her lips Apart; her voice, that clove through all the din,

As a lute's pierceth through the cymbal's clash,

Jarred, but not drowned, by the loud bratling; her

Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born whiteness

Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up

From a dead soldier's grasp: all these things made

Her seem unto the troops a prophetess Of victory, or Victory herself, Come down to hail us her's.

The third act closes with the third pamby-nambyism of Sardanapalus and *Myrrha*. The fourth opens with the lullaby of the Greek girl over the hero; and then we are favoured with the hero's dream, terrible, no doubt, to him, as tedious to us. It will never rival "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence's dream." "While no cause for alarm, much less for despair, appears, the zealot of the "unities" finds it necessary to get the queen and her children removed from Nineveh. An interview is contrived between the king and queen, which, in all its circumstances, is more revolting to every reader of sound mind and manly feeling, than nature could ever warrant, even in its lowest depravity. He, the amiable and the brave, tells his wife—

"Our hearts are not in our own power."

She is all affection and devotion to the sole object of her love. He feels his former love revive, and her brother is obliged to force her out of her husband's presence in a state of insensibility. *Myrrha* enters, and is received with harshness; but soon the monarch sings:—

I thought to have made my realm a paradise,
 And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.
 I took the rabble's shouts for love—their breath
 Of friends for truth—the lips of woman
 for
 My only guerdon—so they are, my
 Myrrha: * [He kisses her.
 Kiss me. Now let them take my realm
 and life!

Salemenes brings information that the rebels are in arms again, and with increased numbers. The Asiatic Otho cannot endure delay, but determines on an immediate onset. The fourth act ends with—

“Ho, my arms! again, my arms!”

The opening of the fifth act is extremely characteristic of his Lordship's genius. Myrrha, at a window, celebrates the glories of the rising sun.

It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,

And blends itself into the soul, until
 Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
 Of sorrow and of love; which they who
 mark not,

Know not the realms where those twin
 genii

(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
 So that we would not change their sweet
 rebukes

For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
 The air with clamour,) build the palaces,
 Where their fond votaries repose and
 breathe

Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm-
 hale, &c. &c.

Lord Byron deals perpetually in muddy dilutions of this sort, and presents them with the confident air of one who monopolized the profound and pure fountain whence the chorus of old derived their inspiring draughts. His Lordship's resource is not a deep or a perennial fountain, but a gloomy pond, created by passing showers. To this he applies his poetical pump: the first draught is dark and turbid water—the next is fluent mud—the third is air, sonorous, deep, and portentous, as Kean's interjections—but more air—*vox et preterea nihil*. Salemenes is carried from the field, mortally wounded, and lives only till the king returns utterly discomfited. In strict imitation of Otho,

Sardanapalus loads his faithful slaves with his treasure before he quits his empire and his life. There is a great deal of idle prattle between the king and his Ionian before they wind up the last scene, yet the words of Sardanapalus, as he mounts the pile, are affecting:—

Adieu, Assyria!

I lov'd thee well, my own, my father's
 land,

And better as my country than my kingdom.

I satiated thee with peace and joys; and
 this

Is my reward! and now I owe thee no-
 thing,

Not even a grave.

The whole of this tragedy occupies but a few hours, and the unchanged scene is the royal palace; yet it owes its interest, such as it is, more to incident of action than to intensity of pathos. To crowd so many, such important, and such eventful incidents, into the space of a few hours, is a far more presumptuous demand upon our credulity, than to shift the scene from India to Europe, or to interpose years between the first and the fifth act. But Lord Byron, and “the more civilized parts of the world,” think otherwise, and Shakespeare must find admirers for his drama in the lower orders of Grubstreet.

But we quarrel more seriously with Lord Byron for his representations of character. His Lordship seems to us as incapable of “holding the mirror up to nature,” as a jaundiced eye of discerning colours. His peculiar feelings, views, and opinions, may be eloquently, powerfully, tragically, described; but this is to represent Lord Byron, not human nature. “The composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.” We will go farther, and say, that the writer of tragedies must limit his representations to the average of human nature, and not make a monster the claimant of sympathies which he can never obtain. *Polyphemus* is not a fit hero for the drama. If, then, Lord Byron could edit chapter and verse of his most authentic histories for his delineations, he would advance not one step in reconciling us to his pictures, or in

exciting our sympathies for his characters. It is not the forced and artificial human nature of insulated and unparalleled circumstances that can engage our attention and our sympathies. "The proper study of mankind is man." But neither history nor nature admits the possibility of one solitary instance of a *Satanapalus* or a *Myrrha*.

The sensualist never thinks of others, but as either contributing or retarding his favourite gratifications. The bravest, most generous, most magnanimous, of men, have occasionally surrendered themselves to the entire dominion of sensual enjoyment; but they are not, therefore, to be styled sensualists, more than men who bathe occasionally in the sea are to be called fishes. But the sensualist is incapable of one start of humane sympathy, one impulse of generosity, one act of magnanimity. Otho was gay, profuse, and passionately dissipated in his youth; but it seems probable that he was the victim of Nero's friendship, and Poppæa's artifices. When removed from their society, his natural temper may be supposed to have prevailed. *Provincia Lusitania præficatur. Ubi usque ad civilia arma, non ex priore infamia, sed integre sancteque egit, procax otii, et potestatis temperantior.* Disappointment of his natural and reasonable ambition to be chosen the associate and successor of the old and unpopular Galba, stimulated him to lend himself to the sanguinary massacres which opened him a clear course to empire. His march from Rome, to meet the army of Vitellius, was worthy of a warrior. *Nec illi segne aut corruptum laeu iter. sed lorica ferrea, usus, et ante signa pedester, horridus, incomtus, fumæque dissimilis.* He was ruined by evil counsellors. With the precipitation of ignorance, Titianus and Proculus put all to instant peril against the sage counsels of Suetonius Paulinus and Marius Celsus. The same pernicious advisers dissuaded the emperor from taking part personally in the action. When the disastrous result was known, Otho, probably stung by remorse for his fatal compliance with evil counsels, and averse to prolonged bloodshed, withdrew from mortal

conflicts, but unaccompanied by a female slave. He was a nice, particular, good-looking, finical coxcomb—but a Roman. He loved ease and a smooth skin; disliked bloodshed, as an unmannerly sort of thing, rather than as a source of distress and misery to others; and valued life only as a gentlemanly amusement. So much for the character which my Lord has so absurdly caricatured.

Not less unreal is his character of Myrrha. An accomplished, passionate, spirited courtesan, may undoubtedly brave death in defence of her paramour, but she will fondly and sweetly mount the funeral pile, solely because she cannot survive him, or for the sake of letting their ashes embrace—she will do this only in the fictions of Lord Byron, whose mistresses are all fidelity, and whose unfaithful married ladies are most fondly attached to their adulterers. We prefer the touches of a different sort of limner. *Famæ nunquam perperit, maritos et adulteros non distinguens: neque affectui suo, aut alieno obnoxia.*

The Foscari was written, we presume, for the sake of one expression, "Rome of the Ocean;" and that expression was written for the sake of a long note against all his assailants. It is true, that this *soi-disant* tragedy occupies a respectable part of the volume; and true it is, that the prose history of the transaction fills up twenty pages in the appendix. By this means his Lordship ekes out a volume; and, moreover, creates a title for modestly comparing his *Don Juan* to Tasso's *Jerusalem*! "Whilst I have been occupied in, defending Pope's character, the lower orders of Grub-street appear to have been assailing mine: this is as it should be, both in them and in me." 'Tis is a very laudable spirit of martyrdom. Dr Beattie congratulated himself in similar terms, on his martyrological afflictions, in defending the church against dangers which he had not understood, and by weapons which he could not use. We once saw a conceited, but not unchivalrous nianikin, attempting to carry a huge housekeeper across a stream. He tottered, waddled, and fell flat on his face. The lady was not drown-

ed, and he was only thoroughly wasted. His Lordship alludes but to one nameless epistle, which is said to contain such senseless charges, that it really seems to have been written by some crazy admirer of his Lordship, by way of showing that the splendour of his writings leaves no resource to his enemies but to invent the most wild and contemptible calumnies. His Lordship denies that he wrote the notes to "Queen Mab," and pronounces the poem "a work of great power and imagination." With this we have no quarrel. There is then a fierce and furious attack upon Mr Southey. Why is this honest, but inconsistent visionary, so bitterly hated by Lord Byron? The first attack was by his Lordship, who versified thus:

Not so with us, though minor bards content,

On one great work a life of labour spent :
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey * rise !
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso, yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.

Mr Southey undoubtedly believes that the French revolution was produced by irreverent writings. We question not the sincerity of his faith, though it may not, perhaps, be exactly adapted to evidence. We are disposed to agree with Lord Byron, that acts, on the part of the government, produced the revolution ; and we think, that writings, seditious or blasphemous, are chiefly dangerous, by provoking a weak and jealous government to use harsh, unpopular, and irritative means of counteracting their ideal effects. But

* *Quid ridet ? mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

¶ Since the above was written, we have seen Mr Southey's reply to the charge brought against him by Lord Byron. It first appeared in an evening paper. The Laureate's Letter is smart, twitching, and, in one place, exceedingly eloquent. Lord Byron should not provoke such bitter retorts. We wonder much what answer his Lordship will give to the circumstance of his name (together with those of some others) being inscribed in an Album, with appended avowal of Atheism, in

no writings ever excited any government so violently as Mr Southey's have excited Lord Byron. His Lordship plies the hatchet without trial, moderation, or mercy.

Cain is called the greatest effort of Lord Byron's brain, probably because it might, could, would, or should be so. It is a most repulsive poem ; full of unnatural incidents, perverse and unkindly feelings, metaphysical disquisitions, as unphilosophical as they are unscriptural and offensive. If there be any poetry in the piece to atone for such deformities, we have not found it. Tell you this poetry dramatic or mysterious ?

Adam. Son Cain, my first-born,
wherefore art thou silent ?

Cain. Why should I speak ?

Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not prayed ?

Adam. We have most fervently.

Cain. And loudly : I have heard you.

Adam. So will God, I trust.

Abel. Amen !

Adam. But thou, my eldest born, art silent still.

Cain. 'Tis better I should be so.

Adam. Wherefore so ?

Cain. I have nought to ask.

Adam. Nor aught to thank for ?

Cain. No.

Adam. Dost thou not live ?

Cain. Must I not die ?

This appears to us as ungracious in poetry as in morals. It is a disgusting exhibition of vulgar insolence in a son towards his parent, which would, in any station of life, demand the promptest chastisement. The following soliloquy of his Lordship's hero is perverse and unnatural, without the merit of being either original or striking.

Cain. (*solus.*) And this is Life ! Toil ! and wherefore should I toil ?
be used

My father could not keep his place in Eden.

What had I done in this ?—I was unborn, I sought not to be born. Why did he Yield to the serpent and the woman ? or, Yielding, why suffer ? What was there in this ?

One answer to all questions, "'twas his will,

And he is good." How know I that ?
Because

He is All powerful, must All good, too, follow ?

I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter.

Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.

Lucifer presents himself to this profound reasoner, and then follows a dialogue infinitely unworthy of the first Rebel in heaven, and the first Murderer on earth. If the noble author had read Milton since the age of twenty, he would never have attempted, or at least never published such a tissue of ignorance and vanity, of pretension and contradiction. Cain, ignorant of his immortality, says,

I live,

But live to die : and living, see nothing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,

A loathsome and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

This, in our apprehension, is sheer nonsense. The clinging to life is the love of life. If the evils of life become so great as to make it hateful, death presents itself at once to the mind as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Shakespeare knew human nature much better than Lord Byron :—

But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

An old Roman never hesitated to quit life when it became hateful. The clinging to life, however varied or modified, was always felt and considered by them a love of something in life. *Transisse vitam æque aliud quam morte dæus querendum* was always ground sufficient for “hugging death as a bride.” A poet, who himself shewed a disgraceful clinging to a loathsome life, sings rightly,

—longæ (cunitis si cognita) vitæ
Mors mediæ. Et. Certe populi, quos despicit Arctos,
Felicis errore suo, quos, ille timorū
Maximus, haud urguet leti metus.

To the conference of the fiend and the murderer, *Adah*, the latter's wife is at length introduced ; and to her the smooth and honeyed Satan of Milton is made to say,

Higher things than ye are slaves : and higher
Than them or ye would be so, did they not
Prefer an independency of torture
To the smooth agonies of adulation
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking prayers,
To that which is omnipotent, and not from love,
But terror and self hope.

His Lordship must be no believer in the existence of the Devil, or he surely would not have thought it prudent to make him speak in blank verse, which rattles along like a coal-waggon. *Adah* says, in words superlatively watery :

They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou.
Thou seem'st unhappy ; do not make us so,
And I will weep for thee.

That's a good child, now. Eat your bread and butter, and I'll give you a kiss. *Lucifer* leads Cain away bodily into the abyss of space, and leaves *Adah* exclaiming, “Cain, my brother! Cain!” This is a very gross and senseless piece of machinery. Carry the human body, such as we know it, through infinite space, and you extinguish all sublimity of emotion, as much as when you sing of a man tossed in a blanket. Flesh and bones must have standing ground. If poetry be permitted to convey us through mid air, it is quite indispensable to let us bait in the moon, or any other favourite planet of the poet's. Yet this machinery, clumsy as it is, is not original ; for Mr Hogg, in his “*Pilgrims of the Sun*,” sets his Mary Lee a swinging through “the abyss of space.” The poem is dedicated to his Lordship, and, therefore, if he is not indebted to it, he ought to be. For the Ettrick-Shepherd, it must be admitted, that, besides the merit of originality, he has also the merit of selecting a *lady*. Now this class of corporeal beings are not only styled angels, but they really possess so much spirit, and such slender shapes—so much fantasy, airiness,

and unearthly aptitudes, that your imagination can be, without much violence, persuaded of their aerial flights. Mr Shelly most judiciously improves; however, upon this theory, for he chooses for his voyager the spirit of a sleeping beauty. Lord Byron read and admired Queen Mab. How could he afterwards write the dreary folly which forms the second act of this Mystery? "Hath not my Lord eyes?"—"Look on this picture, and on this." Of Paradise Cain says,

As we move,
Like sunbeams onward, it grows small
and smaller,
And as it waxes little, and then less,
Gathers a halo round it, like the light
Which shone the roundest of the stars,
when I
Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:
Methinks they both, as we recede from
them,
Appear to join the innumerable stars
Which are around us.

Let us now hear Mr Shelly,

The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountains' loftiest
peak,
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark
brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea,
Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous ocean lay.

This is indeed musical as is Apollo's lute; but once more let us contrast. The most celebrated passage in Cain is the following:

Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! What are ye?
What
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of
Eden?
Is your course measured for you? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to
think,
Intoxicated with eternity?

My thoughts are not in this hour
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is.
We cannot see any worthiness of
such a sight in the above thoughts.
Παυτα κοις, παυτα γελας, και παυτα
ταρηνειν. But Mr Shelly will make
our meaning more intelligible, and
perhaps more convincing.

The Fairy and the Spirit
Approached the overhanging battlement—

Below lay stretch'd the universe!
There, far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's flight,
Countless and unending orbs
In mazy motion intermingled,
Yet still fulfilled immutably
Eternal Nature's law:
Above, below, around
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony;
Each with undeviating aim,
In eloquent silence, through the depth
of space
Pursued its wondrous way.

The Spirit seem'd to stand
High on an isolated pinnacle;
The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded uni-
verse;
Above, and all around;
Nature's unchanging harmony.

Let Lord Byron be assured, that it is not sufficient for him to praise poetry like this; he must imitate its Miltonic sublimity, its exquisite mellifluousness, and its elaborate accuracy. We strongly recommend to him to follow the example of an unsuccessful singer of blank verse, in other times.

Ergo omni cura vires exerceat, et inter
Dura jacet pernox instrato saxa cubili.
—ventosque lacessit
Ictibus, et sparsa ad pugnam proludit
arena.

The sally into utter darkness by the amiable travellers is too ridiculous for remark. It would have been a much fitter contrivance to have directed them both to lie flat with their faces to the earth, pressing their eyelids hard with their middle-fingers, and then rehearsing, in harsh lines of seeming verse, the wonderful apparitions of their inward eyes.

The spirit of this Mystery, so far as respects the attributes and moral government of a Deity, is most execrable. The Devil and the Mur-

derer are thought, by the writer, clever; beyond all parallel or comparison, in ridiculing the goodness of God, and the devotions of men. The writer is mistaken. The most ignorant and the most vicious of mankind are capable of such sublime soarings. There is neither novelty, nor wit, nor spirit in them. Profaneness and obscenity have ever been the resources of shallow would-be wits. There is nothing easier than to shock modest and pious delicacy; but there is nothing more vulgar, or more cruel. If Lord Byron thinks himself original in these hackneyed walks, he ought to be informed of his error. If he imagines that he has genius enough to rescue them from the contempt and disgust with which mankind have agreed to regard them, he ought to be told, that he knows not himself, and that he egregiously over-rates his own powers. With reference to the belief in the existence of God, and in his government of the world, we would recommend to Lord Byron's careful consideration Dean Swift's well-warranted sneer at the wittings who perpetually drivelled out their essays against Christianity:

"If Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject, so calculated, in all points, whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invective against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine, or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! It is the wise choice of a subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer."

If Lord Byron is not provided with any system of theology which can satisfy his active mind, let him not molest the faith or the feelings of those who believe and rejoice. If he is not satisfied with his lot in marriage, let him not libel all married women. We can inform him, and we hope he will find it true ere long, that his misconduct in both these respects proceeds from an evil conscience. He hates theology and marriage from the same cause which prompted Domitian's hatred of Agricola. *Proprium*

*humani ingenii est, odisse quam la-
seris.* One who has thoroughly con-
vinced himself of the falsehood and
futility of all creeds and solemnities,
must feel no disposition, and
no energy, to examine the merits or
question the effects of any

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita
tenere*

*Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque
videre*

*Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere
vitæ.*

A philosopher may say with reason, that it is only the sectarian, or the proselytizer, who wrangles, cavils, abuses, and inveighs. We are far from sorry that the fine spirit of Lord Byron sleeps not securely in the lap of infidelity; we regard it rather as a hopeful symptom of future piety; and we only lament that his Lordship should rashly publish to the world those quibbling attacks upon religion, which all men of sense must despise, which all men of taste dislike, and which his Lordship may soon have the grace to reject as unworthy of his talents.

Lord Byron has talents, and splendid talents; and we therefore lament exceedingly that they are abused, both by precipitancy of publication, and unworthiness of subject. Be it Tragedy, Mystery, or Pilgrimage, Lord Byron cannot fail to delight, by the very highest and tenderest poetry, if he only labour diligently for a due length of time. The obscene effusions of an unguarded moment, would, be expunged with indignation in a far shorter period than nine years. The currish latrations against sacred things would not be endured, after the extravagant fondness of the first invention had subsided. Elegance of thought and language—the sweet and full tone of immortal verse—the point—the felicity—the transporting harmony of the whole, would, at the same time, advance to completion under the sedulous anxiety of ambitious modesty. The verse in Cain, and indeed in the whole of the present volume, is almost as bad as possible. It has not one quality of classical blank verse. But we must now spare his Lordship, our readers, and our-

selves. It is no angry feeling towards Lord Byron which has led us so far. We are sincerely anxious that he would renounce his fantastical dreams, rise, and be himself again. Let him recollect the fate of Churchill.

If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,

"Twas negligence in him, not want of worth!

Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force;
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit:
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Illustrations of Shakespeare are at this time in course of publication, from pictures painted expressly by Robt. Smirke, Esq. R.A. and engraved in the finest style by the most eminent historical engravers. The editions having for the most part been published without embellishments, or encumbered with engravings so indifferent, as to make their possessors consider them "when so adorned, adorned the least:" it is to supply such editions that the present work has been undertaken. Each play will furnish subjects for five elegant engravings, in addition to a vignette: the aggregate number, therefore, of the plates will be two hundred and twenty-two.

In the press, a Tour through Belgium, by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, embellished with plates after drawings by his accomplished Duchess.

The Miscellaneous Tracts of the late W. Withering, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. with a Memoir of the Author, by W. Withering, Esq. F.L.S. &c. &c. embellished with a portrait of Dr Withering, in 2 vols. 8vo. are nearly ready.

The Miscellaneous Works of Henry Grattan are preparing for publication in one volume, 8vo.

Mr Campbell having finished his Survey of the Districts in Ireland and Scotland, which were the scenes of the events in Ossian, will immediately put to press an edition of those Poems, with notes, illustrations, additions, and improvements.

Mr Pearson, F.R.S. F.L.S. M.R.I. will shortly publish the Life of William Hey, F.R.S. late Senior Surgeon of the General Infirmary at Leeds.

Dr J. C. Fritchard, F.L.S. &c. has ready for publication a Treatise on the Diseases of the Nervous System, Vol. I. comprising convulsive and maniacal affections. The design of this work is to illustrate, by numerous cases of epilepsy, chorea, and the different forms of

paralysis; the connection between affections of this class and a variety of disorders.

Dr Forbes is preparing a Translation of a treatise on the diseases of the Chest, in which they are described according to their anatomical characters, and their diagnoses, established on a new principle, by means of acoustic instruments.

An edition is printing in London, with certain national variations, of the celebrated *Leçons Françaises*, which Messrs Noel and La Place recently prepared for the schools and universities of France, and which has received the highest sanctions in France. The Paris edition is in two volumes octavo; but the London one will, with a view to economy, be printed in one duodecimo.

The great French work on Egypt is to be continued under the sanction of the King of France, and agents are appointed in London to receive subscriptions for twenty-five monthly volumes of text, at 7s. 6d., and for 180 parts, of five plates, at 12s. 6d.

Early in the ensuing month will be published, *Conversations on Mineralogy*, with plates engraved by Mr Lowry, in 12mo.

Miss Opie has in the press, *Madeline*, a tale, in two vols.

The New Society of Practical Medicine of London intend to publish quarterly a report of their Transactions, with original communications, &c. in which practice will be preferred to theory.

An Atlas of Ancient Geography, by S. Butler, D.D. author of *Modern and Ancient Geography*, also an Atlas of Modern Geography, by the same, are in considerable forwardness.

Mr Thomas Gill, Chairman of the Committee of Mechanics, in the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, Adelpbi, is about to commence a Technical Repository; containing practical information on sub-

jects connected with discoveries and improvements in the useful arts.

Miss Spence will shortly publish a new work, entitled *Old Stories*, in 3 volumes.

The Rev. Joshua Marsden, author of the *Amusements of a Mission*, has nearly ready for publication, *Forest Musings*; or, *Delineations of Christian Experience*, in verse; to which are prefixed *Sketches of the early life of the author*, with a portrait.

Mr Booth's Letter to Mr Malthus, on the subject of Population, will be published in the course of the ensuing month.

A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste, is in preparation, by M. McDermot, author of a Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, on his two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in vindication of the Defence of the Poetical Character of Pope.

Part 8, of *Views in Paris and its environs*, engraved from drawings by Frederick Nash, is in great forwardness.

Mr Britton's *History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral*, consisting of 26 engravings, by J. Le Keux, &c. and an ample portion of letter-press, will be finished in March next. About the same time will be completed the fifth volume of the *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*.

The *Genuine Remains*, in prose and verse, of Samuel Butler, with notes by Robert Thyer, are preparing for publication. This edition will comprise many original pieces never before published; and will be carefully revised, with additional notes and illustrations, forming 2 vols. 8vo. It will be embellished with a portrait of Butler, from the original picture by Sir P. Lely, and a portrait of Thyer, from a painting by Romney, with numerous vignettes on wood, from original designs.

A work called *Stories after Nature*, is in the press, in one volume.

The Rev. Russell Scott has in the press an Analytical Investigation of the Language of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, concerning a Devil; delivered in a Series of Lectures at Portsmouth, during the last winter.

The Rev. Thomas Finch, of Harlow, has in the press, *Elements of Self-Knowledge*, or a Familiar Introduction to Moral Philosophy, principally adapted to young persons entering into active life.

Miss Hill, author of *The Poet's Child*, has in the press. *Constance*, a tale.

Tasso, *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, 48mo. is printing, by Corral, uniformly with Horace, Virgil, and Cicero de Officiis, &c. recently published.

In the press, *Cases illustrative of the*

treatment of Diseases of the Ear, with practical remarks relative to the Deaf and Dumb, by John Harrison Curtis, Aurist to the King, &c.

Speedily will be published; *Instructions for Civil and Military Surveyors*, in *Topographical Plan Drawing*: forming a Guide to the just conception and accurate representation of the surface of the earth, in Maps and Plans. Founded upon the system of Major John George Lehmann, by William Siborn, Lieut. H. P. 9th Infantry. The plates will be engraved by Lowry.

Mr J. R. Bryce is printing a second edition of the *Elements of Latin Prosody*, with considerable improvements.

Dr Wilson Philip has just ready for publication, a second edition of his *Treatise on Indigestion*, and some additional observations.

Mr Mackenzie, author of the *Thousand Experiments*, is preparing *First Lines of the Science of Chemistry*, for the use of Students, with engravings.

On the 1st of February will be published, handsomely printed, in royal quarto, and dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, a *Celestial Atlas*, comprising projections of the planispheres, and particular constructions of the Signs of the Zodiac, and the Constellations in each hemisphere, exactly as they appear in the heavens, in a series of thirty beautifully-engraved maps, which are illustrated by scientific descriptions of their contents, and by catalogues of the stars, from the first to the sixth magnitude, by Alexander Jamieson, A.M.

Mr Robert Stevens, of Lloyds', is about to put to press a fourth, and improved edition of his *Essay on Average*, and on other subjects connected with the contract of Marine Insurance, to which will be added the practice and law of mercantile arbitrations. It is not his intention to proceed at present with his proposed work on the *Practice of Lloyds'*.

A *Mother's Portrait*, sketched soon after her decease, for the study of her children, by their surviving parent, is preparing for publication.

Proofs and Illustrations of the Principles of Population, by Mr Francis Place, are preparing for publication.

The Rev. J. Dakins, Editor of a Selection of Tillotson's Sermons, in two volumes, just published, has in the press, a second Edition of his *Selection of Beveridge's Sermons*, which will appear in February.

The *Chronology of the last Fifty Years*, including the year 1821, will be published on the 5th of January.

In a few days will be published in 8vo.

the second edition of *Views of America*, in a Series of Letters from that country, to a Friend in England, during 1818-19-20; by Mrs Frances Wright.

Doctor Roehke will publish, on the 1st of February next, the first number (containing fourteen songs) of a New Series of Ancient Irish Melodies, with appropriate words, and accompaniments for the Piano Forte, &c.

Mr W. H. Ireland will shortly publish France for the last Seven Years, containing many facts, and much valuable information hitherto unknown, with anecdotes, *jeux d'esprits*, &c., &c.

EDINBURGH.

A new Novel, entitled "*The Fortunes of Nigel*," by the Author of "*Waverley*," "*Kenilworth*," &c. is at press, and will appear soon.

Speedily will be published, in 12mo. price 4s. 6d. bds., corrected and checked by several eminent accountants, *Tables of Interest*, at 3½ per cent. From £.1 to £.10,000, and from 1 to 365 days, in a regular progression of single days.

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ticularly intended for the benefit of the manufacturing districts throughout the West of Scotland; with Engravings of Plans and Elevations for Cottages; by Robert Hamilton

In the press—A Dissertation on the Eternal Sonship of Christ. By James Kidd, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages, Marischal College, Aberdeen. In one volume, 8vo. price 7s. 6d. in boards.

Mr J. R. Bryce has in the press, a second edition of the *Elements of Latin Prosody*, with considerable improvements. The first edition of this work, published last year, has obtained the approbation of some of the most distinguished scholars and teachers of the day. The author has spared neither time nor pains upon it, as will appear from the fact, that in 48 duodecimo pages, there are contained a system of rules for the quantity of syllables; comprising almost every fact noticed by the most voluminous writers; an accurate description of about forty kinds of verses in use among the Latin poets, and an account of Poetic Licence: the whole illustrated by numerous notes, in which there will be found, not only many practical observations of importance, but several interesting philological and critical discussions.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Architectural Antiquities of Rome, in 130 engravings, of Views, Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Ancient Edifices in that City; with Historical, Descriptive, and Critical Accounts of the Style, Character, Construction, and Peculiarities of each. By G. L. Taylor and Edward Cressy, Architects: to consist of 12 Numbers, imperial folio, £.1.11.6d. each, India paper £.2.2s.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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Baldwyn's Catalogue of Second-hand Books, in every Branch of Literature, 1s. 6d.

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Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri; by Charles Lloyd, 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

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A Natural Arrangement of British Plants, according to their relations to each other, as pointed out by Jussieu and others, including those cultivated for use, with their Characters, &c. with an Introduction to Botany. By Samuel Frederick Gray, with 21 plates, 2 vols. 8vo. £2.2s. bds.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The difference between the King and the Chamber of Deputies, noticed in our last Number, has issued in the formation of a new Ministry, to which measure, we are told, the King was extremely averse; inasmuch, that when its necessity was passed upon him, he is said to have consented and retracted several times, before he finally gave it his sanction. The late Ministry seem to have been equally unwilling to leave their places. In a discussion which took place in the Chamber on Saturday the 8th December, the subject to be debated was the liberty of the press, and the propriety of a censorship; in place of which, however, the more interesting question, namely, that relating to the stability of the Administration, was entered into; and in reply to some attacks from the Opposition, the Keeper of the Seals, after expressing doubts as to his having lost the good opinion of the Chamber, plainly told them

that, even if this were the case, so long as he enjoyed the confidence of the King, he saw no reason why he should retire from the management of affairs. "This," he observed, "would not be a sufficient reason for the Ministers to ask the King to place confidence in other hands." Notwithstanding this tenacity, however, on the part of Ministers, the following new arrangements were announced in a Royal Ordinance, published in the *Moniteur* of the 15th:—"Louis, by the grace of God, &c. We have ordered, and do order as follows:—The Sieur Peyronnet, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, is appointed Minister Secretary of State for the department of Justice and Keeper of the Seals. Viscount Montmorency, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the department of Foreign Affairs. Marshal the Duke of Belluno, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the department of War. The Sieur Corbiere, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, Minister Se-

cretary of State for the department of the Interior. The Marquis de Clermont Tonnerre, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the department of the Marine. The Sieur de Villele, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, Minister Secretary of State for the department of Finance. Our Minister Secretary of State for the department of our household is charged with the execution of the present ordinance. Given at Paris, from the castle of the Thuilleries, December 14, in the year of grace 1821, and the 27th of our reign. LOUIS."

This, we are told, is the first Ministry, since the restoration of Louis, in the selection of which the public has had any share; the others having been the offspring of foreign influence, private attachment, or a miserable temporising court policy. The first act of the new ministry was to withdraw the obnoxious law regarding the censorship of the press; but this seems only to have been done for the purpose of introducing another equally at variance with the constitutional charter. This new project, which was submitted to the Chamber on the 2d instant, contains the following provisions:—

Art. 1. No journals, except those which at present exist, can henceforth appear without the authority of Government.—Art. 2. The offences of the journals against individuals will be prosecuted in the ordinary manner.—Art. 3. In case the spirit or general tendency of any journal or periodical writing shall be of a nature to injure the public peace, or the respect due to the religion of the state, or to the other religions recognized in France, or the authority of the King, or the stability of constitutional institutions, the royal courts, within the range of whose jurisdiction these journals are published, shall have the power, in a solemn audience, to suspend the said journals, or even to suppress them.—Art. 4. If, in the interval of the Session of the Chambers, grave circumstances should momentarily render insufficient the measures of guarantee and repression at present established, the censorship shall be immediately restored to activity, in virtue of a royal ordinance, countersigned by three Ministers.—Art. 5. Enacts, that the provisions of the former law, not repealed, shall remain in force.

During the reading of the bill, the Liberals on the left side expressed strong disapprobation; the Ultras on the right only called out "Order."

The only other news of importance from France relates to some acts of insubordination among the military. The

Paris papers of the 28th December, mention a conspiracy against the government, which has been detected at Saumur, a town in the department of the Maine and Loire. Previously to the discovery being made, a dreadful conflagration took place on the 19th, the causes of which were not well ascertained. Five persons lost their lives, and much damage was otherwise sustained. It was on the 23d that intelligence of this plot, which, according to the *Moniteur*, had been some weeks in preparation, was communicated to General Jamain, commandant at Angers, who immediately proceeded towards Saumur with two companies of the 44th regiment. The intention of the conspirators was to obtain possession of the castle of Saumur; but in this they were baffled by the arrest of eight of the principals, who were sub-officers of the school of Saumur. An adjutant, sub-officer of the 44th, and a serjeant-major of the same regiment, were also arrested, who are to be tried before the military tribunals. Another individual (M. Delon) accused of being one of the principal agents, fled on the arrival of the troops. No intimation is given as to the ulterior designs of these conspirators. One of the papers states that this disturbance originated entirely among the pupils of a military school, and that it was suppressed, almost as soon as it broke out, by the pupils of the same school.

The *Moniteur* of the 5th instant gives an account of another conspiracy which had been discovered on the 29th ult., in the garrison of Belfort, which was to have taken effect on the 2d instant, when the tri-coloured flag was to be mounted. Some of the conspirators were arrested; but four of them escaped, in consequence of the treachery of the officer to whose custody they were confided, and who fled along with them.

SPAIN.—The accounts from this country still represent it in a very distracted state. There appears to be in the different provinces organized insurrections against the authority of the Cortes or the King; while these two authorities seem equally at variance with each other. From Madrid, notwithstanding, we are told, that the King's entrance to the capital, on the 4th December, was accompanied by the loud acclamations of the populace. The Ministry, in the mean time, appear equally obnoxious to the Cortes and the people; and conscious of their unpopularity, it is stated in a letter of the 6th December, that they had that morning waited on his Majesty, and tendered their resignations. The King refused to accept them, saying, "I will never con-

sent to deprive myself of the assistance of men who, like you, have lately given so many proofs of devotion to my family, and who have rendered so many services to the State. You may abandon me; but it will never be with my full consent that I shall accept of your resignations. I know the intentions of the faction which has caused the misfortunes of Spain, and which menaces our ill-fated nation with still greater disasters. My revolted subjects conspire against my life, and, like the unfortunate Louis XVI., I am destined to be the second victim of the revolutionists of Europe; but, at least, I will not perish as he did, who has justly been designed the 'Martyr King.' I will meet death, sword in hand, at the head of my guards."

In the Sitting of the Cortes, on the 11th December, that body was occupied in discussing the project of an address to His Majesty, disapproving of the conduct of the Political Chiefs, and Generals-Commandant, who have refused to recognise the authorities nominated by the King; it finally passed the Chamber by a majority of 130 against 48. In the second part of the report of the commission charged to consider his Majesty's message, it is stated that, if disorders mainly arise on the part of the governed, the conduct of the King's ministers may also have a share in producing them; their conduct is severely commented upon, and they are accused of having, at different periods, done every thing to exasperate, instead of calming, the public mind. A committee was appointed to wait upon the King, with this address, for which purpose they went to the palace on the 17th ult.; but not being announced according to the usual forms, his Majesty refused to receive them, and appointed the following day at noon for that purpose. This delay caused some sensation in the capital. The next day the message was properly communicated, and the King, after hearing it read, replied, "The subject is a very grave one; I shall think of it."—What will be the issue of this dispute, it is impossible to conjecture. In some accounts it is stated, to be the only object of the malcontents to remove from Ferdinand his present advisers; while, according to other statements, Mina and Riego have in view the expulsion of the Bourbons, and the establishment of a Federal Republic.

AND RUSSIA.—No hostile yet taken place between about the breach between us; when; and great military preparations are making, with a view to approaching war. Turkey, in

the mean time, in addition to her foreign difficulties, and the rebellion of her Greek subjects, appears to be distracted by domestic broils. The Ministers are said to have no power, the whole management of affairs being committed to Haleb Effendi, the Sultan's favourite, who is obstinate and fanatical to a high degree. "The empire," it is said in one account, "is so ill-directed, so embarrassed within and without, that one might almost doubt whether a war with Russia is necessary to lead it to ruin."

In the last days of November, great excesses appear to have been committed in Constantinople, which, in several instances, ended in the murder of Christians. These excesses are ascribed entirely to the sailors landed from the Turkish fleet which arrived from the Archipelago. They brought thirty Greek vessels in as prizes, and, on their passing Seraglio Point, these barbarians hung each to the yard-arm a number of Greeks, as trophies of victory: the crews were afterwards allowed to go on shore, where they were guilty of the greatest cruelties. Similar scenes have recently been exhibited in Smyrna, and other parts of the Turkish empire. We have also accounts of some dreadful acts of retaliation on the part of the Greeks, on their obtaining possession of the towns of Tripolitza and Navarra. It appears that the Turkish troops in these garrisons surrendered by capitulation; but that the Greeks, regardless of the laws of civilized warfare, no sooner obtained possession, than they barbarously murdered all within their walls, without regard to age or sex. This treacherous conduct is said to have lost them the services and support of a Scottish gentleman, a Mr Gordon, who had some time before attached himself to their cause, having carried with him, from Marseilles, a vessel laden with arms and warlike stores.

A letter of the 3d December contains the following particulars relative to the progress of the Greek cause in other quarters:—

"We have received letters from Calamata of the 10th of November. The affairs of the Greeks appeared to be improving. The senate of Calamata has transferred its sittings to Tripolitza, where it publishes its orders in the form of Senatus Consulta. The troops who were before Tripolitza have marched in considerable force to besiege Patras, while 8000 men had passed the Isthmus of Corinth to attack Chioschid-Pacha, who had been already completely defeated by the Greeks and Suliotas, near the Cinque-Pozzi. Ali Pacha, of Janina, has sent considerable subsidies to the Senate of the

Morea, amounting, it is said, to two millions of sequins. Two Albanian Chiefs were the bearers of the gift, and of a letter of congratulation to the Senate. We are assured that the letter was signed "Constantine." This proceeding on the part of Ali proves that he considers the cause of Greece as victorious. Odysseus (Ulysses) carries on active war against the Turks in Epirus. He has captured several transports destined for the Morea. Ships that arrived this day from Corfu have spread a report that the fortresses of Modon, Coron, and Napoli de Romania, had capitulated. The inhabitants of the Ionian Islands resist the order for disarming them. There have been some skirmishes with the English, and the peasants have occupied the mountains."

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—Calcutta.—Letters from Calcutta mention a splendid entertainment given by Mirza Mendee Alee Khan, the favourite servant of the late King of Oude, to the Europeans and native inhabitants of Futteh-Gurh. There is something novel in a native of India entertaining Europeans, particularly after the custom of his guests, which on this occasion appears to have been studied by the elegant host with great minuteness. The dinner board was covered with the choicest viands, and supplied with the best and rarest wine; after which dancing commenced, and was followed by a brilliant display of fire-works; at the conclusion of these, each European lady was presented by the landlord with a string of pearls and some shawls, and then handed to supper. Although the scene must have been in some degree new to Mirza Mendee, he never appeared at a loss either in address or reply; in short, he seems possessed of those highly-polished manners that even few European noblemen can boast of. The greatest mirth and hilarity prevailed. It is pleasant to see this association between the natives and Europeans resident in India, and we would hope it indicates a disposition on their part to lay aside some of their ridiculous prejudices and customs—a circumstance that may, perhaps, ultimately prove of great advantage to the commercial interest of this country, and ought therefore to be encouraged.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer, dated Camp Sumbhalpoor, July 24th, 1821. "Immediately after I was appointed to the regiment, we were ordered to take the field along with four other regiments, (making together about 8000 men,) against a tribe of outrageous mountaineers, called Koolas, who had made war

against their peaceable neighbours, burnt their villages, murdered all their inhabitants, and plundered the whole of the country. These depredators inhabit a mountainous part of the country, running through the centre of India, from east to west. We had to march upwards of six hundred miles before we got to the point where the attack was to be made; and this was during the worst season of the year that men could be exposed in tents. —The thermometer stood every day in our tent at 110 and 112, and on some days as high as 122; and, when exposed to the sun at noon, it generally stood between 180 and 180. We were absent from our cantonment four months, during which time we were obliged to suffer many deprivations, besides the heat of the weather, such as extreme bad mountainous roads, bad water, and for days together none at all. The mode of fighting we were obliged to adopt, to subdue the enemy, was also very harassing to our men. For three or four days after our arrival in their country, they gave us battle on the plains; but finding themselves so dreadfully cut up, and being able to make no impression upon us, they betook themselves to the recesses of their highest mountains, where we were obliged to follow them, hunt them down, and kill them like so many tigers, as they never would allow themselves to be taken prisoners, while they could keep hold of their bow-and-arrow and battle-axe. At last, after some thousands of them being killed, they accepted our terms of peace, which they had refused several times since the commencement of the campaign. From what I have here stated, you will easily perceive the very harassing nature of the expedition to every one concerned.—Out of four medical men that commenced the campaign, only one survived the excessive fatigue that they were obliged to undergo; so that the whole of the medical charge devolved upon him. His exertions (having at one time upwards of 400 sick in the camp) called forth public thanks of his Excellency the Commandant in Chief.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—On the 5th December, the Session of the Congress was opened at Washington, with a message from President Monroe, which contains a general view of the external and internal relations of the Union, and which is described as satisfactory. With respect to foreign powers, it is, as usual, moderate and pacific in its tone. It is mentioned that the United States have never been

able to conclude a treaty of navigation and commerce either with France or Britain; but that each power pursues its own mode of policy without offence to the other. Some differences have arisen with France, regarding a right claimed by that power to treat with Louisiana, as the most favoured nation, which have not yet been settled, and all negotiations are stated to be suspended for the present. The American navy has been augmented, and the revenue having reached its extreme point of depression, is now stated to be increasing. With regard to South America, it is mentioned that, in the last year, the Independent troops have had such marked and decisive success, as to render it manifest that Spain cannot reduce these colonies by force, and it is intimated, therefore, to be her clear policy to terminate the destructive contest by recognising their independence. It will be one of the objects of the American Government, it is added, to promote this desirable result, by friendly counsel with the Spanish Government. In reference to the measures that have been adopted by the American Government, to effect the abolition of the slave trade, the message states, that "under the flags of the United States, and the sanction of their papers, the trade may be considered to be entirely suppressed; and if any of our citizens are engaged in it, under the flags and papers of other powers, it is only from a respect to the rights of these powers that these offenders are not seized and brought home, to receive the punishment which the laws inflict. If every other power should adopt the same policy, and pursue the same vigorous means for carrying it unto effect, the trade could no longer exist." Most of the other topics alluded to are merely of domestic interest.

CARACAS.—The following intelligence is contained in the *Caracas Gazette* of the 25th October last:—

"Cumana has surrendered to the Patriot forces under General Bermudez. Two days after its capitulation the squadron from Puerto Cabello arrived at the harbour, and being informed of what had occurred, as well as the generosity of the conqueror, desired leave to anchor in the port under a suspension of hostilities. Permission was granted, and the commander of the fleet, with his officers, were permitted to enter the city, where they participated in the joy of the triumph. General Bermudez is said to have covered himself with glory on the occasion, both as to his valour and the generalship he displayed. The congress of the republic of Columbia have elected Simon Bolivar President, and General Santander Vice-

president. The same Gazette contains a law of the general congress of the republic of Columbia, relative to the liberty of the press; the preamble to which states, that the liberty of the press ought to be as free as the faculty of speech itself."

PERU.—On the 25th June, the Chilean squadron, under Lord Cochrane, accompanied by fire-ships and several transports, made an attack on the port of Callao, which surrendered after about three hours' resistance. Three Spanish frigates, one of 42 guns, and the other of 36, two armed brigs, and several merchantmen, fell into his Lordship's possession, with property to a large amount.

MEXICO.—Advices have been received from Mexico to the 13th of October, and from Vera Cruz to the 29th. Their contents are extremely important, since they leave no doubt that the independence of Mexico is fully established, and in the form prescribed by the treaty of Cordova. The liberating army of the Three Guarantees, under the command of Senor Don Augustin de Iturbide, made its entry into the capital of New Spain on the 27th of September. On the same day, under the Presidency of Iturbide, with the title of Generalissimo by sea and land of Mexico, a Regency, composed of five members, was appointed. A Supreme Junta was also created, at which the Bishop of Puebla was declared President. The establishment of the Government was followed by the nomination of the different Ministers and authorities; the oath they were required to take simply pledged them to adhere to the stipulations of the treaty of Cordova. The only spot that still adhered to the mother country was the Castle of St Juan de Ulloa, which commands the city of Vera Cruz, and which was held by a garrison of 300 men only, who were expected to surrender, when called upon to do so, by the Government established at Mexico. General O'Donoju, who has made so conspicuous a figure in the transactions which have preceded the settlement of affairs in New Spain, died in the city of Mexico on the 8th October. The difficulty, therefore, of obtaining a clue to his late conduct in deserting the cause of Spain, and joining the Independents, is much increased. It appears that he was present at, and shared the public entry of Iturbide into Mexico, on the 27th September, and was treated with nearly the same marks of distinction. Various reports of the causes of his death were in circulation at Havannah, some directly ascribing it to poison, and others to indisposition brought on by chagrin.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER—1821.

24.—*Abbey of Lindisferne*.—We learn from Holy Island, that the venerable and celebrated Abbey of Lindisferne is greatly improved, and continues weekly to improve, by the removal of the dilapidated parts of the ruin from the interior of the building, as well as from the outside of its walls, so that the whole pile will soon be seen to much greater advantage than heretofore. Mr Selby, of Swansfield, is indefatigable in personally attending to the daily progress of the improvement.

Acceleration of the Mail.—Agreeably to some new arrangements in the Post-Office department, the London mail arrived in Edinburgh on Tuesday evening the 20th instant, at a few minutes past nine o'clock in the evening, in exactly 49 hours from London. Arrangements are either completed, or in progress, on all the other lines of road, for forwarding the mails at the rate of eight miles per hour, including stoppages.

26.—*Trade with India and China*.—The report of the Lords' Committee on the foreign trade of the country, relative to the trade with the East Indies and China, has been published; also the second Lords' report, which relates to the silk and wine trade. Their Lordships are of opinion, that British merchants ought to be admitted to trade directly with China, under certain limitations; but with regard to the silk and wine trade, they do not suggest any alterations. The reason why they do not recommend a diminution of the duties on French wines is, that, according to the opinion of wine-merchants examined before the Committee, a reduction of duty, and, in consequence, of price, would not occasion any increase of consumption.—This is certainly a new position. We have always thought that the cheapness of an article encouraged its consumption. But this, it seems, is not the case; and it is upon this new theory that we are now to justify the policy of loading French produce with such enormous duties in comparison with those of Portugal, and limiting, in consequence, the sale of our own manufactures in the markets of that extensive country.

Actions against the late Beacon newspaper.—Two actions were recently commenced by James Gibson, Esq. W.S.—the one against Douglas Cheape, Esq. Advocate, as the author of certain libels on his character, or, oppo. or other of them, as one of the proprietors, and as editor of the *Beacon*, and Mr Duncan Stevenson, as

printer, concluding for £5000 as damages, &c.—and the other against eight individuals, subscribers to a bond of credit for the *Beacon*, as supporters of that paper by contribution and otherwise; which action concludes for £10,000, in name of damages, &c. On Thursday, the 6th instant, the action against Mr Cheape and Mr Stevenson appeared in the rolls of Lord Alloway, Ordinary. Mr Moncrieff for the pursuer, Mr Macneil for Mr Stevenson, and Mr More for Mr Cheape, having been heard, the Lord Ordinary found the action relevant, and remitted the cause to the Jury Court. A very long pleading followed in Mr Gibson's action against the subscribers to a bond of credit for the *Beacon*. Mr Thomas Thomson, and Mr J. H. Mackenzie appeared for the defenders, and Mr George Cranstoun and Mr Moncrieff for Mr Gibson. The debate continued until the Court adjourned, and the following morning his Lordship pronounced his decision, finding the action relevant, and made the usual remit to the Jury Court.

On Friday the 20th November, also, an action raised at the instance of Lord Archibald Hamilton, against Mr Stevenson, as printer and publisher of the *Beacon*, was found relevant by Lord Pitmilley, Ordinary, and remitted to the Jury Court.

The Glasgow Sentinel.—An action of damages, for libel, at the instance of James Stuart, Esq. W.S. has been raised against Messrs Alexander and Borthwick, printers of the *Glasgow Sentinel* newspaper, which was, on Friday the 7th inst. found relevant by Lord Alloway, Ordinary, and remitted to the Jury Court.

27.—*High Court of Admiralty, Scotland—Piracy and Murder*.—Yesterday Peter Heaman, and Francis Gautier, were tried before this court for the above crimes. It appeared from the evidence of Andrew Camelier, a Maltese boy, corroborated by others of the crew, that Heaman was mate, and Gautier cook of the brig Jane of Gibraltar, on a voyage from thence to the Brazils. That the vessel had a valuable cargo, including nearly 40,000 Spanish dollars in specie, which the prisoners plotted together to obtain possession of, and which they effected on the night of the 19th of June last, by murdering the captain, Mr Thomas Johnstone, and a sailor named James Paterson, who was at the time at the helm. They threw the bodies overboard, and afterwards closed the hatches of the fore-castle upon two of the crew, whom they had previously in

vain endeavoured to seduce into the plot. These men they kept three days in confinement, during which time they endeavoured to destroy them by suffocation; and thus succeeded in terrifying them to assist in working the vessel. They then altered their course, and steered for the North of Scotland, where they sunk the vessel off the coast of Ross-shire, and landed the specie on the isle of Lewis, in that county, and hid it in the sands. Here they were visited by some custom-house officers, to whom they represented themselves as shipwrecked mariners; but the boy Camelier followed the officers, and divulged the whole story, when they were apprehended, and brought to Edinburgh for trial. The jury found them guilty upon the clearest testimony; and they were sentenced by the Judge Admiral, Sir John Connell, Knight, to be executed within flood-mark on Leith sands, on the 9th of January next, and their bodies given for dissection. They were both young men. Heaman is a native of Sweden, but came to England when a boy, and has since belonged to Sunderland. He is married, and his wife, with several children, were in the Outer Session-House during the trial. Gautier is a Frenchman, and has a wife somewhere in Spain.

DECEMBER.

4. Wednesday the old practice was revived, of the Writers of his Majesty's Signet appearing in the Inner-House of the Court of Session in their gowns. A few of the elder members were present. An order was lately issued by the civil and criminal Courts, by which certain entrances and seats in the Inner-Houses of both Divisions, and also in the High Court of Justiciary, are appropriated to the exclusive use of the members of the Faculty of Advocates, and society of Writers to the Signet, when wearing their gowns.

Administering the Sacrament.—On the 27th ult. the Presbytery of Hamilton took into consideration, certain innovations practised lately by some ministers in some parts of this church, in dispensing the sacrament of our Lord's Supper to the communicants sitting in pews, as is done by the Independents, Methodists, and other sectaries of England, in place of coming to the Communion Table, according to the laws and constant practice of the established Church of Scotland: and having deliberated on this subject at considerable length, the Presbytery, most decidedly and unanimously, disapproved of the unwholesome innovations, in opposition to the purity and uniformity of worship

presently established, and practised in this our national Church; and they appointed a committee of their number to prepare an overture on this subject to the Synod, or General Assembly, or both, in order that a stop may be put to these irregular and unlawful proceedings, and to report to the Presbytery at their meeting in March next.

8.—*Execution.*—Yesterday Margaret Tindal, or Shuttleworth, after receiving a respite of one month, was executed at Montrose, for the murder of her husband. This unfortunate woman, who, it will be recollected, was in a state of intoxication when she committed the horrid deed, had all along protested her innocence of the crime. She appeared otherwise deeply impressed with her awful situation, and expressed great penitence for much wickedness of which she accused herself. When brought on the scaffold, she came forward with a firm pace; and, after the executioner had adjusted the rope, she addressed the audience in a strong and audible voice—protested her innocence of the crime for which she was to suffer, and cautioned the spectators against the vice of drunkenness, and the sin of Sabbath breaking. Her last words were—"I die innocent—I loved my husband—I love my life—Jesus Christ, have mercy on my soul!"

London.—Some idea may be formed of the extent of traffic in the city of London, from the following account of what passed over London Bridge in one day—namely, on the 16th of October 1820; since which, it is presumed, there has been an increase rather than a diminution:—Foot passengers, 56,180; coaches, 671; gigs and taxed carts, 520; waggon, 687; carts and drays, 2576; and horses, 472.

Carlisle Crags Bridge.—This magnificent undertaking may now be said to be almost accomplished, and three noble arches open a broad and spacious way over that stupendous chasm, which nature seemed to present as an insurmountable barrier to the progress of the traveller. While the structure does honour to the talents of the engineer, (Mr Telford), the admirable manner in which it has been constructed, and the efficacy with which machinery has been made to facilitate the whole operations connected with its masonry, do great credit to the ingenuity of the contractor, Mr Minto. Its altitude is said to be superior to that of any other bridge in Great Britain, and the view from its centre, in point of beauty and sublimity of scenery, cannot be excelled. These, however, are minor considerations when contrasted with its utility, serving,

as it does, as a useful medium of communication on the Clydesdale and Stirling roads, which diverging from the west end of the bridge, will open by one route a new communication between Carlisle and Glasgow, and by another between the west of England and north of Scotland. These great roads, with the numerous bridges, canals, and other national improvements of a similar description, now in progress in the country, owe their origin, at least their more immediate commencement, to the late pressure of the times, which induced public-spirited individuals to make strenuous exertions, and considerable sacrifices, in order to find bread and employment for the industrious labourer and artisan.

13. Glasgow Musical Festival.—This Festival was held on Monday the 3d, Wednesday the 5th, and Friday the 7th instant, in the theatre of that city. Its success, we hear, will leave about £.200 for the poor. The gross receipts amounted to about £.2300, and the expenses to about £.2100. Madame Catalani received about £.760; Mr Braham, £.260; Mrs Salmon, £.200; Signor Spagnoletti, £.120; Signor Placchi, £.80; and upwards of £.300 were, it is said, expended on alterations of the house. Our estimate of the numbers on Monday appears to have been tolerably correct. The greatest number attended on Friday, when there were about 1700 present.

Jury Court, Edinburgh.—On Monday, a pleading of considerable length took place in the Jury Court, upon the relevancy of an action at the instance of Professor Lesslie against Mr William Blackwood, for an article contained in a number of his Magazine, alleged to be of a libellous nature. This appearing to the Court to be a case of considerable importance, and being the last day of the present term, their Lordships delayed giving their opinion until next term.

The King's intended visit to Scotland.—It is expected that his Majesty King George IV. will visit Scotland in May next; and it is stated in the *Dundee Advertiser*, that a clothier in Dunkeld has received orders to provide three hundred suits of tartan, with bonnets and hose complete, for the purpose of clothing a body of sturdy Highlanders, as a guard for his most gracious Majesty, when he visits his grace the Duke of Athol at Athol-House.

St Paul's Cathedral.—Yesterday morning St Paul's Church-yard exhibited a scene of great bustle and gaiety, in consequence of the appearance of the Union Jack Standard on one of the poles

which compose the fearful scaffolding of the Cathedral steeple. This being the signal that the erection of the new hall and cross was commenced, great crowds assembled in the streets, and even on the roofs of houses, and telescopes were put in immediate requisition, with a hope of obtaining even a glimpse of what was passing above; but to very little purpose, as the view was greatly impeded by the closeness of the scaffolding. The flag, which, we understand, is above ten feet long, appeared about the size of a sheet of paper, as it waved to and fro, on its fearful eminence.

17. High Court of Justice.—This day John Law hobbled into Court, leaning on a stilt and staff, attended by an officer, and, being put to the bar, was charged with three several acts of fraud and imposition, and also with stealing, in the month of January last, from Alexander Stewart, Corstorphine, into whose house he had obtained entrance in consequence of false pretences, a watch, seals, and keys, spy-glass, &c. The indictment having been read, the prisoner made a partial confession of his guilt, to the extent of having practised the imposition, and committed the theft at Corstorphine, but protested that he was not guilty as to the other charges contained in the indictment. The Court found the indictment relevant, and the Jury convicted the pannel in terms of his own confession. It was pleaded in mitigation of punishment, that the prisoner had been in his Majesty's service for 16 years, wherein he had received several incurable wounds, which had mutilated and crippled his body to such a degree, as to render him a subject worthy the clemency of the Court. It appeared to the Court, that imposition and fraud were the only means within the delinquent's power by which to seize upon the property of others; that Providence had so much disabled him in his bodily faculties, as to render them perfectly incapable of being exercised for the purposes to which he had prostituted his mental faculties; and the fraud and imposition had been so cunningly and so deceitfully devised, as to infer a presumption that the charges in the indictment had not been the first crimes of which he had been guilty. The Lord Justice Clerk concurred in this opinion, and delivered an address to the pannel, exhorting him to follow in future an honest and upright walk in life; and, for the offences charged, sentenced him to 12 months imprisonment in Bridewell. James Hutchinson, John Grainger, Alexander Black, and John Elder, were charged with robbing John Rankine of

his watch! After the indictment was read, the Lord Advocate adjourned the diet against Grainger, Black, and Elder, till the 8th of January next. The pannel Hutchinson pleaded Guilty, and the Lord Advocate restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment; when the Jury finding him *Guilty* in terms of his own confession, the sentence was commuted to 14 years transportation.

22. *Court of Session.—Actions against the Beacon.*—In the action raised at the instance of Mr James Gibson against the subscribers to a bond of credit for support of the *Beacon* newspaper, the defenders having presented a petition to the Court against Lord Alloway's interlocutor of the 7th inst. remitting the cause to the Jury Court, it was this day moved in the First Division of the Court, when, after having heard Counsel, Messrs Moncrieff and Jeffrey for Mr Gibson, and Messrs Thomson and Mackenzie for the defenders, the Court ordered the petition to be answered. The same day, a petition against Lord Pitmilley's interlocutor, remitting the case of Lord Archibald Hamilton against Mr Duncan Stevenson, the printer of the *Beacon*, to the Jury Court, was moved in the Second Division of the Court. After hearing Mr McNeill and Mr More for the petitioner, and Mr Clerk, Mr Moncrieff, and Mr Jeffrey, for the pursuer, the Court appointed the petition to be answered.

Sheriff-Court, Stirling.—On the 13th instant came on at Stirling, before Ranald Macdonald, of Staffs, Esq. advocate, Sheriff-Depute of Stirlingshire, the trial of John Stainton, advocate, charged with having causelessly and groundlessly taken up deadly malice and ill-will against Joseph Stainton of Biggarshields, manager of the Carron Company, his uncle; and with having, on several occasions, assaulted, molested, pursued, and invaded, the person and house of Joseph Stainton, following him from place to place, forcibly entering his dwelling-house, and threatening to take the lives of Joseph Stainton, and Mrs Jean Stainton, his wife. This was the substance of seven charges contained in the indictment. The third charge, of which the prisoner was convicted, accused him of coming to the house of Joseph Stainton, accompanied by another person, about eleven o'clock at night of the 9th July last, and with violent oaths demanding admittance. Failing to obtain admission by the door,

he broke in the kitchen window, which had been repaired since the former attack, and entered the kitchen, attempting to get admission to that part of the house where Mr and Mrs Stainton were,

by a door which is between the house and kitchen. The door being locked, John Stainton beat violently against it with a poker or tongs, for the purpose of breaking it open, declaring, with many oaths, that he had come to take their lives. The servant at that instant bolted the door, and confined them to the kitchen. Being unable to break the door, they forcibly entered an adjoining house by a window, and endeavoured to force an entrance to his uncle's house through a brick partition. The female servant of Mr Joseph Stainton detailed the particulars of the attack upon the house. In her cross-examination, she was asked if Mr and Mrs Stainton had lived together for a long time previous to their marriage. Mr Jeffrey objected to this question, as utterly irrelevant to any point in the libel or of the pannel's defence, and the objection was sustained by the Court. Some other witnesses were examined, relative to some other charges in the indictment, of which the prisoner was acquitted. Mr Maconochie, the Depute Advocate, mentioned, that though the present case was at the instance of the public prosecutor, Mr Jeffrey had kindly consented to address the Jury for the prosecution. Mr Jeffrey, in his address, dwelt particularly on the aggravated nature of an assault on a dwelling-house, the retreat of domestic peace, and the usual protection of midnight slumbers, while it contained only two unprotected females, one of them his uncle's wife, who was in the fifth month of her pregnancy. Mr Cockburn, in defence, denied that the pannel was actuated by malice, and attributed his disorderly conduct entirely to intoxication. The learned Sheriff summed up the evidence, and the Court adjourned till the following day, when the Jury found the charge of having entered the house forcibly, proven; and, after a suitable admonition from the Sheriff, the pannel was sentenced to pay a fine of £50, to be imprisoned one month, and to find security to keep the peace for five years, under a penalty of £300 sterling.

JANUARY—1822.

IRELAND.—Notwithstanding that numerous convictions and several executions have taken place in this country, tranquillity seems yet to be but partially restored. A recent number of the *Dublin Correspondent* gives the following comparative view of the present state of the several counties or Ireland:—

“The counties in tranquillity are—Antrim, Armagh, Cavan, Donegal, Down, Dublin, Fermanagh, Kildare, King's Co., Leitrim, Londonderry, Longford, Louth,

Mayo, Monaghan, Queen's County, Sligo, Tyrone, Wexford, and Wicklow.

“Those partially disturbed are seven—Carlow, Galway, Kilkenny, Meath, Monaghan, Waterford, and Westmeath.

“Insubordination and crime disgrace, to a wide extent, the remaining five—Clare, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary.”

1.—Countess of Jersey.—The trial of the proprietors of the *John Bull*, weekly paper, for a libel on the Countess of Jersey, came on in the Court of King's Bench, London, this day. Mr Scarlett stated the case, and the Solicitor-General in reply, contended that the publication was privileged, and not libellous. The jury deliberated about ten minutes, and returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Heavy Rain, and Great Floods, &c.—In the course of the past week, many parts of the south and west of England have been visited by very heavy rains, in consequence of which the roads were in several places laid under water for some time. At London the Thames rose on Friday to such a height, that all the cellars, and most of the kitchens, parlours, &c. on both sides of the river, were more or less under water. The utmost consternation prevailed. Many of the kitchens in Great Surrey-street had water in them a foot deep. The main road leading from Vauxhall was covered with boats conveying people to places of safety. Hundreds of families were hurried from their homes with all the unceremonious and destructive confusion usual at great fires. Boats were seen gliding along the streets near the river, every where except where interrupted by high walls or fences. At Kingston-on-Thames, people calling at any of the neighbouring houses, were obliged to hire a punt. A post-boy returning to Egham, was surrounded on every side by the rapidly-increasing floods; he was with a great deal of difficulty saved, and a pair of horses in a chaise he was taking home were drowned. On the road to Salisbury from London, the old Salisbury coach saved a London post-boy and two horses, near Staines, after the poor fellow had been in water above an hour, with his head just high enough to avoid suffocation. All the moors and low grounds near Taunton present huge sheets of water. The Worcester mail could not get over Tewkesbury bridge on Wednesday. The guard was obliged to take a boat, swim a horse by the side of it, and mount as soon as the horse found his feet. At Godmanchester, not far from Stamford, the people were obliged to throw the water out of their chamber windows by buckets. The fens of Lincolnshire are three

or four feet under water. At Plymouth there was a tremendous gale on Thursday night, which, amongst other damage, blew down a stack of chimnies, that so much injured the paintings and machinery of Mr Thiedon's Theatre of Arts, that what cost £1000, is not worth £250. The floods in the neighbourhood of Oxford have been so high, that all the entrances into that city have the appearance of springing from an immense lake. At Brighton and the neighbouring parts of Sussex, there has been very stormy weather for above two months. No collier has been able to come on the beach for that time. The low lands in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and some of the neighbouring counties, are under water. The guard of the Exeter mail was obliged to travel fifteen miles in boats.

Curious discovery of a Robbery.—On Wednesday evening last week, a robbery was committed by some youthful predators, well known in the annals of the Edinburgh Police Court, which was discovered in a very singular manner. The servant of a cowfeeder having collected some linen, with an intention to rise early next morning to wash, placed the whole in a loft or garret. Being roused by a noise, some hours after, she proceeded to the loft, when she discovered that the clothes, with the exception of one small parcel, had been carried off. She immediately awakened her master and mistress; when, in the course of the examination which took place, the end of a netted worsted garter was found entangled in the remaining parcel. Following the thread along several passages and windings, they arrived at a neighbouring house, into which having obtained admittance, they were led by their clue to a closet, in which three boys were asleep, or pretending to be so; and below their heads were found the whole of the stolen clothes!

5.—Union Canal.—On Monday last the first passage-boat for the Union Canal, *Flora Mayar*, was launched from the slip at Lochrin, and, notwithstanding the confined situation, she went off in good style, much to the satisfaction of the crowd of spectators assembled on the occasion. The appearance of the vessel in the water is remarkably light and elegant, and the interior accommodation surpasses any thing of the kind we have yet seen. The cabin and eating-room are fitted up by Mr Trotter, in his best manner, and having a large covered balcony abaft, are admirably adapted to the convenience and comfort of passengers, the whole being well heated by stoves. On new-year's-day, the boat sailed, for the first time, with the mana-

given, on a survey of the canal, as far as it then, and was the whole distance greeted by the cordial cheers of almost the whole population of the adjoining country, whom the novelty of the scene had drawn to the banks. On their return to Edinburgh, the party sat down in the large cabin to a cold collation, which is the first expense for entertainment of any kind which has been incurred during the course of this great and extensive work. It gives us great pleasure to hear that the whole work is now in a very forward state, the water having been already let on for 28 miles out of the whole length, which is 30 miles; and we therefore congratulate our readers on the prospect of this important communication being opened for trade in a very few weeks.

12.—*Constitutional Association.*—An opponent has at length entered the lists against the Constitutional Association, and bids defiance to their utmost efforts to the six acts, or to any acts that ever have been, or ever can be passed. The opponent is no less a personage than Waddington, of radical notoriety, who has entered "Carlyle's Temple," where he officiates as high priest, and has commenced upon a system which augurs difficulties innumerable in the way of future attacks. The plan is this:—at the back of the shop is a partition, in the centre of which is a small box, somewhat like those of cheque-takers at the theatres. The person desirous of making a purchase of any forbidden work, taps at the door. "What do you want?" demands a voice from within. The name of the work is then mentioned, and the purchaser puts down the money for it in the box. A door closes over it, and opens again, when the particular publication is found in the box. No one is seen, or can be identified.

Old Bailey.—On Friday the Grand Jury returned "True Bills" against John Vamphe, William Holmes, John Barclay, George Clarke, *alias* John Jones, and "a man whose name is unknown," for the publication of blasphemous libels, in Carlyle's shop, called the Temple of Reason, in Fleet-street.—These bills, with the exception of that against Clarke, (preferred by the Society for the Suppression of Vice,) were preferred by the Bridge-street Society.

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APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

1821. Dec. 10. The Marquis Wellesley appointed Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland; and Mr Goulbourn to be Private Secretary to the Noble Marquis.

11. The Duke of Dorset, Marquis Conyngham, and Mr Goulbourn, sworn of his Majesty's privy council.

—The Duke of Montrose appointed Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's household.

—The Duke of Dorset to be Master of the Horse to his Majesty.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Dec. 1. The United Associate Congregation at Drymen, last week, gave an unanimous call to Mr John Blair, preacher of the gospel, to be their pastor.

6. The Rev. Robert Carr was placed minister of Luss, in room of the late Dr Stuart.

18. The second congregation of Arbroath, in connexion with the United Associate Synod of the Secession church, gave an harmonious call to Mr Hannah, preacher of the gospel, to be their pastor.

24. General Hay has presented the Rev. John Farquharson, M. D. to the parish and church of Rathven, in the presbytery of Fordeyce, and country of Banff, vacant by the death of the late Rev. George Donaldson, minister of that parish.

Jan. 2.—The United Associate Congregation of Lunekins, gave a harmonious call to Mr James Whyte, preacher of the gospel, to be their pastor.

3. The Rev. William Thomson, assistant minister in the Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, was admitted to be minister of the parish of Old Monkland, in the Room of the late Rev. Mr Bower.

III. MILITARY.

Col. Count Bismarck de Rhone, to be Maj. Gen. on Command only 29 Nov. 1821.

Maj. Mordaunt, J. H. Fitz G. de Roos, h. p. 22 Dr. 17 Aug.

—Lt. Col. Mordaunt, Town Maj. of Portsmouth, Major 8 J. n. 1821.

Capt. Henderson, 15 F. Major in the Army

19 July 1821

—Denham, h. p. 3 F. Maj. in Africa only 22 Nov.

5 Dr. G. Lt. Hodgson, Capt. by purch. vice Cust. 24 Oct.

55 F. 24 Oct.

2 Dr. Lt. Innes, do. vice Mackenzie, ret. do.

4 Asst. Surg. Greig, from 53 F. Asst. do.

Surg. vice Gardner, h. p. 53 F. 10 Nov.

Lt. Col. Hay, from h. p. 16 Dr. Lt. Col. 24 Oct.

24 Dec.

Capt. Jammy, from h. p. Staff Corps of Cav. Capt. do

Cornet Harrison, Lt. do

—Sullivan, do. 26 do

Lt. Robson, from h. p. 22 Dr. do 27 do

—Murray, do. do do

—Lofus, from h. p. 21 Dr. do do

—Gibson, from h. p. Staff C. of Cav. do do

—Lindsay, from 17 Dr. do do

—Gillespie, from h. p. 20 Dr. do do

—Clarke, from 17 Dr. do do

J. S. Smith, Cornet, vice Harrison 26 do

E. Knox, do. vice Sullivan 27 do

Cornet Dixon, from h. p. 21 Dr. Adj. and 29 do

Cornet, vice Daly, ret. Adj. do

Asst. Surg. Wallran, from h. p. 1 Lt. Bn. do

Asst. Surg. do

6 W. Terry, Cornet by purch. vice Perry, 7 do

Dr. 6 do

9 Sub-Lt. Lord F. Conyngham, from 2 Lt. do

Gda. Lt. by pur. vice Ellis, 76 1. 24 Oct.

12 Cornet Broadhead, from 16 Dr. Lt. by do

purch. vice Hay, prom. do

A. Davies, Cornet by purch. vice Kennedy, 7 F. 22 Nov.

13 Cornet Lawrenson, Lt. do. vice Bacon, 18 Dr. 6 Dec.

D. T. Conynghame, Cornet by purch. 15 do

14 Cornet Burroughs, Lt. do. vice Vandell, 8 F. 21 Oct.

R. T. Colman, Cornet, do. 29 Nov.

16 Lt. Tizard, Capt. do. vice Wray, ret. 13 Dec.

- 14 Dr. Cornet Graham, Lt. by pur. 13 Dec. 1821
C. R. Collins, Cornet, do. vice Broadhead, 12 Dr. 13 do.
C. F. Havlock, do. do. 13 do.
J. S. Ramsbottom, do. do. vice Montgomery, prom. 11 do.
18 Lt. Schrieber, Capt. do. vice Western, ret. 9 Nov.
Cornet Leslie, Lt. do. do.
W. E. F. Sharpe, Cornet, do. do.
Cornet Freeman, Lt. do. vice Walker, 19 Dr. do.
19 Lt. Walker, from 18 Dr. Capt. do. vice Georges, ret. do.
C. Chalmers, Cornet, do. vice Dashwood, prom. 13 Dec.
1 F. Hosp. Assist. Osborne, Assist. Surg. vice Bolton, dead 20 Nov.
2 Hosp. Assist. James, do. vice Duigan, 2 W. L. R. 19 do.
13 Ensign Kerahawe, from 63 F. Ens. vice Thomas, h. p. 22 F. 13 Dec.
16 Bt. Lt. Col. Hardy, from 19 F. Major by purch. vice Hamilton, dead do.
19 Capt. Raper, from h. p. Capt. vice Hardy, 16 F. do.
20 Col. J. Maitland, from h. p. 103 F. Lt. Col. 25 Nov.
Lt. Goldfrap, Capt. do.
Ensign Moore, Lt. do.
Ensign Douglas, do. 26 do.
Lt. Patience, from h. p. York Rang. Lieut. 27 do.
— O'Connor, from h. p. 100 F. do. do.
— Watson, from h. p. 94 F. do. do.
— Maclean, from h. p. 72 F. do. do.
— Hemmans, from h. p. 14 F. do. do.
— J. Maclean, from h. p. 43 F. do. do.
— Kidman, from h. p. 8 F. do. do.
— Robinson, from h. p. 19 F. do. do.
— Hon. G. T. Keppel, from 24 F. dn. do.
Ensign Rose, from 55 F. do. do.
P. Pitts, Ensign, vice Moore 25 do.
S. Robbins, do. vice Douglas 26 do.
Assist. Surg. Devitt, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. 25 do.
22 Lt. Lockward, from 89 F. Capt. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Hall, ret. 13 do.
26 J. Sutherland, Ensign do. vice Maxwell, 64 F. 6 Dec.
33 Bt. Maj. Knight, Major, vice Grant, 54 F. 25 Nov.
38 Bt. Lt. Col. Hall, from 89 F. Lt. Col. do.
Ensign Matthew, Lieut. do.
Ensign Campbell, do. 26 do.
Ensign Kerr, do. 27 do.
Lt. Taylor, from h. p. 25 Dr. Lt. 28 do.
— O'Brien, from h. p. 4 W. L. R. Lt. do.
— Campbell, from h. p. 91 F. do. do.
— Liston, from h. p. 47 F. do. do.
— Buchanan, from 89 F. do. do.
— Armstrong, from h. p. 2 F. do. do.
J. Campbell, Ens. vice Matthew 25 do.
F. Tudor, do. vice Campbell 26 do.
H. C. Fraser, do. vice Kerr 27 do.
Assist. Surg. Jobson, from h. p. 9 Vet. Bt. 25 do.
40 Hosp. Assist. Coleman, Assist. Surg. vice Barry, prom. Staff 19 do.
Ens. Low, Lt. vice Crabb, dead 29 do.
Ens. Curten, from h. p. Ens. do.
Lt. Neilly, Adj. vice Manning, res. Adj. only 6 Dec.
44 Gent. Cadet W. Ogilvy, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Fludyer, Gren. Gds. 29 Nov.
47 Ens. Macdonald, from h. p. 42 F. Ens. vice Williams, dead 13 Dec.
54 Bt. Lt. Col. Grant, from 33 F. Lt. Col. 25 Nov.
Ens. Fraser, Lt. do.
Ens. Hill, do. 26 do.
Ens. Clark, do. 27 do.
Lt. Lawless, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. 28 do.
— Foskey, from h. p. 5 W. L. R. Lt. do.
— Mannert, from h. p. 2 F. do. do.
— Mitchell, from h. p. Rifle Br. do. do.
— Beaven, from 63 F. do. do.
— Thornbury, from h. p. Rifle Br. do. do.
— Norman, from h. p. 81 F. do.
G. C. Mundy, Ens. vice Fraser 25 do.
G. C. Preston, Ens. vice Hill 26 Nov. 1821
F. Considine, do. vice Clark, 26 do.
Assist. Surg. Shanks, from h. p. 66 F. 25 do.
Assist. Surg. 24 Oct.
55 Lt. Craigie, Capt. by purch. vice Dickie, ret. 24 Oct.
2d Lt. Lord Edward Hay, from Rifle Bn. do.
Lt. by purch. do.
Capt. Hon. E. Cust, from 5 Dr. Gds. Maj. do.
by purch. vice Macdonald, ret. do.
56 Bt. Maj. Prichard, Maj. by purch. vice Gaully, cane. 26 July
57 Lt. Hartley, Capt. by purch. vice Mosseman, ret. 29 Nov.
Ens. Ferrier, Lt. by purch. do.
T. B. Bower, Ens. by purch. do.
61 Lt. Wolfe, Capt. by purch. vice Stewart, ret. 24 Oct.
63 Ens. L. C. Vascourt Falkland, from h. p. 22 F. Ens. vice Kershawe, 15 F. 13 Dec.
64 Ens. Maxwell, from 26 F. Lt. by purch. vice Denham, 3 F. 21 Oct.
69 J. Ford, Ens. by purch. vice Lord Carmarthen, 10 Dr. 15 Nov.
77 Ens. Hamilton, Lt. by purch. vice Maclean, 72 F. 24 Oct.
C. Ramsdane, Ens. by purch. 29 Nov.
78 Ens. Beales, Lt. vice Marquis, dead 13 Dec.
Ens. Montreasor, from h. p. Ens. do.
79 Ens. Brown, from h. p. Ens. vice Grames, 89 F. do.
82 Paym. Williams, from h. p. 75 F. Paym. vice Ottley, superseded do.
89 Bt. Maj. Basden, Maj. vice Hall, 38 F. 25 Nov.
Ens. Thomas, Lt. vice Buchanan, 38 F. 22 do.
Lt. Steel, Capt. vice Basden 15 Dec.
Ens. Greame, from 79 F. Lt. do.
Ens. Derinzy, from h. p. 11 F. Ens. vice Thomas do.
91 Maj. J. Macdonald, from h. p. Port. Serv. Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Rochfort, cane. 29 Nov.
92 Lt. Wilson, Capt. by purch. vice Alexander, ret. 21 Oct.
Rifle Dr. J. Parker, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Lord Hay, 55 F. 29 Nov.
2 W. L. R. Capt. Delahoussay, Maj. by purch. vice M'Pherson, ret. 22 do.
Lt. J. Maclean, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Williams, Lt. by purch. do.
W. M'Pherson, Ens. by purch. do.
Ass. Surg. Duigan, from 7 F. Surg. vice Haskins, dead 19 do.
Capt. Grant, Maj. by purch. vice Lord, ret. 13 Dec.
Lt. Peel, from 71 F. Capt. by purch. do.
- Staff.*
- Lt. Col. Cotton, 47 F. Extra Aide-de-Camp to the King, with the Rank of Colonel in the Army 25 July 1821.
- *Medical Department.*
- Ass. Surg. Barry, from 40 F. Surg. to the Forces, vice Gilder, dead 19 Nov.
J. Mair, Hosp. Ass. vice Gillespie, dead 8 do.
A. Kinnis, do. vice Coleman, 40 F. 19 do.
Hosp. Ass. Sibbald, from h. p. Hosp. Ass. vice Dockard, prom. 25 do.
Hosp. Ass. J. Blair, from h. p. do. vice White, superseded 7 Dec.
- Exchanges.*
- Capt. Wrench, from 38 F. with Capt. Birch, h. p. African Corps
Capt. Rainey, from 55 F. with Capt. Craigie, h. p.
Lieut. Gray, from 3 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Abercromby, h. p.
Lieut. Crossley, from 7 Dr. G. with Lieut. Nugent, 16 Dr.
Lieut. M'Conchy, from 3 Dr. with Lieut. Tuite, 16 Dr.
Lieut. Shuttleworth, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Small, h. p.
Lieut. Ditmas, from 25 F. do. with Lieut. Scott, h. p. 68 F.
Lieut. Grant, from 42 F. do. with Lieut. Hogarth, h. p.

Register, Appointments, Promotions, &c. [Jan]

1872
 Lieut. Finlay, from 45 F. do. with Lieut. Fraser, 16 Dec.
 Lieut. Hamilton, from 49 F. do. with Lieut. Fallow, 16 Dec.
 Lieut. Pack, from 50 F. do. with Lieut. Brockman, 16 Dec.
 Lieut. Bailey, from 60 F. do. with Lieut. King, h. p. 60 F.
 Cor. & Sub-Lt. Chatfield, from 2 Life G. do. with Lieut. Hardwicke, h. p. 26 F.
 Cor. & Sub-Lt. Grant, from 3 Dr. G. do. with Cornet Todd, h. p.
 Cornet Kelly, from 7 Dr. G. do. with Cornet Greenland, h. p.
 2d Lt. Wemyss, from 23 F. do. with 2d Lieut. Matthews, h. p.
 Ensign Grant, from 41 F. with Cornet O'Neil, h. p. 19 Dr.
 Ensign Campbell, from 2 F. with Ensign Mundy, 54 F.
 Surg. Blunt, from 27 F. with Surg. Chambers, h. p. 18 Dr.
 Asst. Surg. Newton, from 41 F. with Asst. Surg. Verling, h. p. 8 Vet. Bn.
 Asst. Surg. Burrell, from 58 F. with Asst. Surg. Dempster, 72 F.
 Hosp. Asst. Brown, with Hosp. Asst. Cocking, h. p.
 Hosp. Asst. Barry, with Hosp. Asst. Dobson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Colonel Hall, 23 F.
 Maj. Maclean, 2 Dr.
 Macdonald, 55 F.
 McPherson, 2 W. L. R.
 Lord, do.
 Capt. Wixson, 16 Dr.
 Western, 18 Dr.
 Georges, 19 Dr.
 Dickens, 55 F.
 Mosseman, 57 F.
 Stewart, 61 F.
 Alexander, 92 F.
 Barrack Master Middleton, 1 yr

Appointments Cancelled.

Maj. Gualley, 56 F.
 Maj. Rochford, (Bt Lt. Col.) 91 F.
 The Exchange between Lieut. Bailey, 69 F. and Lt. Hon. Kung, from h. p. 60 F.
 Quarter Master Hamilton, Lanark Mill.

Superseded.

Paymaster Otley, 82 F.
 Hosp. Asst. W. White

Cashiered.

Lieut. S. R. Poynts (vacat dead)

Dismissed.

2d Lieut. Sloppe, 2 Ceylon R.
 Dep. Com. Gen. Vaux
 Dep. As. Com. Gen. Wetherman

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Lee, Clifton 1 Dec. 1871.
 Lieut. Col. Hamilton, 16 F. London 2 Dec.
 West, R. Art. Woolwich 28 Nov.
 Seymour, h. p. 71 R. late of 3 F. G. 15 Nov.
 Hayne, No. Devon Mill 15 Nov. 1870.
 Imrie, h. p. 122 F. 15 Nov. 1870.
 Maj. Read, R. Art. Lewisham, Kent, 25 Dec. 1871.
 Money, h. p. R. Mar. 15 Nov.
 Capt. Ogle, 9 F. on passage from the West Indies 11 or 12 Nov.

M'Lean, late 4 Vet. Bn. 2 Nov.
 Hare, h. p. 19 Dr. Lincoln 25 Mar. 1870.
 Webster, h. p. 60 F. 16 May 1871.
 Forbes, h. p. 71 F. 28 Aug.
 Sanderson, h. p. 89 F. Sept. 1870.
 Berges, h. p. 93 F.
 Edwards, h. p. Invalids
 Farquhar, h. p. 97 F.
 Capt. Gen. Robinson, R. Art. Dr. 7 June 1871.
 Lieut. Brock, 1 F. Trinopolis, Madras 24 July
 Farquhar, 78 F. 25 July
 Farquhar, R. Art. Wexford 9 Oct. 1870.
 Taylor, h. p. 25 Dr.
 White, h. p. 8 F.

Lieut. Gordon, h. p. 18 F. Duffus, near Elgin, 6 Aug. 1871.
 No. Brit.
 Mander, h. p. 45 F.
 Bell, h. p. 52 F. Chatham 16 Dec.
 Clark, h. p. 70 F. London 28 Nov.
 Clarke, h. p. 45 F. 11 do.
 Market, h. p. 87 F. London 7 June
 Whitney, h. p. 90 F. 20 Apr.
 Wharam, h. p. 94 F. 31 Mar.
 Horne, h. p. 113 F. 25 June
 Gonne, h. p. 4 W. L. R. Trinidad 22 Oct. 1870.
 M'Lean, h. p. 103 F.
 Fleming, h. p. 67 F.
 Davis, do.
 Myres, late 4 Vet. Bn. 2 Dec. 1871.
 Macpherson, late 5 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh 4 Nov.
 M'Innes, late 8 Vet. Bn. 15 Sept.
 Thomas, h. p. Cordon Regt. 26 Mar.
 Luggatt, h. p. R. Mar.
 King, do.
 Cadour, do.
 Oakley, do. 27 Jan.
 Gibbons, do. 1 Apr.
 Williams, do. 1 May
 Hanson, do. 23 Aug.
 Lieut. Com. Hay 1 Jan.

2d Lieut. Fleming, h. p. J (Ceylon Regt) 1 Jan.
 Ireland 26 Mar.
 R. Clark, h. p. R. Mar. 21 Nov.
 Boulton, do.
 A. Clark, do.
 Ens. Duff, 11 Negapatam, Madras, 20 July
 Williams, 47 F. 2 Apr.
 Hayes, 48 F.
 Poe, late 1 Vet. Bn.
 Barclay, late 13 do. 20 Nov. 1871
 Sadler, h. p. 69 F. 21 Apr. 1871
 T. Carter, h. p. 101 F.
 Souter, h. p. 103 F.
 Sullivan, h. p. 85 F.
 Brown, h. p. 7 Car. Bn.
 Meredith, h. p. 124 F.
 Godfrey, h. p. Ind. Inv.
 Payma, Seward, h. p. 8 W. L. R. 2 Sept. 1870
 Burford, h. p. 2 Dr.
 Edie, h. p. Rec. Dist. 31 Dec.
 Adj. Lt. Le Neve, h. p. Staff C. of Cal. Abengely, Sept. 1871.
 Denbighshire, 22 Feb.
 Wikeley, h. p. 100 F. 18 Dec. 1870.
 Howell, h. p. Rec. Dist. 28 Oct. 1871.
 Eas. Grant, 92 F. Jamaica 15 Feb. 1870.
 Hicks, h. p. 135 F.
 Atkins, h. p. 1 Mang. Pen. Inf. 22 Nov.
 Quar. - Mast. Stevens, 69 F. Cannamora, Madras 13 July 1871.
 Cobbin, h. p. R. Afr. Corps. Cape of Good Hope 12 Aug.
 Rame, R. Art. Woolwich, 27 Oct.
 Hay, late 8 Vet. Bn. Gravelle, France 13 Aug.
 Chap. Shaw, h. p. 21 F. 16 Sept. 1870.
 Com. As. Com. Gen. Ainslie, h. p. Lisbon 15 Feb. 1871.

Gubbett
 Dep. As. Com. Gen. Broughton
 W. Rose, sen. h. p.
 Armstrong, h. p.
 Hall, 1. 3. Montreal, Canada 1 June
 Bolton, h. p. Scotland 7 Mar.
 Hughes, h. p. Medina 20 Feb.

Medical.

Phys. West, h. p. (Dep. Insp. by Brevet) 13 Nov.
 Asst. Surg. Wynn, h. p. (do.) Lisbon 21 do.
 Bolder, h. p. Guernsey
 Surg. Goodur, h. p. 89 F.
 Asst. Surg. Evans, 30 F. Hyderabad, Madras 16 July
 Krost, h. p. 12 F. Ireland, 22 Nov.
 Mackay, h. p. 2 Car. Bn. 4 June 1870.
 Asst. Com. R. Art. at Dundee
 Backley, h. p. late 1. R. Art.
 Apple, Hamilton, h. p.
 Dep. Prof. War, h. p. Falmouth
 Hosp. Asst. Jas. Blair, h. p. (2d) Dec.

Barracks.

Bar. Mast. Buchanan, Port Augustus Jan. 1871
 Child, Chatham 5 Ma
 Ighite, Northampton 9 Aug.
 Rollo, Perth 12 Dec.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at half o'clock forenoon, and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Registrar Thermometer.

1892.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Dec. 1	M.30 A.40	28.741 1.39	M.40 A.39	NW.	fair fo. th. lt. aftern. hail.	Dec. 17	M.38 A.45	28.882 A.44	W.	Changeable, heavy show.
2	M.50 A.38	29.266 1.40	M.38 A.40	W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	18	M.37 A.44	33.4 A.43	SW.	Dull, with h. showers.
3	M.29 A.43	1.91 2.22	M.37 A.37	W.	Frosty day. rain night.	19	M.4 A.4	300 A.43	W.	Dull, but fair.
4	M.30 A.37	1.03 1.02	M.38 A.39	W.	Rain most of day.	20	M.32 A.40	453 A.43	W.	day dull, fair, rain night.
5	M.51 A.38	1.02 2.24	M.38 A.38	NW.	Rain morn. sleet aftern.	21	M.32 A.37	458 A.40	W.	Day showers.
6	M.26 A.32	964 964	M.36 A.34	Cble.	Keen frost.	22	M.37 A.37	606 A.37	SW.	Frost morn. h. rain, s. day.
7	M.26 A.40	964 1.02	M.38 A.44	SW.	Dull, with showers.	23	M.37 A.37	430 A.37	W.	Fair, but dull.
8	M.79 A.41	514 514	M.43 A.44	SW.	Fair day, and mild.	24	M.32 A.35	474 A.37	Cble.	Frost morn. mild day.
9	M.39 A.51	392 337	M.49 A.41	SW.	Day dull, fair rain night.	25	M.31 A.39	521 A.38	Cble.	Rain foren. dull aftern.
10	M.40 A.43	526 2.22	M.48 A.50	Cble.	Rain most of day.	26	M.31 A.37	999 A.36	Cble.	Frosty, with sunshine.
11	M.79 A.37	826 978	M.41 A.41	SW.	Mild and fair.	27	M.30 A.35	28.315 A.36	Cble.	Frost morn. sleet aftern.
12	M.40 A.42	664 681	M.41 A.48	Cble.	Foren. fair. show. after.	28	M.32 A.38	398 A.37	E.	Frost morn. dull and cold.
13	M.36 A.45	337 380	M.46 A.46	Cble.	Day dull, mild, rain at.	29	M.32 A.38	303 A.42	E.	H. rain most of day.
14	M.71 A.40	175 355	M.46 A.44	Cble.	Ditto.	30	M.31 A.40	935 29.990	E.	H. rain morn. fair day.
15	M.36 A.48	485 156	M.47 A.49	Cble.	Ditto.	31	M.30 A.35	682 661	E.	Frost, with sunshine.
16	M.79 A.49	130 23.911	M.50 A.47	SW.	Dull, with showers.					

Average of Rain, 2.941 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SHOWERS of sleet and rain were frequent throughout the whole of December. The rain that fell in that and the preceding month amounted to nearly ten inches in depth; but the temperature was mild for the season, the mean for December amounting to somewhat above 40°. On dry land, ploughing met with no obstruction throughout the whole of December; but on wet soils ploughing was impracticable. The present year commenced with frost, and the high grounds were covered with snow. For the first eight days no ploughing could be performed; on the 9th a few were at work; and on the 10th the operation became general. On open lands, most of the oat-seed farrow has been laid over. On low-lying tenaceous soils a considerable breadth of clover ley remains to be turned over. Little dung has hitherto been carted out, by reason of the wetness of the roads, and softness of the land. The mean temperature for the first week in January, was 33 degrees 51 minutes; for the second, 43 degrees 15 minutes; and the depth of rain for both weeks does not exceed four-tenths of an inch. At this term pastures appear more verdant than at last Midsummer. Wheat, in some instances, suffered by the excessive wet state of the soil, followed by the frost at the beginning of the present month, yet, upon the whole, the appearance is still flattering, if we except some fields where the plants appear in a rather forward state. Clover plants still hold out, but, from the wet state of the ground, neither wheat nor clover plants are in good condition to resist the bad effects of Spring frosts. Turnips have improved considerably since Autumn, and are still in a growing state, but may soon begin to run, when they will be less nourishing. A considerable quantity of grain has been threshed out since our last, but prices are no way encouraging.

At no former period do we recollect of such an outcry about agricultural distress; in Scotland the evil is felt, and generally acknowledged; but little has hitherto been done in the way of applying for relief; while, in the south, meetings are held, and resolutions are framed, and petitions drawn out to be laid before Parliament, imploring more effectual protection. All this is very well; but when such men as Cobbet act as croppier, and harangue away at any of these meetings, it must detract from their influence and respectability, however well they may be supported in other respects. If farmers require Cobbet for a champion, their case is desperate indeed; his name is enough to ruin their cause with those whose political sentiments would not suffer them to come in contact with one of his celebrity.

Perthshire, 14th January 1892.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1821.	Wheat.				Barley	Oats.	Pense	Quar Loaf	Potat. p peck	1821	Oatmeal		B & P Meal	
	Boll	Price	Av pr								Bls	Peck	Bls	Peck
Dec 19	639	25 6	31 6	27 2	180 21 6	140 18 0	17 6 17 0	9	10	Dec 18	334	1 1	48	0 10
1822 20	59	20 0	32 0	27 8	176 21 0	13 6 18 0	13 6 17 0	9	10	1822 25	578	1 1	8	0 10
Jan. 2	78	23 0	34 0	28 11	176 22 3	13 0 18 0	13 6 17 0	9	10	Jan 1	426	1 1	54	0 10
9	1016	24 0	33 0	29 2	176 21 6	13 6 18 6	13 6 17 0	9	10	8	496	1 1	67	0 10

Glasgow.

1821	Wheat 40 lbs.				Oats 264 lbs.		Barley 320 lbs.		Bus. & Pe	Oatmeal 40 lbs.	Flour 280 lbs.
	Dantric	For red	British		Irish	British	English	Scots			
Dec. 19	—	31 53	28 3 6	21 220	17 0 20 6	21 220	—	22 25 0	17 200	16 0 18 0	5 51
1822 27	—	31 53	26 3 0	20 220	17 0 19 0	20 220	25	21 25 0	17 200	16 0 18 0	50 51
Jan. 2	—	31 53	26 3 0	20 220	17 0 20 0	20 220	25	21 25 0	17 200	16 0 19 0	0 1
9	—	31 53	26 3 0	20 220	18 0 20 0	20 220	25	21 25 0	17 200	16 0 19 0	48 51

Haddington

1821	Wheat.				Barley	Oats	Pease	Beans	1821	Oatmeal	
	Bolls.	Prices	Av pr							Per Boll	Pr Peck
Dec. 7	597	22 0 3 6	26 10	16 200	14 18 0	11 15 0	11 15 0	Dec 17	15 6	15 0	1 0
1822 26	177	24 0 3 6	9 1	15 0 0	11 19 0	11 15 6	11 15 6	1822 21	14 3	15 0	1 0
Jan. 4	497	24 0 3 6	23 4	15 0 0	13 17 6	11 15 6	11 15 6	Jan 7	11 0	15 0	1 0
11	73	23 0 2 0	28 5	15 15 0	14 17 6	11 15 0	11 15 6		14 0	15 0	1 0

Dunfermline

London.

1821	Wheat, per qr	Rye	Barley	Oats.		Beans		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar Loaf
				Ed & Pol	Potat.	Pigeon	Tuck	Boiling	Grey	fine	2d	
Dec 17	23 62	20 24	16 21	15 20 24	24 30	18 27	28 30	24 25 30	25 30	50 50	40 15	10
24	30 61	20 24	16 22	15 20 24	24 27	18 26	28 30	24 25 30	25 30	50 50	40 15	10
1822 31	30 64	20 24	15 22	15 20 24	24 27	18 26	28 30	24 25 30	25 30	50 50	40 15	10
Jan 7	30 64	20 24	16 22	15 20 24	24 27	18 26	28 30	24 25 30	25 30	50 50	40 15	10

Liverpool.

1821	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb	Barley. 6 lb.	Rye, per qr	Beans, per qr	Pease, per qr	Flour			Oatm 240 lbs	
							Fing 240 lb	Irish.	Amer 196 lb	Eng	Scot.
Dec 18	4 0 10 6	2 8 3	12 9 5	26 70	29 52	24 46	39 40	36 58 25	35 58 25	28 30	24 26
24	4 0 10 6	2 9 3	12 10 5	26 28	29	24 40	41 41 37	38 25 35	36 28 30	21 26	21 26
1822 1	4 0 10 9	3 0 310	3 0 5	26 28	31 74	25 40	41 42 38	40 25 36	38 29 31	25 27	25 27
Jan. 8	4 0 11 0	3 4 03	3 0 5	26 28	32 75	26 42	41 42 30	40 25 35	38 29 31	25 27	25 27

England & Wales.

1821	Wht.	Rye	Barley	Oats.	Beans	Pease.	Oatm
Dec 8	12 27 3	22 10	18 11	24 9	28 10	00	00
19 2	23 3	22 1	18 7	24 9	28 10	00	00
22 46 8	21 5	20 10	17 7	25 5	28 10	00	00
29 46 2	21 11	19 7	16 8	22 8	26 8	00	00

PRICES CURRENT.—NOVEMBER 10, 1821.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
	@	—	@	—	@	—	2s. 6d. @	—
TEA, Bohea, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6
Congou,	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 0	4 6
Souchong,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SUGAR, Musc. cwt.								
B. P. Dry Brown,	57.	60	54	58	52	56	53	59
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid	70	80	59	73	56	76	60	74
Fine and very fine,	80	80	—	—	77	81	76	82
Brazil, Brown,	—	—	—	—	18	25	—	—
White,	—	—	—	—	27	38	—	—
Refined, Double Leaves, ..	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto,	100	110	—	—	—	—	80	98
Single ditto,	88	102	98	112	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps,	88	92	88	92	—	—	95	100
Large ditto,	82	86	84	87	—	—	74	82
Crushed Lumps,	44	56	85	88	—	—	—	—
MOIASSES, British,	25 6	—	24	24 6	26 6	27	23	24 6
COFFEY, Jamaica,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100	105	90	104	98	107	85	100
Mid. Good and fine Mid ...	110	120	110	122	108	122	125	128
1 int. and very fine,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dutch, Triage & very ord.	—	—	—	—	70	96	—	—
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	—	—	100	109	—	—
St Domingo	122	126	—	—	97	102	—	—
Pimento (in bond), lb. ...	8	9	—	—	9	—	—	—
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 16 O.P.	2s 2d.	2 4	1 8	1 10	1 10	2 0	1 6	1 8
Brandy, gal	4s 3d.	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 7	4 5
Geneva,	2s.	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 4	—
WINEs, Clar. 1st Gr. hhd.	45	55	—	—	—	—	20	60
Portugil Red, pipe, ...	30	42	—	—	—	—	18	55
Spanish, White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	25	60
Tenille, pipe,	30	32	—	—	—	—	12	14
Madeira,	55	65	—	—	—	—	22	33
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton, ...	£.7	7 7	9 0	—	9 10	9 15	9 10	10 10
Honduras,	—	—	—	—	9 15	10 5	9 10	9 15
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	10 5	10 15	10 10	12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,	7	8	6 10	7 0	7 0	7 10	4 10	7 0
Cuba,	9	11	8 5	9 10	8 5	9 0	8 0	10 0
INDIGO, Cariccas, fine, lb.	7s 6d.	10 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany.	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 0
TAR, American, brl... ..	20	21	—	—	14 6	15 0	—	—
Art. ingel,	16	17	—	—	—	—	23	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	45	46	46	47	46	—	—	—
Home melted, cwt....	48	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	54	—
Petersburgh Clean, ...	54	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	55	56	—	—	—	—	58	—
Dutch,	50	90	—	—	—	—	45	47
MATS, Archangel,	85	90	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts, l.	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Petersburg Pearl,	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal ditto, cwt. ...	44	—	40	41	40	—	—	—
Peter,	34	35	33	34	33	34	—	—
OIL, Whale, tun,	£.21	—	21	22	—	—	19	20
Cod,	—	—	18	19	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb. ...	7½d.	8	7½	8	0 6	0 8	7	7½
inferior,	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	—	—
COTTONS, Bowed Georgia,	—	—	0 9½	0 11	0 7½	0 10½	9	10½
Sea Island, fine,	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 3	1 6	1 2½	2 2
Demerara & Berbice, ...	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 9½	1 0½	9½	1 0
Pernambucco,	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	0 11½	1 0½	1 1	1 1½
Maranhão,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

Page, W. Lime-street, spirit-merchant
 Payne, E. Little Chart, Kent, paper-maker
 Pease, R. Whitechurch, Salop., stationer and
 bookseller
 Parr, J. Strand-lane, Pilkington, check-manufac-
 turer
 Pattison, C. St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, iron-
 monger
 Potter, T. Manchester, publican
 Rendell, J. Bridport, painter
 Rickett, H. Shoreditch, grocer
 Rirkham, G. Lancaster, merchant
 Rivolta, A. Brook street, Holborn, looking-glass-
 manufacturer
 Ritchie, J. Richardson, F. and Ritchie, J. ware-
 housemen, Watling-street
 Saunders, J. Coventry, auctioneer
 Smith, H. St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper
 Staff, F. and Wmsn, W. Staff, Norwich, brick-
 makers

Staff, H. A. Norwich, soap-manufacturer
 Staff, C. and Staff, W. W. Cheap-side, harness-
 manufacturers
 Staples, G. C. Halifax, wool-stapler
 Temple, N. Fleet-street, wine and spirit merchant
 Tippetts, E. & Gother, E. Baunghall street, factors
 Todd, S. Southampton, mercer, &c.
 Townsend, J. Hoxton, Devon, and Brooke G.
 Whimble, bankers
 Turner, G. Liverpool, merchant
 Varner, R. Huntingdon, iron-monger
 Warner, J. late of Garforth, Yorkshire, maltster
 Warner, R. Garforth, Yorkshire, chasman
 Whalley, T. Batcombe, shop-keeper
 Whitehead, J. Hanley, merchant
 Wild, W. Sheffield, merchant
 Wildman, J. Fenchurch-street, merchant
 Williams, S. Bristol, apothecary
 Will, R. Bloomsbury, tobacconist
 Wynch, B. sen. Hawkhurst, farmer,

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced December 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SQUESTRATION.

Balloch, John & Arch. distillers and coin-dealers
 at Duntochar.
 Campbell, John, ship-owner, merchant, and trader,
 now, or lately, at Kingsburgh, Isle of Skye
 Calmer, James, merchant and agent in Glasgow.
 Davidson, James and Peter, merchants and fish-
 criers in Dundee.
 Galloway, William, merchant and insurance-broker
 in Leith, residing in Edinburgh
 Giltspie, Colin, merchant and trader in Glasgow.
 Jeffrey, George, spirit dealer in Glasgow.
 McVair, James, merchant and sugar-refiner in
 Glasgow.
 Muir, John, vintner and horse-vetter in Glasgow.
 Mylne, William, merchant and insurance broker
 in Leith.
 Provand, James, merchant in Glasgow.
 Samson, John, merchant in Kilmarnock.
 Wemyss, John, cooper and fish-curer in Leith.

Simpson, Alex. merchant in Portsoy.
 Soldest, William, dealer in glass and earthenware
 in Edinburgh.
 Swayne, Walter, manufacturer in Dysart.
 Watson, Robert, & Co. stationers in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Crawford, George, writer and builder in Glasgow,
 by J. Young, jun. wright there.
 Gilmore, the late Samuel, rope maker in Edin-
 burgh; by J. Crawford, merchant in Leith.
 Oughterson, Arthur, & Co. merchants in Greenock;
 by William Leitch, merchant there.
 McGowan, Watson, & Co. merchants in Greenock,
 and James Blair & Co. merchants in St.
 Thomas's; by Arch. Newbigging, near Glas-
 gow.
 Saunders, John, jun. merchant in Leith; by P.
 Borthwick, merchant there.
 Wallace, John, baker in Aberdeen; by D. Hut-
 cheon, advocate there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1821. June 30 At Madras, the Lady of Lieut-
 Colonel Louisa, Madras cavalry, a son.
 Aug. 9. At Madras, the Lady of Major George
 Cadell, Adj. General's Department, a daughter.
 Oct. 7. At Clark's Court, Grenada, the Lady of
 John Row, Esq. a son.
 Nov. 16. At Spencer Lodge, near Wandsworth,
 Surrey, the Lady of Charles Adams, Esq. (and
 eldest daughter of Sir Lachlan M'Lean, M. D.) a
 daughter.
 17. At Inverman, Mrs. Forbes, a still-born son.
 22. At Leghorn, the Lady of Major-General Sir
 Patrick Ross, K. C. M. G. a son.
 24. At Feddal House, the Lady of John Graham,
 Esq. younger of Feddal, a daughter.
 25. In 16 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, the Honour-
 able Mrs. Wardlaw, a daughter.
 27. At Darham House, Suffolk, the Lady of
 Major Purvis, a daughter.
 — At Exmouth, the Lady of the Attorney-Gen-
 eral, a son.
 29. In Gower Street, London, the Lady of Col.
 O'Connell, of the 73d regiment, a son.
 31. At Howie, Mrs. Oliphant of Rossie, a daughter.
 Dec. 1. At Kelson Manse, Mrs. Lundie, a daughter.
 — At Kildrillo Castle, Lady Campbell, a son.
 3. In Chancery Square, Edinburgh, Lady Eliza-
 beth Hope Vane, a daughter.
 — At Ayr, the Lady of William Fullarton of
 Skeldon, Esq. Advocate, a son.
 5. Mrs. Gellivie of Percepsan, a son.
 6. At Kildrillo, Ross-shire, Mrs. Gellie, a son.
 7. At London, Lady Cochrane, a daughter.
 8. At the Governor's House, Plymouth, the
 Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Paek, a daughter.
 9. At Gloucester, the Lady of the Hon. and
 Samuel Murray Maitland, a son.
 — The Countess of Uxbridge, a son and heir.
 10. At Edinburgh, Lady Burdick, a son and
 heir.

Nov. 11 At Farthingbank, Mrs. Kirk of Craig-
 lorn, a daughter.
 12. At Orchard House, Mrs. Kelf, a son.
 13. At Cottesmore, Rutlandshire, Lady Lowther,
 a son.
 14. At Edinburgh, Mrs. G. Moncreiff, a daughter.
 15. At 51 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Mrs. Wedder-
 burn, a son.
 — At Woburn Abbey, the Duchess of Bedford,
 a son.
 17. In Somerset-street, Portman Square, Lon-
 don, the Lady of Major Mackenzie, of the Scots
 Greys, a son.
 18. At Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs. Craw-
 ford of Carthburn, a daughter.
 21. The Lady of Capt. Gen. Stirling, a daughter.
 22. At Edinburgh, the Lady of the late J. C.
 M'Leod, Esq. younger of Gessies, a daughter.
 — At Montrose, Mrs. Smart of Comynyth, a son.
 24. At Annan, the Lady of William Dalgleish,
 Esq. of twin sons.
 Late, in the parish of Linkinhorne, Cornwall,
 Mrs. Elizabeth Pet, aged 47, of twin sons. The
 honoured sire is upon the verge of 80.

MARRIAGES.

1821. July 2. At Madras, Lieut-Colonel Marshall,
 Paymaster at the Presidency, to Maria Letitia,
 daughter of Evelyn J. Gascoigne, Esq. Deputy
 Master-Attendant.
 Nov. 21. At Park Place, Glasgow, Mr. George
 Lowe, minister of the gospel, Montrose, to Mrs.
 M'Nayr.
 22. At Arbroath, Alexander Hutchinson, Esq.
 of the Customs, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late
 David Mude, Esq. Provost of Arbroath.
 23. At Channellirk manse, Mr. George White-
 brewer, Cloak Mill, Dunee, to Catherine Howard
 Drummond Mack, only daughter of the late Tho-
 mas Mack, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica.
 24. At Largs, Robert Balne, Esq. Greenock, to
 S.

1871. Nov. 20. At Peterhead, Andrew Sims, Esq. Registrar, R. N. to Mary Anne, second daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop, Peterhead.

67. At Sudbury, Suffolk, John Eaton, Esq. Solicitor, Sudbury, to Mary, second daughter of the late Richard M. D. of the former place.

29. The Earl of Wilton, second son of the Earl and Countess of Grosvenor, to Lady Mary Stanley, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby.

At Edinburgh, the Rev. George Dickson, North Sandeland, to Cecelia, eldest daughter of Mr. William Stark, builder.

At Glasgow, Mr. Archibald Paterson of Cheshill, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Neil Marquis, Esq. Ardnamore, Argyshire.

Dec. 1. At Carlisle, John Craig, Esq. of Dumfries, to Mrs. F. K. of Abbey-Crest, Carlisle.

2. At Peterhead, Mr. William Grey, surgeon, Old Deer, to Amelia, daughter of the late Andrew Sims, Esq. Peterhead.

At Dumfries, Mr. Charles Carruthers, Mousehold, to Margaret, daughter of the late Gabriel Richardson, Esq. of that place.

At Methuen, Mr. James Richardson, merchant, Dumfries, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas Halberton, Esq. of Galloway.

At Edinburgh, Mr. South, Glen Mains, Linlithgow, to Agnes, only daughter of the late James Samuels, Esq. Leith.

At Glasgow, Mr. A. Henderson, Bookseller, Glasgow, to Mary, only daughter of the late David Henderson, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Renfrewshire.

4. At London, Edward Stanley, Esq. of Pontefract, Cumberland, to Mary, second daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. formerly Judge of the Court of Admiralty at Darca, in the Hon. East India Company's service at Bengal.

6. In Mr. O'Hara's Hotel, Edinburgh. Thomas Mather, factor to the Right Hon. William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner, to Sarah Maria Eastey, second daughter of the late Mr. James Eastey, Southampton Street, London.

10. At her father's house, Henry Salmon, Esq. Banker, Falkirk, to Miss (Frances), youngest daughter of George Morgan, Esq. Kirkcaldy.

At St. Mary's, Strewnbury, Capt. James Arthur Murray, R. N. son of the late Right Hon. Lord William Murray, and nephew to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late William Compton, Esq. of that town.

At Weymouth, in the county of Durham, Col. Sir Henry Sandringham, K. C. B. one of the Representative Members of the City of Durham, to Lady Emily James, widow of the late J. James, Esq. daughter of the late Marquis of Londonderry, and sister of Lord Stewart, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna.

At Most of Troqueur, Mr. John A. McGeorge, merchant, to Miss Fringle, daughter of the late Mr. Fringle of Meck.

At Barmuir, the Rev. James Brown, minister of Kilmory, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Ranken, 46th regiment.

14. David Scott, Esq. writer to the signet, to Thomas, youngest daughter of Robert Anderson, Esq. Broughton Place.

15. At Perth, Mr. Alex. Russell, merchant there, to Miss Barbara Innes, daughter of the late Alex. Innes, Esq. Carnoustie.

17. Captain James Pearson, of the East India Company's service, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the deceased William Richardson, Esq. late of Kirkcaldy.

At Aberdeen, the Rev. Patrick Forbes, D. D. Professor of Humanity, Chemistry, and Natural History, in the King's College, and one of the ministers of Old Aberdeen, to Mary, second daughter of the late Dr. George, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the same College, and one of the Divines of Aberdeen.

At Perth, William Bruce, Esq. surgeon, B. M. to Jane, third daughter of James Buchanan, Esq.

At Lyndhurst, the Rev. C. W. Woodhouse to Miss Mary Anne, daughter of the late Mr. Woodhouse, of that place.

18. At Perth, the Rev. James Buchanan, Minister of the Gospel, to Miss Mary Anne, daughter of the late Mr. Woodhouse, of that place.

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Glasgow, to Miss Agnes, second daughter of the late David Macrae, Esq. Lanark.

Dec. 18. In College Street, Glasgow, Mr. W. Bell, manufacturer, to Miss Anna McLeod.

At Parklee, Robert Welsh, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Mary, youngest daughter of John May, Esq. Parklee.

At Melville, Roxburghshire, the Rev. Alexander Wood, minister of Rosemarkie, to Agnes, second daughter of Adam Walker, Esq. of Mulhouselaw.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr. William Sharpe, merchant, Glasgow, to Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Pirie, Glasgow.

25. At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, John Lucas, Charles Van Buren, Esq. to Caroline, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hales, Bart.

24. At Glasgow, Mr. James Craig, wine merchant, to Margaret Aitken, daughter of Mr. William Blackburn, merchant.

25. The Rev. James Matheson of Durham, to Miss Janet Jameson, daughter of Mr. Ewing of Nile Street Meeting House, Glasgow.

Lately, at Glynn, near Leven, a man of the name of Taylor, upwards of 70 years of age, to a woman between 80 and 90 years old! The happy couple were attended to church by a male and a female friend about their own age. The stated ages of the four amounted to upwards of 300 years.

Mr. George Clerk, bookseller, Aberdeen, to Miss Helen Thomson, Dundas Street, Edinburgh.

DEATHS

1871. April, At St. Ann's, Jamaica, Thos. younger son of Mr. William Armstrong, Fimburgh.

May 18. At Lodeanah, Captain George Rodney Blane, of the Bengal Engineers, aged 30, and second son of Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart. He bore his long protracted and painful illness with a patience and cheerfulness which will ever live in the collection of those friends who, for months, attended to his wants, endeavoured to assuage his suffering, and soothed his latter moments by their soothing and beneficial undertakings, and the scientific acquirements of his comprehensive mind, and the amiable qualities of his heart, had endeared him to the discerning and distinguished residents of Delhi. Sir David Ochterlony, who, in common with the Government which he served, will deplore the loss of an able, zealous, and faithful servant of the State, and society will mourn over the early fate of one of its most honourable and brightest members.

29. At Sansonbury, near Calcutta, Mrs. Carey, wife of the Rev. Dr. Carey, the excellent and highly useful missionary there.

June 7. At Calcutta, Alexander Campbell, Esq. of the firm of Good and Campbell, son of the late John Campbell, Esq. cashier of the Royal Bank.

10. At Calcutta, in his 50th year, Peter Suter, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon in the service of the Hon. East-India Company, son of Mr. James Suter, merchant, Inverness.

19. At Madras, Mrs. Bruce, wife of Dr. William Bruce.

July 15. At Ferry port-on-Craze, Mr. George Walker, schoolmaster there.

21. At Negapatam, East Indies, Alex. Arthur Duff, Esq. younger of Murratown, of the Royal regiment of foot.

24. At Trichinopoly, Madras Establishment, of the chelera-morbus, Lieutenant William James Orrok, of his Majesty's Royal Scots, son of the deceased John Orrok, Esq. of Orrok.

27. At Valencia, in South America, of the wounds received on the 24th June, in the battle of Carabobo, Thomas Elderton Fawcett, Esq. eldest son of the late Dr. Ferrius, of Manchester, Colonel in the Colombian service, and Adjutant-General of the army of the Republic.

At Batavia, Mr. William Leslie, aged 36 (and, on the 24th, at Bognor, Mr. Andrew Leslie, farmer there, aged 31—sons of the late Mr. William Leslie, Kingsburgh.

August 3. On the coast of Africa, Mr. James A. S. Calcutt, Esq.

At Ayr, Wm. Caird Leslie's eldest son, 34 years of age, son of the late Major-General Wm. Lockhart, of his Majesty's 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and son of the late Mr. Wm. Leslie, of his Majesty's 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and son of the late Mr. Wm. Leslie, of his Majesty's 1st Regiment of Foot Guards.

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1821. Oct Suddenly, Mr Moncrieff Blair, of the Montreal Bank, son of the late Mr. John Blair, of Thonell.

10. At St Helena, of apoplexy, Matthew Livingstone, Esq. surgeon.

27. At sea, off Corsica, on his passage to Italy, for the benefit of his health, Henry Davidson, Esq. advocate, second son of H Davidson, Esq. writer to the signet.

Nov. 11 In Newhall-Street, Liverpool, Edward Simon, aged 104 years and 29 days. He had been employed as a labourer in the Docks near 70 years. His mother died aged 103 years, his father 104 years, and his brother 104 years.

12. At the manse of Rathven, the Rev George Donaldson, minister of that parish, in the 79th year of his age, and 92d of his ministry. He was a man of exemplary piety, strict integrity, and mild and benevolent manners, and was most universally esteemed and respected by all who knew him, particularly by the parishioners of Kennethmont and Rathven, to whose edification and instruction in the course of his ministry, his best endeavours were successively exerted, and to whom he furnished, in his own conduct, an example most worthy of imitation.

14. Miss Catherine Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

16. At Kesh, in Ireland, Lieut. John Crabb, 40th regiment.

17. At Ormsary, Alexander Campbell, Esq. of Ormsary.

18. At London Rear Admiral Burney, FRS in his seventy second year, eldest son of the learned and elegant historian of music, and brother to two very distinguished persons of the present age, Madame D'Arbly the justly celebrated novelist, and the late Dr Charles Burney.

19. Christian McVean aged four years and five months, the only daughter, and, on Friday following Henry, aged seven years and one month, the only son of David Bowie, Esq. Paisley.

20. At Newton-upon Ayr in the 87th year of her age, Mrs Janet Alexander, widow of the late Bailie James Reid, Newton.

— Miss Ann Coats, of Blantyre, in the 74th year of her age.

21. At Cullerang Joanna Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thos. Gibson Bart. of Kirkcubright.

21. At his seat Thorntonhill, Bucks, Sir Thomas Sheppard Bart. aged 76.

22. At London, James Wilson, Esq. FRS Professor of Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons.

— At Lebanon, near Cupar Fife, Mr George Smith, late farmer, Kinnaird, in the 87th year of his age.

— At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs Susan Stewart, relict of the Rev Alexander Davidson, late minister of Winton.

23. At his house in Russell-Square, London, in the 88th year of his age, the Right Honourable Sir James Mansfield, late Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

24. At Annmouth Eleanor Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Annet, of that place, and, on the 25th of April last on board the Kent East Indiaman, on her passage to Bombay, Elizabeth Fenwick, youngest daughter of Mr Annett, and wife of Andrew Gibson, M.D. Civil Surgeon at the Court of Aytarah.

— At his house, Canonmills, Mr James Thomson, damask weaver Leith Wynd.

— At Pennycuik, by Thurso, Alexander Peter Esq. Esq.

— At New Rattray, Robert Barrell, Esq. late Provost of Kirkcaldy.

25. The Rev. William Dunlop, late pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Strabane.

— At Aberdeen, Miss Jane Ogilvie, in her 30th year.

— At Dundee, in the 67th year of her age, Miss Catherine Buchanan, youngest daughter of Mr David Buchanan, late merchant there. In the short space of eight months and five days, a son and three daughters, his whole remaining children, had been snatched from this transitory life—an uncommon calamity in one family never occurring before.

— At Glasgow, William, aged 24, son of William, Esq. of Glasgow, and relict of the late Mrs. William, Esq. of Glasgow.

Nov. 26. At Glasgow, in her 68th year, Mrs Mary Graham, relict of Mr John Graham of Kilbowie, Dumbartonshire.

— At Kinnington, near London, while on a visit to his friends, Mr Andrew Lawrie, late of Boscloach-street, Edinburgh.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Luke Fraser, late one of the Masters of the High School of this city, aged 83 years.

— At the Rev Dr Warlaw's, Glasgow, after an illness of five days, William, only son of the Rev T. Durand of Poole, in the 14th year of his age.

— At Dover, on her way from Canada to France, for the benefit of her health, Elizabeth Laidlaw, wife of Deputy Assistant Commissioner-General Melan.

— At Glasgow, William Ferguson, M.D.

28. At Gavin (Lochnawnoch), aged 67, Mrs Margaret Jamieson, relict of the late Mr James Fyfe, merchant, Port Glasgow.

— Mr Murdoch Mackenzie, Post-master, and principal merchant in Ullapool.

— At Maunaburgh, in France, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Mr Robert Walkingshaw, jun. writer in Glasgow, eldest son of the late James Walkingshaw, Esq. merchant, Paisley.

— In Broughton Street, Farnburgh, Mr Robert Smith, Thornhill, near Falkirk.

— At Woolwich, Lieut. Col. James West, R.A.

— Mrs Fraser, wife of Thomas Fraser, Esq. of Woodcote House, near Reading, and of Bannockburn, in the county of Caithness, who served, during last year, as High Sheriff for Oxfordshire.

29. At her house, Leth Walk, Mrs Jean Ritchie, relict of Capt. John Roberts of Carronfats, and daughter of John Ritchie, Esq. Borrowstounness.

30. At Dysart, the Reverend William Biddell, minister of the Relief congregation there, in the 68th year of his age, and the 42d of his ministry. He was distinguished by the diligence and faithfulness of his pastoral labours, and in the different stations in which he successively exercised his ministry, he was endeared to the people of his charge by the godly sincerity that characterised his public and private conduct, and was respected by his brethren for the propriety with which he uniformly acted—for his classical and professional attainments—and the unaffected simplicity and simplicity of his manners.

— At Dalrymple Lodge, John Dalrymple, Esq. of Lingo.

— At Craighouse, Miss Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the late Humphrey Colquhoun, Esq.

— At Bankfoot, Mrs Jean Hay, relict of Alexander Robertson, Esq. one of the Principal Clerks of Session.

Dec 1. At Auchinrothie, by Paisley, Mr David Thompson, merchant, Paisley.

— At her house, 60 Queen-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Dunlop.

2. At Edinburgh, Charles Hamilton of Fairholm, Esq. aged 50 years.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Macfarlane, eldest daughter of the late William Macfarlane of Macfarlane, Esq.

— At Philipstoun, Miss Catharine Kerr, eldest daughter of the late William Kerr, Esq. Millholm.

— At Douglas, Mrs Hawthorn Thomson, relict of the Rev William McCubbin, minister there.

3. At Rutherglen, Mr William Dickson, late Provost of that burgh.

— At London, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Hamilton, aged 33 years, nephew of which had been devoted to the service of the army, most of them in foreign climates, and scarcely seen in his native country.

— At London, Mrs Fitzpatrick, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald of the Life Guards, who fell at Waterloo.

4. At Edinburgh, Adam Scott Elliot of Arskelton.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Nelson, widow of Mr Darnley, London.

— At Glasgow, the Misses Mrs. Lord Kinnaird.

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and latter of the Morning Chronicle, in the 65th year of his age.

1891. Dec. 6. At Ayr, William Allison, Esq. of Whitehill.

At Newhouses, near Dunbar, Margaret Cairns, widow of the Rev. Dr. Cairns.

At Glasgow, Berwickshire, Archibald Bosman, Esq.

6. At Musselburgh, Richard Jones, Esq. late of the Customs, Edinburgh.

At Glasgow, in the parish of St. Cyprian John Burnett, in the 97th year of his age. A few years ago a man died in the same parish above 100, and these are the only living in it two men who have been elderly nearly 50 years. One of them, aged 93, is still very active, and sometimes walks ten miles in a day.

At his brother's house, Edinburgh, Charles Berry, Esq. of Spring gardens, in the 36th year of his age.

7. At St. John's, Newfoundland, Mrs. Cross.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Stewart Cunningham, wife of Captain James Haldane Tait, R. N.

8. At London, of apoplexy, John Ring, Esq. surgeon; generally known for his philanthropy and literary professional acquirements.

In the Manse of Halkirk, in Caithness, the Rev. George Cameron, minister of that parish, in the 58th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry.

At Peterhead, Mrs. Ann Hutchison, spouse of Mr. James Argo, merchant there.

9. At Portobello, Mr. Rhoda Mudie, wife of Dr. J. Mudie, late of Alford, Lincolnshire.

10. On Monday, Mr. James Currie, farmer, Halkerton.

At Edinburgh, Mr. Thomas Ferguson, aged 78. This gentleman has bequeathed the sum of £100 to each of the four following institutions: The Magdalen Chapel, the Royal Infirmary, the Trades' Maiden Hospital, and the Charity Workhouse.

11. At Edinburgh, Marianne, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Young, of the General Post Office.

At Edinburgh, Miss Barbara Worr, eldest daughter of Andrew Moss, Esq. late of Otterburn.

In Moray-street, Leith Walk, Mr. Knox, late of Firth.

At Arbroath, Miss Glegg, daughter of the Rev. George Glegg, minister there.

At Leith, Mrs. Ann Richely, wife of Mr. John Hutchinson, merchant there.

12. At Burntisland, Mrs. Helen Simpson, wife of William Young, Esq. distiller.

At Grayrigg, Fifeshire, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Beaumont, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

At Brighton, Phoebe Hazel, aged 111 years. His Majesty had for the last seven or eight years allowed the deceased 10s. 6d. a week.

At Montrose, Mr. Edward Green, merchant, in the 61st year of his age.

At Hermitage Place, Leith, Lieut.-Colonel Lauriston, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

13. At Leith, Dr. Wynne, fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and formerly Surgeon to the Chester Infirmary.

14. At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Maxwell, daughter of the late Sir Wm. Maxwell of Calderwood, Baronet.

At Wellhouse, aged 64 years, William Miller, Esq. of Wellhouse.

At Down, near Dunbar, Mr. John Skirving, late farmer, Wellhead, at the advanced age of 90 years.

At Leith, R. Story, Esq. M.D. in the 83d year of his age.

At Brechin, near Thurso, Mr. Sinclair Sutcliffe, distiller.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Carruthers, relict of the late John Carruthers Esq. of Holmhead, and daughter of Mr. Robert Carruthers of Maxwellton.

At Glasgow, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of John B. Bannerman, Esq.

At Leith, Matthew Comb, Esq. brewer.

At Glasgow, Capt. Charles Farquharson, late of the 42nd Foot, and James Farquharson, Esq. of the 42nd Foot.

Dec. 15. At Ebb House, Sir Harry Niven-Lums of Auchindown, Bt., aged 57.

At Glasgow, Miss Brown, relict of the late John Brown, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

16. At Castlebank, Lady Stuart, widow of Sir John Stuart of Castlebank, Bt.

At Lessendrum, Maurice George Bimet, Esq. of Brighton, in the 5th of Wight, and Lessendrum, Aberdeenshire.

17. At Dalry Town, county of Galway, the Right Hon. Dennis Bowles Daly, after a fortnight's illness. For upwards of forty years Mr. Daly represented the county of Galway in successive Parliaments.

At his house, Musselburgh, William Scott, Esq. aged 70.

At Glasgow, Miss Catherine McNeill, daughter of the late James McNeill, Esq. island of St. Croix.

18. At Mount Lodge, Portobello, Col. Frances James Scott.

20. Mr. Daniel McIntosh, formerly grocer in Edinburgh.

At St. Andrew's, in the 57th year of her age, Miss Elizabeth Stevenson, sister of the late Stevenson, Esq. formerly of London.

21. At Leith, Mrs. Mary Muschet, wife of Mr. Korman, bookbinder.

22. Mr. William Graham of Iarnhill.

At the manse of Cress, Mr. John Gregory, late of Edinburgh, in his 85th year.

At Glasgow, Mr. James Greenlee, long known as a bookseller in that city, and who was afterwards induced, by circumstances, to make a temporary appearance on the stage, in several first-rate characters. He was always regarded by his friends as a person of great ability, and considerable genius.

At St. Ann's Hill, near Liverpool, aged 21 years, Jane, second daughter of Gilbert Henderson, Esq.

At Edinburgh, in the 62d year of his age, Thomas Henderson, Esq. the City Chamberlain.—The death of this respectable individual has terminated a career of much public usefulness, and great personal integrity. Mr. Henderson for many years filled various departments in the Magistracy and Council of this city; he was for some period Treasurer to Heriot's Hospital, and we believe about twelve years Chamberlain and Manager of the city revenues of Edinburgh—an office attended with much anxiety, care, and responsibility. In all the situations which he occupied, we think we only speak the public feeling when we say, that he filled them with fidelity. In his official duties he was firm and decisive, while to all he was easy of access, kind, and affable. In private life those who knew him were well acquainted with the pious feelings of his heart, and general benevolence of his character.

Mrs. Gordon, wife of Captain J. M. Gordon, Royal Navy.

24. At London, Mr. Henry Deunmont, aged 35. Lately, in French Street, Southampton, Mr. F. Guion. He was at an early part of his life at the Edinburgh Theatre, and played the same characters as Mr. Garnock was then performing in London, and with nearly as much talent.

At Paris, after a few days' illness, the celebrated Colonel Thornton, late of Thornville Royal, in the county of York.

At her house, No. 3. George's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Margaret Ringan, widow of the late Mr. Her. Ringan, merchant, Edinburgh.

At Greenock, of the small pox, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Madoc, of Stonehouse, but for the greater part of his long life a planter in Jamaica.

Lately, at Holloway Head, near Northwich, at the extraordinary age of 121 years, Mr. John Madoc. He retained his faculties to the last.

At Markethill, aged 104 years, Mr. Matthew Magister, a respectable and worthy man, who retained the use of his faculties till the latest period of his life.

On his voyage home from Jamaica, Captain Robert Henderson, of his Majesty's ship "Hibernia."

At his house in Queen Anne's-street, in his 71st year, Sir Wm. Dalrymple, of the 42nd Foot, and Vice-Chancellor of Great Britain.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

FEBRUARY 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
Mar. 1822.	H.	M.	H.	M.	Mar. 1822.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Fr. 1	7	58	8	47	Su. 17	8	51	9	15
Sa. 2	9	39	10	29	M. 18	10	31	11	28
Su. 3	11	9	11	49	Tu. 19	11	38	—	—
M. 4	—	—	0	16	W. 20	0	4	0	27
Tu. 5	0	42	1	3	Th. 21	0	47	1	8
W. 6	1	23	1	41	Fr. 22	1	21	1	50
Th. 7	1	58	2	14	Sa. 23	2	10	2	30
Fr. 8	2	31	2	17	Su. 24	2	50	3	9
Sa. 9	3	2	3	15	M. 25	3	28	3	49
Su. 10	3	30	3	43	Tu. 26	4	9	4	30
M. 11	3	57	4	11	W. 27	4	53	5	17
Tu. 12	4	24	4	40	Th. 28	5	12	5	7
W. 13	4	55	5	12	Fr. 29	6	38	7	16
Th. 14	5	29	5	50	Sa. 30	7	56	8	42
Fr. 15	6	11	6	45	Su. 31	9	30	10	14
Sa. 16	7	15	8	0					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

Full Moon, Thur. 7. 32 m. past 8 aftern.
 Last Quarter, Fr. 15. 14 11 aftern.
 New Moon, Sa. 21. 2 7 morn.
 First Quarter, Fr. 29. 56 9 aftern.

TERMS, &c.

March 9. Court of Session rises.

17. St. Patrick.

21. Day and Night equal

25. Lady-Day.

31. Palm Sunday.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to LONGMAN and COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be particularly addressed.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
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LITERARY MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY 1822.

CONSIDERATIONS ON A PETITION OF THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF LINCOLNSHIRE, TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; PRAYING THAT HONOURABLE HOUSE TO ALTER THE CORN LAWS, AND TO SUBSTITUTE, IN THE PLACE OF A "PROHIBITORY," A PROTECTING SYSTEM.

(Continued from p. 70.)

ALL this may be admitted as a *truism* that cannot be disputed; but then, say the advocates for protecting duties, restrictions, and prohibitions on the importation of corn, if we allow a "free trade" in corn, we shall become dependent for our supplies on foreign nations, and, under such circumstances, we may ultimately become the slaves and dependants of our greatest rivals, who may starve us into submission, or into a surrender of our liberties, whenever they please.

We conceive this to be little better than a mere BUGBEAR, hung up, by land-owners, to frighten weak minds into an acquiescence in their own selfish ends. As, however, it is the main pillar of the argument against a free trade in corn, we shall bestow upon it a few thoughts, in order to show its extreme absurdity.

We take for granted the truth of the reasoning above stated, and also the assumption that, in almost all cases, it is for the advantage of small but well-peopled countries, to import their corn from those states which can afford it at the cheapest rate; and that, on the other hand,

it is for the advantage of those states which grow abundance of corn, but possess few manufactures, to purchase their manufactures from those countries which can afford them best and cheapest. Taking these *data*, it is evident, that the moment nations come to see and to be convinced that it is for the general good to encourage and protect their respective branches of *barter* or trade, then it will follow, that each will be alike careful to preserve and strengthen, with its neighbour, the bonds of amity and friendship. Why? Because the one country is as much dependent on the other, as the other is dependent on it. It is true, that clothes, furniture, and luxury, may be wanted, when corn cannot. But will any nation, generally, want these when it can have them? Will the jealousy of any government persuade a *whole* people to throw away or forget their own comforts, merely to gratify its animosity, or love of war or conquest? Of what use would their corn be if we took it not off their hands? and how could the government itself recruit its finances, without the duties on commerce? *Bonaparte*, with all his decrees, found it impossible to shut out our manufactures and colonial produce from the Continent: and, if he could not, with his immense and overwhelming power, will any other *butcher* of his race be enabled to accomplish it? Trade, founded upon reciprocal advantages, and essentially necessary for the common welfare, cannot be stopt. A nation will

not submit to it; and the government, however firm and however tenacious of its own purposes, must ultimately yield to the voice and necessities of the people.

Interest rules the ball:—it sways nations as well as individuals:—like truth, it is omnipotent, and never fails, sooner or later, to accomplish its end. Hence Malthus says, and says most justly, “that if every nation were to devote itself particularly to those kinds of industry and produce to which its soil, climate, capital, and skill were best suited; and were then *freely to exchange* these products with each other, it would be the most certain and efficacious mode, not only of advancing the wealth and prosperity of the *whole body* of the commercial republic with the quickest pace, but of giving to each individual nation of the body the full and perfect use of all its resources.

“If a great and continued demand should arise among surrounding nations for the raw produce of a particular country, the price of this produce would of course rise considerably; and the expences of cultivation, rising only slowly and gradually to the same proportion, the price of produce might for a long time keep so much a-head, as to give a prodigious stimulus to improvement, and encourage the employment of much capital in bringing fresh land under cultivation, and rendering the old much more productive.

“Nor would the effect,” he adds, “be essentially different in a country which continued to feed its own people, if, instead of a demand for its raw produce, there was the same increasing demand for its manufactures. These manufactures, if, from such a demand, the value of their amount in foreign countries was greatly to increase, would bring back a great increase of value in return, which increase of value could not fail to increase the value of the raw produce. The demand for agricultural as well as manufactured produce would be augmented; and a considerable stimulus, though not, perhaps, to the same extent, as in the last case, would be given to every kind of improvement on the land.”

In short, he says, “We know that it answers to almost all small well-

peopled states to import their corn; and there is every reason to suppose, that even a large landed nation, abounding in a manufacturing population, and having cultivated all its good soil, might find it cheaper to purchase a considerable part of its corn in other countries, where the supply, compared with the demand, was more abundant. If the intercourse between the different ports of Europe were perfectly easy, and perfectly free, it would be by no means natural that one country should be employing a great capital in the cultivation of poor lands, while, at no great distance, lands, comparatively rich, were lying very ill cultivated, from the want of an effectual demand.”

Such is exactly our opinion. The capital with which, on our inferior soils, we grow corn, could be employed with greater profit in our manufactures; and the exchange of these manufactures for foreign grain would at all times ensure us, in ordinary seasons, full and cheap markets. Thus, our trade, successfully and extensively cultivated, would enable us to enjoy a much greater quantity of food;—this abundance would increase our population;—our population would add to our strength;—and our strength to our independence. Riches and strength are the sinews of a nation, and wherever these reside, there is no danger of *subjugation*, from want of subsistence, to a foreign foe. Were not *Venice*, and *Holland*, and *Hamburg*, supplied, for a long time, by foreign countries? Did not they depend entirely on foreign corn for their support? Yet were *they*, through the mere want of subsistence, subjugated to Bonaparte? We fearlessly answer, they were not. On the contrary, by drawing their supplies from foreign countries, they were raised to that eminence of wealth, and power, and population, which so long distinguished them amongst the nations. Instead of the vast sums of money, or of goods, which they paid for foreign corn, being injurious to their resources and independence, they tended to secure both. Their gains, on their trade, were *doubled*, and often *trebled*, and the extravagant purchases of their manufactures, spices, &c.

with corn, enriched the merchant, and ultimately their cities. The foreign growers became as much dependent on these cities, as these cities were on them; and the trade, thus reciprocally carried on, instead of impeding, tended greatly to facilitate the supply of provisions. The large purchases of corn enabled the foreign farmer to buy more of their articles of luxury or convenience; and the furnishing to them large supplies of these articles, tended to extend, and most effectually contribute to the prosperity of their commerce and colonies. The same sentiment is happily expressed by Malthus: "All trade," says he, "is ultimately a trade of barter, and the power of purchasing cannot be permanently extended without an extension of the power of selling; the foreign countries which supplied us with corn, would evidently have their power of purchasing our commodities increased, and would thus contribute more effectually to our commercial and manufacturing prosperity."—"No purchase," he adds, "is ever made, either at home or abroad, unless that which is received is, in the estimate of the purchaser, of more value than that which is given; and we may rest assured, that we shall never buy corn or any other commodities abroad, if we cannot, by so doing, supply our wants in a more advantageous manner, and by a smaller quantity of capital, than if we had attempted to raise these commodities at home."

With these facts before us, then, respecting the reciprocal advantages and the real interests of the grower and consumer of the manufacturing country, and the country of corn—can there be any rational danger of the one becoming dependent on the other, so as to lose its freedom? A community of nations linked together by their common wants, like a community of individuals, will have their jealousies, and fears, and indignation, occasionally roused against some one transgressor amongst them; but will this break the general chain that binds them so closely by their mutual wants? In the same nation, in the same province, or in the same county, do we not see party animosity often estranging one man from another, and

making him change his employer or merchant? But does that injure the internal trade of the country? Quite the reverse. The parties, indeed, no longer deal with each other—but what then? They just deal with another neighbour; and thus the internal trade goes on as before; the wants of both, supposed to be the same, flow only into new channels; and the miller and manufacturer experience no decrease in the demand for and purchase of their several commodities. And so it would be with a community of nations, bound together by the close tie of their respective necessities.

This idea is finely illustrated in the *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. V. p. 7., and we cannot do better than extract it. "It appears to us," (says the reviewer on plans of national improvement, &c.) "eminently false to ascribe greater dignity to one mechanical profession than another. If the husbandman is not permitted to pay undivided attention to his agricultural occupation, by that arrangement of civilized society which gives him the assistance of the other labourers, he must distract his attention, by performing parts of those other tasks. Instead of devoting his attention to sowing and reaping, he must become an artisan, a maker of trinkets, a servant, an exciseman. It is obvious that all these professions work together as parts of the same machine. The gains of the one are honourable in the same proportion in which the gains of the others are so. The end of each, in its particular department, is the same—to promote the comfort and happiness of the whole."

But the advantages derived from these departments are also equally secure to the community, and to the individuals who fill them; and it should be remarked, that they are secure, exactly in proportion to the security of the gains derived from agriculture. If the husbandman neither manufactures furniture, nor prepares his luxuries, he must raise grain for the support of his weaver, joiner, and grocer. They are fed by his labour only in proportion as he is clothed, lodged, and pleased by theirs. The wealth of the nation results from their joint labours; it consists

in the aggregate produce of their whole exertions; and the part which supplies comforts and luxuries, is as much opulence, and as much under human control, as the portion which furnishes articles of the first necessity.

In like manner, if we find a community employed exclusively or principally in arts and manufactures, and supplied from abroad with articles of prime necessity, we may remark that this is exactly the case of the division of employments; it is only applied to the great community of human society, instead of the contracted circle of one nation; or it is applied to a collection of separate countries, instead of being confined to one. Wherever we find an artizan working, we may be assured there must be a farmer ploughing and sowing, either in the same, or in some other country, it signifies not which. And if a whole people betake themselves *exclusively* to manufactures, there must be some other people who confine their attention to husbandry. The artists and burghers of Holland must be fed by the peasantry of Poland; and if the latter cease to till the ground, the former will cease to circulate among them its manufactured produce. In like manner, if the Dutch cease to employ themselves in arts and traffic, the Poles must cease to cultivate so much of their soil, and must betake themselves to arts and commerce. To denominate the one nation dependent on the other, and to describe its wealth as comparatively insecure, is justified by no principle of political reasoning whatever.

But there are casualties in trade. Vessels may be lost at sea; fires may consume manufactories and warehouses; and agriculture alone, according to one gentleman, furnishes a solid basis to national prosperity. Now, is not every thing human subject to accident? Is agriculture alone exempt from the general tenure? Is the labour of the farmer never the *spoof* of times and chances; of droughts, and floods, and mildews; of sickness among cattle; of tempests and fires that destroy houses and barns? These are his chances. It is beyond all calculation, indeed, that they should, in the main, affect

the general prosperity, by ruining his harvests; and it is also beyond all calculation, that shipwreck should destroy the national commerce and manufactures. A war may indeed injure trade, and an enemy may ravage a country; but the vessels captured may be laden with agricultural as well as with manufactured produce; and the hostilities may thus affect the husbandman as well as the artizan and merchant. We are, "therefore, reduced to this dilemma-- Either we must organize a state, so as to divide its capital and labour into all the requisite branches, and make it a complete whole within itself, (which implies the existence of many occupations besides agriculture;) or we must admit, that the farmer, as well as the artizan and trader, may be affected by the casualties of war, in the very moment in which manufactures and commerce are suffering. Besides, if there be any truth in the foregoing statements, the hostile powers cannot injure each other's commerce with impunity; for if the agriculture of the one was previously calculated upon the supposition that its market lay in the other, (which is necessarily a part of the question,) it is a poor advantage to ruin its own customer, and destroy the equivalent that must be paid for its goods. Indeed, we find that this view is so clear and direct, that it influences the proceedings of all contending powers, and reduces to a very trifle the real effects of war upon trade."

This extract points out, with great force, *our security*, and the necessary and reciprocal dependence of agricultural and commercial nations upon each other, and removes, to a great distance, any fear which may arise to us from war, although we were, at this instant, receiving all our corn from foreign markets.

But before our liberties and independence could be affected, and before the nations on which we depended could force us into submission from want, we must be at war with all the world; and our own colonies, too, must shut their bowels of compassion against us. Canada, the East Indies, &c., must all withhold their surplus corn from us; and for no other reason, but for the *sheer*

pleasure of starving us into a subjection to Russia or France!! In short, the idea contains in it the entire abandonment of all European politics, *the balance of power*, as well as of interest, and amounts, in our mind, to a complete absurdity; while, by opening our ports to a free trade in corn, we should, from the superiority of capital, machinery, and skill, annihilate the manufactories of those nations that bartered their corn with us. Finding that they could purchase their cloth, linen, cottons, and calicoes, &c. *two-thirds* or a *half cheaper* than they could make them, they would be glad to give us their corn in return for them; and finding that we could have their corn for the one-half of the price at which we could raise it, we would be glad to give them our manufactures for it; and thus the advantage being equal and reciprocal, each nation would betake itself to those employments which suited it best, and which brought to it the greatest possible comfort, at the least possible expense.

In pursuing this career, both nations would arrive at the highest degree of improvement. The duties on their foreign commerce would enrich their *treasuries*; the low price of corn would enable the artizan to live better; and, by keeping wages steady and moderate, would enable the manufacturer to compete with the foreign merchant in his own market. Thus a stimulus would be given to our manufacturers; fresh life and activity would be inspired into all classes of the community; arts and sciences would be still farther encouraged—personal merit rewarded—and intelligence and spirit spreading themselves in every direction, would inspire a taste for the comforts and conveniences of life; and by giving a new and more elevated tone to society, would infuse into all ranks a love of liberty and public spirit, without which there can be neither happiness nor security.

Such, we think, would be the certain effects of unshackled freedom in every branch of the corn trade. We press the argument no farther, and proceed to consider an inducement used to prevail on the Meeting to go into this scheme of a “*protecting duty*,” viz. that by a “*Protecting*

Duty” there would be less *fluctuation* in the price of corn.

The fallacy of this argument it is our duty to expose. Fluctuations in the price of corn are unavoidable. Bad seasons—scanty crops—keeping corn to the dearth—importation forbidden—and importation allowed, produce, each in their turn, or in their combinations, *unsteady* markets. The only preservative against feeling these in the extreme is a free trade, which, by bringing competitors from all countries into the market, would not only secure abundant supplies, in ordinary, but would moderate the price even in dear years. If experience is to guide us in this question, such would be the result.

The force of competition would sink the price of corn, and consumers purchasing from those who sold cheapest, would compel all who stood out for high prices to come down to the level of the market. If the home farmer sell on equal terms with the importer, a preference, through friendship, or partiality, would probably be given him. If he sell lower, he will command the market; but if higher, he will most certainly be forsaken by all who make ready-money bargains. This competition, or rivalry, would lessen, indeed, the profits of both; but it would continue till their corn was brought to the *lowest rate* at which they could afford to sell it, and thus the public would be benefited.

In this competition-race, however, the British farmer would be soon forced to rein up. As he cannot raise corn at so cheap a rate as the foreign farmer, he will, as a competitor, be undersold and driven away. This would take place though all taxes on farming were *instantly* removed, and he was placed on the same footing with the Polish Serfs; because his manner of living, habits, customs, and enjoyments, are altogether different from those of uncivilized life. The difference of rent and capital—of servants' wages and maintenance—independently of the fullness with which British farmers feed their horses and cattle, and the inferiority of the soil to that of Poland and France, would prevent the British farmer from competing with the corn-growers of the Continent. These

will, no doubt, compete with one another, though, at the same time, it will be their endeavour to keep the prices as high as possible, that their profits may be large. Should, however, the British farmer attempt a serious competition—in that case, all the importers would unite against him, and force him to sell his corn for a price at which he could not afford to pay even a rent. This would produce great fluctuations; for the home grower must either sell at 20s. or 30s. his quarter of wheat, exclusive of the taxes, or be forced to retire from a competition which would eventually ruin him. Though his corn were raised without a shilling of burden from taxation, this would happen. His protecting duty, in such a case, would avail him nothing; and too late, he would find, that all he had reaped from it, as from the present Corn Bill, was misery.

This is not theory—it is experience. Already we have had trial of what a Protecting Duty can do. In the year 1791, a law was made, fixing the duty at 6d. when wheat was 51s. a quarter; at 2s. 6d. when under 51s. and above 50s.: And at 50s. and under, 24s. 3d. of duty were to be paid by the importer.

This duty amounted to a direct prohibition. The consequence was, importation ceased—grain became scarce—bad years followed—fluctuations became excessive—prices rose from 50s. to 77s.—a famine was dreaded. The ports were opened, and, instead of a duty, a high bounty was given to the importer, and more than a MILLION AND A HALF was the price paid for the protecting duty of 1791!

If similar causes produce similar effects, no better results can come from this protecting duty now so eagerly desired. Just as certainly as it passes, will it give the importer a direct *apology*: And should his brother importers chuse to combine with him, they may, for certain given periods in the year, raise the price of corn as high as they please; nay, what is more, they may reduce us to a dependence upon them for our chief supplies, and thus bring upon us all the dangers (did such dangers exist) of opening our ports to a *free trade* in corn.

These dangers, as we have already shewn, are imaginary. The real terror of the agriculturists is cheap corn, and this is evinced by their anxious desire to have dear markets, as the latter seem to be the only means, in their apprehension, of relieving them from their present embarrassments. To obtain their end, we wonder that it did not occur to them to pray for "*seven years of famine*;" or, to do like the Dutch, in good "*olden*" times, when spices were plenty—"burn the one half of the crop, that they might sell the other half at their high old prices;" or, to render their profits still more speedily sure, and prevent us from buying, where we can always buy cheapest, we wonder why they have not applied for an Act of Parliament, to run in the words of a great Earl: "Whereas wheaten bread is cheap on the Continent, be it therefore enacted, that it shall henceforth and for ever be *dear* in England!"

That the distresses of the landlords are real, we cannot believe. Highly as we respect and honour their words, we think appearances are completely against them. Merrier meetings we have seldom heard of, than of some of those which have just taken place in England. The finest viands, and wines of the richest flavour, were in profuse abundance. Of speechifying there was no lack, complaining of an overwhelming taxation—which we, too, wish at the devil—and of reform, which we wish some of them to begin with themselves first, and then proceed to the State:—And then their bumpering away, with "three-times-three"—their toasting and bespattering each other with panegyric, even to *nauseating loathsomeness*—and, lastly, sitting down and enjoying the plaudits of the company, like the *jolliest* mortals that ever filled their glasses!—and, *after all this*, crying about their distresses!!!

From these facts, and from the fact, also, that not a few of the landlords and farmers keep fine houses; and fine horses, and often give fine feasts, and routs, and costly dinners, we are led to think that the cry of distress is not sincere, at least to the extent that they would have us believe. We wish that all his Majesty's subjects

were as well off as the Honourable Member, Mr Speirs, and Mr Maxwell, and their English coadjutors the Earl of Albemarle, Lord John Russell, Mr Coke, &c. &c. &c. If they were, we should not much compassionate their present distresses.

But why should we pity landlords, when they have so much reason to rejoice? By the high metallic currency in which their rents are now paid, they are adding to the incomes of their farms let in 1814 and 1815, about 25 per cent.; and therefore, instead of being in distress, every land-owner, who gives *no reduction* of rent, is just pocketing 25 per cent. more than when paid in the depreciated paper currency of 1815, when his lands were let. An example will best explain our meaning.

Suppose the landlord let his land in 1814 and 1815 at a rent paid, and to be paid in money, equal to £400, and which rent, at the time of the lease, was reckoned by himself and his tenant a *fair* rent, at the value of the paper currency then in common use. But that paper currency was 25 per cent. below the present metallic one—consequently the £400 paid now in cash, is equal to £500 of the depreciated currency in which the farm was originally taken. If this, then, be the case, as it is—is it not clear as sunshine, that the landlord is putting into his pocket a sum *now* equal to £500 *then*? for the £400 rent at 25 per cent. increase, just goes as far now in the purchase of farm produce, as £500 would have done in 1815. The conclusion from all this is, that, by the rise in the value of the currency, the landlord is enriched to the amount of £100 more than he was by his original lease entitled to, and to the same extent the tenant is impoverished.

No wonder, then, that the sober and industrious farmer who receives no reduction of rent equivalent to the fall of produce, and the rise in the currency, is in real distress. It is impossible for him to be otherwise, or to continue to pay in this proportion. Should ~~his~~ landlord demand the uttermost farthing, he must be eventually ruined. Every year, on a £400 cash rent, he is losing £100! Had the farmer taken his lands by

the actual prices of grain, and consented to pay his rent with 400 bolls of oats, according to the selling prices of the market, his rent in 1815, and in 1821, would have stood thus: The selling-price of 400 bolls of oats, at 24s. a boll, was, in 1815, equal to £430. In 1821, oats gave 16s. a boll: but 400 bolls at 16s., are only equal to £320. As £430 then would, by the market prices, have been his rent in 1815, so £320 would be his rent in 1821; making a difference of £110 to the landlord, in 1821, from what he would have received in 1815.

But this difference, though he feels not, by receiving a cash payment, his tenant feels, and finds to his sad experience, that the value of his farm is depreciated in 1821, to the round sum of £110 sterling. This, we repeat, is ruinous to the farmer.

But instead of either of these ways, suppose his farm leased on the terms of paying his rent according to the *fiar* prices of the country. What then were these? In 1815 the *fiar* prices of the best oats in Haddington market were 18s. 4d. a boll, and in 1820, were 18s. a boll. 100 bolls at 18s. 4d. a boll, are equal to £366 13s. 4d.—and, at 18s. are equal to £360: the difference of rent, therefore, in 1815, is £6 13s. 4d. Add to this, the increased value of the currency, viz. 25 per cent. on the £360, and you have £456 13s. 4d., or £90 higher rent than in 1815; which £90, while it is a *sheer* loss to the farmer, is a positive gain to the landlord, and to which, according to the spirit of his lease, he is not entitled.

To the English farmer a similar difference takes place. In 1815, the average price of oats throughout England was 24s.—in 1821, the average was 19s. Now, 400 bolls at 24s., make £480—and the same bolls, at 19s., make £380—difference £100, which the farmer now loses, on the supposition that his rent, in 1815, was £480 in money, which £480 he is paying at present. But add to this £480 the difference of 25 per cent., and the real value now paid him in cash by his tenant, is equal to £600: that is to say, the landlord is gaining, by the rise in the metallic currency, just £120 more than his rent in 1815 actually and truly brought

him! The difference in wheat is still greater.

Had the farm been leased according to the far prices, this accumulated evil would not have come upon the farmer; and, instead of paying £.480, he would only have been paying £.380.

It is quite true, he would not have had the benefit of great prices during the years 1817, 1818, and 1819; but he would, by the fars, have always kept his relative proportions, and if he did not gain much, by the fluctuations of the markets, he lost as little.

Connected with this evil was the great one of speculation, or overtrading in farms. Notwithstanding the state of the markets, no sooner was a farm to be let, than offers poured in upon the landlord, from all quarters, every one overbidding another. And the question did not seem to be with the landlord—Who was the late tenant? How long had he and his forefathers rented the farm? How had they behaved? What capital had they invested in it? How had they improved it? Were they industrious—punctual in paying their rents—attached to their house—supporters, in ancient times, of its glory, and defenders of its rights? Had they grown up in the farm, and been always “about our hands?” Nothing of all this did the landlord put to himself. High rents, and the highest offerer, with good capital, were preferred to the tenant who had grown grey upon his estate; and a stranger was put in possession of a farm, which had been rented by the outgoing tenant and his forefathers for many generations.

And what was often the result? The farm that was lately in good heart, and excellent condition, became suddenly deteriorated. A few scouring crops rendered it unproductive; and when no more could be made out of it, the new tenant either became a bankrupt, or left the country. The landlord, no doubt, was filled with rage and disappointment; but it was too late; his land was run out—reduced to a “*caput mortuum*,” he had subsequently to let it for half the rent; and thus, what betwixt the rents he had lost, and the rent he had to let it at, he found that it

would have been more profitable for him to have taken the offer of the old tenant, who had bidden him the highest farthing of rent, rather than leave the spot of his birth—so dear to all his recollections.

How very different is the conduct of Earl Fitzwilliam! His example, in these times, is refreshing. Attached to his farmers, they are attached to him—he wishes “to live and let live.” After, lately, lowering their rents, he forcibly recommended to them, that the labourers they employed should have fair and sufficient wages, to enable them to live, and live well. “The interest of landlords and tenants he considered mutual; and aware that they had embarked capitals upon their farms, for which, and for their labour, it was just and fair that they should be remunerated, he, therefore, lowered their rents from 45 to 35 per cent.”

This noble example of Earl Fitzwilliam, we are entitled to urge on the freeholders of Renfrewshire. The Honourable the Lord Provost of Paisley said, “it would be generous in the fund-holders to come forward with a reduction of £.1 per cent. on the dividends, which would be equivalent to sweeping off a fifth-part of the national debt.” On the same principle we say, it would not only be generous, but, *just*, in landlords to sweep off, at least, 25 per cent. from all rents of farms begun to be leased in 1814 and 1815.

We must here observe, however, that the cases of the farmer and fund-holder are very different indeed. We plead the necessity of reducing the farmer's rent, from justice, and from his inability to pay it; but can this be pleaded in the case of the fund-holder? The farmer is the same individual who first leased the farm. The intentions of his landlord and himself were fully expressed and understood at the same time. But the fund-holders are not the same race of men now, that they were in 1815. Since then, the funds have often changed hands, and every day sees them in perpetual fluctuation. Grant that the money borrowed from 1812 to 1815, inclusive, was in the depreciated currency of the time, and varying from 20 to 25 per cent. below par; and that, for

all the sums then lent to Government, the stock-holder is receiving the full interest, in the increased value of the present metallic currency; still we maintain, that, to reduce it generally, and make all fund-holders feel it, would, in the Government, be an act of flagrant injustice. *Half* of the public debt was contracted *before* bank-notes were depreciated; and when they were on *par* with gold; and the other *half* was contracted *after* they had sunk in their value, as is seen by the subjoined table *.

If, therefore, 25 per cent., or *one-fifth*, were taken from all the holders of stock, the consequences would be, that whilst one-half of the public creditors would be receiving too little, the other would be receiving too much. But supposing such a thing attempted, how is it to be fairly done? Both debts are now so mingled and confounded together, by a long series of transfers, that it is impossible to separate the stock invested before 1812, from the stock invested after 1815; and if this separation cannot be effected, would not, or might not, the innocent be made to suffer? and if so, would not a sweeping clause for reducing *one-fifth* of the interest be nothing more nor less than sweeping injustice?

We plead the justice and necessity of a reduction to the farmer, on two grounds; first, Because it was the intention of the landlord to obtain only a fair price for his land; and secondly, From the farmer's *inability* to pay the present rent. But no such inability can be pleaded for the nation. Is the country not able to pay

the interest of its debts? Are the multitude of Public Dinners—Dinners of Pittites and Foxites:—are Burns' Clubs—Highland Societies—County Meetings—Accession Dinners—Routes—Dances—Balls—Theatres—Concerts—Operas, &c., where hundreds meet to enjoy “viands and wines of the richest flavour;” are these evidences of our poverty, and inability to pay the interest of our debts? Are there no pensions of titled dukes? Are there no Buckinghams, Seymours, Richmonds, Graftons, or Melvilles, to disgorge the public money, and to be left to be maintained from their own princely domains? Are there no officers, commissioners, &c. with extravagant salaries? Are there no army estimates to curtail?—no abuses, in the various departments of the state, to be corrected and reformed, and by which millions might be saved? In one word, are the nobility and gentry of our land, to save whose estates the war was gone into and persevered in, and for the carrying on of which all this immense load of debt under which we groan was contracted—are they now so poor and so mean-spirited—so lost to dignity and honour, as to be willing that others, by a Corn Bill, or a Protecting Duty, should pay their taxes for them? Are they humbled so low, as to be willing to accept of the generosity of 1 per cent. from the fund-holder?—and condescending enough to take from the poor man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, *sixpence* for every quartern loaf that he eats?

In 1801, Bank-notes were at a par with gold.

In 1802, at a discount of from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. .

From 1803 to 1809, inclusive, £.2.13.2 — —

In 1810, discount rose from £.2.13.2 to £.13.9.6 — —

In 1811, discount on Bank-notes upwards of 10 — —

In 1812, average discount on Bank-notes 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ — —

In 1813, 23 — —

In 1814, 25 — —

In 1815, about 26 — —

In 1816, January, reduced to 5 — —

In 1817, } October, { £.1.8.7 — —

& 1818, } £.2.13.2 — —

In 1819, } Early in the year, depreciated to 6 — —

1820, } For these three years, Bank-notes nearly on *par* with gold.

1821, }

N.B. This table furnishes a measure of reduction, by the landlord, on all his rents, according to the time, or year, when his leases were granted.

It is really pitiful, to see the GREAT, and the RICH, and the NOBLE of our land, recommending a reduction of interest on the *whole* debt of the nation; and yet many of them refusing to give a reduction of their rents to their tenants. But granting that Parliament were to listen to them, and to follow their advice; what would be the consequence? Would it not be proclaiming a national bankruptcy? And is such a measure to be resorted to but in a case of extreme necessity? Is a country, the greatness of which is founded on commerce, and commerce on the punctuality of its payments, and the honour and good faith of its dealings—to proclaim itself insolvent? Were they to have their desire, it would bring along with it infinitely worse evils than the return to cash payments, which so lately formed a part of all of their petitions to Parliament, and to the want of which, they affirmed, were to be ascribed all our grievances. Well! their prayers have been heard; cash payments have been returned; and now the same party affirm, that cash payments are the cause of all the farmers' distresses! Be it so—what then would be their cry when bankruptcy came—when national dishonour was proclaimed—when extensive ruin raged around—when public credit was lost—when the peace of society was endangered—and when nothing but distrust and dismay were seen in every countenance, and felt in every heart?

Yet all these evils a bankruptcy implies; and, therefore, to those who are capable of reflection, every thing seems necessary to be tried, rather than have recourse to an experiment so pregnant with danger and revolution. Upright, and honest men, when misfortunes befall them, and they are involved in pecuniary embarrassments, curtail their expenditure, and suit their living to their circumstances. And shall a great and mighty nation be less honourable in its conduct than private individuals? Shall the great and the mighty crouch and humble themselves to ask a boon from the Jew, and the fund-holder, and count it *generous* in them to give up 1 per cent. of their interest? Shall they stoop to

ask a Protecting Duty upon corn, that so every artizan may contribute his sixpence on the quartern loaf, and eightpence on the peck of his meal, to deliver the farmer from his distresses, and to enable the lords of the earth to live in luxury and splendour? We could not have believed it, far less have conceived, that any body of men could have had the hardihood to propose a tax upon foreign corn, because taxes had been laid upon brandy, lace, silks, cambrics, linen, broad-cloth, &c. &c.

Taxes on all foreign commodities we reprobate, and few wise merchants praise them; and we bring the case home to the Honourable Member who pleads so hard for the Protecting Duty on corn, and says: "Surely it is very hard to make a farmer buy every thing, even a salt-herring, and a handkerchief, *dear*, and to accuse him of folly and selfishness for wishing to sell his little all at a *remunerating price*." Now, we ask seriously, would the Honourable Member purchase his "salt-herrings" at a *guinea* the barrel, if he could have them for *ten* shillings? Would he rather pay seven and sixpence for his handkerchief, than have it at three shillings? Or, would his flaming patriotism, and desire to "give back some of those comforts to our operatives and mechanics, to which he feared the majority of them have long been strangers," lead him to purchase wine at 75s. or 80s. a dozen, when he could have it, by a free trade, equally good in quality for 30s.? Would he, in short, rather give 32s. a-yard for his superfine broad-cloth, manufactured at home, than take the best French cloth for 15s.? We are sure he would not: And if so, were he a poor man, or a manufacturer, we put it to him fairly, if he would give John Bull 75s. a quarter for his wheat, when he could have it from the Frank or the Serf for 32s. If his patriotism answer, "For my country's good, I would rather buy it from John Bull," we shall have a higher opinion of it, (and that is high enough already,) than we have ever entertained before.

The truth is, if we understand the Honourable Member, there is nothing

to fear from a competition even with the fertile soils of Slavonia. The peasantry there "want art, skill, good implements, good roads, and manure." Why then be afraid of them? Why seek a Protecting Duty, to defend himself and his brother agriculturists against them? But we ask him, Of what use is manure, where the soil is so rich as not to need it? Where is the necessity of good implements, and skill, and art, when the ground has only to be scratched to receive the seed, and a little labour expended to cover it, and the soil and the climate do the rest? What use was there for good implements and manure in Egypt, where, when the Nile retired, the husbandman had only to sow, and tread the seed into the mud—and the operation was finished?

If our "art, skill, good implements, good roads, &c.," be so superior to those on the Continent, the inference is conclusive. The farmer here will raise more abundant and remunerating crops, to pay him for his *extra* expenses, taxes, &c.; and as he will save from 15 to 20 per cent. on the mere article of carriage, he will, at all times, be able to undersell the foreign grower in his own market. The greater the superiority of the British farmer, the more is he enabled, by this superiority, to equal the fertile soils of Poland or France, and to command the home trade in corn. Are we able, for instance, to drive the foreign manufacturer from the fairs of his own country, where labour is so cheap, and the prices of grain so low? And how is this? Is it not by the superiority of our machinery, capital, and skill? In consequence of these, though our wages were even much higher than they are, we could undersell them with a profit. The argument, therefore, from our farming superiority, cuts against the agriculturists, and points out the instability of the grounds on which they stand, when demanding a Protecting Duty to save them.

But why ask this Protecting Duty at all? If it be to keep the foreigner out of market, can any duty be more prohibitory than a complete exclusion? This exclusion has been enjoyed for nearly three years. We are told

by those who have better opportunities of knowing, that during that time there has been little or no importation. Why then cry for a Protecting Duty, to deliver them from the importation of foreign grain? Granting that, in the years 1818 and 1819, thirty millions of bushels of foreign corn were imported into this country, what is this among thirty-two hundred millions of bushels which are used, and on which the consumers pay a tax to the farmer of not less than 25 millions annually?

If this be not profit enough, wrung, too, from the hard hands of our operatives, we know not what profit means, or what more they would have.

But we are told, that, as "consumers," we have "a bias" in arguing this question of a free trade in corn, and, consequently, that our "judgment" is blinded. But have land-owners no "bias"? Is their judgment not warped by their interest? And are their wishes less ardent to obtain this duty, than those of the community to quash it? If so, may not they also be biassed by selfishness, and blind enough to see only one side of the question?

Neutrality in this case is impossible. ALL eat, and all are, therefore, deeply concerned; and when we consider the multitude of country members, and large landed proprietors, who make up the House of Commons, and who go about speechifying every where, and crying "Petition for a Protecting Duty;"—and when we reflect, also, that the House of Lords contains chiefly the "*nobiles fratres et dominos terrarum*," we can scarcely entertain a doubt as to which way this important question will be decided.

"Justice herself may poise the scale,
But dear self-interest will prevail."

The representatives of the mercantile and manufacturing interests, in the House of Commons, are as a drop in the bucket. Every landed member is the representative of the farmers. Yet we are told, "the farmer never is in parliament, and the merchant and manufacturer *always* are." What, in the name of wonder, are Mr Coke, Mr Curwen, and a hundred

more? Are *they* not farmers? It is worse than folly to attempt to "gull" even "the committee" of *weavers*, with such stuff. Every landholder in parliament is a representative of "the farmer," and as deeply interested, too, in his prosperity, as it is possible for a man to be, who derives his subsistence through the labour, and capital, and profits of another. Yes, there is in every one of them a tongue to stir the hearts of Ministers to grant them their requests. How plaintive the cry—"The farmer cannot pay his rent;" and if he cannot pay rents, "we cannot pay taxes!" "If you refuse us, we will refuse you, good Ministers, our vote." "If you will not support us, we cannot support you." But give us a "Protecting Duty," and we will stand by you, and fill the treasury with the earnings of manufacturers, merchants, fund-holders, and mechanics." "What wine," said a gentleman to a person of parsimonious habits, "what wine do you like best?" "That which I don't pay for," was the reply. In like manner, "What tax, good gentlemen, my worthy friends, do you like best?" says the Minister. "That," says the lord, "which comes out of the pockets of manufacturers and fund-holders."

But, to carry this Protecting Duty, they fly to every prejudice, and address themselves to every feeling by which the human heart can be influenced. Among these, they touch the *pride* and *vanity* of the yeomanry, praise them for a "brave" and "hardy" race, whose courage can only be relied on in the hour of danger, and call them "the hardest workers—the most civilized—and the most ingenious people of Europe."

We have no wish to contradict this eulogium, or to undervalue our "brave peasantry." We know they are superior to uncivilized Serfs; but we have strong doubts if they are equal, in ingenuity and mental courage, to the operatives of Great Britain; while we are perfectly convinced, that they are infinitely inferior to those persons to whose committee the Honourable Member has addressed his letter. The yeomanry are, no doubt, "bold;" but are they

equal, in point of information, to the weavers of Paisley? As a body of operatives, we place them at the very head of their class; and we flatter them not, when we say, that, for sound views, correct thinking, and general good morals, as well as for ingenuity in the different branches of their profession, they are not surpassed, if at all equalled, by any class of mechanics in the kingdom.

But it is the "*mania*" of the day, among a *certain class*, to think that worth, and valour, and freedom, reside only in the cultivators of the soil. Hence the titles of "hardy," "brave," "high-spirited," &c. are bestowed on them, whilst every opprobrious epithet is flung at artisans. They are called "weak," "pusillanimous," "vicious," "dissipated," "turbulent" and "seditious;" whilst the cultivators of the soil, on the other hand, are held up as the natural supporters of the monarchy—as its hereditary guardians—as the prop and stay of all the real interests and permanent prosperity of the country.

Whatever may have been the virtues and intelligence of the peasantry in "*olden*" times, "when Cameron thundered, and when Renwick poured"—and however true it once was, that our peasantry were their country's pride—the case now appears to us very different, notwithstanding the high authorities which have pronounced their panegyric. Is truth a virtue? Artizans are more candid, because more enlightened. Is money to be parted with, to aid the needy and distressed? Artizans are more liberal. Are dexterity and skill required? These artizans can best display. Is liberty to be cherished—the flame of freedom fanned—and thought, like electricity, made to dart from man to man? Artizans can best do it, and, by carrying their principles and opinions, like the Fiery Cross, from one mountain-top to another, they illuminate the whole mass of mind in a moment, and stir it up into action.

And as to *courage*, if plain and palpable facts be to guide us—in this, too, even in the field, they have shown themselves equal, if not superior, to those who were levied from agricul-

tural occupations. From their knowledge of mechanical combinations and movements, and from habits of thought and action, they are better fitted to learn the manual exercise, and to go through the evolutions of actual warfare, than those who have only followed the plough, or been engaged in the chace, or fed their fathers' flocks. The weak and sickly constitution of the artizan, impaired by sedentary labour, is, by exercise in the open air, by marching and counter-marching, speedily restored, and he is thereby enabled, in a very short time, to endure as much fatigue as the hardiest ploughman, who has from infancy been exposed to the rain and the cold. The great bulk of the army has for a long period been composed of mechanics. The 91st regiment, which behaved so gallantly at WATERLOO, and in many a well-fought field, was, we believe, almost wholly raised from the operatives in and about Glasgow.

These facts are well ascertained and acknowledged by the best of generals. Where, then, is the danger of losing our national independence, though every hind and yeoman in the country were turned into artizans, and the whole population of Britain had become the manufacturers for the world?

There are many other topics in the Honourable Member's Letter, lately published, which, though brought forward in bold interrogatories, do not require any answer. For a refutation of all his general positions, we refer the reader to the Letter from Liverpool, in the Glasgow Herald of the 4th, the Essay in the Scotsman Newspaper of the 2d current, and to a paper on the Currency in the 70th Number of the Edinburgh Review.

We turn our attention to the topics of *main* importance, which, with his brother reformers in England and Ireland, he considers as great grievances and burdens on freeholders. These are, Mortgages, Tithes, Poor-Rates, Roads, &c. &c. As these form the principal topics of the day, and are artfully mingled and served up among the dishes of retrenchment reform, &c. we shall give them a momentary attention, which, indeed, is more than they deserve. But we

must at times answer certain persons, to prevent mischief.

"All that the state has to do," says the Member for Renfrewshire, "is to see that it is the badness of soil and climate which makes farming fruitless, and not artificial causes, such as Tithes, Poor-Laws, Roads, Bridges, Churches, Jails, and other burdens, principally charged upon landed property." If this opinion were just, and had the Honourable Member sincerely believed it, it ought to have abashed him to silence. If a "state has only to do with the badness of the soil and climate, (things they cannot alter, we presume,) and not with artificial causes," what, we ask, is a "Protecting Duty?" Is it not an *artificial* cause?—And if it be, as assuredly it is—then, on his own showing, "the state" has nothing to do at all with passing a Protecting Duty on corn.

We should hope that this part of the Honourable Member's speech has been incorrectly reported. Were it accurate, it would give us no favourable idea of his *acumen*. We are truly sorry, to find him joining in the *nonsense* of the day, and declaiming against things which in no shape enter into the question of the farmer's distresses.

In the name of common sense, what have Mortgages to do with the farmers' distresses? We ask them, if the whole Tithes and Poor-Rates were this moment annihilated, would it be *one penny* in favour of the farmer or the consumer? Suppose Tithes, Poor-Rates, &c. swept off—would not the landlord let his farms just so much higher to the tenant? What does the landlord say at this moment? Is it not, I will let you my land, say, for £.300 a-year, if you will pay *all* the public burdens on it, which amount to £.20. But if you rather chuse to take it without the public burdens, then I will give it you for £.320. Is not the thing as broad as it is long? And if so, how would the farmer or the consumer be benefited by the abolition of Tithes and Poor-Rates?

But that our ideas may be distinctly seen on this point, and the injustice of all popular attempts to bring into danger the provision for

the Church and the Poor, let us shortly consider the nature of these Mortgages, Tithes, and Poor-Rates.

MORTGAGES are lands pledged for the payment of a certain sum of money, bearing a fixed interest. These mortgages are granted for various reasons, such as paying off debt and providing for younger children, &c. &c. Suppose, then, that a proprietor of an estate, worth £40,000 per annum, pledges it in mortgage to the extent of £12,000 a-year. To this extent his estate is incumbered. But £28,000 a-year are left him as his nett rental. To this his heir succeeds, as truly belonging to him. The £12,000, though once his ancestor's, are not his. He has no right or claim on them whatever. True, this sum lies on his land, and is paid out of the funds of it; but, farther than its passing through his hands, he has nothing to do with it. He cannot, in justice, retain a single shilling of it. It is, no doubt, unpleasant to collect such a sum, and to hand it away. That it would be more pleasant to retain it, we question not. But neither of these feelings ought to operate. The £12,000 are not—never were his; and, therefore, to keep them, or even to wish to keep them, is moral turpitude; the offspring of a dishonest and covetous disposition.

In this state of things, then, what right has he to complain of this mortgage? In what shape is it a BURDEN on him? It is a burden only upon land, to which he succeeded as heir: but, he did not succeed to this £12,000 in any other way than as a debt on his land? If he did not like to take the estate with this debt upon it, he could have let it alone, and plenty of heirs would have been found to pay it out of a rental of £10,000 a-year.

But if, instead of the estate being mortgaged by his ancestors, it has been mortgaged by himself—with what shadow of justice can he ascribe his difficulties to Corn Laws, or to the depressed state of the value of landed property? If he has any body to blame for his distresses, it must be himself, for his own want of economy: and, if he feel the interest pressing hard upon him, in the name

of honesty, let him cut down his timber, or sell his outfields, or reduce his establishment, and live on bread and water; rather than that the country, by a tax upon corn, should make up the lack of an income to which he and his family had been accustomed. Let him live *frugally*, and adhere resolutely to a rigid system of economy; but let him not relieve himself from the obligation of paying his own debts, by seeking to burden the community that he may continue solvent.

When, therefore, the nature of Mortgages is considered, can there be any thing more absurd and nonsensical, not to say unjust, than to cry out against Mortgages, as if agricultural distress was the cause of them?

Their next philippic is against *Tithes*. Now, we ask the noblemen of Great Britain, by what tenor they pretend to hold the rights of their lands? We ask them, why they have ten thousand times more than they can enjoy? Will they say, it is because their forefathers held that right, and were attached to the land? Or do they say, it was conferred on their ancestors by the sovereign, or by the nation, for some noble achievement? If this be the nature of their rights, is not the right of the church to the Tithe as well secured, and as meritoriously won? Shall a titular claim his hypothec over the free tenant, who never sees the land whence it is drawn? Shall the absentee landlord draw his rent from estates whereon he never resides, and all this in consequence of a charter, a slip of paper, which is just worth nothing at all, but from the power of the law?—and shall these said noblemen pretend that *Tithe* is not held as strongly, and protected as safely, by charter, as their property is?

If we have no right to property but what the law gives, it follows, that as the law gives both, and protects both, the Tithes are as much the property of the Church as the barony is that of the baron; and, therefore, for barons to desire a slice of the Tithes, is just as honest and friendly as for the parson to desire a slice of the baron's fair and ample

domain, because he has already, he thinks, too much land.

We regret, therefore, that freeholders should come forward now, and agitate the public mind with such subjects of complaint, which are absolutely absurd, and which, in no fair and legitimate discussion on the Corn Laws, can ever be entered upon. Such discussions lead to nothing but irritation and discontent; and unless it be for the gradual preparation of a certain portion of the public mind, in order to bring about an entire revolution in the nature of property, they had better let such subjects alone. Freeholders ought to consider the danger in which their views may place them. They hold their estates by no better title than clergymen do their livings; and assuredly, the power that shall be able to take away the one, will not be backward to take away the other. It would, no doubt, be pleasant for them to be freed from Tithes as well as Mortgages, and to put the whole rents of their estates, without a fraction of reduction, into their pockets; and it would also be gratifying to the clergy to have the whole *free tithes* of their parishes; and very desirable for the manufacturer and artisan to enjoy the independence and plenty of heritors; as well as for dissenting ministers to change places with the established clergy: But we ask both heritors and clergy, if such a change to them would be agreeable? If not, let *both* take care, by their *public* and *private* conduct, not to throw all things into confusion and disorder, lest, in the scramble, a stronger, or a wittier, may snatch from them their respective shares of this world's goods.

But whatever land-holders do with the clergy, we would seriously advise them to take care not to irritate the poor, or rob them of the provision which the law has made for them, when they can neither work nor want. Yet, "*POOR-RATES*," like Tithes, are at present the fertile and incessant topic of discussion at every public meeting. We have neither time nor inclination here, to enter fully into their nature, origin, and progress. It is sufficient for us to say, that these are as legally due to the *aged*,

the infirm, the imbecile, the fatuous, the widow, and the orphan, as a maintenance, from the produce of his lands, is due to the land-holder. We know this doctrine is scouted and laughed at. But by whom? By those who wish to keep the Poor-Rates to themselves, that they may swell their stores, and live in greater profusion. The poor and needy have as good a right as the clergy or the gentry, to be supplied from a portion of the soil.

Independently of all positive statutes on this head, we have the express command of him, who is Sovereign over all, to support the poor. "If there be among you a poor man of thy brethren, within any of thy gates, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thy hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient to his need, *in that which he wanteth*."

If, then, the poor must be supported, what more *equable* method can be devised, than that they should be supported by a general law, from a general parochial fund. To leave them to individual charity, would be to tax the *benevolent*, and to let the *churl* go free. If it be a duty, in the absence of all human laws, to give a portion of our goods to feed the poor, can that law be a hardship, which only takes that proportion which is found absolutely necessary for their wants? If the fund be misapplied or embezzled, is the law, on that account, to blame? Ought not heritors rather to take shame to themselves, for neglecting to look into, and examine the conditions and claims of paupers? For the question comes shortly to this; Either there is not one pauper receiving charity but who is really a needy object, or there is. If there be none but the needy, then, whatever be the amount of the sum necessary for their sustenance, it must, on the principles and feelings of our common nature, be raised; for none, in a Christian country, can be permitted to starve. And, on the other hand, if there be any on the poor's-rate who deserve not to be on it, this must arise from the ne-

glect and indolence of the land-holders, or church-wardens themselves, and, therefore, they richly deserve to pay for this their indolence and neglect. The law has no object but to relieve the truly necessitous; and with respect to others, of an opposite character, who are allowed to become a burden on the poor's-funds, the heritors must blame themselves for it, and not the humane and liberal intention of the legislature.

It is, by not following up the spirit of these observations, that we refuse sympathy to the doleful lamentations of the people of England over their Poor-Rates, and the immense burdens which are said to be imposed upon every class of the community. Will it be believed, when we assert, from *data* which we deem as near the truth as the nature of this enquiry will admit, that the *really* poor in England, in proportion to her present population, are *fewer*, and when the value of money is considered, the sums expended on them *less*, than they were in the year 1750! The reason for all the surplus rates is plain; vast multitudes of labourers, strong, healthy men and women, are supported partly as paupers, when, in point of fact, they are working fairly and fully for their daily bread.

The laws of *removal* chain them to the spot; and when work could not easily be had, or when paupers did not chuse to work, as they could not be allowed to starve, they came upon the parish. The church-wardens, in such cases, in order to relieve the funds, had perhaps influence with some farmer, or master of work, to employ them at very reduced wages, whilst the wardens made up the difference, for their sustenance, from the Poor-Rates. The maxim of church-wardens was, "better half-loaf than none;" better take the farmer's 8d. a-day, though the pauper be giving him labour equal to 1s. 6d., than pay him the 1s. 6d. wholly out of the "*Rates*." This, indeed, at first, was deemed a *wise* and judicious measure, because 8d. was daily saved; but this soon introduced all the evils under which the people of England are now groaning; and from which, though enjoying the

pure spirit and letter of the Poor Laws, they are too indolent to give the necessary exertion and attention to deliver themselves.

The *practical* part of the system, as now administered, is, we admit, *bad*; but whilst we admit this, we cannot agree with some persons, as to the *extent* of the evil. If we were to believe the daily complaints of nobility, gentry, merchants, and manufacturers, on this head, the Poor-Rates must long ere now have reduced them to beggary; for their cry is, "*Poor-Rates and Tithes are swallowing up all*;" and yet, nowhere have we beheld greater magnificence, and more overflowing plenty, than among all those classes in England. It is the land of wealth, of comfort, and of hospitality; "her merchants are princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth;" and were we, from outward appearances, to judge, we should be ready to suppose, that, under all this cry of misery from Poor-Rates and Tithes, other feelings and other sufferings are concealed: for we boldly assert, without the fear of contradiction, that their language, and their habits of living, are in *direct* opposition to each other, and prove to demonstration, that, whilst the poor are well provided for, the rich lack no good thing.

The next burden on land, saith the Honourable Member, is Roads, Bridges, and Jails. Such a burden is quite new to *us*. We were foolish enough to believe, till now, that these were supported by the money levied at turnpike-gates; that every horse, cart, &c., which passed them, was *laid* under contribution; and that the public in general, and not the land, was burdened. But it would appear, that on these subjects we have still much to learn; though we ourselves have frequently paid tolls at bridges, and on the high-way.

As to *Jails*, we too have also paid for their erection, though we possess not a foot of land, in the world, as *proprietor*. And as to *Churches*, they are no more a burden upon landholders than Tithes. It may indeed be a burden—"a weariness of the flesh"—with many of them to attend church;—but if some of them attended more punctually, they would

better discharge their duty as Christians and members of society.

But to return to the main question. That the present Corn Bill has been a "curse" to the farmers, but not to the community, may be fairly granted to Mr Speirs. Yet, wonderful to be told, the farmers were as strenuous and active in 1815, to have it passed, and, in their golden dreams, anticipated as much from it, as they are doing from this Protecting Duty. And we are much mistaken, if less disappointment will be felt, or less misery experienced, if their present prayers be heard and answered.—Will no lessons teach them wisdom? Paper currency, they said, was a "curse"—the cause of all their evils; give us a metallic currency, and prosperity will return. Good—a metallic currency is given—and, lo! it instantly becomes the fertile source of all their distresses!

We therefore state it again, and press it upon the consideration of agriculturists, that nothing but ruin lies in this Protecting Duty. On their own admission and petition, they open the ports, and place the foreign grower on an exact level with the British farmer. He is to pay a duty "exactly equivalent" to the taxes which the farmer here pays. This, then, places them on an equality, as to the raising of their corn, and, therefore, if 35s. be equal to the taxes here, the foreign grower will be better able to pay that tax than the British farmer. Make the equation what you please, the result is the same. Is the home price 40s.? The tax on that is 35s.; leaving both 5s. a quarter for growing their wheat. If the prices be 75s., 35s. deducted, will leave them for the quarter 40s. If the price rise to 80s., there are 45s. for growing. But we have already shown, that the foreign grower, in consequence of the scale lessening as the prices ascended, would be able to sell his corn at 45s. a quarter, and have 30s. for growing and importing it. But 60s. will not remunerate the British farmer. The price at present is higher, yet he is in distress. But give 60s. to the importer, and he has a profit of 15s. for his wheat, on the supposition that he can import it at 30s. a quarter. But, again, this Protecting

Duty, by opening the ports to all nations, will aggravate the farmer's distresses, in exact proportion to the quantity of grain he may bring into the market, and which, as above stated, must lessen the prices, so as ultimately to enable the foreign grower to undersell the British agriculturist, and force him to abandon his poor soils.

As, then, the difficulties and present distresses of farmers appear, to the freeholders of Renfrewshire, to arise from the pressure of *Taxation**; and as this, in their Petition, is the stated cause for laying a Protecting Duty on the corn of the foreign grower—let them, in order to remove the effects, attempt seriously to remove the cause, by petitioning parliament to diminish taxation—to abolish all taxes on leather, salt, soap, candles, &c.—to obtain an alleviation of the duty on malt, and a commutation of the assessed taxes, which press so hard upon the farmer, and all classes in the state;—and, above all these, let them individually, and as a body, set the public-spirited example of doing an act of common justice, by giving to their tenants a reduction of their rents, to the extent of from 25 to 30 per cent.

The attainment of these objects will bring back our long-lost comforts. The abolition of taxes on leather, salt, soap, and candles, will diminish the price of labour, and lessen the amount of the Poor-Rates. The alleviation of the malt-tax will, by encreasing the quantity of ale, &c., encrease the consumption of farm produce, while the *extra* quantity used will bring more money into the treasury. The taking off the assessed taxes will enable a greater number of servants and horses to be kept by those of moderate incomes; and thus, by creating a greater demand for corn, &c., a stimulus will be given to every branch of commerce and of trade, and a salutary and refreshing

* This we pointedly deny. They have neither arisen from taxation, nor from the rise in the currency, nor from any other cause but good crops, which have made the surplus exceed greatly the demand.

stream sent throughout every part of our thirsty and parched population.

But the great and immediate relief to the farmer is in the hands of the landlords themselves; and that, as said above, is simply an act of justice and fairness, namely, giving to every one of their tenants a reduction of their rents, to the amount above stated. Without this, all other means will be found ineffectual. This will correct the evils of returning from a depreciated paper currency, to a metallic one of higher value. This will equalize the *peace* with the *war* profits; and if it be not a *panacea* for all the distresses of the farmer, it will prove to them an *emollient* of the most softening and soothing nature.

Were it possible, we would dissuade the land-holders, who are now making common cause with the farmers, from all attempts at supporting in Parliament any protecting or restrictive measure on the importation of foreign corn. If they do, they will lose their influence in the country. The population will impute their support in Parliament to selfish motives—to a desire, on the part of the landed interest, to *shift* the load of taxation from their own shoulders, and to transfer it to those of the merchant, manufacturer, and operative. They will see, that if, in a question of this kind, the *CONSUMER* cannot be *unbiased*, so neither can the *CROWER* be so *impartial*, as to exert the fair and candid attributes of a legislator, namely, taking an enlightened, liberal, and comprehensive view of the subject, as it may affect the *whole* community. The exertions of the landed gentlemen, to carry this measure through the House, will make a powerful impression on the public mind. The result may be, hatred to, and distrust of, those for whom the people ought to cherish confidence and respect; and a feeling may arise, that they are oppressors, instead of protectors—tyrants *abridging* the comforts of the people, and reducing them to slavery, instead of generous benefactors, seeking to ameliorate their condition, and increase their happiness. On such representatives, the frown of indignation, and the scowl of contempt,

would be universally thrown, except by the favoured class: and though they might rejoice in their success, and in the benefit of an improved rent-roll, yet, when the hour of trial and of strength comes—and come it must—under such a system they will find, that the rock on which they leaned for security had mouldered away from their side, and left them the *victims* of an injured and infuriated population.

But whilst we implore the representatives of the agricultural interest to pause and *think* before they lend themselves to such a measure, we, at the same time, call upon Government to have no hand in any such legislative enactment. It behoves every administration to stand well with the community. Its imperative duty, in legislation, is, not to consult the advantage of this or of that class, but the good of the whole. To intermeddle, therefore, again, with the Corn Laws, is not only impolitic, but dangerous. Nothing less than sheer necessity should induce the legislature to listen, for one moment, to any petition of the kind. Human laws, on such a subject, we believe, are vain. They can never adjust the complicated and intricate workings of such a machine, which is accelerated or retarded by the laws of nature—by human passions—by changes in society—and by a thousand other causes and circumstances, over which man has no control.

It is gratifying to find the views contained in this paper advocated by so high an authority as the Duke of Bedford, in his Letter, addressed the other day to the Devonshire Meeting at Exeter, where there were present about 6,000 freeholders and others. In that Letter, “his Grace cautioned the country against that *delusive* mode of relief which has been so much insisted on—*Protecting Duties*. ‘This is a project (continued his Grace) so utterly inconsistent with sound policy, that I cannot but rejoice to see, that the more enlightened of our farmers are daily opening their eyes to the *fallacy* of it. The English farmer must be enabled to maintain a competition with the foreign grower of corn, by other means than *FORCING HIGH PRICES!!!*’

WESTMINSTER HALL.

"He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, LAW,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his;
And says—what says he?—Caw."

THE Coronation has scattered the lawyers from their immemorial place of resort, even as the dark-robed and grave-toned frequenters of a rookery are dispersed by the discharge of a gun. One party has lodged in the neighbourhood, dislodging the feebler race of sessions-mongers; another has perched in their summer quarters in Lincoln's Inn; a considerable number, of superior courage, or stronger attachment to their native nests, have returned to their ancient haunt. But the glory of the clamorous throng is not to be found.

*Fuit Ilium * et ingens*

Gloria caesarum.

"O, Sir, had you seen Westminster Hall when the lawyers poured into it from the Chancery on your right, from the King's Bench on your left, from 'the Hole-in-the-Wall,' called the Common Pleas, and from the granary cycled his Majesty's Court of Exchequer! Verily it was a sight worthy of observation. There they strutted; the oracular, instructed by their solicitors, or advising their clients; and the briefless, counting their paces, or arranging evening parties:—there, beneath the same roof, and within a short space, could you see the Twelve Judges in imposing *quartos*, like the Evangelists, and the great Atlas of Law resting in solitary grandeur, while the light clouds of equity-eloquence laboured around his breast. Then might you see the barristers, clustered in semicircular rows, in their respective courts, just like unto tortoise-shell combs in a hair-dresser's window; the celebrated, scoring their brows or burnishing their nails; the unknown, looking intelligently at my Lords, to show that they have great stores of learning could they but find an outlet."

But let me, like Ossian, recall the splendour of the Hall in other times,

* *Ilium*. The scene of the first recorded action for .

and view the wielders of words as if marshalled in their proud array.

CHANCERY.

This branch of legal administration is the part of English jurisprudence which bears the strongest resemblance to your Court of Session. Here are no jury, no witnesses, no wit, no mirth: here a suit (the peculiar name for a legal process in Chancery) is commenced by filing a bill, and the eternal duration of a cause is supported by filing answers, petitions, and affidavits corroborative and replicatory: here the judge exercises a discretion duly qualified and fortified by the precedents of his predecessors and his own views of equity. The operative part of this business is devolved upon the Masters, who conduct inquiries, and report in obedience to the Court. The Masters attend my Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers, and two of them always carry down bills and messages from the Lords to the Commons. They advance, bowing at every other step, and retreat with the same respectful pendulation, the Speaker sitting all the while and nodding his head in reciprocal recognition. Hence the facetious illustration which Mr Martin of Galway applied to the courteous reception given to him by a compatriot judge, when he had come with something like a challenge—"He accompanied me to the door, bowing like a Master in Chancery." There are three divisions of the Court of Chancery, in which the Lord Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Master of the Rolls, respectively preside.

The Lord Chancellor has been quite long enough in office to be known to the nation. He is reputed an eminent classical scholar, and a lawyer of the very highest order. His face and figure are admirably adapted to form the picture of legal contemplation;—his countenance voluminous and solemn, his eye in fine composure resting, and his eyebrows betokening an immense assemblage of precedents. He is well known to be a brilliant model of domestic economy, and he strikingly displays the easy consideration and the amiable indifference to personal pride and pomp, which are usually

found to accompany great respect for the first and third of the primary rules of arithmetic. This veteran in equity and honour was Attorney-General in the prosecution of the celebrated John Horne Tooke for high treason; and he is immovably hostile to all innovations in the Catholic Laws or the Criminal Code. Such is his abhorrence of change, that he would regard a change of administration as one of the greatest calamities which could befall this nation. This noble Earl is a splendid instance of successful ambition. His origin was humble, his father having been engaged in the coal trade in Newcastle. It is said, that when briefless at the Bar, he refused a Mastership in Chancery, preferring his uncertain prospects to certain two thousand a-year for life. Mr Pitt was his good genius. Sir John Scott had tasked all his ingenuity and all his powers of persuasion to get Mr Tooke convicted; and Baron Eldon argued strenuously for the second reading of the bill of pains and penalties. The noble Earl enjoys the smiles of the Court. In unpolitical questions he is an admirable judge: he is by no means eloquent on any occasion.

Mr Wetherell next claims attention, both on account of his matchless powers, and on account of his contrasted fate. Mr Wetherell is magnificently eloquent. The felicitous choice of his words, the precise application of his expressions, and the point and spirit of his arrangement, are perfectly Ciceronian. His rank as a lawyer is eminent. This distinguished lawyer and orator is a Tory in his politics. He seems to be altogether Johnsonian, save in prejudices and absurdities. Yet this Tory it was who swept away, with the besom of destruction, the cobwebs of high treason which Sir Samuel Shepherd and Sir Robert Gifford had spun out of the evidence of Castles, and whose undaunted zeal for his client neither judges nor counsel could resist. This Tory it was who demolished, with gigantic power, in the House of Commons, the fabrications of defence set up for the exclusion of the late Queen's name from the liturgy. His tone and spirit on that occasion were classically manly and commanding.

Lord Castlereagh shrunk beneath his rebuke. Ask you why this impracticable assertor of true dignity and honour is not Sir Charles Wetherell, or, in the near view, if not in the actual possession of the woolsack? The vivid intelligence of Mr Wetherell's countenance, and a certain sort of slovenly contempt for the trappings of state, give his personal appearance a degree of interest which is inspired by no other professional man in Westminster Hall, always excepting Mr Brougham.

Sir John Leach is Vice-Chancellor, an office the creation of which he had opposed in the House of Commons, and of which he became the second holder. When ——— changed his politics, this Whig lawyer changed his too. It is not necessary to refer to the foreign services imputed to him by Fame on a late occasion. He is, notwithstanding, a great lawyer, and gives his judgments with more luminous precision than any judge on the bench, unless, perhaps, Mr Justice Dallas be an exception. It is true, many of his judgments are reversed by the Lord Chancellor, and it is reported that there is more than mere difference of equitable opinion between these legal authorities. Sir John unquestionably aspires to the woolsack; and Chancellors may, like husbands, regard their successors with no partial eye. The personal habits of His Honour denote the courteous bachelor.

Mr Bell is the Ulpian of equity. He is a short, thick gentleman, lame in his left foot, and his upper range of teeth protruding almost too much for his lips to cover. His elocution is withal extremely unorthodox. These circumstances are worthy of being mentioned, because they serve most forcibly to illustrate the extraordinary power of intellectual industry. The conquests obtained by Demosthenes could not be more arduous than those splendidly achieved by Mr Bell. No man can be listened to, in a court of justice, with greater attention, or more profound respect, than this most learned lawyer. His opinions are oracular, and are scarcely ever reversed. The same barristers plead in common before the Lord Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor;

but Mr Bell, probably from his difficulty of locomotion, has of late confined his practice to the Court of the latter. There is an undisturbable good nature in Mr Bell's looks and manner which quite delight all who approach him. With politics he never interfered; but he was the gallant counsel for Lady Vane Tempest's marriage with Lord Stuart.

Mr Hart is a lawyer of long standing and very great practice. He was Solicitor-General to the Queen of George the Third. He is reputed a *Pomponius Atticus* in politics; easy, friendly, social with men of all parties, and as inflexible in mind, so far as respects integrity and honour, as he is in his body when he pleads his causes. He speaks with great dignity and authority; but his hands, and indeed his muscles, are as quiescent as those of a stone-statue used for a pump, or of Sir Henry Parnell in the House of Commons.

There are, besides the above, several other gentlemen within the bar whose talents and practice are highly respectable. Such, particularly, are *Messrs Heald and Horne*.

Behind the Bar there are many of the highest promise, but I shall not presume to anticipate the Lord Chancellor and his Majesty in bestowing upon them due honours.

I had almost omitted to mention, that his Majesty's Attorney-General, Sir Robert Gifford, transferred his *person* from the King's Bench to this court on his elevation. This gentleman's appearances at the state trials, in the King's Bench, at Derby, in the Old Bailey, and in the House of Peers, have indelibly recorded his name.

It is impossible to quit the precincts of Chancery without doing homage to the shade of Sir Samuel Romilly. This first of lawyers and best of men, who, by his public integrity and patriotism, did honour to human nature, could not have so long frequented this court without imparting much of his own personal authority to it. The Lord Chancellor never willingly gave judgment without the presence of Sir Samuel. Inattentive to our nation was the career of politics which excluded from due authority in the cabinet, the enlightened wisdom, the high

honour, and the philosophical humanity of this incorruptible statesman.

THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

The judges and barristers of the several Courts of Law are better known throughout the country than those of the Courts of Equity, who never perambulate any circuit, but confine their practice throughout the year to their courts and chambers in London. The judges of this Court are Messrs Justices Abbott, Bayley, Holroyd, and Best. The two who were on the Northern circuit, Messrs Justices Bayley and Holroyd, have been so correctly described by your correspondent in his Trip to Carlisle, that I pass them over here.

The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.—It is usual for the chief of this court to be a peer of the realm. The present chief is not yet promoted to that rank. It would, perhaps, have been better for his fame had he been raised from his station at the bar to his present pre-eminence. During the year 1817, Mr Justice Abbott sat on Lord Ellenborough's left, Mr Justice Bayley, his senior, sitting on Lord Ellenborough's right, as now on Chief Justice Abbott's. In that year, Mr Justice Abbott took a verdict against Wooller, which was afterwards abandoned on the ground of irregularity; he presided at the second of Hone's three successive trials, and was one of the commissioners for the trial of Brandreth for High Treason. It is remarkable, that Mr Justice Bayley, who had been one of the two judges of the Midland Circuit, within which Derby is situated, when the true bills had been found, was not one of the commissioners at the trial. It is also remarkable, that Mr Justice Bayley, whose zeal for religion is as ardent as it is sincere, did not preside at any of Hone's trials for blasphemous parodies. The present Chief Justice may have been conscientiously and absolutely unbiassed and upright in the discharge of his judicial functions, and may have treated cases of political prosecutions, in which the character and credit of his Majesty's Ministers were most deeply involved, with the same dispassionate regard to the strictest justice, as if they had

been prosecutions for petty larceny ; but is it not a pity that the lustre of a Chief Justice, and a privy-councillor, should, even in the estimation of the enemies of Government, be in any degree sullied by the subsequent patronage extended to him? Was no man to be found at the bar fit to be raised, at once, to that high and most important office?

The Lord Chief Justice is a man of evident vigour, both of mind and body ; but he is not dignified in his manner, or elegant in his language. At the same time, he is manfully free from affectation. He is quite equal to his office.

Mr Justice Best is well known in the character of judge. His charge to the jury in the case of Sir Francis Burdett was a more vivid contrast to *Mr Justice Bayley's*, in the case of Hunt, than was ever drawn by the pencil of Sallust. The Baronet addressed the jury for himself, in a style of argument, eloquence, and truth, which could be uninteresting only to a cobweb-brained barrister*, and unintelligible only to a Leicestershire jury. *Sophonius Tigellinus* could not, in the reign of Galba, have reprobed the vices and cruelties of Nero in terms more ardent than were used by this learned Judge, forgetting, or perhaps not understanding, the observation of the Satirist, which Sir Francis Burdett had quoted with his usual classical point :

—Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles.

The same learned judge may have been legally correct in Guildhall, in his fines for expressions uttered by a desperate defendant, and in his ignorance of language notoriously used by a late speaker within the walls of the House of Commons ; but such legal correctness can find but few admirers. This learned person had great practice at the Bar as Sergeant Best. He was skilful, eloquent, and good-tempered. It may not perhaps be known

among you that he is lame, and that he had been a zealous Whig.

Mr Scarlett is indisputably the first lawyer now living. His legal practice, and his personal authority, are as distinguished in London as in Carlisle. In addressing a jury, no man ever surpassed him. The copiousness, elegance, and precision of his language, gratify the most fastidious taste, while they interest, and, if possible, convince the commonest jury. Happily for his own fame, as well as for the gratification of all admirers of forensic eloquence, *Mr Scarlett's* temper is not unmoveable as the Dead Sea, and when he is but a little in commotion, the words of his mouth are fluent, pat, and powerful, as the Lyrics of Horace. *Mr Scarlett's* adjourned speeches on the law of libel, in the application of a new trial for Sir Francis Burdett, were splendid displays of learning, eloquence, and judgment. His encounter with *Cobbett*, on the prosecution of *White*, was like the grapplings of *Hercules* with the *Lernean Hydra*. *Mr Brougham*, in the case of *Clarry*, had but scotched the snake, not killed it. His magnanimous determination to avoid even the appearance of a resentment which his lofty mind was incapable of feeling for the personal ribaldry of *Cobbett*, and perhaps some respectful wonderment at the great, though abused power of the Radical *Cerberus*, had softened down his opening against *Cobbett* into a most temperate statement of his case. *Cobbett*, in his defence, took the most unlimited license of personal scurrility, and adroitly declined to give any evidence, thus depriving his awful antagonist of the right of reply. *Mr Scarlett*, aware of the versatility of his man, crushed him at once. The dissection of the fickle, greedy, and fell impostor of the Gentiles, was complete and decisive. *Mr Scarlett* was introduced into the House of Commons by *Earl Fitzwilliam's* interest. He took his seat with a weight of character which perhaps no member ever brought into that House. He had achieved his own greatness by the exercise of extraordinary talents, and came into parliament, not to wriggle himself into notice and consideration by sub-

* A barrister of the Midland Circuit, was heard to say as he was leaving court, that if such was the eloquence of Parliament, he should never wish to hear it. His name is mercifully withheld, though, to a man so obscure, that mercy is small. Taste is generic.

Qui diximus, non out, amet tua carmina, *[Mort.*

servient dexterity, but to give the benefit of his experience, and the authority of his character, to the great council of the nation. His first speech was extremely fortunate. The arrangement of the civil list, after Queen Charlotte's death, was the subject of debate. The Right Honourable Mr Robert Peel, with the chilling November flash which belongs to his genius, had preached with signal pathos, and amid extatic cheers, from the preamble of the act which settled the civil list of George the Third, in the first year of his reign. The expressions of affection, confidence, and liberality, which abounded in that preamble, the pathetic orator imputed to the personal endearments of his Majesty. Would the House, with sacrilegious hand, take from the aged, blind, and deranged monarch, what, in the brightness of youth, he had received from a devoted parliament? Mr Scarlett took the same preamble for his text, but it was the preamble to the act of settlement on George the Second, which had been transferred *totidem verbis* to the first of George the Third. Infinite was the mirth excited by the lawyer's wicked parody upon the sermon of the would-be Pitt. Yet Mr Scarlett is not the eloquent and commanding senator. He has had too much experience of truth, fact, and investigation, to be an enthusiast: he has been too much accustomed to address the monumental fixtures on the bench, and the sworn duodecimos in the box, to launch into the vivid declamation, or rise into the stormy generalities, of real eloquence. The thoroughly disciplined habits of thought and speech which form the proudest distinction at the Bar, are utterly inconsistent with the free, impetuous oratory of the Senate. Mr Scarlett is haughty in his personal feelings, and aristocratical in his political principles.

Sir John Copley is his Majesty's Solicitor-General. He is a gentleman of great accomplishments, and of most imposing eloquence. His address to the jury in the prosecution of Watson for high treason, was impressive beyond any effort of the kind, since Erskine was the pride of the English Bar. Ministers felt its power, and gave Sergeant Copley his

price. At Derby, he was enlisted by the crown, and he has since been appointed, successively, Chief Justice of Chester, and Solicitor-General. His father, a native of America; and a miniature-painter of considerable repute, was a zealous advocate for popular politics. The son imbibed the principles of his father, and was confirmed in his liberal views by Mr Denman, whose pupil he became. The profitable change in the learned Sergeant's politics naturally called forth great and pointed abuse from the forsaken party. It would be very absurd, however, to suppose that his Majesty's Solicitor-General cannot be an able lawyer, aye, and a man of worth, because he preferred dwelling in the palaces of Liverpool, to being a door-keeper in the tents of Grey. It is to be presumed, that he perceived no difference between the principles of the great Parties in the State, which involved either the liberty of the public, or the honour of an individual. Now, although there should be such a difference, yet if he perceived it not, it was to him as not existing. The raw material, therefore, of his political conscience he had the power, and perhaps the right, of fabricating to the best advantage.

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum;

Cum faber incertus scammum, faceretne Priapum,

Maluit esse Deum. Deus inde ego, furum, aviumque

Maxima formido.

Sergeant Copley had very respectable practice in the Court of Common Pleas, and throughout the Midland Circuit, before he became the terror of traitors and light-winged libels. His speeches at the trials of Thistlewood and his crew were able and eloquent. In the inauspicious proceedings against the Queen, his eloquence was sustained and graceful, perhaps approaching to the insidious. In evil hour this able and eloquent lawyer was tempted to try his lance against Mr Brougham. It was on occasion of the argument respecting the permission to her Majesty's counsel to resume their cross-examinations, at such intervals as they might feel necessary. The necessity of this permission was argued by Mr Brougham, on the ground that a list

of witnesses, and a specification of time and place, had been refused. He urged, that such a list and such a specification had never been refused in any private suit between A. and B. The King's Attorney-General cited the case of the Duchess of Norfolk in 1685, as an instance in which they were refused. The Solicitor-General, Mr Sergeant Copley, thus began on the same side: "The learned Attorney-General of the Queen has stated, that in every case the party accused is entitled to a specification of time and place. In presence of almost all the law in the land, I deny that there is any such rule. But the learned counsel on the other side introduces every thing founded or unfounded, in order to make out, if possible, something like a plausible case before the House. After these mis-statements by the Queen's Attorney-General, in which, however, he is not supported by his learned coadjutor, your Lordships will know in future what reliance to place on assertions from that quarter." This was hardly fair dealing. The coadjutor had been the learned Solicitor's master in the law, but it was very invidious to compliment him at the expense of his leader. Well, Mr Brougham had a right to reply, and thus he replied:

"The Counsel on the other side are very sharp, but it would be well for them to be accurate as well as sharp. The Attorney-General has fallen into an error, though he is accompanied and aided by the Solicitor-General, who generally speaks with great contempt of every body but himself and your Lordships. I make this exception, because the Solicitor-General has been pleased to bestow his high commendation upon your Lordships. In the excess of his approbation, he has admitted that your Lordships, though not lawyers, have put some questions to witnesses in a form sufficiently judicious. (*This naturally called forth cries of "Order."*) I am merely repeating what was said by my learned friend, who was not interrupted while expressing his satisfactory approbation. It was a tribute from one who fills the high office of the King's Solicitor-General; it is of considerable value, and I trust it has been received by the

House with becoming gratitude. Let it be recollected, that this came from the Solicitor-General, the only lawyer, at least the only accomplished lawyer, of the profession, according to the opinion of his friends, who, by the bye, monopolize this opinion, as he does the knowledge of the law. The Solicitor-General has, too, a most able coadjutor; and between them both it may be said, that they have exclusive possession of all the law, all the wisdom, all the talent, and all the accomplishments on the present occasion. In truth, the counsel for the Queen have only one or two books to which they refer, and which they hold up as a screen against the desperate severity of the attack just made upon them. Much has been said regarding the Duchess of Norfolk; but, while my learned friends, relying on their own resources, only furnish themselves with Cobbett's State Trials, I and the Queen's Solicitor-General have been obliged to provide ourselves with the original journals of the House. By them I prove, that a list of witnesses, and the fullest specification of time and place, were allowed to the Duchess. Therefore, I say, with all possible humility and deference to the learned self-complacency of the Solicitor-General, (with whom I am far indeed from putting myself in competition, for all that I have acquired has come rather by the grace of God than by any industry or merit of my own), that the case completely bears me out in all the observations I have made." The Attorney-General interrupted: "The charges against the Duchess of Norfolk only included a period of five months, and not of five years." Mr Brougham resumed: "The Attorney-General is again in error. The specification extended from January 1685 to August 1691. So much for the Attorney-General. I feel infinitely more awe in approaching his most learned coadjutor, because I know his habit always is to tell his opponent, when he touches him near—'Go away, Sir, you are no lawyer; you can be no lawyer; you are only the Queen's Attorney-General, but I am the King's Solicitor-General; therefore, I am a lawyer, and a most accomplished lawyer!' That is a fact which I cannot dis-

pute or traverse, and that alone is enough to deter me from attempting to grapple with any of the arguments adduced. I feel a conscious inferiority. I am aware that I am far below the King's Solicitor-General in rank and in knowledge. He indeed may say, that he is only 'a little lower than the angels,' and a very little it is, if his own opinion is to be taken. The wonder is, that, with all his learning and greatness, he can condescend to mis-state the arguments used against him. I feel the highest admiration for the great man of whom I am speaking; nothing I can say can add one leaf to the wreath of laurel which he has obtained; nothing I can advance can give one more spark to the glory which he and his powerful coadjutor have been daily increasing during this investigation, and before the patrons of this bill, to whom they are indebted for their well-merited professional promotion. *Proprio Marte* they have acquired immortal reputation; and melancholy it is to reflect, that even these men, the most illustrious and exalted of their species, have still some taint of our common nature. They have not only mis-stated arguments, but they have substituted one for another. * * * The rule of law, and the ordinary merciful presumption of Judges, is, that it is better that ten guilty should escape than one innocent should suffer: but now it is to be reversed, at the instance of these two sages of the profession; and ten innocent are to be punished, that one guilty may not escape."

Surely no apology is necessary for this inimitable, incomparable retort. Deplorable must be the party bias of him who will not admit that the happiest retorts of Demosthenes or Cicero never rose to this richness of sarcasm, pungency of banter, and perfect revelry of unsparing and unwasted derision. The Solicitor-General can never recollect it even on the woollack, (and worse men have reached that eminence) without feeling the iron reach his soul. It is a memorable warning, not to mistake superior rank for superior talent, or not to suppose a man ignorant of law who is a universal scholar and a popular orator.

Mr Denman is now, as well as *Mr Brougham*, thrust back behind the Bar. Is this as it should be? Does it smack of liberal, manly feelings in the distribution of silk gowns? *Mr Denman's* person is Ciceronian, but his manner is deplorably unenergetic. He is reputed a most respectable lawyer, and it is impossible to doubt that he is a good man. *Bonum virum facile credas, magnum libenter.* You cannot hear him, without lamenting the absence of the fire, spirit, *vis viva*, which would make him a second Chatham. *Mr Williams* is the Jeffrey of England; acute, argumentative, persuasive. The pleasantry and good-humour of this penetrating lawyer make him universally beloved. *Mr Brougham*, a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator, will more naturally claim attention in his seat as a member of the House of Commons.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

This Court can receive no Pleas of the Crown. Its power is limited to civil actions. No motion can be made but by a Sergeant, and Sergeants almost constitute its bar.

Mr Chief Justice Dallas is incomparably the most eloquent judge on the English bench. On all subjects his language is elegant, appropriate, luminous. This of course is reason sufficient for considering him an ordinary lawyer. Yet his superior acquaintance with commercial law is admitted. He had the misfortune to encounter the blasting indignation of *Mr Fox* in the House of Commons. Being one of the Crown-Lawyers, he found it necessary to say something in defence of Lord Advocate Hope, when *Mr Whitebread* had brought some energetic measures of his before Parliament. *Mr Fox*, with the lightning of Omnipotence, assailed the English lawyer. *Mr Justice Dallas* was one of the commission at Derby in 1817. He afterwards succeeded *Sir Vicary Gibbs*, as chief of the court. He is an exceedingly good-natured and amiable man.

Mr Justice Richardson, the last who was raised to this bench, had been an eminent special pleader, and had great practice on the Northern Circuit. He is an able and upright judge.

Mr Sergeant Lens is, in many respects, the glory of the English Bar; aloof from party, and impracticable by any political motives. The graceful dignity of his personal deportment was never equalled but by the late Sir Samuel Romilly. His legal skill renders him the refuge of distressed litigants. His eloquence is rendered powerful by every oratorical accomplishment, and almost dangerous by his personal authority. He was the intimate friend of the late Lord Ellenborough, for whom he once acted as judge on the Home Circuit with unbounded eclat. His Lordship in his will constituted him absolute umpire in all disputes respecting his testamentary intentions. He would have accepted the offer of succeeding him as Chief Justice of England; he refused any inferior appointment. He is a friend to freedom in every legitimate sense of that favourite word; but, to the freedom of the press, he is unreservedly attached. When presiding as judge at the trial of Hussey for murder, he observed a poor old man attempting to take notes while wedged in among the crowd. The humane and enlightened judge stopt the trial till the reporter was accommodated in a situation more fitted to his important and arduous office.

Mr Sergeant Vaughan was Attorney-General for the Queen of George III., and conducted the prosecutions against Sir Francis Burdett, being recorder of Leicester. He is a very large, rough-looking, good-natured gentleman. His eloquence is bold and slovenly, and his acquaintance with law extensive and ready. In private life he is reputed generous and profuse, to a degree that occasionally causes inconvenience.

Mr Sergeant Blossett is the Recorder of Geneva, or a Scottish Covenantant, descended from the wall of some ancient library, to plead for justice in a lugubrious tone, and with a fixed solemnity of face, which might well become the bewailer of human folly and suffering. He is a lawyer of the highest respectability, and of great practice.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

Unlike your Scottish Court of the same name, the Court of Exchequer

in England, besides revenue cases, tries civil actions as well as the other courts. It also embraces considerations of equity in common with the Courts of Chancery, and hence issues are often sent from the former as well as the latter, to be tried at *Nisi Prius*. These are the first words of the statute which authorizes jury-trials after term, when almost all jury-trials take place, the terms being wholly occupied by motions and arguments before all the judges of each court. At *Nisi Prius* only one judge presides.

Mr Chief Baron Richards was a Chancery lawyer, and is said to be the Lord Chancellor's special friend and desired successor. He presided as Speaker in the House of Lords, on occasion of his Lordship's confinement with the gout.

Mr Baron Graham is highly respected. He is tall and slender in his person, takes quantities of snuff, which must benefit the revenue, and walks on tiptoe, with fingers gaily extended. He might give his portrait for the Baron of Bradwardine, in an embellished edition of Waverley.

Mr Baron Wood has a marked voluminous face, of the order of Dr Johnson's, and your late Lord Newton's. He is impracticable against all temptations. He is said to have been disappointed of the chiefship.

Mr Baron Garrow was not long since Attorney-General. He was unequalled and inimitable in the difficult art of cross-examination. The most respectable appearance, the most imposing manner, the veriest apparent candour and sincerity, when cloaking falsehood or deceit, disappeared before the magical solicitation of Garrow, and the true character of persons and facts was made manifest to all. Yet this incomparable sifter of truth was imposed on as judge in Stafford, and left for execution two innocent soldiers. They were rescued almost by miracle.

In life's best scenes, what prodigies surprise,

Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!

THE CIRCUITS.

London and Westminster are blessed with ready law. All the criminal business within the county of Middlesex, including the metropolis, is

disposed of in the Old Bailey, where the sessions are held eight times in the year. After every term there are sittings at *Nisi Prius*, in the Guildhall for the City, and in Westminster for Westminster and Middlesex, both of the Court of King's Bench and the Court of Common Pleas. For every other county in England there are two annual circuits, one in spring, the other in summer. In spring one judge generally does the business of each of the minor circuits. In summer two judges go each of six circuits, the Northern, Western, Midland, Norfolk, Oxford, and Home Circuit. Wales has its own Circuits, and in one of them the Chief Justice of Chester presides. All the barristers, excepting those of Chancery, are distributed among the Circuits. They continue permanently attached to the same Circuits. See the hive of Westminster Hall broken up, and contemplate the eager flight of six goodly companies to their several places of prey. Yet it is not directly that they occasion plunder and distress. The country attorneys are the pests who infest with litigation the passionate, the simple, and the injured. Painful to the reflecting must be the consideration of the sources of their wealth and honour. Yet the deepest demand for your commiseration, is by the briefless many who sit silent at home, and who wander abroad to show their wigs as invitations for employment. There are not many situations in life less enviable. In both respects the Court of Chancery has advantages. The barristers expose not their anxious and idle faces in the provincial towns, and they all occasionally get some words to say to my Lord or to his Honour. The sources of wealth here, too, are less offensive to delicate feelings. It is only great wealth, generally speaking, that comes into Chancery. Even the bankruptcies that are litigated there are rich, and the creditors are opulent. But here no scope for eloquence can be found. Here no witness excites your ingenuity, no jury invites your declamation. 'Tis all tea-table talk and individual authority. The Courts of Law are greatly improved and benefited by the publicity given to their

proceedings.—Of the *London Press* shall be my next communication.

CORNICULA.

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

No. II.

MR EDITOR,

OWING, I presume, to the special care of my good friend Mr Moncreath, in causing the contents of my *Legacy Hamper* to be fully and fairly specified in the way-bill of Sampson Racketstick, the Carlisle carrier, and paying down a handsome premium for its safe deliverance, the whole affair soon became town-talk, and I have positively been waited upon by at least three dozen cheesemongers, and the like number of tobacconists, humbly proposing to publish Uncle's works at the rate of fourpence per pound Dutch weight: a spirited little fellow from Cripple-gate actually went the length of fourpence farthing. "Na, na, gentlemen," quoth I, "we Scots folk gie 'our fish guts to our an *sea-maws*.'" In like manner did I withstand the pressing importunities of aunty Kircuddie, relict of the late Timothy Kircuddie, Esq. of that ilk. "Sam," quoth she, "thou's a bit spunkie childie, and Widow M'Cuddlum has just bespoke a fashionable full dress o' second mourning. Monie a braw beuk did her gudeman publish in his time, and nae doubt the widow kens fou brawly *what's what*. Ye understand me, Sam. Supposing we should take a step the length o' Paternoster-row, and see what can be done anent matching Gabriel's manuscripts wi' the widow's jointure."

"O aunty, aunty," quoth I, "lead us not into temptation. God knows, I hae been often enough crossed in love already, and thae Cockney Publishers, ye ken, are unco kittle cattle to deal wi'—Besides," continued I, "another post may bring gude tidings frae Auld Reekie." The words, Mr Editor, had scarcely passed from my lips, when the postman arrived, and your very kind letter put an end to all further altercation. "Aye, aye, lad," quoth aunty, patting your signature with her fore-finger, "the Hamper's thine, and the fullness thereof." So no more at present from, dear Sir, your's very truly,

SAMUEL KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Continued.)

Our *Letter Gae*, o' haly rhyme,
 Sat up at the boord head,
 And a' he said was thought a crime
 To contradict indeed.
 For in Clark-lear he was right prime,
 And cou'd baith write and read, &c.
Christ's Kirk on the Green.

IN clothing the sequel of this very interesting memoir with suitable raiment, I have some thoughts of making free with the style of some of our best historians; but which of the three worthies to clap my thumb on—Smollet, Fielding, or De Foe, I really know not, though I must needs confess that *Dan* is the favourite. *Auld langsyne* keeps such a powerful hold of my heart, that even the affecting narrative of *Old Mortality* himself will never supplant the recollection of what I felt when following the gallant *Crusoe* through his many perils, nor the pathetic eloquence of *Jennie Deans*, in the august presence of Majesty, dowse the glin of that special passage commemorating the great deliverance of poor Friday from the very jaws of ferocious cannibals. It clings to my memory with the paternal command, "Close that pack o' lies this precious moment, or I'll beek the fire wi' its profanity. Really, gudeman, the laddie must be taken seriously through hands. He sits the whole blessed forenighnt poring owre a profane beuk, and kens no more o' his caratchis than our dun cow." Not choosing to abide the visitation of maternal displeasure, I used very prudently to decamp with my dear author to a cunning nook, and there learn him by heart—for the bread eaten in secret is pleasant.—But to return to *Dan's* apparel. I can perceive no more shame in adopting the style of a deceased author, than in wearing a garment spun from the fleece of a departed hill-wedder. Many a secret song is composed to the self-same tune, and sung, too, in our politest circles, without even a titter of disapprobation; and though unmannerly critics may bedaub the wight who presumes to commit what they are pleased to call a *literary trespass*, with the unseemly appellation

of shabby fellow, yet will I not suffer the epithet to lower his character a single inch in the scale of my estimation;—on the contrary, I will not hesitate to salute him in the marketplace. But lest these gentlemen should happen to take it into their noddles, that this same digression is a mere *fill-the-field*, a clumsy apology on my part for the lack of originality—in order, therefore, to undeceive their worships with all convenient speed, I do hereby waive my *common right* to *Dan's* raiment, and beg leave to choose unto myself a style and manner of my own in scribbling over these few pages—a something in the nature of what our modern bloods denominate a Steeple Race, where a couple of jackadandies mount their steeds, and dash away over hedge and ditch for a rump and dozen, regardless of neck and leg—a mode of cantering over foolscap so peculiarly agreeable, by the byc, that I shall e'en saddle my gelding and be off without farther clishmaclaver.

I am disposed to believe, that the reader is already possessed of sufficient information to satisfy his conscience as to the respectability of the bride and her worthy kindred, and that he is now most anxious to have a squint at the young gentleman whose natal star twinkled so very propitiously. I shall, therefore, proceed with my worted brevity, and satisfy him in that particular to his heart's content.

Know, then, my gentle reader, that all letters addressed to the spruce individual in question were directed thus: "*Mr Gavin Gowkspittle*, schoolmaster, Balachan." When parents and guardians felt disposed to overhaul the literary acquirements of their respective little ones, he was usually denominated "*the Maister*," but, in common conversation, plain "*Gavin*;" and when a certain strain of wicked humour prevailed, at kirns and other convivial meetings, the uncouth appellation of "*Dominie Shauchleshins*," superseded all his other titles. Most willingly would I have declined putting the shameful nickname on record, because it lays bare an ugly feature in the human character that had much better remain incog., and also tends to lessen our respect for

that amiable copy-line, "deride not infirmity." But my fidelity as a biographer might happen to be called in question, and therefore do I notice the epithet, though sore against my will. The poor fellow's limbs were shauclied by a cruel mishap that befel him in early life, a circumstance that entitles him to our commiseration.

"When equal are the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools their play,"

little Gavin was enjoying his *vacance* in a manner that perfectly corresponded with his years. He had attached a hair tether to the baulks of the hen-house, and was just on the point of treating himself to a comfortable swing, when a couple of sturdy herd callans brought a cripple wife, on a hand-barrow, to his mother's door, and returned almost immediately to their respective homes. Indeed, the nature of their calling, at that season of the year, would not admit of longer absence. The aforesaid cripple, alias *Bethram Bess*, had travelled the country many years in her open sedan, attended by a couple of spruce messieurs, whose courteous antics recommended them to juvenile charity, whilst the old lady's mental accomplishments were equally successful in fleecing the senior part of the community.

Never, in the whole range of my acquaintance, did I ever fall in with an individual, whose mind was so abundantly stored with portions of scripture, devout sayings, and anecdotes of reverend men, all of which she had carefully firkinied up, for the special purpose of interlarding her discourse—a mode of embellishment in which the old lass certainly had a most happy knack; and then her knowledge of the healing art, in so far as regarded the manufacture of bourtree salve, tansty embrocations, and camomile tea, was in such repute, that I verily believe she might have established a most respectable practice, had not the bearded experience, and medical renown, of old *Robin Droddam* the weaver, stood like a lion in the path of her ambition. But our adventurer was not to be scared from her purpose by a presumptuous handicraftsman. She turned over another leaf, occasionally

expressed herself in the figurative language of prophecy, and finally proceeded to establish her character as a *spawwife*, by gradually dispensing with the faculties of speech and hearing; the cannie carline being well aware that supernatural knowledge, in the opinion of our good-natured peasantry, is usually administered to the deaf and dumb; and also, that whenever one or more of our faculties are benumbed, the residue necessarily become more robust.

Upon these established principles did the Bethram set about making unto herself a name, very rationally concluding, that a sprinkling of revelation, in union with her medical knowledge, would ultimately triumph over Robin Droddam's single-handed pretensions; and she accordingly persevered in her favourite speculation, with a degree of patience rarely to be met with in woman. Nay, so exceeding good were the stamina of her self-denial, that she actually opened not her lips for three whole calendar months. But in the pursuit of her object, old Bess had to grapple with a most formidable antagonist, in the person of *Dumbie Lauchlinson*, a staunch friend of the Droddam family, whose tongue had been most cruelly cut out by the Turks, at the very instant of time that a whole congregation of pious Christians were massacred in cool blood by these hard-hearted barbarians. This shocking affair happened at a certain town in Asia Minor, whose very name the poor fellow could never chalk on a stool without shedding tears. But independently of this accomplishment, Dumbie had a certificate under the hand of *Dougul Macnab*, Session-clerk of *Shiendhu*, a north-country parish, the which he usually carried about his person in a tin case, fully testifying that the said Dumbie was the *seventh son of a seventh son*, and thereby establishing his claim to fortune-telling beyond the possibility of doubt. These mighty qualifications, coupled with the tried abilities of Doctor Droddam, who made a point of consulting Dumbie in all difficult cases, constituted a phalanx of talent, both natural and supernatural, much too substantial to be shaken by the efforts of a *Green-horn*. The Bethram was, therefore, under the painful ne-

cessity of breaking silence on the very first day of the second quarter, and gradually resuming her wonted habits. But the reader will please to observe, that all this was done with so much circumspection, that even the eye of suspicion perceived not the cheat; and the piece-meal return of her speech was accordingly attributed to an especial interposition of Providence.

Naturally of an irritable disposition, as cripples usually are, the stings of disappointment tended not to sooth her temper. She had long been in the habit of carrying a short thorn stick, commonly called a *kibblin*, for the avowed purpose of warning all unmannerly colliers to keep at a respectful distance; and it was now generally observed, that this said kibblin assumed at times a threatening attitude, accompanied with certain distortions of countenance on her part, that indicated no good-will to the individual who presumed to carry her sedan in a heytie-teytie manner. But great allowances were made for her severe afflictions; and, though certain evil-contrived persons were not over ready to lend her a lift, and even insinuated that her limbs were more afflicted with laziness than infirmity; yet, upon the whole, she forgathered with commiseration, go where she would, and experienced much kindly attention. In this condition was Bethram Bess set down at the door of *Rebecca Gowkspittle*. Now, Rebecca was what we call an ailing wife. She had been long and grievously afflicted with a shortness of breath, accompanied with an alarming wheezing, that required all the skill of Doctor Droddam to keep in due subordination; and that very afternoon, her shoulder complaint had returned with acuter twinges than ever, in defiance of Robin's most potent applications. On coming to the door with a luggie of warm broth in one hand, and a horn spoon in the other, "Waes me, Bessie," quo' Mrs Gowkspittle, "thou's come here in an evil hour. Jenny's gane down to the Grange, Reuben's awa at the sheering, and ne'er a living creature about the house hae I to lend thee a lift. This wearifou shouter o' mine's juist where it was again, and wee Gawin, poor thing, he's far owre

feckless for the task."—"His will be done!" quo' Bethram Bess. "Here's a drap rare kail," continued Rebecca, stirring up the broth; "better never hansel'd a ladle. Just fa' to, Bessie, and toon the luggie at your leisure." "His name be prais'd!" quo' Bethram Bess.—"And great cause hae we, Bessie, to praise His name," quo' Rebecca; "manifold are the mercies daily dispensed, no doubt, though few o' them come the gate o' my knowledge. Indeed the like o' me, wha seldom sets a foot owre the door step frae week's end to week's end, kensna what's passing i' the next parish." "The deil has had a busy time o't, for ae thing," replied the Bethram; "nae less than five o' them mounted the stool in Morton kirk, Sabbath was eight-days."—"Hech, sirs, what a sinfou land!" quo' Rebecca Gowkspittle: and in this manner was the conversation continued, until a packman laddie, of the name of Davie Cowan, made his appearance on the knowe, to the great joy of Gawin, whose little heart perfectly leapt with delight as the packman drew near. The two youngers were much upon a par in respect of age, stature, and strength. They had often put their muscular stamina to the test, in jumping, racing, and wrestling; but never, until then, had an opportunity presented itself of carrying a cripple wife, and thereby deciding which was the starkest of the two between the trammels of a hand-barrow. Gawin weighed the Bethram with his eye, and calculated the density of her wallets at a glance. He tossed his head in the consciousness of his might, and boldly declared, that if Davie Cowan would bring up the rear of Bessie's barrow, he himself would be responsible for the van. Davie being a Dumfries lad, bred and brought up on the Soutergate Brae, the birth-place of many a fine fellow, unslung his pack in a twinkling, and manfully accepted the challenge. The smile of confidence that played on his face stung the pawing pride of little Gawin to the quick. He flew to his post with the most cheerful alacrity, and away went our youths with their live-load to the next neighbour town, followed by the wholesome advice of Mrs Gowkspittle:—"Now, bairns, wee bits at a

time ; set down every now and then, and o' be carefu' as ye gae along the brig." Well had it been for all concerned, had Rebecca's admonitions been attended to. The bridge in question was neither more nor less than the butt-end of a fir tree, clumsily squared, and as clumsily thrown across the wickedest little mountain-stream that ever brawled. Only wet Balachan Bracs with an extra cup of rain, and down comes the tipsy burn, like a Dunscore laird riding home on a market night. Long before the two lads reached this fatal bridge, Nature began to flag, though the spirit of their pride remained firm. Gawin grinned and straddled, and grasped the barrow-trammels with might and main, at the same time inclining his ear to receive the humble submission of his cotemporary, "for gudesake, Gawin, set down," providing David had been so disposed ; but the packman, though exhibiting evident symptoms of a contention between the flesh and the spirit, was endowed with the like quantum of pluck as his brother barrowman, and trudged along with an obstinacy altogether incredible. In this manner, proceeded our youths for a full quarter of a mile, whilst Bethram Bess sat in state, as happy as a duchess, with her messins frisking about the sedan.

But what is happiness below,
That men so greatly prize ?
The breezy shade that sweeps the grass,
And o'er the meadow flies.

And what is happiness below,
That men seek to enjoy ?
The gaudy moth, from bloom to bloom,
Chased by the idle boy.

The moment our barrowmen set foot on the bridge, that moment were nerve and muscle compelled to give way, so nicely matched were Gawin and his companion in point of muscular stability. Their breath failed, their knees tottered, the barrow trammels slid from their exhausted fingers, and plash went Bess into the burn, wallets and all, to the great terror of poor Gawin and his affrighted friend, who stood by the stream like a couple of statues, without the power of bestirring themselves in her behalf, so completely had fear benumbed their faculties. On rising from her plunge to the surface of the

pool, she tossed her head like a resplending kelpie, and uttered a spellling's* ghaist yellach that effectually stupefied the two boys, already terrified beyond measure ; but a swirl of the burn swept her away, and nothing short of a miracle, to all appearance, could save poor Bess from visiting the Linn, whose frightful roar is heard afar off. But luck will sometimes interfere, and actually supply, with astonishing precision, the place of well-intentioned design. The Bethram laid fast hold of a saugh bush, whose pliant boughs were accustomed to skim the stream when in its tantrums, and, bringing her left foot to bear on a projecting crag, she had the presence of mind to leap from the flood with an agility that even frightened the poor lads more than her sudden downfall.

Enraged at the overthrow she had experienced, and bemoaning the fate of a favourite lap-dog crushed under

* The old Tower of Spedlings in Anandale, owing to the visitations of an evil spirit, became altogether untenable. This son of Belial never revealed himself to mortal eye, except in one solitary instance. A drunken cobbler returning from Lockerby fair, late at night, was overtaken by a tempest, and staggered into the forsaken Keep for shelter. Bewildered with sleep, and drink, and fatigue, he inadvertently groped his way to the haunted chamber, shut the door, and threw himself down in a corner.

What occurred was taken verbatim from his own lips by a provincial bard, and carefully spun into rhyme, of which the following is a specimen :—

Amid the surly Borean wrath,
That rock'd the tottering Keep,
Loud piercing shrieks and hollow moans
Burst from the dungeon deep.

And then a scene assail'd my sight,
Might stoutest heart appal—
Slap went the door on grumbling hinge,
Wide open to the wall,

And bloody hands brought in a lamp,
A lamp of ghastly glare,
And clank the din of massive chains
Came up the dungeon stair.

But from the dread, the demon fang,
That sought to work me woe,
May He whom evil spirits* fear
Defend my starkest foe !

the barrow, and whose death-yells followed her baggage to the Linn, the old lass, vowing deadly vengeance, waddled up the burn-side at a round pace, and fastened on poor Gawin like a she-bear bereaved of her whelps. The packman, a gallant little fellow as ever snored in a barn, seeing his companion so roughly handled, marched to his relief, and made a powerful diversion on the Bethram's rear; but a back-stroke of the faithful kibblin, that never forsook her grasp, induced Davie to measure his length on the sward, and another hand-owre-hip application of the same weapon compelled poor Gawin to lower his pennon, and submit to the will of the conqueror. She then laid hold of him by the ears just as though he had been a mangy collic, and flung him into the burn, beshrewed with the bitterest imprecations. "O curse ye!" quo' the infuriated Bethram; "gae down to the deepest cauldron i' the Linn, and help my dear wee doggie to feed the trouts, thou ill-faur'd whelp. And thy neer-do-weel carcase maun ha'e a dabble too, thou ill-begotten cadger's cub," continued the exasperated old woman, as she wheeled about to grapple with the packman; but David had by this time got to his legs, perfectly sensible of the Bethram's superior prowess. He accordingly fled from her vengeance by the way of the foot-bridge, and, like a skilful general, tumbled it in the burn, the more effectually to secure his retreat. Such were the relative positions of our belligerents, when the gudeman's bull came bellowing through the broom, goring the ground in his wrath, like a dangerous beast, as he certainly was, for the express purpose of succouring his old acquaintance—at least it was generally so supposed. Gawin, it seems, had tended Balachan kye the preceding summer; and being an industrious time-redeeming laddie, usually sat him down in the lee of a caller hawthorn, or some other convenient bush, and there knitted his stocking, and crooned his song, the live-long day, whilst the cattle freely partook of corn and clover, without ever being called to account. The grateful brute, deserv- ing from afar his benefactor in the hands of the enemy, set off at full

speed to negotiate for his immediate release. On breaking from the broom, he announced the greatness of his displeasure with a tremendous bellow, and bore down on the Bethram's position without delay: but the old lady, not deeming it prudent to risk her laurels in a contest so very unequal, wisely kilted her coats, and took the bent like a March hare, followed by the gudeman of the herd, foaming with rage, and bellowing with all his might. But rage of heart, strength of muscle, and willingness of limb, availed him not. The Bethram kept him at a respectful distance the whole breadth of the park, in spite of his teeth cleared the fence like a hill roe, and was never more heard of. The moment his antagonist sounded a retreat, off started Davie Cowan for Rebecca's dwelling, at a hesitating kind of pace, inclining his eye a little to the left, in order, no doubt, to behold his inveterate enemy trampled under foot; but the instant he espied her on the safe side of the fence, he set down his foot and ran in good earnest. With a heavy heart did poor Davie glide along the hill-side. Weary and out of wind, he approached the inner hallan, and there told a most lamentable tale in four words—"Gawin's owre the Linn!" "Davie Cowan, are ye no joking?" quo' Rebecca Gowkspittle. "Deed no, gudewife," was the packman's reply; "Bethram Bess flung him i' the burn, and he's owre the Linn as sure as ye stand there." "O, my sweet wee fallow," exclaimed Rebecca, and overthrowing a whole bottle of Robin Droddam's rheumatic tincture, with which she was about to anoint her ailing shoulder, the distracted mother flew to her son's relief, without well knowing how or where assistance was to be administered, so dreadfully did the sad tale rake her maternal feelings. Most luckily it so happened, that Davie Cowan was no scion of the *Gowkbiggin* family, whose intellectual peculiarity—*thrice major before they complete their minority*—renders the whole brood so very kenspeckle.—No, no, David's character was of a very different complexion. Being a town-bred lad, as we before hinted, his intellects were more lively, and his ideas much riper, than those ap-

pertaining to country boys of his years and inches ; thereby illustrating a very curious fact in the history of our species, that seems to have eluded the eye of philosophers, both ancient and modern. In the course of my experience amongst men, I have usually remarked, that a village younker arrives much sooner at the years of discretion than the cottager ; a burgher has the heels of the villager by a couple of twelvemonths, and the citizen outstrips them all. By the bye, Ned Findlay, of the house of Meiklewhaum, Clutterbuck, and Co., assures me, that a young Londoner hops from the nest in his fourteenth year ; commences politician at fifteen ; another twelvemonth completes him for the coffee-house ; and at the close of his seventeenth summer he becomes a downright gentleman, according to our modern acceptance of the phrase. But be it observed, continues Ned, that his stock of knowledge is then complete, and human ingenuity is altogether incapable of adding another morsel thereto. This curious ripening quality, peculiar to towns and villages, was singularly observable in the deportment of Davie Cowan. Though a perfect stripling, the most experienced pedlar could not possibly recommend his merchandize to a prudent, sedate customer, with a better grace, nor humour the fastidiousness of a whimsical one more effectually. His spectacles were in great request amongst the aged, on account of the exceeding goodness of their lenses, both in respect of transparency and focal distance. His jocktelegs were greatly admired, and much sought after, by every young lad of taste ; and the surpassing beauty of his buckling kames found him favour in the eyes of the lasses, whose good graces I would advise all aspiring young packmen to cultivate.

This very interesting lad, being about to leave our page, the reader will no doubt feel anxious to peruse the sequel of his history, and as the thing can be done at a few strokes, I shall endeavour to indulge him therein. Know, then, that our young merchant continued to improve in stature of person and density of purse, until he mustered, first, a horse pack, then a caravan, and finally became a great

man on the Soutergate Brae, where I believe his posterity are still to be met with. Being of an adventurous disposition, and consequently fond of associating with lads of the like character, Davie Cowan was no stranger to Balachan Linn. He well knew every crag of its frightful precipices, the terrors of its deep and dark cauldrons, the fierceness of its hawks, and the fury of its wild-cats ; and, perfectly sensible that single-handed succour was too impotent for the occasion, very wisely betook to his heels, and brought a whole band of reapers at his back.

Reuben Gowkspittle, the unfortunate lad's father, (a better bandsman never trod stubble,) started like a stricken deer, and actually distanced Hughie Twaddle, his brother-in-law, though a much younger man. Next followed the gudeman of Balachan, accompanied by his son Adie, then a promising callan, not excelled in point of agility and enterprize by any younker of his years. The residue of our male rustics cleared the fields and fences with an alacrity that did them credit, and the females manifested equal anxiety to be foremost on that memorable day, all evincing the most lively concern for poor Gawin. But the presence of mind and single-heartedness of Janet Muirhead must not be huddled up amongst general remark : " Fy rin, Grizzy," quo' Janet to her only daughter, a sprightly gilpie rising fifteen, " and fetch Robin Droddan : he has gotten a wab o' our's i' the loom, it's true, for claitthing to us baith, a welcom sight, come hame when it will ! for weel wat I, every dud's biddin' gude-day to anither ; but dinna heed that ; tell him to come awa, though anither pirn shou'd never gae throu't ; and hear ye me ? " continued Janet to little Grizzy, as she linked through the stubble, " ca' in by Dumbie Lauchlinson's as ye gae by, and send him down to Reuben's ; he'll throw light on this black afternoon's wark, I se warrant him." But Davie Cowan was fully of opinion, that something more than hands was absolutely necessary to afford effectual relief, and accordingly made the best of his way to Reuben's cottage, ran into the hen-house, snatched poor Gawin's tether from

the baulks, and posted off to the Linn, where he found some ten or a dozen pair of hands, in absolute want of that very necessary auxiliary. So much for the sagacity of our young packman. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he made fast one end of his tether to a stunted hawthorn, and lowered himself down to a huge rock, full twenty feet perpendicular below the brow of the precipice. Adie Dinwoodie and Reuben Gowkspittle followed in succession; but just as Hughie 'Twaiddle laid hold o' the tether, "For gude'sake, Hughie," exclaimed the packman, "bring down a pouchfou o' stanes wi' ye; a' the wull-cats i' the Linn are in motion." Hughie loaded himself accordingly, and, with an ample supply of ammunition, slid down the tether in the very nick of time, to save his sister and her unfortunate boy from the clutches of these fierce and evil beasts. Adie Dinwoodie, it seems, had espied Rebecca at the very bottom of the Linn, through a flickering spray of birch and hazel. On an opposite cliff sat three huge tabbies, in closs consultation which should have the honour of first pouncing on their victims; but a smooth field flint, from the unerring hand of Davie Cowan, smote the boldest so precisely between the eyes, that he gave up the ghost without uttering a squall; a second missile, thrown with the like adroitness, laid another marauder dead on the spot, and the ribs of a third long remembered packman Cowan. Nor was the hand of Adie Dinwoodie idle on this trying occasion. He dislodged no less than five of these frightful creatures from a holly bush, and sent the major part of them limping down the Linn!—prime doings for a country boy, though it must needs be confessed, that he was far behind the packman in point of discipline; indeed it is not at all reasonable to suppose that a raw home-bred lad could possibly cope with such a veteran. A better marksman than Davie Cowan never took the sands of Dunfries on a King's birth-night; and many are the missiles there and then exchanged, between the up the gate side, and the down the gate side, before the din of battle fairly dies away. Whilst the two boys had scoured the bushes of their ob-

noxious tenantry, a couple of ladders arrived from the Grange, and afforded a more effectual communication with the lodgement, where our adventurers had so very successfully commenced their operations. The tether being now made fast in a chink of the rock, down went Reuben and Hughie in quest of the distressed mother, whose feeble wail was distinctly heard by all present. After scrambling their devious way amongst rugged crags, and cowering under the brows of frightfully-threatening cliffs, the unsocial abodes of the hawk and raven, whose harsh and discordant cries tended not to blithen the haggard scenery that surrounded them, they at length descried Rebecca leaning over an oozy rock, and holding poor Gawin by the hair; but so completely exhausted was she, that, in all probability, a few minutes more would have decided the fate of both, for her hands were twisted in his locks, and the slipperiness of the crag whercon she lay, rendered any little exertion on her part to haul him out unavailing: added to this, the agitated waters of the dark and troubled cauldron in which he was plunged, tossed him about in such a manner, that she felt herself gradually trailing over its dismal brim, where the two would most certainly have perished, but for the timely interposition of Reuben and Hughie.

With much difficulty they succeeded in rescuing both mother and son from their perilous situation; Gawin shockingly mangled, with scarce a vestige of life remaining, and poor Rebecca in a situation not to be described.

The reader's own feelings will most assuredly enable him to anticipate the tenderness and anxiety manifested by every individual concerned in conveying home these two unfortunates. All that filial affection and neighbourly regard could possibly afford, was cheerfully administered on the occasion; but Rebecca's maternal love was the subject of general conversation. How she contrived to descend a precipice whereunto the wild-cat could scarcely cling, and find her way to the *Deil's Kettle*, such being the name of the pool wherein poor Gawin was

toasted, amongst haggard, slippery rocks, matted with briar and brushwood, fairly baffled all conjecture; nor could she, even unto her dying day, ever convey any feasible idea of the manner in which she descended.

The best account I ever heard of this very extraordinary affair was published by her own lips, many years afterwards, when sitting by the Linn one Sabbath afternoon, relating her adventures to Miss Susan Dobie, a pious spinster, aged forty-five, or thereabouts:—"Troth, Rebecca," quo' Miss Dobie, "I cannot contrive how ye got doun ava. Not a hair's breadth o' footing can I see, nor a twig that ye could trust to: a' the bairns i' the parish might hae drowned, before I faund the gate to sic a frightfou place." "O Susie, Susie!" quo' Rebecca Gowkspittle, "had ye only faund the dunt o' a mother's heart, at the time, ye wad just hae gane the verra gate that I did." But we must lay aside digression for the present, and attend to matters more closely connected with our subject.

Robin Droddam's arrival afforded much consolation to every individual. He laid aside his plaid and bonnet, put on his spectacles with becoming solemnity, and after minutely examining the ailments of his patient, and duly considering, all and individually, the evil consequences usually attending fractures, sprains, and bruises, together with the probability and improbability of Gawin's very doubtful case, Doctor Robert Droddam made a most woeful report indeed. "Here's just a living miracle," quoth Robin, "a chosen vessel that the hand o' Providence hath saved from being dashed to pieces, as a testimony against unbelievers. Baith his thumbs out o' joint, twa legs fractured, and frightfou contusions on various parts o' the body!—he may get the better o't, but a' the skill under my bonnet," concluded the Doctor, gravely shaking his head, "will stand in need o' a special blessing to set him on his feet again." Rebecca, though in great pain from the severe hurts she had received, complained not of her own ailments, but sat in trembling suspense, whilst the Weaver examined those of her poor boy, and delivered his opinion thereon. She

had great faith in Robin's professional knowledge, though never a whit the better of his prescriptions, and the doubtful shake of his head alarmed her infinitely. "Oh, Sirs!" cried Rebecca, wringing her uplifted hands, "what a dreadful visitation! The sweet, the affectionate wee fallow, that never gae Reuben nor me a sair heart, maimed and crippled for life!—the verra staff we etited to lean on when auld age overtook us baith, bruised and broken by hands that never gae empty awa frae our door. It's enough to crush compassion i' the bud, and freeze the verra heart's bluid o' charity, to think o't." "Whist, whist, Rebecca," quo' her brother Hughie, affectionately pressing her hand with both his own; "dinna be doun-hearted, woman; ye'se ne'er want a plack sac lang as I hae a haubee; and wee Gawin, poor thing, when he gets weel again, I'se gie him walth o' lear, and a turn or twa at the College—he'll make a prime *Dominie*, I'll be bound for him." This was indeed pouring balm on Rebecca's wounded spirit. Her heart was too full to say much, but her eye spoke volumes, as she pressed her brother's right hand to her bosom, and his left to her lips. Whilst affairs ben the house were gradually assuming a kindlier aspect, Rebecca's mind being much relieved, Gawin's limbs put in the way of well-doing, and, upon the whole, a more favourable opinion entertained of his case, an uproar ensued in the butt end of Reuben's dwelling, that must not be made a *passover*.

Fully bent on pursuing Bethram Bess, and handing her over to condign punishment, the whole party there assembled were just on the point of sallying forth in quest of the delinquent, when the long-looked-for arrival of Dumbie Lauchlinson induced them to abandon their plan of operations, and, in place of dividing their forces, and scouring the country, it was now deemed more advisable to ascertain the identical place of her retreat, and pounce at once on the old slut. Lauchlinson was accordingly applied to for the needful information, and Janet Muirhead selected to interpret the telegraphic signification of his finger-and-thumb manœuvres; a task which the good old woman performed very much to

the satisfaction of her employers. She decyphered the meaning of Dumbie's mystical gesticulations with great judgment, and after well weighing the corroborating testimony of his nods and winks, Mrs M. translated the whole of her information into plain broad Scots, as followeth, viz.

"Weel ken'd Dumbie that the Bethram was a souple, lang-winded jade, and a base limner to boot, but the spirit wadna let him expose her. She's sitting in a far-awa house at the hip o' the hud-stane, just as draggled and weary as a woman can weel be, and telling the gud-wife what a narrow escape she had when wandering the Nith, frae the evil designs o' a water-kelpie. The house has gotten a reek-board i' the end o't, and a knocking-stane at the door—but a morsel more he's not permitted to disclose." "A knocking-stane at the door and a reek-board i' the end o't!" exclaimed Sam Macfarlane! "my word! she's in a rare kenspeckle haud-in, sure enough. There's ne'er a ha' house in a' Nithsdale that hasna gotten a reek-board i' the end o't!" "And darna disclose a morsel mair!" whispered Davie Cowan: "that may be; but was I in your shoon, Sam, I wad make him pilot my clutches to the verra stool where she sits on." Macfarlane, though a rustic, was a shrewd sort of a blade, and a bit of a sceptic to-boot, in so far as regarded occult science. He therefore pocketed the packman's hint, and very politely proposed, through the medium of Janet Muirhead, that Mr Lauchlinson should squire the expedition; an honour which the old man, for reasons best known to himself, very modestly declined. "By the L—d," quoth Sam, "necessity has nae law—we'll press him into the service;" and, in spite of all remonstrance to the contrary, seized on poor Dumbie.

Hereupon the female part of the audience became exceedingly alarmed. Some screamed with might and main—some assailed the aggressor with bitter reproach—others fastened on his skirts like so many tiger cats, whilst the remaining few sat pensively silent, only marvelling what sort of a judgment would visit his impious hands. But Sam persisted, in defiance of all opposition, and Dumbie feeling himself the weaker

vessel, instinctively laid hold of the crook, a crazy old thing that had hung in Reuben's chimney time out of mind.

Then it was that the racket began in good earnest. Dumbie held fast by the sooty links. Macfarlane's strength prevailed—the faithless crook gave way, and down came a whole potful of scalding dish-water about the seer's shins. He leapt from the hearth like a hind-harvest salmon, and clutching a four-footed-stool with both his hands, "Curse ye a' thegither," quoth Dumbie Lauchlinson, "but I'll make coo'ies i' the house!"

We presume we have now related a sufficiency of the marvellous, to put the benevolent and simple of heart on their guard against deaf-and-dumb imposition. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that Dumbie Lauchlinson decamped with the same precipitation as his sister impostor, and that very many years elapsed before either spaeman or cripple wife could find credulity enough to *saut their kail*. In like manner we shall pass over the progress of Gawin's recovery, by merely observing, that he did recover, and that his shank-bones, being a little out of the perpendicular, occasioned the epithet of *Shauchleshins* to be stitched to that of his profession. It may also be necessary to remark, that Robin Droddam's fame suffered not from the unseemly deformity, and that uncle Hughie was a man of his word.

'A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL. PART II.

SWEET is the gloom of forest shades,
Their pillar'd walks, and dim arcades,
With all the thousand flowers that blow,
A waste of loveliness, below.
To him whose soul the world would fly,
For Nature's lonely majesty:
To bard, when wrapt in mighty themes,
To lover, lost in fairy dreams,
To hermit, whose prophetic thought
By fits a gleam of heaven hath caught,
And, in the visions of his rest,
Held bright communion with the blest,
'Tis sweet, but solemn—there alike
Silence and sound with awe can strike.
The deep Eolian murmur made
By sighing breeze and rustling shade,
And cavern'd fountain gushing nigh,
And wild-bee's plaintive lullaby,

Or the dead stillness of the bowers,
When dark the summer-tempest lowers ;
When 'silent Nature seems to wait
The gathering Thunder's voice of fate,
When the aspen scarcely waves in air,
And the clouds collect for the light-
ning's glare,
Each, each alike is awful there,
And thrills the soul with feelings high,
As some majestic harmony.

But she, the maid, whose footsteps traced
Each green retreat, in breathless haste,
Young Ella linger'd not, to hear
The wood-notes, lost on mourner's ear ;
The shivering leaf, the breeze's play,
The fountain's gush, the wild-bird's lay ;
These charm not now—her sire she
sought,
With trembling frame, with anxious
thought,
And, starting, if a forest deer,
But mov'd the rustling branches near,
First felt that innocence may fear.

She reach'd a lone and shadowy dell,
Where the free sunbeam never fell ;
'Twas twilight there at summer-noon,
Deep night beneath the harvest-moon,
And scarce might one bright star be seen
Gleaming the tangled boughs between ;
For many a giant rock around,
Dark, in terrific grandeur, frown'd,
And the ancient oaks, that wav'd on high,
Shut out each glimpse of the blessed sky.
There the cold spring, in its shadowy
cave,
Ne'er to Heaven's beam one sparkle gave,
And the wild-flower, on its brink that
grew,
Caught not from day one glowing hue.

'Twas said, some fearful deed untold,
Had stain'd that scene in days of old ;
Tradition o'er the haunt had thrown
A shade yet deeper than its own,
And still, amidst th' umbrageous gloom,
Perchance above some victim's tomb,
O'ergrown with ivy and with moss,
There stood a rudely-sculptur'd Cross,
Which haply silent record bore,
Of guilt and penitence of yore.

Who by that holy sign was kneeling,
With brow unutter'd pangs revealing,
Hands clasp'd convulsively in prayer,
And lifted eyes, and streaming hair,
And cheek, all pale as marble mould,
Seen by the moonbeam's radiance cold ?
Was it some image of despair,
Still fix'd that stamp of woe to bear ?
—Oh ! ne'er could Art her forms have
wrought,
To speak such agonies of thought !

Those death-like features gave to view,
A mortal's pangs, too deep and true !
Starting he rose, with frenzied eye,
As Ella's hurried step drew nigh ;
He turn'd, with aspect darkly wild,
Trembling he stood—before his child !
On, with a burst of tears, she sprung,
And to her father's bosom clung.

"Away ! what seekst thou here ?" he
cried,

"Art thou not now thine Ulric's bride ?
Hence, leave me, leave me to await,
In solitude, the storm of Fate ;
'Thou know'st not what my doom may be,
Ere evening comes in peace to thee."

"My father ! shall the joyous throng
Swell high for me the bridal song ?
Shall the gay nuptial board be spread,
The festal garland bind my head,
And thou, in grief, in peril, roam,
And make the wilderness thy home ?
No ! I am here, with thee to share
All suffering mortal strength may bear ;
And, oh ! whate'er thy fates decree,
In life, in death, in chains, or free ;
Well, well I feel, in thee secure,
Thy heart and hand alike are pure !"

Then was there meaning in his look,
Which deep that trusting spirit shook ;
So wildly did each glance express
The strife of shame and bitterness,
As thus he spoke : "Fond dreams, hence !
Is this the mien of Innocence ?
'This furrow'd brow, this restless eye,
'Read thou this fearful tale—and fly !
Is it enough ? or must I seek
For words, the tale of guilt to speak ?
Then be it so—I will not doom
Thy youth to wither in its bloom ;
I will not see thy tender frame
Bow'd to the earth with fear and shame.
No ! though I teach thee to abhor
The sire, so fondly lov'd before ;
Though the dread effort rend my breast,
Yet shalt thou leave me and be blest !
Oh ! bitter penance ! thou wilt turn
Away in horror and in scorn ;
Thy looks, that still through all the past
Affection's gentlest beams have cast,
As lightning on my heart will fall,
And I must mark and bear it all !
Yet though of life's best ties bereav'd,
Thou shalt not, must not be deceiv'd !
I linger—let me speed the tale,
Ere voice, and thought, and memory fail.
Why should I falter thus, to tell
What Heaven so long hath known too
well ?

Yes ! though from mortal sight conceal'd,
There hush a father's blood appeal'd !
He died—'twas not where banners wave,
And war-steeds trample on the brave ;

He died—it was in Holy Land,
 Yet fell he not by Paynim hand;
 He sleeps not with his sires at rest,
 With trophied shield and knightly crest;
 Unknown his grave to kindred eyes,
 —But I can tell thee where he lies!
 It was a wild and savage spot,
 But once beheld—and ne'er forgot!
 I see it now—that haunted scene
 My spirit's dwelling still hath been;
 And he is there—I see him laid
 Beneath that palm-tree's lonely shade,
 The fountain-wave, that sparkles nigh,
 Bears witness with its crimson dye!
 I see th' accusing glance he rais'd,
 Ere that dim eye by death was glaz'd;
 —Ne'er will that parting look forgive!
 I still behold it—and I live!
 I live! from hope, from mercy driv'n,
 A mark for all the shafts of Heav'n!

“Yet had I wrongs—by fraud, he won
 My birth-right—and my child, my son,
 Heir to high name, high fortune born,
 Was doom'd to penury and scorn,
 An alien midst his fathers' halls,
 An exile from his native walls.
 Could I bear this?—the rankling thought,
 Deep, dark, within my bosom wrought;
 Some serpent, kindling hate and guile,
 Lurk'd in my infant's rosy smile,
 And when his accents lisp'd my name,
 They woke my inmost heart to flame!
 I struggled—are there evil powers
 That claim their own ascendant hours?
 —Oh! what should thine unspotted soul
 Or know or fear of *their* control?
 Why on the fearful conflict dwell?
 Vainly I struggled—and I fell:
 Cast down from every hope of bliss,
 Too well thou know'st to what abyss!

“'Twas done—that moment hurried
 by
 To darken all eternity!
 Years roll'd away, long, evil years,
 Of woes, of fetters, and of fears;
 Nor aught but vain remorse I gain'd,
 By the deep guilt my soul which stain'd;
 For, long a captive in the lands
 Where Arabs tread their burning sands,
 The haunted midnight of the mind
 Was round me while in chains I pin'd,
 By all forgotten, save by one
 Dread presence—which I could not shun.

“How oft, when o'er the silent waste
 Nor path nor landmark might be traced,
 When slumbering by the watch-fire's ray,
 The Wanderers of the Desert lay,
 And stars, as o'er an ocean, shone,
 Vigil I kept—but not alone!
 That form, that image from the dead,
 Still walk'd the wild with soundless tread!

I've seen it in the fiery blast,
 I've seen it where the sand-storms past;
 Beside the Desert's fount it stood,
 Tinging the clear cold wave with blood;
 And e'en when viewless, by the fear
 Curdling my veins, I knew 'twas near!
 —*Was* near!—I feel th' unearthly thrill,
 Its power is on my spirit still!
 A mystic influence, undefin'd,
 The spell, the shadow of my mind!

“Wilt thou yet linger?—time speeds
 on;

One last farewell, and then become!
 Unclass the hands that shade thy brow.
 And let me read thine aspect *now*!
 No! stay thee yet, and learn the meed,
 Heaven's justice to my crime decreed.
 Slow came the day that broke my chain.
 But I at length was free again;
 And freedom brings a burst of joy,
 E'en guilt itself can scarce destroy.
 I thought upon my own fair tow'rs,
 My native Rhine's gay vineyard bow'rs,
 And, in a father's visions, press'd
 Thee and thy brother to my breast.

“'Twas but in visions—canst thou yet
 Recall the moment when we met?
 Thy step to greet me lightly sprung,
 Thy arms around me fondly clung;
 Scarce aught than infant-scraps less,
 Seem'd thy pure childhood's loveliness.
 But he was gone—that son, for whom
 I rush'd on guilt's eternal doom,
 He for whose sake alone were given
 My peace on earth, my hope in Heaven.
 He met me not.—A ruthless band,
 Whose name with terror fill'd the land,
 Fierce outlaws of the wood and wild,
 Had reft the father of his child.
 Foes to my race, the hate they nurs'd,
 Full on that cherish'd scion burst.
 Unknown his fate.—No parent nigh,
 My boy! my first-born! didst thou die?
 Or did they spare thee for a life
 Of shame, of rapine, and of strife?
 Liv'st thou, unfriended, unallied,
 A wanderer, lost without a guide?
 Oh! to thy fate's mysterious gloom
 Blest were the darkness of the tomb!

“Ella! 'tis done—my guilty heart
 Before thee all unveil'd—depart!
 Few pangs 'twill cost thee now to fly
 From one so stain'd, so lost as I;
 Yet peace to thine untainted breast,
 E'en though it hate me—be thou blest!
 Farewell! thou shalt not linger here;
 E'en now th' Avenger may be near:
 Where'er I turn, the foe, the snare,
 The dagger, may be ambush'd there;
 One hour—and haply all is o'er,
 And we must meet on earth no more;

No, nor beyond!—to those pure skies
Where thou shalt be, I may not rise;
Heaven's will for ever parts our lot;
Yet, oh! my child! abhor me not!
Speak once! to soothe this broken heart,
Speak to me once! and then depart!"

But still—as if each pulse were dead,
Mute—as the pow'r of speech were fled,
Pale—as if life-blood ceas'd to warm
The marble beauty of her form;
On the dark rock she lean'd her head,
That seem'd as there 'twere rivetted,
And dropt the hands, till then which
press'd

Her burning brow, or throbbing breast.
There beam'd no tear-drop in her eye,
And from her lip there breath'd no sigh,
And on her brow no trace there dwelt,
That told she suffer'd or she felt.
All that once glow'd, or smil'd, or beam'd,
Now fix'd, and quench'd, and frozen
seem'd;

And long her aire, in wild dismay,
Deem'd her pure spirit pass'd away.

But life return'd. O'er that cold frame
One deep convulsive shudder came,
And a faint light her eye relum'd,
And sad resolve her mien assum'd;
But there was horror in the gaze,
Which yet to his she dar'd not raise,
And her sad accents, wild and low,
As rising from a depth of woe,
At first with hurried trembling broke,
But gather'd firmness as she spoke.

"I leave thee not—whate'er betide,
My footsteps shall not quit thy side;
Pangs, keen as death, my soul may thrill,
But yet—thou art my father still!
And, oh! if stain'd by guilty deed,
For some kind spirit, tenfold need,
To speak of Heaven's absolving love,
And waft desponding thought above.
Is there not power in mercy's wave,
The blood-stain from thy soul to lave?
Is there not balm to heal despair,
In tears, in penitence, in prayer?
My father! kneel at His pure shrine,
Who died to expiate guilt like thine,
Weep—and my tears with thine shall
blend,
Pray—while my prayers with thine
ascend,
And, as our mingling sorrows rise,
Heaven will relent, though earth despise!"

—“My child, my child! these bursting
tears,
The first mine-eyes have shed for years,
Though deepest conflicts they express,
Yet flow not all in bitterness!
Oh! thou hast bid a wither'd heart
From desolation's slumber start,

Thy voice of pity and of love
Seems o'er its icy depths to move
E'en as a breeze of health, which brings
Life, hope, and healing, on its wings.
And there is mercy yet! I feel
Its influence o'er my spirit steal;
How welcome were each pang below,
If guilt might be aton'd by woe!
Think'st thou I yet may be forgiven?
Shall prayers unclothe the gate of Heaven?
Oh! if it yet avail to plead,
If judgment be not yet decreed,
Our hearts shall blend their suppliant cry,
Till pardon shall be seal'd on high!
Yet, yet I shrink!—with Mercy shed
Her dews upon this fallen head?
—Kneel, Ella, kneel! till full and free
Descend forgiveness, won by thee!"

They knelt:—before the Cross, that sign
Of love eternal and divine;
That symbol, which so long hath stood
A rock of strength, on time's dark flood,
Clasp'd by despairing hands, and lav'd
By the warm tears of nations sav'd;
In one deep prayer their spirits blent,
The guilty and the innocent:
Youth, pure as if from Heaven its birth,
Age, soil'd with every stain of earth,
Knelt, offering up one heart, one cry,
One sacrifice of agony.

Oh! blest, though bitter be their source,
Though dark the fountain of Remorse,
Blest are the tears which pour from
thence,
Th' atoning stream of Penitence!
And let not Pity check the tide
By which the heart is purified;
Let not vain comfort turn its course,
Or timid love repress its force!
Go! bind the flood, whose waves expand,
To bear luxuriance o'er the land;
Forbid the life-restoring rains
To fall on Afric's burning plains;
Close up the fount that gush'd to cheer
The pilgrim o'er the waste who trod;
But check thou not one holy tear,
Which Penitence devotes to God!

Through scenes so lone the wild-deer
ne'er
Was rous'd by huntsman's bugle there;
So rude, that scarce might human eye
Sustain their dread sublimity;
So awful, that the timid swain,
Nurtur'd amidst their dark domain,
Had peopled, with unearthly forms,
Their mists, their forests, and their
storms;

She, whose blue eye, of laughing light,
Once made each festal scene more bright;
Whose voice in song of joy was sweetest,
Whose step in dance of mirth was fleetest.

By torrent-wave, and mountain-brow,
Is wandering, as an outcast now,
To share, with Lindheim's fallen chief,
His shame, his terror, and his grief.

Hast thou not mark'd the ruin's flower,
That blooms in solitary grace,
And, faithful to its mouldering tower,
Waves in the banner's place?
From those grey haunts renown hath
pass'd,

Time wins his heritage at last;
This day of glory hath gone by,
With all its pomp and minstrelsy;
Yet still the flower of golden hues
There loves its fragrance to diffuse,
To fallen and forsaken things
With constancy unalter'd clings,
And, smiling o'er the wreck of state,
With beauty clothes the desolate.

E'en such was she, the fair-hair'd maid,
In all her light of youth array'd,
Forsaking every joy below,
To soothe a guilty parent's woe,
And clinging thus, in beauty's prime,
To the dark ruin made by crime.
Oh! ne'er did Heaven's propitious eyes
Smile on a purer sacrifice;
Ne'er did young love, at duty's shrine,
More nobly brighter hopes resign!
O'er her own pangs she brooded not,
Nor sunk beneath her bitter lot;
No! that pure spirit's lofty worth,
Still rose more buoyantly from earth,
And drew from an eternal source
Its gentle, yet triumphant force;
Rous'd by affliction's chast'ning might,
To energies more calmly bright,
Like the wild harp of airy sigh,
Woke by the storm to harmony!

He that in mountain holds hath sought
A refuge for unconquer'd thought,
A charter'd home, where Freedom's child
Might rear her altars in the wild,
And fix her quenchless torch on high,
A beacon for Eternity;
Or they, whose martyr-spirits wage
Proud war with Persecution's rage,
And to the Deserts bear the faith,
That bids them smile on chains and death;
Well may they draw, from all around,
Of grandeur cloth'd in form and sound,
From the deep power of earth and sky,
Wild nature's mien of majesty,
Strong energies, immortal fires,
High hopes, magnificent desires!

But dark, terrific, and austere,
To him doth Nature's mien appear,
Who, midst her wilds would seek repose,
From guilty pangs and vengeful foes!
For him the wind hath music dread,
A dirge-like voice that mourns the dead;

The forest's whisper breathes a tone,
Appalling, as from worlds unknown;
The mystic gloom of wood and cave
Is fill'd with shadows of the grave;
In noon's deep calm the sunbeams dart
A blaze, that seems to search his heart;
The pure, eternal stars of night,
Upbraid him with their silent light,
And the dread spirit, which pervades,
And hallows earth's most lonely shades,
In every scene, in every hour,
Surrounds him with chastising power,
With nameless fear his soul to thrill,
Heard, felt, acknowledg'd, present still!

'Twas the chilly close of an Autumn day,
And the leaves fell thick o'er the wanderers' way,
The rustling pines, with a hollow sound,
Foretold the tempest gathering round,
And the skirts of the western clouds were
spread

With a tinge of wild and stormy red,
That seem'd, through the twilight forest
bowers,

Like the glare of a city's blazing towers;
But they, who far from cities fled,
And shrunk from the print of human tread,
Had reach'd a desert-scene unknown,
So strangely wild, so deeply lone,
That a nameless feeling, unconfess'd,
And undefin'd, their souls oppress'd.
Rocks pil'd on rocks, around them hurl'd,
Lay like the ruins of a world,
Left by an earthquake's final throes,
In deep and desolate repose;
Things of eternity, whose forms
Bore record of ten thousand storms!
While, rearing its colossal crest,
In sullen grandeur, o'er the rest,
One, like a pillar, vast and rude,
Stood monarch of the solitude.
Perchance by Roman conqueror's hand
Th' enduring monument was plann'd;
Or Odin's sons, in days gone by,
Had shap'd its rough immensity;
To rear, midst mountain, rock, and wood,
A temple, meet for rites of blood.
But they were gone, who might have told
That secret of the times of old,
And there, in silent scorn it frown'd,
O'er all its vast coevals round.
Darkly those giant masses lower'd,
Countless and motionless they tower'd;
No wild-flower o'er their summits hung,
No fountain from their caverns sprung;
Yet ever on the wanderer's ear
Murmur'd a sound of waters near,
With music deep of lulling falls,
And louder gush, at intervals.
Unknown its source—nor spring nor
stream

Caught the red sunset's lingering gleam,
But ceaseless, from its hidden caves,
Arose that mystic voice of waves. (1)

Yet bosom'd midst that savage scene,
 One chosen spot, of gentler mien,
 Gave promise to the pilgrim's eye
 Of shelter from the tempest nigh.
 Glad sight ! the ivied cross it bore,
 The sculptur'd saint that crown'd its door,
 Less welcome now were monarch's dome,
 Than that low cell, some hermit's home.

Thither the outcasts bent their way,
 By the last lingering gleam of day,
 When, from a cavern'd rock, which cast
 Deep shadows o'er them as they pass'd,
 A form, a warrior-form of might,
 As from earth's bosom, sprung to sight.
 His port was lofty—yet the heart
 Shrunk from him with recoiling start ;
 His mien was youthful—yet his face
 Had nought of youth's ingenuous grace,
 Nor chivalrous, nor tender thought,
 Its traces on his brow had wrought ;
 Yet dwelt no fierceness in his eye,
 But calm and cold severity,
 A spirit haughtily austere,
 Stranger to pity as to fear.
 It seem'd as pride had thrown a veil
 O'er that dark brow and visage pale,
 Leaving the searcher nought to guess,
 All was so fix'd and passionless.

He spoke—and they who heard the
 tone
 Felt, deeply felt, all hope was flown.

“ I've sought thee far in forest bowers,
 I've sought thee long in peopled towers,
 I've borne the dagger of th' UNKNOWN
 Through scenes explor'd by me alone ;
 My search is clos'd—nor toils, nor fears,
 Repel the servant of the Seers ;
 We meet—'tis vain to strive or fly,
 Albert of Lindheim—thou must die !”

Then with clasp'd hands the fair-hair'd
 maid

Sunk at his feet, and wildly pray'd :—
 “ Stay, stay thee ! sheath that lifted steel !
 Oh ! thou art human, and canst feel !
 Hear me ! if e'er 'twas thine to prove
 The blessing of a parent's love ;
 By thine own father's hoary hair,
 By her who gave thee being, spare !
 Did they not, o'er thy infant years,
 Keep watch, in sleepless hopes and fears ?
 Young warrior ! thou wilt heed my
 prayers,

As thou wouldst hope for grace to theirs !”

But cold th' Avenger's look remain'd,
 His brow its rigid calm maintain'd :
 “ Maiden ! 'tis vain—my bosom ne'er
 Was conscious of a parent's care ;
 The nurture of my infant years
 Froze in my soul the source of tears ;

'Tis not for me to pause or melt,
 Or feel as happier hearts have felt.
 Away ! the hour of fate goes by,
 Thy prayers are fruitless—he must die !”

“ Rise, Ella ! rise,” with stedfast brow
 The father spoke ; unshrinking now,
 As if from Heaven a martyr's strength
 Had settled on his soul at length ;
 “ Kneel thou no more, my noble child,
 Thou by no taint of guilt defil'd ;
 Kneel not to man !—for mortal prayer,
 Oh ! when did mortal vengeance spare ?
 Since hope of earthly aid is flown,
 Lift thy pure hands to Heaven alone,
 And know, to calm thy suffering heart,
 My spirit is resign'd to part,
 Trusting in Him, who reads and knows
 This guilty breast, with all its woes.
 Rise ! I would bless thee once again,
 Be still, be firm—for all is vain !”

And she *was* still—she heard him not,
 Her prayers were hush'd—her pangs for-

got ;
 All thought, all memory pass'd away,
 Silent and motionless she lay,
 In a brief death, a blest suspense,
 Alike of agony and sense.
 She saw not when the dagger gleam'd
 In the last red light from the west that
 stream'd ;

She mark'd not when the life-blood's flow
 Came rushing to the mortal blow ;
 While, unresisting, sunk her sire,
 Yet gather'd firmness to expire,
 Mingling a Warrior's courage high,
 With a Penitent's humility.

And o'er him there th' Avenger stood,
 And watch'd the victim's ebbing blood,
 Still calm, as if his faithful hand
 Had but obey'd some just command,
 Some power, whose stern, yet righteous
 will,

He deem'd it virtue to fulfil,
 And triumph'd, when the palm was won,
 For Duty's task austere done.

But a feeling dread, and undefin'd,
 A mystic presage of the mind,
 With strange and sudden impulse ran
 Chill through the heart of the dying
 man,

And his thoughts found voice, and his
 bosom breath,

And it seem'd as fear suspended death,
 And Nature, from her terrors, drew
 Fresh energy, and vigour new.

“ Thou saidst thy lonely bosom ne'er
 Was conscious of a parent's care ;
 Thou saidst thy lot, in childhood's years,
 Froze in thy soul the source of tears ;

The time will come, when thou, with me,
The judgment-throne of God wilt see.
Oh ! by thy hopes of mercy, then,
By His blest love who died for men,
By each dread rite, and shrine, and vow,
Avenger ! I adjure thee now !
To him who bleeds beneath thy steel,
Thy lineage and thy name reveal,
And haste thee ! for his closing ear
Hath little more on earth to hear—
Haste ! for the spirit, almost flown,
Is lingering for thy words alone."

Then first a shade, resembling fear,
Pass'd o'er th' Avenger's mien austere ;
A nameless awe his features cross'd,
Soon in their haughty coldness lost.

"What wouldst thou ? Ask the rock
and wild,
And bid them tell thee of their child !
Ask the rude winds, and angry skies,
Whose tempests were his lullabies !
His chambers were the cave and wood,
His fosterers men of wrath and blood ;
Outcasts alike of earth and heaven,
By wrongs to desperation driven !
Who, in their pupil, now could trace
The features of a nobler race ?
Yet such was mine !—if one who cast
A look of anguish o'er the past,
Bore faithful record on the day,
When penitent in death he lay.
But still deep shades my prospects veil,
He died—and told but half the tale ;
With him it sleeps—I only know
Enough for stern and silent woe,
For vain ambition's deep regret,
For hopes deceiv'd, deceiving yet,
For dreams of pride that vainly tell,
How high a lot had suited well
The heir of some illustrious line,
Heroes and chieftains of the Rhine !"

Then swift through Albert's bosom pass'd
One pang, the keenest and the last,
Kre with his spirit fled the fears,
The sorrows, and the pangs of years ;
And, while his grey hairs swept the dust,
Faltering he murmur'd, "Heaven is just !
For thee that deed of guilt was done,
By thee aveng'd, my Son ! my Son !"

The day was clos'd—the moonbeam shed
Light on the living and the dead,
And as through rolling clouds it broke,
Young Ella from her trance awoke,
Awoke to bear, to feel, to know
E'en more than all an orphan's woe.
Oh ! ne'er did moonbeam's light serene
With beauty clothe a sadder scene !
There, cold in death the father slept,
There, pale in woe, the daughter wept ;

Yes ! *she* might weep—but one stood nigh,
With horror in his tearless eye,
That eye which ne'er again shall close
In the deep quiet of repose ;
No more on earth beholding aught,
Save one dread vision, stamp'd on thought.
But, lost in grief, the Orphan Maid
His deeper woe had scarce survey'd,
Till his wild voice reveal'd a tale,
Which seem'd to bid the heavens turn
pale !

He call'd her, "Sister !" and the word
In anguish breath'd, in terror heard,
Reveal'd enough—all else were weak,
That sound a thousand pangs could speak.
He knelt beside that breathless clay,
Which, fix'd in utter stillness, lay,
Knelt till his soul imbib'd each trace,
Each line of that unconscious face ;
Knelt, till his eye could bear no more,
Those marble features to explore ;
Then, starting, turning, as to shun
The image thus by Memory won,
A wild farewell to her he bade,
Who by the dead in silence pray'd,
And, phrenzied by his bitter doom,
Fled thence—to find all earth a tomb !

Days pass'd away—and Rhine's fair shore,
In the light of summer smil'd once more ;
The vines were purpling on the hill,
And the corn-fields wav'd in the sunshine
still ;

There came a bark up the noble stream,
With pennons that shed a golden gleam,
With the flash of arms, and the voice of
song,

Gliding triumphantly along ;
For warrior-forms were glittering there,
Whose plumes wav'd light in the whis-
pering air ;

And as the tones of oar and wave
Their measur'd cadence mingling gave,
'Twas thus th' exulting chorus rose,
While many an echo swell'd the close.

From the fields where dead and dying,
On their battle-bier are lying,
Where the blood unstaunch'd is gushing,
Where the steed uncheck'd is rushing,
Trampling o'er the noble-hearted,
Ere the spirit yet be parted,
Where each breath of heaven is swaying,
Knightly plumes and banners playing,
And the clarion's music swelling,
Calls the vulture from his dwelling ;
He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,
The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !

To his own fair woods, enclosing
Vales in sunny peace reposing,
Where his native stream is laving
Banks, with golden harvests waving,
And the summer-light is sleeping
On the grape, through tendrils peeping ;

To the halls where harps are ringing,
 Bards the praise of warriors singing,
 Graceful footsteps bounding fleetly,
 Joyous voices mingling sweetly ;
 Where the cheek of mirth is glowing,
 And the wine-cup brightly flowing,
 He comes, with trophies worthy of his
 line,

The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !

He came—he sought his Ella's bowers,
 He travers'd Lindheim's lonely towers ;
 But voice and footstep thence had fled,
 As from the dwellings of the dead,
 And the sounds of human joy and woe
 Gave place to the moan of the wave be-
 low.

The banner still the rampart crown'd,
 But the tall rank grass wav'd thick
 around ;

Still hung the arms of a race gone by,
 In the blazon'd halls of their ancestry ;
 But they caught no more, at fall of night,
 The wavering flash of the torch's light ;
 And they sent their echoes forth no more,
 To the Minnesinger's (2) tuneful lore,
 For the hands that touch'd the harp were
 gone,

And the hearts were cold that lov'd its
 tone ;

And the soul of the chord lay mute and
 still,

Save when the wild wind bade it thrill,
 And woke from its depths a dream-like
 moan,

For life, and pow'r, and beauty gone.

The warrior turn'd from that silent scene,
 Where a voice of woe had welcome been,
 And his heart was heavy with boiling
 thought,

As the forest-paths alone he sought.
 He reach'd a convent's fane, that stood
 Deep bosom'd in luxuriant wood ;
 Still, solemn, fair, it seem'd a spot
 Where earthly care might be all forgot,
 And sounds and dreams, of Heaven alone,
 To musing spirit might be known.

And sweet e'en then were the sounds that
 rose,

On the holy and profound repose.

Oh ! they came o'er the warrior's breast,
 Like a glorious anthem of the blest ;
 And fear and sorrow died away,
 Before the full, majestic lay.

He enter'd the secluded fane,
 Which sent forth that inspiring strain ;
 He gaz'd—the hallow'd pile's array
 Was that of some high festal day ;
 Wreaths of all hues its pillars bound,
 Flowers of all scents were strew'd around ;
 The rose exhal'd its fragrant sigh,
 Best on the altar to smile and die ;

VOL. X.

And a fragrant cloud from the Censer's
 breath

Half hid the sacred pomp beneath ;
 And still the peal of choral song
 Swell'd the resounding aisles along ;
 Wakening, in its triumphant flow,
 Deep echoes from the graves below.

Why, from its woodland birth-place
 torn,

Doth summer's rose that scene adorn ?
 Why breathes the incense to the sky ?
 Why swells th' exulting harmony ?
 —And seest thou not yon form, so light,
 It seems half floating on the sight,
 As if the whisper of a gale,
 That did but wave its snowy veil,
 Might bear it from the earth afar,
 A lovely, but receding star ?

Know, that devotion's shrine, e'en now,
 Receives that youthful vestal's vow,
 For this, high hymns, sweet odours rise,
 A jubilee of sacrifice !

Mark yet a moment ! from her brow
 Yon priest shall lift the veil of snow,
 Ere yet a darker mantle hide
 The charms, to Heaven thus sanctified ;
 Stay thee ! and catch their parting gleam,
 That ne'er shall fade from memory's
 dream.

A moment ! oh ! to Ulric's soul,
 Pois'd between hope and fear's controul,
 What slow, unmeasur'd hours, went by,
 Ere yet suspense grew certainty !
 It came at length—once more that face
 Revea'd to man its mournful grace ;
 A sunbeam on its features fell,

As if to hear the world's farewell ;
 And doubt was o'er—his heart grew
 chill—

'Twas she—though chang'd, 'twas Ella
 still !

Though now her once-rejoicing mien,
 Was deeply, mournfully serene ;
 Though clouds hereye's blue lustre shaded,
 And the young cheek beneath had faded,
 Well, well he knew the form, which cast
 Light on his soul through all the past !

'Twas with him on the battle plain,

'Twas with him on the stormy main,

'Twas in his visions, when the shield
 Pillow'd his head on tented field ;

'Twas a bright beam that led him on,

Where'er a triumph might be won,

In danger as in glory nigh,

An angel-guide to victory !

She caught his pale bewild'ring gaze,
 Of grief half lost in fix'd amaze—
 Was it some vain illusion, wrought
 By frenzy of impassion'd thought ?
 Some phantom, such as Grief hath power
 To summon, in her wandering hour ?
 No ! it was he ! the lost, the mourn'd.
 Too deeply lov'd, too late return'd !

A a

A fever'd blush, a sudden start,
Spoke the last weakness of her heart,
'Twas vanquish'd soon—the hectic red
A moment flush'd her cheek, and fled.
Once more serene—her stedfast eye
Look'd up as to Eternity;
Then gaz'd on Ulric with an air,
That said—the home of Love is *there*!

Yes! *there* alone it smil'd for him,
Whose eye before that look grew dim;
Not long 'twas his e'en *thus* to view
The beauty of its calm adieu;
Soon o'er those features, brightly pale,
Was cast th' impenetrable veil;
And, if one human sigh were given,
By the pure bosom, vow'd to Heaven,
'Twas lost, as many a murmur'd sound
Of grief, "not loud, but deep," is drown'd,
In hymns of joy, which proudly rise,
To tell the calm, untroubled skies,
That earth hath banish'd care and woe,
And man holds festivals below!

(1) The original of the scene here described is presented by the mountain called the Feldberg, in the Bergstrasse. "Des masses énormes de rochers, entassées l'une sur l'autre depuis le sommet de la montagne jusqu'à son pied, viennent y présenter un aspect superbe qu'aucune description ne saurait rendre. Ce furent, dit-on, des géans, qui en se livrant un combat du haut des montagnes, lancèrent les uns sur les autres ces énormes masses de rochers. On arrive avec beaucoup de peine jusqu'au sommet du Feldberg, en suivant un sentier qui passe à côté de cette chaîne de rochers. On entend continuellement un bruit sourd qui paraît venir d'un ruisseau au dessous des rochers; mais on a beau descendre, en se glissant à travers les ouvertures qui s'y trouvent, on ne découvrira jamais le ruisseau. La colonne dite Riesensäule se trouve un peu plus haut qu'à la moitié de la montagne; c'est un bloc de granit taillé, d'une longueur de 30 pieds et d'un diamètre de 4 pieds. Il y a plus de probabilité de croire que les anciens Germains voulaient faire de ce bloc une colonne pour l'ériger en l'honneur de leur dieu Odin, que de prétendre, comme le font plusieurs auteurs, que les Romains aient eu le dessein de la transporter dans leur capitale. On voit un peu plus haut un autre bloc d'une forme presque carrée, qu'on appelle Riesentalter (autel du géant) qui, à en juger par sa grosseur et sa forme, était destiné à servir de piédestal à la colonne en question.

Memoirs of the Feldberg

(2) Minnesingers, (bards of love), the appellation of the German Minstrels in the Middle Ages.

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF "ILL TAM."

No. II.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace

The forms our fancy or our heart design'd;

Such was our youthful art, and shape, and face,

Such the rough features of our youthful mind.

Shenstone.

AMONGST the most early impressions which I can now recal are those of devotion. My mother, from the first twelve months of my existence my sole surviving parent, was indeed a Christian, in the original, and best sense of the term. Her object seemed, all along, to be, to convey instruction, and induce habit, not so much by any direct advice, as by example. Instead of putting words into my mouth, at an early age, when I was totally incapable of comprehending their meaning, she taught me, by her own conduct, to reverence, and to worship, in heart, and in all sincerity, the great unseen Source of safety and support, upon which, all alike, old and young, weak and powerful, ultimately depend. As Hannibal was devoted at the altar to the art and the pursuits of war, so was I, by an early parental dedication, and admission into the beautiful and endearing confidence of private, yet social prayer, subjected, in heart and in affection, to that "children's Friend," whose office and whose character are at once so inviting and so interesting. I shall never forget, and, in fact, amidst all my wanderings, of which I have had my shaft, I have never entirely forgot those solemn summer Sabbaths, when, about twilight, my mother used to draw the lower extremity of her "gown" over her head, and, with my hand in her's, conduct me slowly, and in silence, to a retired and alder-sheltered corner of our little garden. It was for the purpose of prayer; of that species of prayer which, consisting principally

in contrition of spirit, and in broken ejaculations—in the language of an old and pious divine—"carries one to Heaven without even apprising Satan of the intention." There was, to me, a most encouraging and endearing confidence in all this: I felt as if secure against all danger, and all evil, whilst my head remained beneath the covering of the sacred mantle, and my ears were occupied, and my heart warmed, with those expressions of devotional feeling and ardour, which presumed and recognised our mutual and common interest in, and access to, the "Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow." Again and again have I been absorbed into the stream, and engaged in an under tone, in these "groanings of the spirit," which, altogether independently of articulation, were to me quite intelligible, and overpoweringly elevating. Even in the midst of my pulpitransons, when the assembled people are contributing, by their presence, to warm and animate my devotions, I often look back with a sentiment of abasement to those early, sincere, and artless breathings, when, in the character of a little child, I was not only suffered to come, but led, as it were, and conducted unto Him, whose affection and friendship are life and happiness. It is quite true, that my knowledge of the doctrines of religion was limited almost to a nullity; but the heart, happily for us, in many other respects, as well as in regard to religion, often anticipates the head; and I am quite sure, that no degree of information, and no strength of conviction, of which I am now possessed, will ever be productive, in "my soul," of more genuine Christian sentiment. The great error of our early education appears to me to originate in an effort to bring into exertion, and overload with information, the memory and the understanding; whilst the power of habit is, in the meantime, subjugating and poisoning the heart, and rendering every mental acquisition a curse in many cases, rather than a blessing. Early information may soon be forgot, and premature mental exercise may weaken, rather than invigorate; but early impressions up-

on the heart will give a cast and a colouring to the future character, which all the attrition, and alterative influence of the world, will never be able altogether to efface: "you may break, you may shiver the heart, as you will, but the odour of infancy will still adhere to it *."

But although I speak of religious impressions as preceding, in my case, religious and Bible information, and the acquisition of that knowledge of letters, and words, and sentences, by means of which, not only sacred, but civil, or social information, is extended and reciprocated—I do not mean, in consequence of this admission, to insinuate, that what is usually termed "education," was in my case neglected. Ere I was five years of age, by the assistance of two excellent old women, aunts of my mother, I was enabled to read, or rather to sing, (for my style of modulation was somewhat betwixt the two,) the fifth chapter of St Matthew's gospel, and even to convert this premature acquisition into a source of emolument and vanity. The cottage where I lived stood upon the side of a retired road, by which some of the most respectable farmers were accustomed to pass every Sabbath to church; and it was my weekly practice to take my station upon a green bank, in front of our dwelling; and there, from an old brass-clasped Bible, in a most audible and arresting tone, to pour forth upon the Sabbath passengers the whole detail of the "Beatitudes."—"That's really a surprising Elf," one would observe, tossing me at the same time a half-penny, whilst another would prophesy of my future eminence and attainments. I thus acquired a purse against the ensuing "village fair," and was led to account myself a prodigy of learning. "Prayers" were said; or, in the more expressive language of the peasantry, the "book" was "taken" every evening and morning in our little family household, consisting of two old women, my mother, and myself,—and the privilege of reading "the chapter" devolved on me; an office of which I was not a little proud, and for the dis-

* Moore.

charge of which, however, I was but moderately qualified. I still remember reading "hanged" for "changed" — "thief-priest" for "chief-priest" — and "Galloway" (the name of the neighbouring county) for "Gallilee." — "Lead us not into temptation," by accenting the "o," and uniting it with the syllable "tain," I contrived to convert into a little instrument which is put into motion by the finger and thumb; and I never read the word "ghost," even though preceded by "holy," without first looking carefully around, to ascertain the bodily presence of my audience.

To this chapter regularly succeeded a family prayer, in which, without the smallest reference even in aim, much less in effect, to correctness, or propriety of expression, there occurred, not only thoughts that breathed, but words that conveyed their breathings from heart to heart. Prayer in this, and in similar cases, ceases to be considered as a duty, and really becomes a privilege — the spontaneous and audible aspiration of the soul, conscious of weakness, and ardently solicitous of aid. I have seen the time when, through the darkness and uncertainty of a moonless wintry night, the glimmer of cottage windows would direct the course of the benighted traveller to a cheerful fireside, "the evening oblation," a plentiful rather than a sumptuous supper, and a bed. But now, unless one falls in with some "ignis fatuus," or flaring coach-lamp, there is nothing over the wide stretch of a country landscape to interrupt the gloom; every cottage window is closely shuttered, or apertured in, and from a great majority of hearths and homes, the evening, as well as the morning psalm, and orison, are like-
habitually excluded. The light," whether in a natural, or in a moral acceptance, which formerly shone before, and for the benefit of "men," is now dim, or altogether extinguished; and amidst a variety of improvements and inventions, "salvation" is now manufactured

easily. Notwithstanding all my reverence, however, and respect for the exercise, in which we were so regularly engaged, my love of "fun," or of mischief, often preponderated over every higher and more hallowed consideration. I remember once of pushing a live coal towards the shoeless soles of the person actually engaged in prayer, and of enjoying the jest amazingly, when the sudden "rising" took place, and even the cat and the dog awoke into fearful aspect and consternation! The cottage we lived in was old, and the timbers were considered as daily in danger of giving way, so one of my most successful, and frequently-repeated tricks, consisted in scattering a handful of sand, during prayers, against the rafters, to occasion a sudden, and a complete "turn out." Whenever, according to the only index of the escape of time, of which I was possessed — "*the drying, videlicet, of my wet stockings from the crook*" — the prayer seemed to have extended beyond a reasonable length, I had always a variety of shifts of *this* description at command, whereby to accelerate the conclusion. There were *extraordinary* as well as *ordinary* occasions, on which, by "drawing near," as it is expressively termed in vernacular idiom, unto God, our safety was increased, and our reliance on the interference of Almighty wisdom greatly strengthened and confirmed. If the elements seemed too powerful for human control; if it blew, or drifted, or thundered, in an alarming manner, "the book" was then, and on every similar occasion, resorted to, as a becoming exercise and comforting resource. I shall never, so long as I live, forget an extraordinary occurrence of this nature, which took place, I think, during the famous season of fog, and mists, and darkness, the summer of 1783 or 1784. For months the sun had arisen and gone down with a crust of heated iron — a "virgin flammecum," over his burning disk; the husky, hot, and stifling fog had withered and scorched the earth, and given to the sun by day, and to the moon, and, whenever for a short period they were visible, to the stars by night, a flickering and angry aspect. People talked mysteriously of

* 1st Cor. xv. 51, "Behold I will shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be *changed*!" — "*Hanged*!" said my Mother, "read that over again, Tam."

this phenomenon, and whilst some attributed the mist to an eruption of Mount Hecla, or Mount Ætna, I forget which, others shook their heads, and expressed some alarming and indefinite apprehensions. Amidst all this anxiety and dismay, "a prophecy," of distinct and portentous import, ~~import~~, ^{trapped} from the mouth of insanity, no doubt—to finish the climax of horror and trembling. It was positively affirmed, in contradiction even to the volume of Revelation itself, that against a certain hour of a specified date, the "last trumpet should sound," and Nature would be summoned to her last reckoning. We were employed, I remember, "in casting peats," on the day immediately preceding the dreaded accomplishment of this appalling prophecy, when a rattling, off-hand, jocular body, well known in the neighbourhood, happened to pass the moss where we were occupied, I, with a companion, in leaping from the peat breast, and the others in the provisional labours of the day. My blood, however, seemed to freeze in my veins, and my nerves to tingle, like the tongue of a broken *trump**, in my brain, when I heard "Willy Crosby" deliver the following short, but most conclusive and emphatic address: "What are ye a' sac busy casting peats the day for; ken ye, Sirs, when the day o' judgment's the morn?" I had just parted from the peat-breast on a jump, or leap, when this address began,—and I remained for several minutes motionless, and absorbed up to the knees in moss, and up to the ears in astonishment, before I could collect sufficient presence of mind to extricate my extremities! The *fated* morning and specified hour at last arrived, and, to the dividing asunder of the heart and of the marrow of all who witnessed it, the thunder actually began to lift up its voice over the distant horizon, and the lightning to glean at the determined time. Our whole family were in an instant on foot, and dressed. It was about two o'clock of a summer morning. And after eyeing each other with an expression of helpless, and almost hopeless alarm, "the book was resorted to." In

the meantime, the storm had advanced; the distant roll and "dinne" had approximated into a sudden and deafening roar and rattle, as if the whole of heaven's scaffolding had been rushing into separate planks over head. The hail fell in furious swirlings and tossings, and the lightning poured its penetrating blaze through every opening and crevice of our time-worn and darkened dwelling. The Psalm was at length selected, and, by the feeble light of an exhausted lamp, a sublime passage, *starfully* suited to the occasion was chosen!

"Up from his nostrils came a smoke,
And from his mouth there came
Devouring fire, and coals by it
Were kindled into flame.

"The Lord God also in the heavens
Did thunder in his ire,
And there the Highest gave his voice,
Hail-stones and coals of fire."

At this very instant, whilst the awful import of these alarming words was yet vibrating through my soul, a short and sudden "clap," accompanied with a dash of hail by "the lum," at once extinguished the lamp, figgod on the hearth, and alarmed the cat, which, springing from the "settle," where she had been seated, passed immediately through the embers of the fire, and gave to the whole interior of our dwelling the appearance of a sparkling and spreading conflagration. I need scarcely add, that the storm spent its strength, or passed away, but the impression which it made upon me will remain so long as I live; and even up to the present hour, I never hear the "voice" of thunder, however distant, without experiencing a sinking, as it were, of my heart within me, a dread and a slavish awe, and apprehension.

Soon after this memorable event, and whilst the recollection was still fresh, I had, as was customary with me, found my way into a bed of white, or garden peas, which were yearly sown, and were now beginning to fill. Squatting, like a rabbit in the attitude of feeding, betwixt two rows, notwithstanding all my mother's efforts to find me out, I remained invisible, and deaf at the same time, to every "Ho, Tam!"

with which she made the garden and the neighbouring bank re-echo. A sudden burst of thunder, immediately over my head, made me spring with the rapidity of lightning from my recess, and gave my mother a fair occasion for remarking, with somewhat of a good-natured, yet sarcastic smile,—“That’s worth twa three Ho ! Tams !”

He who endeavours to imbue the infant mind with religion, altogether unmingled with, and unalloyed by superstition, may perhaps regret his folly, when it is too late to extricate his pupil from the miry clay of materialism and infidelity. Reason, as well as revelation, have so commixed and commingled the substance with the shadow ; the light and the shade are so blended into each other, that he to whom the qualities and accessories of mind are equally intelligible with those of matter, can *alone* separate and unravel them. Of the two extremes, superstition or infidelity, the first is not only the most capable of remedy, but by much the most congenial, through all its milder gradations in particular, to whatever is amiable, and elevating, and interesting in character ; and although, in consequence of the numberless and baseless absurdities by which my infant mind was held in captivity, and subjected to the most slavish terrors, I have suffered, and even still, I fear, continue to suffer *some* inconvenience ; yet I account myself as greatly more fortunate than those who, by an early discredit of all spiritual agency whatever, have placed an extinguisher upon the soul, and have all but excluded from the throne of his providence the “I’ve seen God” himself. Yet the extreme of superstition in which the faith and the narratives of the kindly and affectionate beings by whom my earliest impressions were made, involved me, was unquestionably most distressing and hurtful. I speak not of Fairies, and Brownies, and Water-kelpies, with a long et cetera of somewhat humanized and familiarized spiritualities. There was an air of harmlessness, and even not unfrequently of good-will, and at all times of seemliness, over these inmates of the knowes, the garret, and the linn, which rendered them—at least in broad day-light—not quite

intolerable to the imagination. But from all those spirits who dwell in darkness, and in darkness alone, who glimmer in the moss, stare over church-yard walls in sheeted terror, or possess themselves of “eery” glens, and murder-stained defiles, good Lord deliver me !—“The Devil,” under whatever character he appears, or whatever shape he assume, is still the same horrifying and unseemly demon. You may clothe him in light, or steep him in brimstone, he is still an object of terror ; like that Saturday-night dose to which the crudities of my stomach used to be regularly subjected, though disguised by the most alluring and inviting admixture, it became only so much the more suspicious and revolting. The “wraith” and the “ghost” alone can come into competition with this master “Terror,” and these acquire their forbidding qualities, not so much from the *manner*, as from the *import* of their appearance.

I remember the occasion as well as if it were only last winter. There had been a switching and a heckling of lint held at “Gilchrist’s land.” This, in these ante-machinery times, was of great interest to all the children, not only of the place, but of the neighbourhood. We convened together at an early period of the evening to collect the “*sheus*” and the “*pob*,” into one vast heap of combustibility, and with large portions fastened to the end of long poles, we contrived to carry flame, and noise, and rabblement, far and wide into the surrounding darkness. The supper potatoes had at last been boiled, and with the help of ram-horn spoons, and sweet milk, we had contrived to do justice to the provision made for us. When the hour of parting, somewhere about ten o’clock, at last arrived, I had to travel in company with a full grown girl, whose notions of the spiritual world were pretty much akin to my own. Yet, as the night, though cloudy and even foggy, had the advantage of the moon’s influence, and as we had not more than half a mile to travel, we put a bold face upon the business, and set out marching to that animating devil-fuge, the “Highland-laddie”—only taking special care to avoid those verses in which

the "deil's" abode and employment are so powerfully introduced.

"Bonnie laddie, Highland-laddie!"

At every return of this heartening chorus, another hundred yards of the soft mossy ground through which our path-way lay, were thrown into our rear, and we had already advanced more than half-way on our perilous journey, and were in confident hopes that our passage would escape all demoniacal notice or interference, when, all of a sudden, my guide and conductress became mute, dropped down upon her "knees," and pointing at the same time with her fingers, exclaimed in a kind of palsied whisper—"See! see! Look at *that*—look at *that*!" I have just read this moment in a provincial newspaper, of a man's losing *at once* all power of hearing, seeing, or speaking⁷. This was precisely my condition; for, instead of turning my eyes in the direction pointed out, I suddenly "*screamed a scream*," and fell flat and motionless upon my face. It was some time before I recovered so much recollection as to ascertain the dismal realities of my situation, when I found myself elevated upon my guide's back, and repeating as directed, in an audible voice, and with unremitting rapidity, the "*Lord's prayer*." The twenty-fourth Psalm had in the mean time been appropriated for audible repetition by my conductress; thus forming a kind of "*cheveux-de-frize*" of oral defence, and presenting towards the enemy an attitude of determined resistance.

Having recovered my senses a little, after as many repetitions of my "*Pater Noster*" as if I had been counting my beads, I ventured to breathe an almost inaudible inquiry respecting "*the appearance*," which had given us so much alarm, and occasioned such formidable measures of security on our part; but I was only answered by a shrug of the shoulder, and a renewed attack upon "*The Lord's my Shepherd*." As we drew nearer and nearer to our final destination, I could observe our motion was considerably accelerated; the soft and the silent pace became a trot; and that again, as we passed

the far corner of the yard dyke, and cleared the peat-stack, was converted into a downright race; when, oh! horrible! and most intolerably terrible! I was gradually loosened from my hold, and dislodged from my seat, and found myself at last, all alone, sitting upon my own proper breech, and within sight of the very doorway through which my conductress had just darted into light and safety. To perish thus, as it were, within the harbour, and in sight of rescue; to be kidnapped by the devil, at the very last instant allotted to him for effecting his purpose, and whilst within cry of assistance, was indeed most unfortunate. I essayed to vociferate, but my voice failed me; I made an effort to rise, but just as I was getting forward upon my hands, an awful similitude crossed my vision—a mountain of shaggy fearfulness came over my countenance, and a cold and freezing contact gave me intimation of some dreadful and incomprehensible presence. Poor "*Rover*," had found me out, and, with all the friendly blandishments of which he was capable, was proceeding to lick my face and welcome me home.

Though the verriest coward at night, and in the dark, I was bold as a lion by day. Of this the following anecdote, connected with that early period of my life of which I am now speaking, will afford sufficient proof.—There was a "*Witch*" in my immediate neighbourhood. She was in the habit of traversing the parish, and the adjoining districts, in quest of those donations with which the credulous were content to purchase her favour. If she was refused the cast of a fleece over the "*fold-dyke* at clipping-time," the master had no want of "*braxy*" during the ensuing season; or if her pitcher, which she always bore about with her, went away from the dairy, or from the kitchen, empty, every body knew to what cause to refer the soured cream, and the scalded child. "*The name*," as she was sometimes heard herself to express it, "*was a*" her dependence, and was worth more to her than a much better character." I had heard many reports of this woman's uncanny influence; but as she generally met my vision during "*fair day-light*," I entertained very little,

if any, conviction of their truth. In order, however, to put the matter, in my own apprehension, beyond all manner of doubt, I fell upon the following contrivance:—Not far from the place where I lived, there chanced to be a thin *deal*, or plank, laid in capacity of bridge, over a narrow, but miry and deep quagmire. An old woman* had once perished in the slough; and this precaution had been taken to prevent similar misfortunes. By this narrow pass Maggy was accustomed to journey on her weekly excursions, and nothing appeared to me more easy than the cutting of the deal beneath; so that under the pressure of Maggy's weight—if she owned no more art than what properly belonged to her—the support would give way, and she would be incontinently precipitated into the mud beneath. No sooner planned than executed—and from the adjoining copsewood I had the satisfaction to behold, unseen, Maggy's "twin supporters" playing in the breeze, with the soles turned up like the feet of the *Pecks*† towards Heaven!—I hastened, of course, to the poor woman's relief, and with some difficulty, and under many expressions of deep interest, succeeded in placing her once more, stoup in hand, upon firm ground, for which she seemed better fitted than for the "pit and the miry clay," with which her upper extremity, in particular, had for some time maintained an unequal contest. Ever after this experiment, I was a complete infidel as to Maggy's supposed character, judging, very naturally, that if she had possessed any more knowledge than her own, she could not possibly have remained ignorant of the trick which had thus been practised upon her.

I have mentioned that my apprehensions of preternatural agency were chiefly confined to the night season.

* "Naebody" said her poor fatuous son, Jock Crighton, "naebody ever stuck in the world but twa, an' that was Lot's wife, and my mither."

† The *Pecks* or *Piets*, whose feet were so large and flat, that during rain they used to huddle close together, and turn up their soles by way of roofing against the weather!—*See* BROTHERS.

I might have added, that when the moon shone bright, and I enjoyed the company and fellowship of the "herd Callan," we were in the habit, not only of braving the powers of darkness ourselves, but of converting the popular superstition into a source of exquisite entertainment. I do not know a more inviting and lovely hour, than that of *midnight*, when the drifted snow lies crisp and pure, and glancing under a Yule moon—when the hare is seen directing her suspicious and hesitating course from the *bent*, to the cottager's kail-yard—when all is still beneath, and blue above—and soft and milky betwixt—and the occasional bay of the farmer's colley, disturbed by the approach of the rustic lover in quest of his lass—or the shot from the old Queen-Ann blunderbuss, directed over the hedge upon the unwelcome, and, if uninjured, scarcely startled hare—only serve to render the general stillness and peacefulness more perceptible.—I say, not spring, in all its smiles and promise—nor summer, in all its glory and accomplishment, possess, or ever possessed over my soul, a more fascinating and permanent influence. It was on such an evening, and at such an hour, that we provided ourselves with an old broken fiddle, which, having long ceased to be agreeable or useful in the hands of its former owner, (a travelling packman,) accident had put in our possession; and pursuing our way through glen, and cleugh, and copse, arrived about one o'clock in the morning, all unperceived, at a neighbouring farmer's door, when the inmates, even down to the house-maid and the hearth cur, were fast asleep. The gude-man and the guidewife had long differed in opinion respecting the professional destination of a very promising young man, their only son, who, much to his mother's annoyance, had contracted a taste, and seemed to possess what they term a "turn," for playing on the fiddle. There had been, as was well known to us, several beds of justice held upon this subject; in which, as the father seemed somewhat disposed to give in to the "callan's" whim, the mother came off only second best in the argument. On this very night, the subject, as we afterwards learnt,

had been under discussion ; and the mother having urged several of her best and most cogent arguments of discussion, finding that her husband's senses had long been blocked up by sleep, was compelled at last to follow his example, or was, to speak more correctly, in all likelihood, in the act of following it, when her ears were suddenly assailed by a shrill, squeaking noise, emitted seemingly from the press adjoining to the bed, and resembling, in every note that was at all earthly, the tones of a fiddle. It seemed as if the Genius of Harmony had been suffering martyrdom, or the "*Spirit*" of Discord had been essaying to set his dissonance to music. In that very "press," well wrapt up in white plaiding, and enclosed in a wooden box, or case, the identical "instrument" reposed, upon which her son, much to her annoyance and disquiet, was wont, at every leisure hour, to practise. The idea that this must be an exhibition made by the enemy himself, upon an instrument appropriated to his use and service, struck her at once with all the force of intuition. "David ! David ! hear ye that, David ?" continued the astonished and half-distracted matron—accompanying this address with a rapid and angular push of her elbow against David's back and shoulders ; "ye wad hae my son Davie to follow that vile trade of a fiddler ; an' now ye hear what ye ha'e made o't, for there's the very fiddle playing, by itsel', in the press." This argument, as was afterwards verified by the fact, proved of more service, not only in convincing David, but in dissuading Davie, than all which had formerly been advanced ; and, instead of figuring upon cat-gut, this identical Davie is now one of the wealthiest and most respectable farmers in the south of Scotland. When next I take my trip into Dumfries-shire, I mean to lay him under a contribution, at the King's Arms, "for a rump and dozen," on the score of my having thus preserved him from figuring, under rags and whisky, at half-a-crown a night, in barns and village ale-houses ; and if my worthy friend MacD. will do me the honour, and the company the favour, he shall act as croupier on the occasion ; and if we have not

a night's "glee," amidst the pleasing recollections of boyhood, there is no point in wit, and no power in fancy, and no fascination in good-humoured and cheerful company*.

In the absence of company better suited to my years, I was compelled to convert those aged persons, my aunts, as I was accustomed to call them, who tenanted the other end of the house, into a source of amusement, in order to pass away agreeably the long fore-nights of winter. Children are very quick-sighted in the discovery of the weaknesses of those with whom they daily associate ; and it was from the superstitious apprehensions of these most kindly and religious inmates, that I contrived occasionally to extract entertainment. Though timid and superstitious myself, in the most extreme degree, whenever solitude and darkness were combined upon my feelings, I could still, in my hours of cooler apprehension, perceive that much of my fears were groundless, and that when the imagination is excited, it is easy to pass off the most natural and common occurrences and appearances as preternatural and appalling.

My aunts were genuine specimens of the old world : they rose early ; always, during winter, long before daylight ; they breakfasted by eight ; and after spending the day in spinning upon the "wee wheel," or in providing fuel from an adjoining copse-wood, they regularly hung on the supper-potatoes at eight in the evening—when family exercise was made ; and by nine they were again snugly lodged beneath the blankets. The fire was placed at some distance

* N. B.—I find, from my Uncle's common-place book, that this meeting actually took place in the year 18—, and that the company and entertainment were both to his mind. He mentions, in particular, the strong sense and irresistible humour of MacD., the queer stories and genuine wit of the Parson of Elshie, and the caustic sarcasms and home-thrusts of a certain well-known Dumfries scribe. Some fine specimens of poetry seem likewise to have been given, in excellent time and taste, both by the croupier and by his right-hand man, one Mr G. ; and the evening, upon the whole, deserved, as my Uncle expresses it, "*cretà notari*."

from the gable-wall, and the "crook," which, of course, behoved to be suspended directly over it, was attached, in an upper and an undiscovered region of everlasting smoke, to a cross-beam, or "rammel-tree," one end of which was inserted in the gable, and the other extended over a joist at a convenient distance. Under these circumstances, it was no very difficult matter to attach one end of a "*dragon-string*," amidst the higher altitudes of smoke and obscurity, to the crook, and by passing it above the intermediate rafters and joists, to bring it down within my pull, and under my influence, where I sat at my evening mechanical, or literary recreations—in other words, constructing "cross-bows," or reading a true and faithful narrative of the "*Laird o' Cool's Ghost*."—

Previous to the suspension of my aunt's supper-potatoes, fresh fuel was added to the fire, in such a situation as to act most effectually upon the pot—in other words, directly below it. But no sooner had the flame begun to ascend, than the mistake became visible. It was evident, that the partner on whom had devolved the task of making the adjustment, had misplaced the fire. The pot hung suspended over cold air and empty space, whilst the fuel was wastefully and idly consumed. A change was immediately, amidst mutual recrimination and reproach, effected on the position of the fire; but scarcely had this been done, when the pot was observed to return to its natural position, as if actuated by a spirit of contradiction, and by a determined resolution against "*boiling*" that evening. This could not fail to excite surprise, and even some measure of alarm; but still it was possible that "*both*" might have misadjusted the business—so a fresh arrangement was made, and with no better success; the perverse potatoes still refusing to be boiled, and travelling it backwards and forwards, with the most teasing and now mysterious, and even alarming perversity. Suspicion fell, of course, upon "*me*;" but it being ascertained by my mother, that in this instance, at least, an "*alibi*" could be distinctly made out in my favour, there was no other

and investigation, left, but that of infernal agency.

Speaking of "*dragon-strings*," reminds me of a trick which I played, in fellowship with the "*herd callan*," my brother Levi, in all affairs of the kind, upon a conceited and severe old farm-servant, who assumed authority over us, and was in the habit, whenever he could catch us idling together, of taking us by the shoulders, and of running our heads most furiously and violently against each other, under the pretext, that, in our pursuit of diversion, the cattle were some way or other neglected. We had long meditated "*revenge*," which at last, by the following address and management, was accomplished. Our "*dragon*" was one of large dimensions, and consequently of great power; she could even lift, by way of tail-ballast, and swing, fearfully screaming, through the air, the large tabby-cat I formerly mentioned; and when the wind blew hard, she would pull after her, at the extremity of her string, and with great, though unequal rapidity, bundles or parcels of considerable weight. We contrived it thus: When "*Francy*" was sitting upon an old turf dyke, knitting a stocking, and keeping a sharp look-out upon some servant maids, who were engaged in the adjoining swamp, raking and collecting together spret, or bog-hay, one of us contrived, by advancing in front, to arrest his attention, whilst the other, stealing round behind, succeeded in fastening, unseen, a fish-hook, appended to the end of a dragon string, into his large and voluminous bonnet. This forthwith deserted its owner's head, and commenced a rapid movement before the wind, and in the direction of the hay-labourers. "*Francy*," imagining at first, in all probability, that this effect had been produced by the wind alone, commenced his pursuit; but ever as he scanned upon the very point of attaining his purpose, the dragon, which, when the "*weight*" moved, lost altitude, but, when it rested, regained it, ascended again with a sidelong sweep, and the prize was again suddenly withdrawn from his clutches. Nothing could be more

ridiculous than the attitude in which Francy was now seen. The pursued and the pursuer had fairly cleared the marsh, and, in their progress, they had been joined, first by the maids, who, half in fun, half in earnest, followed in full *scream*, and next by the cattle, who were feeding on the brae-side, and who, struck by the novelty of the exhibition, tossed up their heels, elevated their tails, and with croon and bel-low, scampered, and boggled, and gambled along; till at last, having accidentally come into contact with a cow's horn, the bonnet was arrested in its progress, and after no little trouble and considerable address in cow-flattery, removed from the head of the brute, and re-established on that of its rightful owner.

My mother was a widow woman, with no other means of procuring her own subsistence and mine than by her good name and unwearied industry; all the neighbours were kind to her, and on the old new-year's night, a meeting of the neighbour farmers, with their servants, was held in "our house," with the view of emptying a bowl of punch to the toast of the season—of singing a merry catch—and of talking over the news and the notables of the day. I were most forgetful, and most ungrateful indeed, to many worthy "hearts," which now beat no longer to the tune of harmless mirth and unostentatious benevolence, did I omit, in my enumeration of "*purposes*," for which this annual-festival was held, that of putting a few shillings, in a delicate way, into a creditable woman's hand, without subjecting her to the humiliating attitude of receiving charity. I may, perhaps, on some other occasion, find a separate and less-limited corner for a more particular description of this "winter saturnalia;" but, in the mean time, I cannot avoid observing, that I have never, in the course of a pretty long and eventful life, participated in, or been a spectator of, so much homely happiness, and heart-felt kindness and good fellowship, as were then and there exhibited.

It was my office annually, as the occasion returned, to migrate with a large "grey-beard," or "bottle-necked stone-pitcher" in my hand,

to the neighbouring village, returning thence, loaded and charged with the precious liquor of which the new-year's-night exhilarating beverage was to be composed. On one occasion, I had set down my "commission" in the stole of an old oak tree, till I should assist some of my companions, whom I had accidentally met, in catching a tame hawk, which had escaped from his place of confinement. The bird, like the *bonnet*, frequently eluded our grasp, and fled away at the very instant when our hands were spread over his neck to secure him. I had wandered to a considerable distance before I recollected the primary object of my mission, and when I endeavoured to return to the spot where I had hid my "grey-beard," it was not to be seen; but though not visible, it was at last audible, for having passed from an erect to an oblique position, the superincumbent pressure had forced out the cork, and I could hear it "glut, glut, glut," distinctly. What was to be done? half of the spirits had escaped, and escaped in consequence of my negligence. I was certain of a rating, and perhaps even of a beating from my mother, if I returned home, on such an important commission, empty handed. So seeing no other possible way of eluding discovery, I plunged the half-empty vessel into a pool of clear water which sparkled most invitingly at my feet, pressing it down to the bottom with all my might, till it rested there quite peaceably, and had long ceased to make any effort to float! The most "experienced judges" were next evening baffled in their endeavours to trim the bowl; and whilst glass after glass was added without any perceptible effect upon the strength of the composition, I suffered "the Spirit-merchant" to be roundly rated for his knavery, without having the firmness to vindicate his character at the expense of my own.

P. S. Having laid the above portion of my "Uncle's narrative" before the twain sisterhood above referred to, I found some little difficulty in obtaining their consent to the publication. To be sure, he was only a half-brother, being connected with them by the father's side, and not by the mother's—though to this dis-

tioning I did not recollect their having alluded before—and his low-lived education and ideas were all undeniably *maternal*. He had always had a vulgar turn, and even during the time of the General Assembly would often prefer a beef-steak with a Dumfries-shire farmer, at one "Davie Rooke's," behind the Flesh-Market, to the best society which Edinburgh could afford—and which, thank God! *they* had ever possessed the power of commanding. He had once given great offence to a most respectable "maiden" on the North-Bridge, by enquiring after her daughter's age; and had actually lost an opportunity of making his fortune in the way of matrimony, in consequence of picking up a young lady's garter, which she had just dropped at a fashionable "tea-drinking." Besides, he was positively out in his dates; it was utterly impossible that he could remember any thing respecting the year "eighty-four." Why, the younger of the sisterhood, who came into the world several years previous to him, had no distinct, or to say, *perfect* recollection of it; and then, whatever might be the case in *his* younger days, they knew not, nor had they ever, in fact, been very desirous to know; but of this, at least, they could not fail to be certain, that in their time, and when "their father," honest man, was alive, their native dwelling was at once snug, neat, and comfortable; an abode for "Christians," and not a receptacle for superannuated old women and hair-brained boys. *Their* mother, who was a born-gentlewoman, being related in no very distant degree to the Gibsons o' Glencross, kept her house always in such order, that you might have "supped your parritch from the kitchen floor." As this last allusion appeared to betray, more than they were aware, of early habit and apprehension, I took the liberty to recal my somewhat rambling relatives to the only point at issue—the question of publication; and it was not till I had positively assured them that my Uncle would be greatly more dignified and genteel in his next appearance, that their "Impri-matur" was at last obtained.

ABSTRACT OF REPORT TO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, RELATIVE TO HINDOO WIDOWS, AND OTHER VOLUNTARY IMMOLATIONS IN INDIA.

THE subject of this Report is one which deeply interests humanity, morals, and the welfare of that vast population, of which Britain now sways the destiny. Religion, the natural guardian and support of morality, may, when perverted, exercise an opposite influence. Its mighty action upon the human mind is found, not only to blind it to the grossest speculative errors, but even to impel it headlong into crime. Of all the races weighed down beneath the sway of Superstition, our Indian subjects are perhaps sunk lowest in the scale. This gloomy power not only subjects them to the most degrading observances, and the most fantastic objects of worship, but impels an apparently gentle people to violate all the ties of nature and humanity. Unenlightened, and, if one may venture the expression, extravagant impressions of a future state, prompt extensively to various forms of self-immolation. The burning of widows on the funeral-pile of their husbands, and the similar sacrifice of old men in the last stage of infirmity, are observances generally diffused throughout Hindostan, sanctioned, and almost enjoined, by its most sacred laws. The British government is placed here in a difficult situation. Its sound principle is—no persecution on account of religion—no interference with national worship. However degrading the observance, however costly and senseless the sacrifice, it takes no cognizance of them. But there seems something different, where the observances enjoined by superstition consist of positive and flagrant crime, such as is punished by the laws of all civilized nations. Suicide, indeed, by its very nature, evades human law, which, however, has endeavoured to brand it with posthumous infamy. But this fatal act, the result, with us, of a despair bordering on frenzy, is very different from the pompous and ostentatious display of Indian suicide. The destined act is there publicly announced; it is formally noticed to

all the friends and acquaintances of the party; even the neighbours come in crowds to view the spectacle. The pile is fired by the nearest relation, and all the by-standers not only applaud, but assist. Here, then, the law must have the means of preventing a crime always announced before-hand; and when it is completed, it has accomplices who can be punished. The British government can therefore put a stop to the practice; and it has only to consider how far it can interfere consistently with the protection due to the religious belief and observances of this numerous body of its subjects.

The object of the present Report is, to exhibit the course actually held by the British government on this delicate subject. The principle upon which they have proceeded, was to examine, upon the subject, the Pundits most learned in Hindoo law, and to ascertain from them, in what cases, and to what extent, self-immolation is represented in their sacred books as incumbent or meritorious; also to obtain a statement of the circumstances under which it is branded as unlawful. It was then enacted, that no such sacrifice should take place, without notice previously given to the Daroghas, or Ministers of Police, who are to permit it only in the cases enjoined by the sacred books, and are also to be present, in order to ascertain if the sacrifice be entirely voluntary.

In reply to the questions relative to the instructions contained in the Shaster on this subject, the Pundits quoted the following passages:—

“There are three millions and a half of hairs on the human body, and every woman who burns herself with the body of her husband, will reside with him in heaven during a like number of years.”

“In the same manner as a snake-catcher drags a snake from his hole, so does a woman who burns herself draw her husband out of hell.”

Our fair countrywomen may, from these extracts, form an idea of the strength of the motives which impel those of their sex in India to so fatal a deed. Far, indeed, are we from agreeing with a wag of our acquaintance, who insists that there are many whom the prospect of such a re-

union would effectually cure of all impatience to quit this life. On the other hand, there are as few, we trust, to whom any additional motive would be afforded by the following passage:—“Bad women, such as, from evil disposition, caused displeasure to their husbands, and acted in constant disobedience to their will, (if, on their death-bed, they die along with them,) will become purified, even although the sacrifice may have been performed from motives of love, anger, fear, or delusion.” The orthodoxy of this sentence, however, is the subject of pretty warm controversy. But, upon good wives, the duty is said to be imperative. One of the most celebrated Indian books says:—“Let such wives as are virtuous and pure, devoted to their lords, commit themselves to the fire with their husband's corpse;”—“Let regenerate men, at the time they espouse a damsel, inform her that it is her duty to accompany her husband in life and death;” and elsewhere adds, “This is a duty common to all women who are devoted to their husbands.” Notwithstanding these earnest general exhortations, it was stated, that there were several cases in which this permission was not granted. These were, where the widow was under the age of puberty, as sometimes happens, in consequence of the very early marriages practised in Hindostan—where she was in a state of pregnancy or uncleanness—or where she had infant children for whom she could not procure support by means of another person. It was also stated as unlawful to use any means of restraint, either by binding her with cords, placing bamboos over her, or using any other means to prevent her escape. A severe penance, however, is required for the purification of any widow who thus draws back, after having ascended the funeral-pile, or even after having made the Sunkulp, or previous declaration of her intention.

Upon these opinions of the Pundits were founded the instructions of government to their residents. The police-officers were to learn, before-hand, when any sacrifice of this nature was intended or announced. They were then to send one of their

agents to inquire of the woman whether the meditated deed was entirely voluntary, and whether none of the conditions existed which, according to Hindoo law, were sufficient to render the sacrifice unlawful? Even if no objection of this nature could be raised, a person was still to attend at the ceremony, and to guard against the widow being either compelled to consummate the sacrifice by force, or stupified and bewildered by the use of intoxicating drugs.

Although the above regulations were at first the means of preventing a considerable number of sacrifices from taking place, yet it is a melancholy fact, that, under their influence, there subsequently occurred a progressive and extensive augmentation in the number of self-immolations. In 1815, this number amounted to 378, in 1816 to 442, in 1817 to 707, in 1818 to 839. Although these augmented numbers were probably, in some degree, owing to the greater care in recording the cases, such a cause could not account for the register being so much more than doubled. Accordingly, the reports of the residents testified, that, prior to the new regulations, the natives had considered the British Government hostile to the practice, and indulged in it only with timidity and apprehension; that the official sanction now afforded had removed all these scruples; that the presence of the police-officers threw a sort of lustre over the exhibition; that the discussions raised upon these subjects fanned the fire of Fanaticism which urged to the deed; finally, that the very circulation through India of the sacred texts, authorising and applauding the sacrifice, had influenced many Hindoos, who before did not know of their existence. Nothing was more difficult for the police-officer than to ascertain the facts upon which a prohibition could be founded; for he could receive them only from the widow herself, or her neighbours and relations, all eager to complete the sacrifice, and ready to practise any evasion to carry it into effect.

In those circumstances, it came under the consideration of government, whether an entire prohibition should not be resorted to. A majority of the residents consulted appear

decidedly of opinion that such a measure might be taken with perfect safety. Mr Molonny, at Burdwar, stated, that "he did not think any evil effects were to be dreaded from the enactment of a law abolishing this sacrifice. A few instances of opposition to the regulation might occur at first, but none of a serious nature, or more than may be expected in every change of custom; and, after the regulation became generally known, the practice would be totally laid aside." Mr Oakely at Hooghly "did not hesitate, in offering his opinion, that a law for its abolition would only be objected to by the heirs, who derive worldly profit from the custom; by Brahmins who partly exist by it, and by those whose depraved nature leads them to look with pleasure on so horrid a sacrifice." He corroborates this, by observing, that the greatest increase has taken place in Calcutta and its vicinity, where reside the most corrupted part of the Hindoo population, devoted to the bloody and immoral worship of Kali. Mr Morrison at Burthom, though he declines giving a positive advice, yet observes, "the Hindoos seem generally willing to embrace the excuse of the will of the reigning power to evade the *Sultee*." Mr Chapman, at Jessore, expresses his conviction, "that any law abolishing the *Sultee* would be attended with no other effect than it should have under every system of good government, the immediate and due observation of its enactments." It is true, there are several gentlemen, and particularly Mr Prendergast of Bombay, who consider the proposed measure as a breach of that religious toleration which has been pledged to the Hindoos, and as likely to excite in them distrust of our government, if not actual disturbance. It does not appear, however, that in any of the cases where a prohibition was interposed, any evil consequences arose, even where the greatest eagerness had been shown for the fulfilment of the sacrifice; and generally, after a short interval, the poor widows heartily expressed their gratitude for the manner in which they had been saved. On the whole, therefore, we see no probability that any serious danger can arise from the prohibition; we see, at least, no objection

whatever to a local trial. We cannot, indeed, quite enter into the argument used by some gentlemen, that the sacrifice is not voluntary, because Hindoo females are universally ignorant, scarcely one being able to write her own name, and because they have been trained from infancy in the idea of the deed being meritorious. We cannot go so deep into the secrets of free agency. If the action was voluntary at the time, it was voluntary, whatever train of habit or education may have led to it. Just exceptions, however, may be taken to the time when the widow is agitated by the first paroxysms of grief at the death of the husband, and can be little in a state to form any deliberate resolution. Upon the whole, we really do not see any serious ground to apprehend danger from its absolute prohibition. The perfect safety with which infanticide, for example, has been abolished in the island of Sagur, and in Guzerat, appears a precedent scarcely liable to any objection.

The following narrative, by Mr Cruso, resident at Poona, is perhaps the most detailed that has yet appeared of this extraordinary spectacle:

"Poona, 24th July 1786. This evening, after five, I was hastily called to be a spectator of the shocking ceremony of self-devotion, sometimes practised by Brahmin females on the death of their husbands.

"Soon after I and my conductor had quitted the house, we were informed the *Suttee*, for that is the name given to the person who so devotes herself, had passed, and her track was marked by the goolool and betel leaf which she had scattered as she went along. She had reached the Mootah, which runs close under the town, before we arrived, and having performed her last ablutions, was sitting at the water's edge. Over her head was held a punka; an attendant fanned her with a waving handkerchief, and she was surrounded by her relations, or her friends, and some chosen Brahmins, the populace being kept aloof by a guard from government. In this situation, I learnt from good authority, she distributed among the Brahmins five thousand rupees, and the jewels with which she came decorated, re-

serving only, as is usual on these occasions, a small ornament on her nose, called *mootee*, (perhaps from a pearl or two on it), and a bracelet of plain gold on each wrist. From her posture, I could see only her hands, which, with the palms joined, rose above her head, in an attitude of invocation. Quitting, therefore, this post, I removed to an eminence, that gave me an opportunity of observing the construction of the funeral-pile, and commanded the pathway by which I understood she would approach it.

"The spot chosen for its erection was about forty paces from the river, and directly fronting the *Suttee*. When I came up, the frame only was fixed: it consisted of four uprights, each about ten feet high: they stood rather more than nine feet asunder lengthways, and under six in breadth. Soon after, by ropes fastened near the top of the uprights, was suspended a roof of rafters, and on it again heaped as many bills as it would bear. Beneath, arose a pile of more substantial timbers, to the height of about four feet, which was covered over with dry straw, and bushes of a fragrant and sacred shrub called *loolsee*. The sides and one end being then filled up with the same materials, the other extremity was left open as an entrance. The melancholy preparations completed, the lady got up, and walked forward, unsupported, amongst her friends. She approached the door-way, and there having paid certain devotions, retired a few yards aside, and was encircled as before. The dead body was brought from the bank where it had hitherto remained, close to the place the *Suttee* lately sat on, and laid upon the pile, and with it several sweetmeats, and a paper bag containing either flour, or dust of sandal. The widow arose, and walked three times slowly round the pile; then seating herself opposite the entrance, on a small square stone, constantly used in such cases, on which two feet were rudely sketched, she received and returned the endearments of her companions with great serenity. This over, she again stood up, and having stretched her right hand, in the fondest manner, over the heads

of a favoured few, gently inclining her person towards them, she let her arms fall round their necks in a faint embrace, and turned from them. Now with her hands, indeed, held up to heaven, but with her poor eyes cast, in a gaze of total distraction, deep into the den of anguish that awaited her, she stopped a while, a piteous statue. At length, without altering a feature, or the least agitation of her frame, she ascended by the door-way unassisted, and lying down beside her husband's corpse, gave herself; in the meridian of life and beauty, a victim to a barbarous and cruelly-consecrated error of misguided faith. As soon as she entered, she was hid from our view by bundles of straw, with which the aperture was closed up, and all the actors in this tragic scene seemed to vie with each other who should be most forward in hurrying it to a conclusion. At once, some darkened the air with a cloud of goolool; some, darting their hatchets at the suspending cords, felled the laden roof upon her; and others rushed eagerly forward, to apply the fatal torch. Happily, in the moment of insufferable agony, when the mind must have lost her dominion, and the ear expected to have been pierced by the unavailing cries of nature, the welcome din of the trumpet broke forth from every quarter.

"This lady was nineteen, her stature above the middle standard, her form elegant, and her features interesting and expressive; her eyes, in particular, large, bold, and commanding. At the solemn moment in which alone I saw her, these beauties were eminently conspicuous, notwithstanding her face was discoloured with turmeric, her hair dishevelled, and wildly ornamented with flowers; and her looks, as they forcibly struck me throughout the ceremony, like one of those whose senses wandered, or, to come nearer the impression, whose soul was already fleeing, and in a state of half separation from the body."

Another species of Indian suicide is practised by old or infirm persons, who throw themselves into the fire, or practise different modes of suicide, in which they expect to be aided by their children or nearest relations.

Upon this subject, too, the Pundits replied, not only that such sacrifices were meritorious, but that the sons or nearest heirs are enjoined to assist. Following this principle, they made the following report on two cases which were referred to them:

"Akbar being afflicted with a severe and incurable leprosy, with a view of promoting his spiritual welfare by entering the fire, as enjoined by the Shaster, ordered his son Sohawan to dig a pit, and to fill it with fire; and the fiery pit being accordingly prepared by the son, the father cast himself into the flames and expired. In this case, no culpability attaches to Sohawan the son."

It appears, also, that, in the same manner, Pertaub prepared a flaming pit, in conformity to an order received from his father to the above effect. In this case, likewise, the son, Pertaub, is not blameable, whether he pushed his father into the fire, having received his commands to do so, or whether his father cast himself into the flames. The above opinion is in conformity with the law as prevalent at Benares, and the authorities in support of it are as follow:—

Extracts from the Bramah Poorawneec. "Let the man who is afflicted with a grievous and incurable disease, enter a burning fire, or procure his death by starvation, or by plunging into unfathomable waters, or by precipitating himself from an eminence, or by ascending to Paradise by a respectful pilgrimage to the Arnalaya mountains. Whoever relinquishes life, (under these circumstances,) by precipitating himself from the sacred linden tree at *Prjagv*, (Allahabad), or, his time being come, destroys himself, that high-minded person shall receive a great reward in a future state, and shall not be considered suicide. Even although he may have been a great sinner, he shall receive supreme bliss in Paradise. The privilege of practising the above-mentioned authorities is extended to the human species in general, without restriction either in regard to sex or tribe."

(Signed)

SREE CHITRAPUTE SURMUNA.

SREE CHUTUR BHOOG SURMUNA.

AN AUTUMNAL EXCURSION—A POETICAL EPISTLE.

"Quid prodest cœlum votis implēsse, Neera,
Blandaq̃ue cum multâ thura dedisse prece?
Sed tecum ut longæ sociarem gaudia vitæ."

Tibullus.

SOME love, when rises the autumnal sun,
Forth to the joyous harvest-field to stray,
To hear the gladsome vintage-song begun,
And listen to the reapers' jocund lay:
Some o'er the furrow'd field delight to run,
The tim'rous hare and partridge to way-lay,
Or, on the furze-clad heath, or lonely-hill,
To rouse the slumb'ring morn with echoes shrill.

Be mine o'er the warm sunny slopes to rove,
Of my own picturesque romantic land,
What time the crimson hues of heav'n above,
Stealing on night, welcome the morning bland—
To mark where "Queen of Wilderness" doth love,
By lake and lym, to wave her magic wand;
And gladly travelling far, and unconfin'd,
To gaze on clouds—to converse with the wind.

'Tis lovely, when sleep's bonds aside we lay,
The distant mountain-summits to behold,
Tinged with the radiance of the rising day,
And all the brightening sky enlaced with gold;
Or mark the soft beams tremulously stray
Into the chamber, where our prayers are told;
Or on the floor, in undulations bright,
Scattering the chequer'd dancing drops of light.

Lovely! but lovelier still, when that bright morn
Unfolds some scene the heart has long'd to see;
And, as the twilight clouds are upward borne,
Opens on the ravish'd view wide lawn and lea,
And hill sides, clad with woods and waving corn,
And lakes that sleep with waters silvery,
And thousand shapes, which Fancy cannot rule,
All strange—all spell-touch'd—all most beautiful!

Say, ——! does thy fancy picture yet
That scene of Nature's gayest garniture,
Which all our thrilling souls with joy beset,
When morn did on our sight its beauties pour,
As forth we hied, with hearts and minds elate,
To make our long anticipated tour
To where, high castellated, in her hall
Of airy cliffs, the Ericht's murmurs fall *!

That morn, in my mind's eye, I still behold,
Lovely and beautiful as it arose,
And all the varied scenes it did unfold
To fancy, ere it darken'd to its close;
And I remember, too, the smiles untold
That mantled on thy lips, as light on rose,
When, as we reach'd each view-unfolding height,
The sunny landscape burst upon thy sight!

How laugh'd thine eye, when, from thy native dell,
 Our wheels slow wound us up the open height ;
 When, sunk in shade, ——— retiring fell,
 And Fangorth's valley burst upon our sight ;
 And the wide sheets of water in the dell
 Slept sweetly in the morning's rosy light ;
 And the fair Heaven look'd down on them and smil'd,
 Like mother gazing on her cradled child !

Each side, our view with fields and trees was green,
 And lowly cots slept honey'd bowers among ;
 High waving on the hills were harvests seen,
 And nodding sheaves mov'd heavily along !
 Silence was slumbering o'er the varied scene,
 Save where the reapers rais'd their matin song ;
 Calm slept the clouds on Snego's uplands laid,
 And distant Forneth peep'd from leafy shade !

But, ——— ! the task were much too hard,
 To paint the shifting landscapes which that day
 Caught the expression of thy glad regard,
 The sunny streamlets that did round us play,
 The tall trees that our passage often barr'd,
 The young-leav'd woods, soft twinkling in the ray,
 And all that Nature on our pathway flung—
 They were not pass'd unseen—though now unsung !

Yet would I fondly linger near the brake
 Whence we beheld thy waves sleep on the shore,
 In sunny peacefulness, O Cluny lake !
 As if they ne'er had felt the ruffling oar—
 And thy lone turret on our vision break,
 Moss-grown, and with time's wrinkles furrow'd o'er ;
 So still that bright blue mirror, as if none
 Had touch'd it, save the clouds and cloudless sun !

Yet here the steps of Genius lov'd to hie—
 Within these walls watch'd he—the wondrous boy—
 The lapse of midnight hours, in musings high,
 And thoughts that soar'd beyond this world's alloy.
 He left nought but a name !—(*that* will defy
 Time's ruthless hand, its memory to destroy !)
 For, ah ! untutor'd and untouch'd by time,
 The glorious Crichton perish'd in his prime * !

Or, can I pass thy Christian dwelling by,
 Pastor of Gowrie ! on its sunny slope—
 Where man is taught alike to live and die—
 Where sorrow's tear is dried—and eye of hope
 Is rais'd beyond life's coil, to God on high ?—
 I love such hallow'd roof—Oh ! there is scope
 Within its walls feats of emprise t'achieve,
 Higher than ought that fiction can believe !

Its roof is not of gorgeous cedar-wood,
 Nor wakes e'er there vain mortal pageantry ;
 'Til takes the heart the lowly Christian mood,
 'Mid rite, and pomp, and proud solemnity !

* The admirable Crichton is said to have been born in the Castle, part of which still remains on the small island in the lake of Cluny.

Rather let me pay my devotions rude,
Where Scotia's unambitious chapels lie,
Amid her silent glens, or mountains lone,
Where lank grass waves, and stands the burial-stone!

What's splendid pageant to the hallow'd roof,
Where our forefathers sate for many a year?
Or to the church-yard, where lies many a proof
How deep the grave holds all we treasure here?
Still sleep thou then, from mortal moil aloof,
Sweet spire! beneath that heaven so blue and clear!
The prayers that from thy humble roof arise,
Are to the heavens a grateful sacrifice!

And many are the roofs in our lov'd land
From which most sacred orisons arise!
And many are the hearts that understand
The "blessed path" which leadeth to the skies!—
And many are the pastors, meek and bland,
Who, fir'd with ardour, in a great emprise,
In faithful vigilance no labour spare,
To frame the peasant heart to praise and pray'r!

Oh, sweetest of the tasks that God has given
To mortals in their sky-ward pilgrimage,
The humble soul to lift from earth to Heaven,
And with bright hopes the broken heart t' assuage!
If lot there is, for which it should be striven,
It is the pastor's lot from age to age—
If task, for which wealth's hopes we should resign,
It is, my ———! such a task as thine!

Oh! for such task in some romantic spot,
Lost in the bosom of some solitude,
From luxury, from "towns and toils remote,"
Where nought unhallow'd ever might intrude;
Where, with the flock, which 'twas my blissful lot
To lead by "pastures green" and sunny flood,
My silent years, unnotic'd and unknown,
Might in most blest tranquillity pass on!

"There is a pleasure" in their Sabbath morn!
"There is a rapture" in its matin bell!
There is a joy to hearts that are woe-worn,
In its calm sunshining bathing hill and dell!
And in the softnesses that it adorns
With beauty, such as mortal may not tell,
There is what has been call'd, most happily,
The very bridal of the earth and sky.

But what to do has this weak rambling mood
With thy romantic solitude, Craighall!
Thy giant crags—thy glen—thy chequer'd wood—
Thy wild-lorn stream—and glorious waterfall?
Which, whether by night-fall or noontide view'd,
Up to the soul sublime emotions call!
From thee, enchanting scene! began my strain,
To thee, rejoicing, it returns again!

And thou, my ———! whose genuine mind
Owins no sincerer rapture than is given,
(Free from all sickly dreams, misnam'd refin'd,)
By the green smiling earth, by the blue heaven—

Thou, whose warm raptures with my own were join'd,
 In gazing on wild rock, and lynn, and ravine,
 Dost relish still the memory of that hour,
 Or dost thou now forget its fascinating power?

Thou may'st ;—I cannot—till my dying day
 The scene shall haunt me, as a thought of joy !
 And this warm flesh must mingle with the clay,
 This frame must unrelenting time destroy,
 Ere from my memory shall melt away
 The frostwork of delight, and promis'd joy,
 Which words and looks then rear'd as with a spell—
 Hall of the cliffs ! I love thee passing well !

Proud it may be, from Alpine pinnacle,
 With the lone hoar of ages bleak and gray,
 The glad and unexhausted sight to fill
 With the sublime magnificent array
 Of white-rob'd cataract, and cloud-capt hill,
 Which, in their gorgeous pride, these scenes display,
 And all the views which mist and moonlight make,
 Amid gigantic cliff and crystal lake !

I never look'd on such a splendid scene !—
 Yet, if I chose to give my Fancy wings,
 I almost could believe I there had been,
 By the sheer force of her imaginings !
 And that with heart elate and soul serene,
 (So warm and glowing she the picture brings !)
 On tempest-crowned Blanc I oft had stood,
 A gazer on Alp's proudest solitude !

But not in this unreal ideal bliss
 (Though I have known such fascinating hour,)
 Hath scenery magnificent as this,
 Where lakes expand, and giant mountains tower—
 And granite crags peer in cold leaflessness—
 E'er bound my soul with such resistless power,
 As did thy glen of sun-tipt woods, Craighall !
 Thy massive piled cliffs, and roaring waterfall.

It was not that the varied landscape there
 Could vie in form with ample Alpine scope—
 It was not that its giant cliffs so bare,
 Might with Blanc's snow-capt monarch summit cope—
 Nothing there is so splendid or so fair
 Where Ericht pours her stream o'er Gowrie's slope,
 As to awake the soul to that wild mood,
 Which haunteth it in Helvétè solitude !

No ! there is nothing in that wide survey
 Of lonely moor, bleak hill, and barren lea ;
 Nothing there is so beautiful, that may
 Not with the very tamest views agree—
 Nothing, that doth great Nature's hand display,
 More than is found in landscapes that we see,
 When hedge-rows and Scots firs adorn the scene,
 And Fancy's hermit-steps have never been !

But mount that precipice—take the eagle's station—
 Look on that glen so deep engulph'd below—
 Mark those tall cliffs of towering elevation,
 That o'er the dell their length of shadow throw—

See ! how the stream, in tortuous sinuation,
 " In dizziness of distance " on doth flow—
 Now lost deep in the gulph by ravine hinged,
 Now in the sunlight bright—now by the brushwood fringed.

List to it, thunderous—as it struggles on,
 Gutting and gurgling in that hell of spray !
 And say, if he that listens to its tone,
 So wildly grand, can doubt its magic sway !
 Thou didst not doubt it, lov'd and lovely one !
 When, clinging to my side, thou held'st thy way
 Along the lofty winding path that led,
 Fearfully beetling, 'bove its rugged bed :

But, lo ! now as I write, my steps are roaming
 Far from the haunts where thou and beauty dwell !
 Beside me the blue waves are idly foaming,
 And my steps touch the beach I love so well ;
 And A——'s venerable towers the gloaming
 Is softening into beauty as a spell—
 Filling their gaps—and mellowing away
 The features of their noiseless, sure decay !

But still my thoughts are on thy native hills,
 Maid of my heart ! and by thy silvery floods,
 And aye I seem to wander by thy rills,
 Or mid thy wild ravines and tufted woods,
 And thy oak-bough my ear with music fills—
 And T—— with slumbrous dash on me intrudes,
 And still thy beauteous image rises there,
 'Mid fair and lovely things—loveliest—most fair !

And Stenton's woods seem waving 'bove our heads,
 Beautiful in their leafiness—and there
 That peaceful parsonage our praises weds,
 And he, the pastor, Heaven's true messenger !
 And list ! It is your music, lone cascades !
 Trilling with ceaseless murmur on the ear—
 Hail to your mountain melody ! I dwell
 On you, as scenes I love exceeding well !

——— ! My harp's strings die into a tone
 Of parting melody—my fingers wake
 No seemly sound ! the music all is gone !
 Farewell then, lady ! Read thou for my sake
 These strains, by which, in hours of absence lone,
 Endurable life's chequer'd scenes I make—
 And if a thought of joy they may recall,
 I'm paid—thy joy to me is all in all !

M. M.

HINTS FOR KEEPING THE SABBATH.

MR EDITOR,

I HAD a thought of sending you a description of some Sabbath scenes which I have witnessed in this metropolis ; but as I know our Sunday exercises cannot well bear a description, therefore, to supersede all such

attempts by any of your correspondents, I have taken the resolution of giving, in this month's Magazine, a few *serious directions*, addressed to the various ranks of men and women in this city, how to keep the Sab-

bath as it ought to be kept, which, I hope will be more instrumental in turning your readers to the right way, than a stale description of scenes with which they are so familiar. What signifies telling a man who does wrong, merely that he does so, without giving him some directions how he may do better?

And, first, To every gentleman who is master of a family, I give the following rule of direction:—Lie as long in your bed in the morning as you can possibly get lain in peace—then rise and go straight to breakfast, in your night-gown and slippers; for, as to morning devotions, they are entirely out of the question. They are so highly unbecoming, so low, and so completely void of all taste, the Author of the Universe must be perfectly aware that no gentleman can possibly submit to them. You must take only a very slight breakfast, not more than one slice of toast, and a little tea, that you may be the better fitted for the religious duties of the day—I mean the looking over and balancing your accounts and family expenditure, during the by-gone week, and for the abundant feast of which you are to partake, either at home or abroad, at five in the afternoon. You must likewise be careful to write all the letters on business, which have been neglected during the week; and if none of these, or concerns equally important, detain you at home, you may go to the church in the afternoon; but, by all means, mind your own affairs and pleasures in preference to all other concerns: so if you have the smallest conception that any of these require your attendance at home, it will be a very good excuse at that bar where all human actions must be tried. It is quite sufficient if you attend divine service twice or thrice in a season, merely to be like other people, and show a little outward respect to Him whom you acknowledge as the Author and Upholder of your existence, and all your enjoyments. *Till all that He wants; He cares nothing* what your heart is set upon; and He will surely not be so unreasonable as to take offence at a gentleman disregarding His commands, with regard to the keeping of the Sabbath. But, if he should—

What is that to you? You are settled in a way in which you can do very well without Him; and as to the matter of everlasting life, that is quite a slight concern, compared with the weightier ones of preparing for a good dinner, and settling business with your correspondents. If the party is to be at your own house, it will be as well not to send the cards of invitation above a month previous to the day, in case a number of your intended guests should die in the interim, without leaving any apology, and thus keep your company waiting; and instead of *four*, let the dinner always be served at *six*; it will save two hours drinking at your wine, which, considering the number of dinners you are obliged to give in a season, to be *neighbour like*, is a matter of considerable importance. If you are invited to dine at a friend's house at *four*, it will be safe to go at the stated time, for if the family should take it into their heads to be punctual, you might otherwise perhaps lose your dinner, and, at the worst, it will be but waiting two hours in the drawing-room. To prevent falling into a swoon with hunger, you can divert yourself and your yawning companions by talking, in a weak voice, about matters of which you know nothing, and care as little; or by keeping a watchful eye upon the door, lest the servant should come and announce dinner without being observed. At all events, be sure to take a good meal, and pour plenty of wine down after it; that is a much more natural way of atoning both for sins of omission and commission, than the extravagant one practised long ago of pouring it out upon the ground as an oblation. When you can neither eat, drink, jest, nor discuss your worldly affairs any longer, you have nothing farther to do than ride home in a coach and go to bed. If you continue devoutly to fulfil these important duties, there is little doubt, but that you are as sure of Heaven as if you were there already; and, if you should miss it, which is the worst that can happen, you are, at any rate, sure of being conducted into a place where you will meet with a great deal of genteel company; and you know it would be unmanly to grudge at suffering a

little inconvenience in your accommodations, for the pleasure of such society.

To the young gentlemen who seem to form the most numerous class in Edinburgh, I would recommend the following strict rules of religious exercise:—Be sure always to take a hearty sleep in the morning of the Sabbath-day, for it was originally ordained for a day of rest; and it is well known, that sleeping is the most effectual way of recruiting both the body and mind. When you rise, be careful about shaving and dressing yourself with the utmost propriety and neatness, and when that is finished to your entire satisfaction, as nothing becomes a young person so well as religious devotion, you must next attend to that; but, as an object of worship that is never seen cannot be expected to excite any interest in your breast, and may, for any thing that you know to the contrary, be purely ideal, I would advise you to retire to the mirror beside your window, where you will discover an image and likeness which will completely answer your purpose. Some people, of an odd way of thinking, might, perhaps, pretend to discover a strong resemblance of a fool in this image, and think it even more ridiculous than the calf that the Egyptians worshipped; but, I can assure you, that you will admire and adore it above all things that you ever saw in your life, and before it let your most ardent devotions be paid again and again, before you venture into the parlour, for, without the approbation of that deity, you need not expect to enjoy any pleasure or comfort during the remainder of the day.

Take a hearty breakfast, and then, if you have no favourite horse or dog to look after, nor fishing-tackle to sort, apply to your book, until all the people, who intend to be there, are in the churches. But be sure the subject it treats of be amusing. Let it not be more serious than a play or a novel, else it may put you asleep, and sleeping at that time of the day is highly prejudicial both to the health and the spirits.

If a number of genteel people frequent your parish church, it is proper that you attend one of the ser-

mons, especially if there are any pretty girls who sit in the same pew with you, or near it. Indeed, it would not be amiss to frequent some of the churches, in order to discover where such generally sit, and then to take a seat beside them.

But if the church is only frequented by crowds of vulgar people, it would be highly indecorous even to go near it. It can never be expected, you know, that you are to keep company with such a pack of poor despicable creatures, or even desire a place of residence in another world, into which so many low rascals are admitted.

When you go first into the church, remember that it is a holy place, and keep the vows which you made before the image in the morning, always uppermost in your mind. The first thing, then, that you have to do is to adjust your neckcloth properly, and feel if the knot of it be directly on the top of your chin; and be particularly attentive that the obtuse angles on the neck of your shirt are standing upright, or in a slanting direction, parallel with your cheeks, for if they are folded back over your neckcloth, it will cause you to have a vulgar appearance.

You must next put up your hand, and feel cautiously if the elegant bush of hair on your forehead is right. If it have a turn to one side, it gives a sweet and languishing cast to the countenance; but it will be as safe to set it straight upright, like the mane of a wild boar, as that gives a young gentleman a bold, ferocious appearance, and the ladies always love a bold-looking fellow best. Let your brow then fall down upon your open hands, as if by chance, or to hide your emotions during the time you are uttering a short ejaculation, and take that opportunity to set up the majestic mane on your forehead with the edges of both hands, and be sure to brush the locks on your temples upward, to give them the appearance of a wig. This is a great improvement, as it gives a man such a striking resemblance to a well-known and very graceful animal.

After this, you have no more to do than sit and look around you at every person that enters, but particularly at

the pretty girls, whom you may measure with your eyes from head to foot.

Never heed what the parson is saying, or if you do, let it only be to note his style and language, what author he borrows his ideas from, and if he makes any grammatical errors. For as to his long harangues about religion and morality, these are a mere botheration, and quite unworthy of a gentleman's attention.

Take care not to join in singing the psalms; it is a low, paltry amusement, and none but low-minded people in this life delight in it; therefore leave that to the angels, who take pleasure in it, and to the precentors, who are paid for it; you will get enough of singing, should you become either the one or the other. And, in order that you may not even be suspected of such a mean and ridiculous condescension, keep the head of your cane in your mouth all the while, or if you have no cane along with you, keep your mouth shut, and look carelessly around you, for those that sing never do any of these. You may likewise look sometimes as if repressing a laugh at the queer faces the singers make, by their gaping, and knitting their brows.

But if, from the considerations before mentioned, the impropriety of attending church should appear evident, then, as soon as the congregations are assembled, set off with a party of your comrades to Roslin, or some place in the country, where there is good entertainment for men and horses; and as you return home in the evening, be sure to speak and laugh as loud as you can; for, if you are on foot, it will make people keep out of your way; if you are in a gig or coach, it will make the horses go the better; and if you are on horseback, it will raise the mettle of your steed so much, that the jaunt is almost certain to terminate in a horse race. If the people are thick on the road, this makes excellent sport, and the more of them you ride down the better.

This recreation is, however, become rather too common, and is pursued by the citizens' clerks, and all kinds of trash who have got a few shillings to spend. It will be, therefore, as becoming in you to lounge

about, calling upon some friends, your equals in rank and spirit; and though I dare not positively advise you to it, yet, as idleness is the devil's cushion, it will not be greatly amiss to take a quiet game at whist, or back-gammon, if the board and boxes are made of leather, and do not make a great noise. About the time when you know the people will be coming from the churches, dash out into the street, and be sure to walk arm-in-arm with your companions, that you may accommodate the passengers as much as possible. This will give you an opportunity of showing the pretty ladies, of obliging them by letting them pass, and making the fellows, whose faces you do not like, turn off the walk altogether.

If you are alone, or have only one friend in company with you, walk very fast, and practise all the airs and gestures you are master of; and if you see a puppy of a fellow, who pretends to imitate your elegant dress or manners, you can easily, by setting your shoulder or elbow in a certain manner, and making a swing as you pass, contrive to give him a jostle on the breast, without seeming to intend any such thing.

Be sure, likewise, to have your boots well shod with iron, or wear shod slippers above them, that you may be enabled to make as much noise as possible; for if you walk lightly at present, you will pass for any thing but a young gentleman; you had better strike the pavement with redoubled ordinary force at every step, than be taken for a low, paltry fellow. No person will take you for a horse but those that are blind; and it is of no importance what they may think.

As I was walking down Nicolson's-street one day lately, a gentleman came up to me—I believe he was a gentleman, for he made a noise with his feet louder than a Cumberland peasant walking with his wooden shoes. A man who was walking deliberately before us, clung to the railing, and cried in an affrighted and angry tone, *Tak' the beast aff the plainstanes*. "Beast!" exclaimed the gentleman, stopping as he passed; "what do you mean, fellow?—do you know what you are saying?"—"I beg your pardon," said the other,

"I thought ye was a horse—I am a blind man."

But if you wish to appear quite in the *ton*, I cannot recommend any thing better than leaning upon the rails at the door of the Royal Hotel; and, in the evening, in order that all these devout exercises may be the more deeply implanted in your mind, it will be necessary to terminate them in the tavern, where, if you can continue to keep it up until "that hour of night's black arch the key-stane," when the Sabbath is fairly past, you may give a loose to all those refined moral delights so well becoming a rational creature and a candidate for a blessed immortality. Let the young men of lower degrees only take care to spend as much money as they can spare on that day, and rather sit all the night, than retain any of it. Though they should half starve themselves during the week, and work very hard besides, what is that, compared to the delights of spending a few hours in the pleasures of dissipation, or, as they term it, *high life*? Let them take care, likewise, when over their cups, to talk of all their vicious courses and experiments in the grossest language they can think of, for there is nothing tends more to the discouragement of vice than the exposing of it in its most luxuriant deformity. Let them not fail, likewise, to confirm every assertion by a terrible and fine-sounding oath, regardless whether the company doubts the assertion or believes it. None can ever suppose that a man is taking his Maker's name in vain, when he is hereby confirming the important truths, that such a girl is pretty, or that such a man was monstrous drunk at such a time.

I should now address the various ranks of females in this city, but the ladies are already so well versed in all religious rules, so gentle, and so little apt to do either good or evil, and withal so naturally desirous to adorn their fine forms, which is the one thing needful with them, that it can hardly be expected they will ever keep the Sabbath better than they do at present.

The secondary, and lower classes of the fair sex, have, indeed, much need of some direction, for many of them are so absurd as to suppose,

that there is really a state of rewards and punishments awaiting them, and to make occasionally some little provision for that state. People of so little refinement in their taste and opinions are past all hope. If I were to publish these rules, they would never see them; and, besides, I am checked by the remembrance of an old proverb, "too much of one thing is good for nothing."

ANECDOTE OF DR CARLYLE.

MR EDITOR,

IN your Magazine for June last, there is an anecdote of Dr Carlyle, as connected with the battle of Prestonpans, which, though not without some sort of foundation, gives a very erroneous view of the conduct of this eminent character upon that occasion. Having had an opportunity of perusing the MS. Memoirs of Dr Carlyle, (a very interesting work, which, it is hoped, will, in the course of some years, be given to the public,) I am enabled to give a sketch of the real incidents, which will shew in what respects the above statement is incorrect.

It appears that Dr Carlyle, far from being on the watch, and having a horse ready for flight, was unexpectedly awaked in the morning by the account that the armies were engaged. He immediately dressed himself, and hastened to the top of the steeple, in order to have a view of the action. By the time, however, that he reached that position, the issue was fully decided. The plain of Preston appeared covered with the fugitives of the royal army, and with the Highlanders following, and cutting them down with their broadswords. After observing this spectacle for sometime, Mr Carlyle came down, and found the rebels already entering Prestonpans. He first met Lord Elcho, who inquired the way to the inn, with a fierceness of voice and aspect which inspired some apprehension. Soon after, he met the Duke of Perth, who, in the most courteous manner, inquired the way to the Collector's house, where he wished to deposit the wounded.—The Duke established complete order in the town, and no injury was done

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to the inhabitants. Mr Carlyle, (the father,) however, apprehending lest, if it were discovered that his son had been an officer in the Edinburgh volunteer corps, he would be exposed to ill treatment, insisted on his taking horse along with him, and riding off to the eastward. They actually passed Port-Seaton, but seeing before them bands of Highlanders plundering, and one of them shooting a waggoner that refused to stop, they thought it wisest to wend their way back to Prestonpans. Here, finding all peaceable, and learning that the greatest care was taken of the wounded in the hospital, at the Collector's house, Mr Carlyle repaired thither, (but unprovided either with lint or old shirts), and offered his services in any way that he could be useful. He was told, the only service he could render, was to go to the camp at Port-Seaton, and endeavour to find the medicine-chest, which was at present missing. Mr Carlyle accordingly went to Port-Seaton, and searched for the chest, but without success. Here he saw the rebel army, which did not inspire him with any feeling of respect, or of apprehension as to the final issue of the contest. It appeared to him merely an undisciplined militia, of whom all that could be said was, that they were not cowards. The chief purpose for which the medicine-chest had been wanted, was to perform the operation of trepan on an officer whose skull had been penetrated; but on arrival, he found that the operation had been happily performed. In general, the wounds, being made only with the broadsword, were slight and superficial. Meantime, the old gentleman's fears were still working, and he insisted on his son again seeking, with him, a place of greater safety than Prestonpans. They accordingly rode southwards by Preston, without meeting any annoyance, unless from four soldiers, who presented their swords, but, on receiving a shilling each, made no further disturbance. They reached Bolton, a retired village, where there appeared no longer any traces of war, and the clergyman of which hospitably received Mr Carlyle. Two or three days, however, brought a letter from Prestonpans, mentioning that the family were

treated with the greatest attention, and that a young lieutenant, who had been miller to the Duke of Perth, at Drummond Castle, was appointed to watch over their safety. Mr Carlyle, therefore, with his son, returned to Prestonpans, where he never after experienced any alarm.

These particulars, which are extracted from the Memoirs of Dr Carlyle, will be found confirmed whenever these shall be given to the world, as we trust they will be, at no distant period.

SCOTTISH PICTURES.

OF the many romantic walks afforded by this, my rural retirement, none is more delightful than that which I take on Sundays to our country church. The inhabitants of the parish reach the simple edifice by various routes, all tending, like those through life, towards one common point, and terminating, like them, too, in the grave. My path lies up the banks of the smaller of the two rivers, which unite their streams, under a rocky and almost insulated point below my house. The distance I have to go is about three miles, but for the greater part of that space, the foot-way is so solitary, that I am rarely disturbed by the appearance of any intruder. My musings are now and then interrupted, to be sure, by the nimble bound of the roebuck, as he bursts from the brake, or by the rustling of the timid hare, or of the prowling fox, as he steals slyly and crouchingly away, like a conscious outlawed felon; or, perhaps, my attention is attracted by a momentary glimpse of the savage wild-cat clambering among the grotesquely-twisted roots of some knotty oak, shooting wildly from the crevices of the rocks above; or by the whistling of the otter from the pools below. Yet I wander onwards in contemplative silence, through scenes highly calculated to attune the mind to the devotion of the day; and, in truth, I always find myself in better harmony for the exercises of religion after such a preparation, than when I have been driven through the gay and crowded streets of the metropolis, amidst thousands of gaudy

equipages, to the lofty portico of a fashionable church, where there may be more splendour, but where there is perhaps less sincerity than is to be found in our humble country congregation. The pathway conducts me along precipices richly clothed with tufted woods, now hanging over the foaming cataract, the boiling eddies, or the deep pools in which the river sometimes settles itself; and now penetrating through the thick foliage of oak or birchen groves, where the vicinity of the stream is only intimated by the musical sound of its waters, swelling and dying away upon the ear, as the windings of the foot-walk lead me nearer to or farther from its brink, or where it is partially recognized by the occasional sparkling of some little waterfall or rapid, fretting itself into whiteness against huge masses of granite, and which, by catching illumination from some stray sunbeam darting vertically from above, is seen through the embowering branches glittering with a borrowed radiance. Here and there a liquid thread of silver descends from some pure spring, gushing from the rocks overhead, where a thousand mosses, mingled with rich beds of the golden saxifrage, are nourished by its moisture, and where the holly and the thorn unite their shades to preserve its refreshing coolness. As I advance, the valley becomes more open, and the scene changes. The broken arches of a ruined castle crown the green slope of an isolated mount, surrounded, on the side farthest from the river, by a deep rocky ravine, where the leafy covering of the tall sycamores and other trees rising from the bottom is impervious, even to the noontide ray of summer. Backed by the green mount, and near the entrance to this hollow, lies a little garden, where the ivyed fragments of massive walls, a large yew-tree, and some very old fruit-trees, which, bent down by length of years, and silvered over with a shaggy moss, like the ancient patriarchs of the soil, bespeak the ages that have passed away since they were first planted, and, in the mysterious language of antiquity, whisper something of the original grandeur of the spot, as if the spirits of those which once inhabited it still wandered amidst its

shades. Here I am sometimes joined by the old gardener who lives in the adjacent cottage, and who is the political as well as the natural historian of the district. When old Simon approaches, clad in his light grey coat, of ample fold, decorated with velvet collar that once was black, and large saucer-shaped buttons that once shone with all the glitter of carved steel; his long, peeled staff in his right hand, and his left reposing in his bosom; his thin figure bent forward, and the high features of his pale spare countenance shaded by his flat bonnet, and wearing a holy air of resignation and piety, tempering the usual play of their intelligence—my solitary dream of speculation is at an end. My attention is then absorbed by numerous old stories of the last lairds of the castle, intermixed with long harangues on rural economy, bees, blossoms, gooseberries, and caterpillars, with which the garrulous and innocent old man entertains me, as we walk together through the more expanded valley, where pastures of the richest green display themselves, interspersed with noble masses of ancient trees, and where the eye revels amidst the lively variety of the changeful scenery. As we turn up into the winding recesses of a little glen, through which the chief branch of the river descends, and where it is occasionally bordered by a series of little pastoral haughs, bounded by sweeping banks of birch trees, we begin to be accosted in rustic salutation by numerous groupings who at intervals join our path. Each tributary hollow brings down the tenants of some distant cottage or farm to fall into the church-going stream, flowing onwards in a direction contrary to that of the sparkling waters rushing hastily from their parent mountains. There the grey locks of the elder men are seen straggling from beneath the sober blue bonnet of Scotland, and hanging loosely over features already composed to a seriousness befitting the devotion of the sacred day. Their bent, staff-supported figures, and staid gait, are contrasted with the careless, sturdy swing of the young clowns, the country beaux, whose dress awkwardly imitates the stale fashion of their betters. The close

snow-white coif, the decent red or grey cloak, and the grave air of Sabbath decorum, are seen to characterize the elderly females; whilst the snooded head, or the smartly-braided hair, confined by the large comb, the gaudy shawl, together with the active trip, and side-long downward glance, betraying a modest consciousness of charms, mark the young beauties of the parish.

The church is built on a kind of peninsula, looped in by a semicircular bend of the stream, where a large portion of the space is occupied by the silent field of the departed in which it stands. The adjacent Manse lifts its white walls and gray roof a little way from the edge of a precipitous rock, almost overhanging the foaming current. A noble larch rises singly from the sloping turf over the precipitous barrier, probably the favoured child of some former incumbent, who had planted it soon after the first naturalization of the tree in Scottish soil. Like that tree so beautifully alluded to in the first Psalm, it seems to have been fostered by the blessings and nourished by the dews of Heaven, for its large trunk rises like the cedar of Scripture, and throws its branches widely and luxuriantly around, veiling itself in the rich and floating drapery of its long and delicate spray. A sweet little garden lies before the house, one side of which is irregularly fenced in by the church-yard wall, and in other parts by a hedge, the surface inclining gently towards that part of the stream running in front, where an Alpine foot-bridge is thrown across from rock to rock. Some elevated banks of natural pasture, sprinkled with tufts of oaks, birches, and mountain ashes, rise in a sort of amphitheatre to the south and west, over the opposite side of the rocky bed of the river; whilst the straggling little enclosures of the glebe occupy the ground rising to the north and east, sheltered by some higher elevations at a greater distance behind.

The church itself is small, old, and primitive-looking enough in its exterior, to have suited the days of Cameron or of Renwick; but the interior is more modern, the walls and ceiling having been plastered,

and the whole comfortably, though plainly seated, only a few years ago. The property of the parish is divided among five heritors, of which I am the most insignificant. But my small importance is rarely eclipsed by the overwhelming presence of any of the others, for none of them reside on their estates in these parts, so that I have once a-week the humble satisfaction of sitting like a petty king in the front of the Heritors' Gallery, certainly looked up to—perhaps envied—but I hope not hated, by the rest of the congregation. Our parson is a man of very extensive information, much general reading, great memory, and no small talent for preaching. His discourses, though he often reads them, are always sensible, orthodox, and moral, and his composition, particularly that of his prayers, though often elegant, never rises beyond the comprehension of the least educated of his flock. I have always great pleasure in hearing him. But a lameness which he has had from his youth, has cramped his bodily exertions so much, that he has grown very fat within these few years, and indolence has consequently stolen upon him so, that he is often glad of the assistance of any of his cloth that may chance to offer. I am frequently disappointed, therefore, as I enter my seat, to find some unknown face in the pulpit; for very rarely indeed does the substitute ever make up for the want of our own minister. The church of Scotland is remarkable for the good sense, the liberality of the education, the right thinking, and the temperate and well-directed zeal of her labourers. But there are men within her pale, who, leaving the middle path of rationality, run into the extreme, either of carelessness of duty on the one hand, or of enthusiasm on the other. Those of the first description chill their audience by a freezing air of seeming indifference, giving their indigested thoughts costively forth in drily-concocted harangues; whilst there are others, perhaps yet more dangerous, who rouse their hearers with all the wild vociferation of a mystical enthusiasm, thundering forth the horrors of hell-fire upon their auditors, who listen for long hours in awful attention, drinking

in these outpourings of raving insanity, with an admiration proportionable to its incomprehensibility.

The circumstance of our congregation being composed almost entirely of people of the least-educated class, subjects us to the trial-sermons of many a novice, who mounts the pulpit of our church, as the stage-struck youth steps upon the boards of a theatrical barn or hay-loft, to try his unfledged powers before a less formidable audience, before venturing to expose himself to those who are more discriminating. My nerves are none of the strongest, and as I have a kind of sympathy for these people, I am often put to a species of torture perfectly indescribable, by the long pauses, the hesitations, the repetitions, the coughings, the hemmings, the agitations, the paleness, and the perspirations of some of these beginners, whom I often dread to see expire, in their ineffectual attempts to recover the lost thread of their discourse. Such is the effect of our being situated so near the wild region of moors and mountains; for it would seem that these gentlemen are of opinion, that the stream of their eloquence, like all other streams, should have its origin in some elevated situation, where it may have some chance of descending upon the fatter and more fertile plains, swelling and spreading as it flows onwards, until it rests in the quiet harbour of some richly-beneficed borough town. It was but the other day, that we were subjected to the tedious prosing of a neighbour dominie, a hard-favoured man, who, though of ripe years, has only lately aspired to the ministry. He is, I understand, a good, well-meaning, pains-taking, zealous soul; but, as I am not aware of his having any patron, I fear his eloquence, the run of which is rather naturally sluggish in itself, will have some risk of being lost in the black and spongy slough of Despond, long ere it can reach the delightful land of promise. His sermons (for, determined to bestow all his tediousness upon us, he gave us two of an hour each) were the very essence of dullness, and were drawled out in doleful tones, which he seemed to think necessary to give them effect, and which had doubtless been long practised as a proper accom-

paniment; the whole being heightened by all the sing-song recitative of one of the very worst of provincial dialects. Yet, though drawling in his delivery, he went on without hesitation, and without any apparent risk of losing himself; so that his hearers soon got rid of all apprehension on that score. The subject of both his discourses was Death, and his object seemed to array him in all his terrors, to the dread and alarm of sinful souls. At first, the universal interest of the subject itself fixed the general attention of the people; but the power which he thus acquired was soon evaporated by his vapid manner of handling it. Every succeeding sentence was drier, more commonplace, and more difficult to follow, than that which preceded it; so that far from trembling for the impending fate with which he threatened them, the toil-worn rustics were lulled by the tones in which his denunciations were delivered, until, by degrees, they seemed to hear nothing but a drowsy, monotonous sound, like that proceeding from some steady, slow-moving, ill-graced piece of machinery. As he went on, the effect became every moment more and more soporific, and it was so aided by the closeness of the church, and the heat of the weather, that I saw the people dropping their heads like full-blown poppies, each upon the back of his pew, the desk before him, or upon a neighbour's shoulder, as the heavy tones caught them, and overwhelmed them with their potent spell. Those nearest the pulpit were very naturally first overcome. Archy Mac-knockie, the squat, pot-bellied, hoary-headed bellman, who, being somewhat deaf, generally sits at the top of the pulpit stairs, with a red cotton handkerchief tied over the top of his head, or under his chin, as a defence against the torturing attack of rheumatism in his jaws, to which he is subject, was the first who yielded to the narcotic influence, who gradually descending more and more irresistibly from above, like some dense and heavy vapour, soon settled upon all the old women who occupied the inferior steps of the stair, down to its very lowest grade. The hoary and bald pillars of the church, the godly elders, seated in

goodly and venerable row, next began to nod in sympathy, and were soon wrapped in sweet oblivion. Even our worthy pastor himself felt the insidious balm stealing upon him, and would have been probably compelled to yield to the charm, had not a sense of propriety induced him to struggle against it with rather ludicrous warfare. I too must have fallen a victim, had not I been occupied, for some time, in watching the sleeping sinners around me, until at last I fell, by degrees, into a philosophic train of mental abstraction, and I was, in truth, perhaps as well occupied in my musings, as in listening to the sermon; but I was at last sated the disgrace of joining in the chorus of snorers, which every moment increased in numbers. After as many dull and wide-wheeling circles as I have seen performed by a flight of cawing rooks before settling to roost, when the spectator expects every new evolution to be the last, and is a thousand times deceived, the second discourse was at last brought to a conclusion, to the interruption of many a refreshing slumber; and the long prayers and psalms constituting the remainder of the service were yet to be gone through, when my eye was arrested by an object that so absorbed my attention, as to make me forget every thing that was passing around me. Through the farthest opposite window which my seat fully commanded, though the spot of ground it embraced was not visible from almost any other position in the church, I descried a female figure, wrapped up in a cloak of that lightish gray colour and fabric generally worn by the poorer women of Scotland. Her head was enveloped in the hood of it, and she lay extended along the new-laid sod of a recent grave, which she embraced with outstretched arms. I might have fancied it a swoon, for no motion appeared to indicate life, except a tremulous patting of the fingers on the short grass. Near her, on another grave, sat a little girl of about five or six years old, dressed in a clean, though coarse white frock, and having a neat homespun shawl hung upon her shoulders. The child's face was towards me, and her lovely innocent features seemed to betray a childish thoughtlessness,

and to be unconscious of the depth of that affliction which appeared to overwhelm her mother. A small rough Scotch terrier now appeared within my narrow field of view, which just embraced the group. He came and snelt eagerly at the grave, and the sound of his approach appeared to rouse the female from her trance. She started upon her knees, and looking around her for a moment with wild earnestness, as if afraid of observation or intrusion, her eyes red with weeping, she gazed on the anxious motions of the dog, and then upon the contented face of her child, when bursting into a fresh agony of tears, she threw herself forward upon the grave, as if she wished to root herself to its sod. I thought I could read the outline of the story from what I saw, and my fancy set itself busily to work to sketch it out. The newly-raised heap of earth on which she lay covered the beloved remains of a husband. Her total abandonment in grief, shewed that all her best earthly hopes were buried there, and that she had been but a few days bereaved of them; for the cut on the sod was not yet healed by vegetation, and the cruel wounds of recent woe had not yet begun to close, nor their pangs to yield to the soothing and consolatory voice of inward religion. The faithful quadruped, too, unconscious of the change affecting that hand by which he used to be fed and caressed, became satisfied with his proximity to his master, and set himself quietly and contentedly down near his grave, as he would have done by his bed. The playful child took him up in her arms, and wrapped the corner of her shawl around him, diverting herself with trying various modes of fitting it about him, at the same time patting his head, and extending his paws: and the patience with which he submitted to all this, shewed that he was accustomed to it. Meanwhile, the widow's frame seemed strongly agitated, and the heaving of her sobs was evident, even under the thick covering of the cloak. Again she suddenly rose on her knees, and with extended arms, threw a look of bitter anguish towards heaven; then clasping her hands, and wringing them together, she burst into fresh torrents of tears,

as if her soul had dissolved itself to supply them. As she raised a handkerchief to her eyes, the hood of her cloak fell somewhat back, and I now, for the first time, perceived a face lovely, even amidst the havoc that grief had made upon it. She looked towards her little girl, and shaking her head with a melancholy air, she seemed to speak, as if she had said! "Alas, my poor child! ah, little knowest thou thy loss!" for stretching over towards her daughter, she clasped her in her arms in a burst of mingled tenderness and sorrow. The child wept too, but she wept as if she knew not why. When this paroxysm had somewhat expended itself, she turned again towards the grave, and the floodgates of her eyes opened themselves anew. From time to time she plucked some of the young plants of the ranker kinds of weeds that had already begun to shoot upon the teeming soil; and as she did so, I could perceive, from the direction of her head, and from the motion of her lips, that she occasionally talked to her daughter in broken and disjointed sentences. Whilst I was watching this interesting scene with increasing anxiety, my vision being every now and then impaired by a kind of misty moisture which obscured the figures, and which the preacher probably placed to the account of his own oratorical powers, the service was drawing to a conclusion. A decent-looking elderly female, who had left the church as the last prayer was about to begin, now appeared near the groupe. She touched lightly on the shoulder the sorrowing female, who started from her trance, and gazed wildly up in her face. The woman looked on her with an air of compassion, and seemingly gently to chide her, and probably warning her of the immediate termination of the service, she assisted her to rise, and led her hastily away, in a kind of stupor, whilst the little girl followed with the dog under her arm.

I could not help contrasting this simple and affecting scene with the cold indifference of that within the church, and with the sleeping congregation around me; and I left my seat, with my heart more touched, and perhaps more edified, with what

I had seen, than if I had committed to memory a whole volume of the schoolmaster's sermons.

Having got into the church-yard, upon the dismissal of the congregation, I called Archy Macknockie aside, whose list of numerous parish offices embraced that of grave-digger also; and putting a shilling into his hand, whilst I secretly pointed to the swelling turf, which had been so lately occupied by the disconsolate widow, I demanded of him whose grave it was? "It'il be yon grave ayont the bowed dominie's that your honor 'il be meanin', I'se warrant," replied Archy, bowing profoundly as he glanced his eye at the coin, and slipped it into his breeches-pocket: and tucking the hat, which had been his Sunday's covering for upwards of thirty years, under his arm, "Ah! he was a worthy lad," he continued, "as I hae kenn'd in mony a lang summer's day, and mair than that, he died fu' o' the savin' grace o' the Lord's cleck. He's happy noo, I'se warrant. I'm thinkin' it was on Sunday was a week that he departed, and sair wark had I on the Tuesday, in howkin' his last narrow house. But I was muckle obliged to Geordy when he was i' the body, and when he was weel i' the world, so it wasna for me to be grudgin' my wark to do that job for him, though I did get but sma' things for my pains; but troth I doubt his widow, puir lassie, has unco little o' warlds gear left till hersel'."—"But who was this George of whom you speak?" said I. "Troth I believe I was forgettin' to tell your honor that it was Geordy Fairfield." This was all I wanted. I had once known Fairfield as a prosperous and industrious farmer; I knew, also, that he had gone back in the world, but was alike ignorant of his death, and of the circumstances attending it. Hastening, therefore, to extricate myself from the inquisitive crowd, which my conversation with Macknockie was collecting around me, I hurried after my old friend Simon the gardener, whose thin, aged, and venerable form, I discovered slowly disappearing amongst the hazel copse at the farther extremity of a little haugh. By quickening my steps, I soon overtook him, and introducing the subject of George Fairfield, I

gathered from him such parts of his sad story as I had not previously known.

George's father, who had been a successful drover, left him several hundred pounds at his death, so honestly gained, that his son inherited his good name along with the wealth to which he succeeded. George being naturally a merry, light-hearted fellow, and brought up with virtuous principles, had no improper or expensive desires to gratify, and consequently felt himself sufficiently free and independent with his little fortune. Soon after his father's death, he married Mary Manson, the daughter of a neighbour. They had been attached to each other from infancy. They had been play-mates at school; they had sat with each other in sunshine on the broomy knolls, tending their cows and sheep together, building little mimic houses, and making gardens in the sand; and they had sheltered under the same plaid when the thunderstorm scowled along the sky, and poured its instantaneous deluge upon the country. He had never ceased to be her companion and her protector, almost from the earliest age of childhood, up to the happy moment when the sacred knot was tied, that made them indissolubly one, and gave him the right to call her all his own. Previous to his marriage, he had taken and stocked a snug little farm, and he now became the master of a comfortable house and a happy fireside, and, in due season, the fond father of several fine healthy children. George was not ungrateful to Heaven for all these blessings, and his gratitude manifested itself in that manner which he thought must be most grateful to a beneficent being. He did all the good to others that his sphere of life would admit of. He was hospitable and kind to his friends, without ostentation, ever ready to lend a neighbour a helping hand in any little difficulty or distress, and compassionate and charitable to the poor. He was industrious as an ant. He worked early and late; had his eyes open to all the improvements of those farmers within his reach; put the arable part of his own farm into the highest order, and tore up between twenty and thirty

acres of a rough stony moor, which he brought under the plough in a great measure by his own personal labour. How would his heart expand with exultation, as he led Mary over this new ground, now smoothly rolled, and green with the fair promise of abundance! How would he make her remark the huge masses of granite now built into the surrounding stone fence, and point out to her, with triumph, the spots they had formerly occupied, and how tell of the mighty exertion and fatigue which had been required to dislodge them from those beds, where, in his opinion, and whatever geologists might say, they had lain from the creation of the world! As Mary and he were equally attentive to their concerns, so every thing thrived with them, both within doors and without. His crops were the best in the neighbourhood; his cattle were the handsomest and the best-grown in all the country, and always fetched the best prices at market; and Mary's butter and cheese became renowned in the borough to which they were constantly sent. George's rent was always ready on the day of settlement, as well as his money at the appointed time for every bargain he entered into; and the factors of the surrounding estates used to hold him up as an example to many an idle and thoughtless tenant in arrears. The fair-fields were regular in their attendance at church, and were always the neatest-dressed couple of their rank there; and they appeared so respectable, and there was such a constant air of cheerfulness about them, that they might have been generally envied, had not their numerous virtues, and their kind and friendly behaviour towards every one, robbed envy of its sting, and converted its poison into the sweetness of love. If ever human beings were happy, they were so; and how could it have been otherwise, since they possessed the two grand ingredients of human bliss, independence and virtuous contentment?

Three or four years of prosperity and felicity had thus rolled over their heads, when it happened, that one day, as George was holding his plough, he was accosted by a neighbour, one Gabriel Granthercote, who called

himself a follower of the New Light. —“Ay workin’, Geordy!” quoth he, with a vinegar look, as he stopped, lifting the bonnet from his head, and wiping the dust and the sweat from his brow. George pulled in his beasts. —“Ay workin’, I say,” repeated Granethereout. —“Aye, aye,” replied George, with a frank, friendly, good-humoured smile; “ye ken there’s nae rest for the wicked; but troth the season’s gay an’ far on now, an’ we’re no that weil through wi’ the sawin’ o’ our neeps yet.” —“Wow, man!” rejoined Granethereout, with a hypocritical drawl; “what are neeps, or nowt, or warldy pelf, compared to the gude o’ ane’s immortal soul! — Nae rest for the wicked, indeed! — Busy and bustlin’ sinner, for that whilk profiteth not! — What do riches avail, that mak’ unto themselves wings and flee awa? — Do ye no ken, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom o’ heaven? It’s no neeps that’ll carry a body into Abrahāam’s bosom, and it wasna kye nor horses neither that carried Lazarus there. Instead o’ graspin’ at the vile trash o’ this yearth, ye should be layin’ up your treasure in heaven.” Thus preached a man who had just sent the officers of the law to seize the wretched moveables of a poor infirm old woman, for the sum of fifteen shillings, the rent of a mud-hovel on the extremity of his farm, which a protracted illness had prevented her industry from paying. “A’ that’s very true indeed, Gabriel, as ye say,” quoth George; “but I hope I dinna ategither neglect the weelfare o’ my soul neither; Gude forgie me for speakin’ sae muckle i’ my ain praise!” “I sair doubt, George,” replied Granethereout, “that there’s a waefu’ want o’ spiriētual grace about ye. Wha but ane o’ the sons o’ the Mammon o’ unrighteousness wad be fightin’ an’ labourin’ at neeps, or ony ither thing, whan it’s the Sacrament Week at Clachanglen; an’ aboon a’, this day, whan the godly and gifted Maister Joshua Macmystic is to preach, an’ a’ the kintry side gawin to hear him?” An overweening opinion of his own judgment was not in the list of Fairfield’s faults. Although his conscience told him that he was

regular and sincere in all the private as well as public duties of religion, which his heart, swelling with gratitude to his bountiful Creator, made a delightful exercise to him, yet his self-diffidence began to make him doubt, whether there might not be something in what Granethereout had said, and whether he might not be too anxious about worldly matters; and he felt this the more, as Gabriel’s observations seemed to be supported by the approbation and countenance of all the neighbouring country. For, as he looked over the sunny slope of the adjacent fields, he saw the plough sticking in the half-finished furrows, the drill-barrows forsaken, with the smoking dung-heaps left unspreed and uncovered; and he remarked, that the new lines of roads, the ditches, and the enclosures of all sorts, which were making in various parts of the improving district where he lived, were all abandoned by the labourers. This Thursday wore all the external appearance of the holy Sabbath itself, and crowds of people were seen pouring from every quarter, all moving in one direction, and, in their seeming eagerness, breaking through hedges, and crossing plantations and grass enclosures, by short cuts, towards the church of the neighbouring parish. George’s curiosity was now awakened. “Tis but the loss o’ twa yokins at maist,” said he to himself; so he loosed his horses from the plough, and getting on one of them, trotted home, where, having hastily scraped the beard from his chin, and washed and dressed himself, he grasped his hazel staff, and took his road over the hill, towards the adjacent parish, which is still higher up the country than ours, and which is even so Highland, that three-fourths of its inhabitants speak Gaelic.

The church of Clachanglen lies in a little green hollow, by the side of the larger of our two rivers, which, throughout all the length of its long course, rages along violently, in a deep and rocky bed, presenting one continued range of wild and romantic scenery, upon the grandest scale. The spot of which I am now talking is every where confined by steep and lofty banks, wooded with oaks, birches, and other trees, hemming

in the river, and only retiring on one side, to make room for the little amphitheatre, at the lower extremity of which stands the neat and ancient little fane, in the midst of a wide-spread and uninclosed burying-ground. A bare, weather-stained rock, lifts its barren head over the church, and projecting its base towards the river, forms the commencement of the narrow gorge below it, through which the river escapes. Immediately above this, a passage for foot passengers is afforded by a long Alpine wooden-bridge, stretching across the stream, where it boils onwards with such furious impetuosity, that to look down upon it is enough to turn the steadiest head giddy. As Fairfield arrived at the brow of the steep bank, rising abruptly from the side of the river, opposite to that where the church stands, the full chorus of the psalmody burst upon his ear. There was something awfully grand and impressive in the sound, that even arrested his rustic attention. To a poetical imagination it might even have suggested the idea of the hallelujahs of the last day, when the graves shall render up their countless dead. Nor would the spectacle that presented itself have injured the truth of such a conception. The number of human beings collected around the church, and dispersed in various situations near it, was not less than seven or eight thousand. These were distributed amongst the broken tomb-stones, in groups the most picturesque that can be imagined, so that it really would have required no very extraordinary share of fancy to have imagined them spirits who had just burst from their long confinement in the grave; while the rugged summit of the bare rock, and the crevices on its sides, were clustered as if with the happier souls, whose eagerness to mingle with their native heaven had induced them to climb thither, preparatory to taking their flight to the celestial gates: and the hoarse and confused roar of the torrent might have been mistaken for the deep and agonizing groans of the despairing wretches doomed to eternal punishment. It was not wonderful that such a scene, under such circumstances, should have arrested the farmer in the midst of his

haste, and that he should have staid to gaze below, for some minutes, before he began to thread the mazes of the steep path that led winding downwards towards the bridge.

The psalm had ceased before Fairfield crossed the river; and he reached the assembled crowd, just as a thin, pale, emaciated man, with smooth black hair, adhering together in little separate lank locks, from the moisture of a perspiration extricated by the violence of his action, was thundering forth in long and very rapidly vociferated sentences in the Gaelic language, from an elevated and covered wooden rostrum, resembling that sometimes used by auctioneers. The language was quite unintelligible to the farmer; so he gradually elbowed his way towards the church, where he hoped to listen to something he could comprehend: and with some difficulty he reached its walls. But here he found all attempts to gain an entrance vain, the whole of the interior, even all its passages and corners, being already crammed almost to bursting, and the people doubled up like books in an over-filled library. He heard the sound of preaching from within, and pressed towards an open window, to endeavour to listen; but there he was suddenly assailed by three old women, whose bleary eyes, lantern cheeks, and squalid features, might, in the days of witchcraft, have doomed them to the faggot. These malignant hags had ensconced their lean and shrivelled forms on the window-sill, where they sat with their feet resting upon the ground on the outside, which was much raised above the area of the interior by the frequent graves. Dreading that the farmer's intention was to dispossess them of their places, they opened upon him somewhat like hawks on a perch when tormented by the provoking finger of some wicked boy; and such a whistling clamour proceeded from the aperture between their hooked noses and prominent chins, as even, in some degree, to overpower the thunders of the preacher. But "a soft answer turneth away wrath." He succeeded in pacifying them, by mild assurances that he had no intention to disturb them. The old hags were softened,

and even began to squeeze their withered frames nearer to each other, to endeavour to make room for him ; telling him, with a sort of cronish courtesy, " that it was the best place about a' the kirk, for they could hear the English sermon within, and the Gaelic thereout, baith at aince." George thanked them, but having poked his head between two of them, he was glad to withdraw it hastily, for the hot and unsavoury steam that issued from the interior was even too much for his unfastidious olfactories ; and he was glad to move away for air, to a spot where the crowd was thinnest. There he learned from an acquaintance, that the preacher, who was now holding forth so lustily in Gaelic, was the godly Maister Joshua Macnystic himself, and that he would preach an English sermon soon afterwards : He accordingly shifted his situation towards a vacant spot, where he sat with some impatience to wait its commencement. As he had now time to look around him, he observed all heads turned towards the preacher ; and numerous were the responsive groans arising from those around him. But these were not so audible as those which issued from under the broad bonnet of Gabriel Granethreout, who seemed to be so experienced a leader in this species of thorough-bass accompaniment, that he acted as a sort of fugal to those around him. This circumstance somewhat surprised George, knowing, as he did, that Gabriel did not understand one word of the language in which the extemporaneous effusions of the preacher were delivered. But the very *sough*, or sound, of this inspired man's voice, seemed to affect equally the Celt and the Sassenach, with the same wild delirium of religious intoxication. Even Fairfield himself, who, so far from understanding, could not even distinguish a single word, but the frequently-repeated conjunction *agus*, (and,) could not escape the general infection. " This maun be a braw preacher indeed," quoth he ; " an' if he be sae powerfu' in Gaelic, what maun he no be in English !" His curiosity began now to be raised higher and higher, and his impatience continued to be screwed up to the utmost pitch during the three

or four hours that the Gaelic service lasted.

When the English psalms were begun, he availed himself of the general movement that took place, to force himself forward to a favourable position ; and getting astride upon a half-inclined tombstone, of greater elevation than the rest, and at no great distance in front of the rostrum, or Tent, (as it is called,) he folded his arms, and prepared to listen with the most profound attention.

The first prayer of the godly Maister Joshua Macnystic was as unlike the humble supplicatory style of address, in which the reptile man ought to approach the Great Creator of all things, as can possibly be imagined. It could hardly, indeed, be called a prayer, for petition formed but a very small part of it. It consisted chiefly of a string of the most enigmatical scripture quotations, taken at random from the Revelations, and other abstruse parts of the Bible, which were strung together without natural connection, and occasionally interlarded with long conversational periods of vulgar praise, which, if addressed to any human creature, would have been ridiculous ; but when seriously offered up to that Supreme Being, who rules the atoms of universal space, and whose ways are unsearchable, must have been most offensive to every one of true and simple religious feeling. Indeed, had they not been uttered with an air of enthusiasm forbidding such an idea, they might have been mistaken for the mockery of blasphemous derision. But Fairfield felt no such impressions as these. Empty sound, and imposing gesture, together with the example of others, will do much in bewildering the illiterate mind. The earnestness, and the violent action of the orator, fixed his mind and banished every other thought. He was speedily hurried away by the chaotic cataract which was poured forth, and his better judgment was obscured by the mists of Fanaticism that fell fast upon him. Like the rest, he soon began to utter groans of approval at the close of each long-suspended period, and to throw up his eyes in pious approbation of that which, in

verity, he did not comprehend. Mac-mystic's English sermon, of two hours' duration, was, in reality, as unintelligible to him as if it had been preached in Gaelic or in Greek. It was, in fact, a tissue of incomprehensible jargon, about Faith, and Grace, and Calling, and Election, interlaced with frequent knots of obscure texts, drawn readily, but without order or method, from the store-house of a most retentive, but injudicious and ill-arranged memory. These scripture passages, so far from being explanatory, in a discourse which seemed to have no subject, were many of them, taken by themselves, inexplicable. But the sublimity of their language served at least to give volume and tone to the sound of his sentences; and long and frequent practice having made these scriptural expressions familiar to him, he had constructed from them an habitual phraseology of his own, composed of the words, though not of the ideas, of the Great Original; and this he uttered with a rapidity so astonishing, as to make it pass with the vulgar for something almost preternatural. With him all selection or arrangement was thrown aside; so much so, that if his isolated sentences had been shuffled together, like a pack of cards, the meaning of the whole would have been equally rational and intelligible. It was impossible to discover by the sense, the heads or divisions of the sermon, for sense was, in truth, no ingredient in its composition; but, nevertheless, there was all that regular increasing of the voice, indicating the magnificence of climax, followed by a pause, which might have led one to suppose, that it was the conclusion of some important paragraph, when, in reality, it arose from no other cause than the temporary exhaustion of the speaker's breath. And, indeed, it was no wonder that such a suspension should very often occur, for the orator frequently raised his voice in a gradation that terminated at last in a perfect screech; the groaning accompaniment of his auditors rising in proportion towards the close, and then dying away in a harmonious, declining symphony. This was generally the case when he hurled forth the most dreadful denunciations

of eternal damnation against all mankind, whether wicked or otherwise, excepting only a certain set of people called the Elect, or Chosen, of the Lord, to whom it seemed to be permitted even to sin, without losing the certainty of salvation. Amongst this favoured and exclusive number, it was evident that most of the individuals who composed his audience were secretly congratulating themselves upon being classed, whilst each of them looked upon every one else around him, in some cases with pity, but in many instances with Pharisaical scorn, as upon wretches doomed to hopeless perdition. When the preacher had wrought himself up into these paroxysms, his voice might have been almost heard at half-a-mile's distance; while his form seemed to rise from the rostrum to a more than earthly height, so that he resembled some wizzard pouring forth maledictions upon the abject and shrinking slaves of his power, rather than the comforting minister of peace, and the disciple of the meek and merciful Jesus. To sum up all, his whole declamation was like the extemporaneous vociferations of a lunatic, and which, in the ears of any sensible person, would have been a mockery of rationality, but which passed, with his uneducated audience, for something little short of divine inspiration.

It would be idle, as well as vain, to attempt to follow this mirror of the New Light—this great gun of Fanaticism—through the whole of his ravings. It is enough for my purpose to tell, that farmer Fairfield returned to his peaceful home at a late hour at night, full of the mighty preacher. Mary was anxious to know something of the nature of the discourse he had heard. But George's brain must have been of a construction different from human, if he had been able to satisfy her. The sound, however, still tingled so in his ears, that he seemed to feel no difficulty in preparing to give her a recapitulation of the matter. He opened his mouth with great confidence; but, alas! his memory refused to furnish a single recollection—all was one dim chaos of obscurity. He hemmed—stroked his chin—twisted the points of his neckcloth—scratch-

ed his head—but all would not do;—he could not recall a single idea; and, after many fruitless attempts, he found, that in truth he could tell her nothing, but that it was “wonderfu!”—very wonderfu! indeed!—most edifying!—enough to raise a dead man to life!—quite anither sort o’ thing frae the drawls o’ our ain minister!—He preached, woman, for mair than twa hours, an’ a’ aff hand; and sic a powerfu’ voice too!—hech, Mary, I think I hear him yet!—A’ I ken is, that I muckle doubt we’re no just gawin in the gate we should gang. But ye sall judge for yoursel’, lass, for he’s to preach again the morn, an’ I’m gawin back again, and ye’es gae wi’ me.” So next morning, the plough was allowed to remain where George had left it, in the half-finished furrow; the turnips were forgotten, and Mary, whose happy disposition prepared her for being always ready to gratify every wish of her husband, dressed herself to accompany him to Clachanglen.

Mary was a woman of sound common sense. After having been placed in a comfortable seat, procured for her partly by the strength of George’s arm, and partly by the civility commanded by her own respectable appearance, she gazed at Macnystic for a time with surprise and awe, and listened to the overwhelming cataract of words which fell from him with astonishment, such as might have seized her, upon seeing and hearing, for the first time in her life, the wonderful Fall of Foyers, or, (what is perhaps a more just and appropriate, though not a native simile,) a still more lofty, and yet more celebrated fall of a similar description in Switzerland*. But her superior penetration soon enabled her to see through those mists which threw a false air of sublimity around the loud torrent that excited them, and she soon detected the *vox et preterea nihil* of which the preacher’s discourse consisted. The sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal, which so enchanted those around her, soon lost all effect upon her, and she began speedily to

detect the evil tendency of those doctrines, which seek to build all hopes of heaven upon Grace and Election, to the total disregard of every virtuous and moral precept; good works being treated as filthy rags without that incomprehensible soul-saving, Spiritual Call, which could save even the most abandoned sinner from the eternal punishment of hell. George and Mary returned homewards with very different impressions. George, whose self opinion was not buoyant enough to lead him to fancy that he was one of those happy few whose thoughts and actions were under the immediate influence of heavenly governance, had his brow clouded by the gathering fogs of Religious Despair. He walked onward for a time, with his eyes fixed on the ground, wrapt up in gloomy musing, and at last his voice burst forth in deep groans of anguish. “Oh! Mary, Mary!” said he, “we are sad and miserable sinners, for whom there is nae hope!”—“Sinners we are indeed,” said Mary, “but I trust, Geordy, that there is still muckle hope for us, for our blessed Saviour himsel’ says to us, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ God kens the frailty o’ his creatures, ‘for He knoweth our frame, and He remembereth that we are dust.’ He will not expect brick from us without straw, but will look to every one for the right employment of the talents which He hath bestowed; shewing mercy unto them wha have done their best to perform His commandments, for the sake o’ His blessed Son wha died for us.”—“Aye, but wha’ will a’ this serve without a Spiritual Call? What will become o’ us, woman, unless we are i’ the numner o’ the *Elect*?”—“Eh, vow, there is nae hope!—nae hope ava!”—Mary reasoned tenderly and calmly with him.—“Are we not bid to beware of fause prophets?” said she; “let us have a care that we be na led awa by those wha are but erring mortals like ourself. Our Father which is in heaven is just, and will judge us according to the deeds done i’ the body. Doth not our Saviour tell us, that ‘not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Hea-

* The well-known Pissevache, in the Vallais between St Maurice and Martigny.

ven, but he that doth the will of his Father which is in heaven?"—She proceeded to paint the wonderful condescension and compassion of our Redeemer, as well as his miraculous love for mankind, which led him so far to commiserate their falling, erring nature, as to subject himself to all the miseries of humanity, that he might afford them a pattern of perfection, and, finally, to offer himself up as an atonement for their sins. She expatiated upon the cheering prospects, which his gracious words held out to us. She quoted numerous texts, to prove that our earnest endeavours to imitate the glorious example of a virtuous and useful life, which our Saviour set us; our loving the Lord our God with all our hearts, and our loving our neighbours as ourselves, were the best proofs of our belief in Jesus, and our surest grounds for the hope of salvation through his merits.—Her discourse (for discourse it might well have been called) was simple and affecting, and, for good sense and just reasoning, it might have done honour to the ablest divine. But, alas! reason was lost on her unhappy husband, whose soul was already too deeply imbued with the poison of Fanaticism, to be moved or comforted by her words.

How sad was the change which now began to take place upon that lovely picture of domestic comfort and happiness which the life of the Fairfields had hitherto presented, and how speedy was their decline! The farm, which had formerly exhibited such a scene of bustling activity, and such a fair face of prosperity, now began to languish, from being frequently deprived of the master's active hand and fostering eye. Every succeeding month saw its concerns more and more frequently abandoned by George, whose time was almost entirely taken up in wandering about the country, attending the most distant preachings, and following popular preachers from one parish to another. Mary, who was thus left to brood over her own agonizing forebodings, struggled as well as she could against the tide of ruin that now set rapidly against them. Besides attending to her own domestic concerns, she was up by break

of day, superintending those field labours which should have been conducted under the direction of her husband, and in which he was wont to bear so active a share. But the master's power and the master's strength were wanting; and what, without these, could all the energy of a woman accomplish? Mary sometimes ventured to remonstrate with George; but it was all unavailing. He even, on some occasions, lost his temper so far, as to speak somewhat harshly to his affectionate mistress, who so tenderly loved him. Mary wept in secret, and ceased to urge admonition, which she found so useless, and which she saw she could not press, without risking a diminution of her husband's affection: she was condemned to yield to the current, and to submit in silence to her fate. Ground ill laboured produced bad crops; and corn late and carelessly sown was of course late in ripening; and, in such an upland country, was frequently overtaken by the advanced-guard of winter, before it became fit to be cut down: and even when it was ripe for the sickle, it was often allowed to remain standing for many a day after the rest of the country was clear. Weeds began to abound every where, fences to fall into disrepair, drains were allowed to burst, without being attended to, and swamps began to reappear in spots which, by great labour, had been rendered firm and dry. Cattle and sheep became diseased, and often died, from the want of the timely application of remedies which would have cured them. The best markets were allowed to pass without effecting any sale of stock. The houses and barns—but why should I enumerate the various circumstances which came, one after another, in quick succession, to rob them of their little fortune. It is enough to say, that the ruin of their affairs was so precipitate, that, at the end of four years, George Fairfield was declared a bankrupt; and although the respect which every one entertained for his excellent character, as well as that pity which was universally excited for his amiable wife and his poor children, induced his creditors to treat him with uncommon lenity, yet, what remained from the wreck of his means was bare-

ly sufficient to enable him to build a little cottage on the common near his former farm, and to supply himself with a cart and an old horse, with which he commenced carrier. But punctuality is the life of that business; and who could trust to the punctuality of a man who neglected his charge upon every occasion, to run after the godly Maister Joshua Macmystic—the earnest Maister Donald Dust-cushion—the spiritual and mellifluous Maister Ebenezer Hornblower—or any other popular Quixote of the New Light, who might come within fifty miles of him. The country retailer, the success of whose trade depends upon making speedy ready-money sales, before his bills to the wholesale-merchant become due, waited impatiently and in vain for the arrival of his goods from the seaport or borough-town, and, contrary to the very spirit of his business, was often obliged to make his remittances before he had received the articles of his invoice. But, what was much worse than all this, the ladies of the borough, the wives of the writers and shopkeepers, were often put to the cruel necessity of apologizing to their guests for the absence of the goose, turkey, barn-door fowls, grouse, or hare, that should have graced their second course, but for the intolerable carelessness of the godly carrier. This was not to be borne. In three or four months he ceased to be employed, and was at last reduced to the necessity of selling his horse and cart, to provide immediate food for his starving family.

When this temporary supply was gone, Fairfield was at last compelled to think; and his thoughts were daggers that entered into his soul. He looked upon his beloved Mary, and he saw that she was worn to a shadow, by continued confinement to her needle, in her endeavours to gain a trifling pittance for their support. He reflected how little he contributed towards her support, how much their distress was to be attributed to his neglect; and all the mystical perversion of Scripture, with which his head was stuffed, was insufficient to smother the viper which gnawed his bosom. He saw Mary surrounded by her lovely and

innocent children, who, clamorous with hunger, struggled with one another for the morsel of coarse oaten bread, which she seemed to be denying to herself. Her haggard eye and wan visage seemed to betray to him that some secret disease was consuming her. “Mary,” cried he, as he threw himself, in a frantic manner, upon her neck, “Mary, my dearest Mary! I doubt ye’re no weel—tell me—oh! tell me, what’s the matter wi’ ye?” Mary summoned up a languid smile, and endeavoured to persuade him he was mistaken.—He became more earnestly solicitous, nay, even violent in his enquiries—and, Heavens! what was his horror, when he at last brought her to confess the sad truth—that, in her anxiety to supply him and his babes, she had hardly tasted food for nearly a week! A paroxysm of madness seemed to seize him—his stretched eyeballs became fixed in his head—he gnashed his teeth, and muttered within himself;—in the agony of his torture he struck his breast violently with his clenched fists, and covering his forehead with his clasped hands, stood for a moment, as it were, entranced—and then, as if wound up to the fulfilment of some desperate resolution, rushed out of the cottage, and was beyond hearing before the weak and agitated frame of the unfortunate Mary could reach the threshold of the door to detain him. It was a dark and stormy night; the rain beat furiously against the walls of the hovel, which was now the habitation of the once prosperous Fairfield. A dreadful suspicion flashed like lightning across the mind of Mary:—“Oh! save him, save him!” she cried wildly, as she attempted to rush after him. But Nature could do no more; she tottered backwards in her weakness, and swooned away upon the earthen floor.

The first dawn of returning life gave to Mary the reviving sight of her husband, who was sitting by the wretched pallet on which he had laid her, and was busied in the most anxious attempts to recover her. It was some time before she regained the full recollection of that horrible supposition that had so suddenly presented itself to her distracted mind. A chill, shuddering tremor

of a moment ran through every fibre, as it again crossed her. Then looking upwards, and clasping her hands with the most fervent devotion of gratitude—"Oh, God!" she cried, "he is safe!—he is safe!—I thank thee!—I thank thee!"—and bursting into a flood of tears, was somewhat relieved from the weight of misery that oppressed her. She raised herself in the bed, and George enfolded her for some moments in his embrace, silently mingling his tears with hers. But suddenly rousing himself, as if some new madness had seized him, he ran towards a little cupboard, and taking out a large knife, began eagerly to whet it against the stone of the chimney, in which a huge fire of blazing moss-fir was burning. A fresh alarm instantly seized upon Mary—a deadly paleness came over her; and springing at once from the bed, as if the whole of her small remains of strength had been summoned into that one effort, she rushed towards him, and seizing his arm with a grasp like that of death—"Oh! the knife! the knife!" she cried, with an agitation that hardly left her words intelligible, "the knife!—give me the knife!" "What do you fear, my love?" said he, calmly, and passively resigning it to her: "I was going to use it to prepare food for you." And, as he pointed at the same time to the farther and more obscure part of the cottage beyond the doorway, she descried something lying in the corner, which, upon a nearer approach, she discovered to be a live sheep, having its legs bound together with some twisted twigs of birch. A new horror fell upon her. "Oh, merciful Father! of what have you been guilty?" she exclaimed, looking at her husband with eyes as if she would have penetrated to the inmost recesses of his soul: "Can it be possible?" Fairfield, overpowered with shame, stood for a moment with his eyes thrown on the ground, and then gradually sank down in silence on a stool, ~~while~~ his head dropped between his knees. "Where did ye get it?" exclaimed his wife, in a voice of the utmost anxiety and trepidation: "quick, quick, tell me!" Fairfield—the once virtuous, and honorable Fairfield—with reiter-

ated groans, and without daring to encounter the glance of his innocent wife, confessed he had stolen it from the fold of the farmer who had succeeded him in his former possession. Though morning approached, it was not yet light. Mary hastily lifted the animal upon her back with one surprising effort, and was tottering towards the door with the burden she could hardly support, when her husband, recollecting himself, took it from her shoulders, and hurrying back to the spot from whence he had taken it, set it free amongst its bleating companions.

The load from his back was not the only one from which this last action relieved him. A long-drawn sigh seemed, at the same time, to lift a heavy weight from his heart, where enough still remained to depress it. What was he to do? Could he allow his Mary to die for want? And how was he to relieve her? As he was slowly returning to his sad home, his soul torn with these distressing reflections, he passed near the door of his former happy residence. The first beams of a lovely morning were glowing on its latticed casements, and the roses and honeysuckles, that he had himself planted against its walls, a few days after his marriage, were giving forth their richest perfume, heightened by the rain of the preceding night. He stopped to gaze for a moment. The recollection of what he had been, contrasted with what he now was, came strong upon his mind, and his heart sank within him. But recurring to that dreadful gulf of guilt from which he had just been snatched by his protecting angel, he fervently clasped his hands, and scarce daring to look upwards to the pure sky that now glowed with all the golden splendor of sunrise, he breathed a secret, broken, but sincere prayer of gratitude and repentance. His figure, and the singularity of his attitudes, had attracted the notice of farmer Braidriggs, who happened to be dressing himself at his window, preparatory to going out to his morning avocations, and he sent a servant girl to ask him what he wanted? Starting from his fit of abstraction at her approach, and thinking of his starving family, Fairfield was at last

compelled to submit to the humiliating necessity of begging some food, which he received as charity from the very door of that humble kitchen where he had himself so often dispensed the fragments of his bounty to others.

Farmer Braidriggs was a blunt, but a feeling-hearted man. He was considerably affected by the description which his servant gave him of the apparent distress and agitation which Fairfield had exhibited. He therefore followed him home, and there learning the full extent of his wretchedness, not only administered to his immediate wants, but assisted him in getting some necessary comforts for his cottage, as well as clothing for himself, his wife, and children; and—last and best charity of all—he furnished him with employment, by giving him various little jobs on his farm. George having a perfect knowledge of country work, and being a stout, able-bodied man, began again to procure a decent, though scanty livelihood, for himself and family. But still the destructive fire of Fanaticism was not extinguished within him. It was only quenched for a time by the dreadful weight of earthly misery which had fallen upon him. His mind soon began to be torn between the apprehension of a recurrence of such poignant distress as he then endured, and the horrors of being doomed to eternal perdition, which were constantly floating in his brain as he pursued his solitary toil. He continued tolerably steady, however, for some months, so that what with his own earnings, and what with those of his inestimable wife, whose industry redoubled, now that her husband's co-operation had given her new strength, the interior of his cottage began to wear a more cheerful appearance, and Health again spread her smiling roses over the faces of its inhabitants.

Matters were in this state when it happened that an infectious fever made its appearance in the parish. It was unhappily brought into the family of the Fairfields by one of the boys, who caught it at the parish school; and in less than a month, they lost their three eldest sons and one daughter. All that

was now left of their family, was a girl about five or six years of age, and an infant boy. This heavy dispensation of Providence crushed the unfortunate couple to the very earth. George was so much overwhelmed, that his wife, whose mind was tempered by happier religious views, was compelled to exert herself, and even in some degree to suppress her own sorrows, in order to administer comfort to him, in the absolute despair into which he was thrown. In doing this, she displayed a very wonderful strength of mind. She encouraged him to exertion, and set him an example of industrious occupation, even when her very heart was breaking. After a length of time, her persuasions and her arguments proved successful, and he returned to his work, though with a heavy and oppressed spirit. But his afflictions had now deepened the effect of that gloomy religious turn which his mind had taken. His abstracted musings, and communings with himself, became more frequent, and his mental struggles more violent every day. Whilst he was in this situation, he was one morning saluted by his neighbour Gabriel Granthereout, the same man to whom all his misfortunes had been originally owing. "There's a braw day, Geordy," quoth this self-constituted Saint of Election; "I see warrant ye'll be gawin' ower the water on Fursday-come-eight-days, to attend the Occasion at Gowkspittle?" Such is the name of a parish about forty miles off, lying beyond a broad arm of the sea, and which, notwithstanding it is its happy lot to possess the Reverend and Godly Maister Joshua Macmystic himself as its pastor, is yet famed all over Scotland for the great worthlessness of its inhabitants. Fairfield, when thus addressed by Granthereout, was standing deep in the mud and water of the ditch he was scowering, and, at the moment, had not observed his approach. "Starting at the sound of the hypocrite's voice, the whole of his misfortunes rushed upon his mind at the sight of him. He eyed him for a moment, as he would have done his evil genius, and with a surliness of tone, very foreign to his usual disposition, he gruffly replied "No!" and instantly re-

sumed his labour. "Eh! Geordy, Geordy!" quoth Granthercut, with a woeful shake of his head; "I fear ye are ane o' the backslidin' and drowsy sons o' the Mammon o' unrighteousness. I trow I ance gied ye ane admonition, whilk wrought some sina' regeneration in your sinfu' man for a saison; but I see ye ha'e but putten yere hands to the pleugh stils for a wee, and ha'e unyoked yere avers afore ye ha'e gotten to the riggs end, after a'!" This was precisely the most unfortunate metaphorical illustration that Gabriel could have stumbled upon, for George instantly remembered, that it was in that very field he was employed about five or six years before, when he had been led away by the canting of this arrant hypocrite. His Fanaticism was overpowered, for a time, by the dreadful array of temporal misfortunes which he had suffered, and the recollection of which now passed like a dismal vision over his mind. "Do ye no see," continued Granthercut, "how the judgements o' Heaven are fa'in' thick upon ye?—how yere warldly gear hath ta'en unto itsel' wings, and hath flown awa'?—and how yere bairns ha'e died, and gane down into the pit?—and a' for yere ay clingin' to the yearth, and haltin' in the godly chase after speerectual grace!—Eh! Geordy, Geordy! yere a cauld, hardened sinner; I'se be bailed ye'll ne'er make your callin' and election sure!" So saying, he strode away with all the importance of a proud, reproving Pharisee. George sat down at the edge of the ditch, overpowered by the agony of those remembrances which this hard-hearted wretch had awakened. His heart swelled almost to bursting, and at last wrought its own relief, by a copious flood of tears. He then fell into a train of thought of the most gloomy character. The demon of Fanaticism took full possession of him. He resolved to go to the sacrament at Gowkspittle, determined, however, that his family should not have reason to complain of the loss of time which his absence would necessarily create. That the usual sum of his earnings might not be reduced, he resolved to rise earlier in the morning, to redouble

his usual exertions, and to stick to his labour till a later hour at night. By pursuing this plan for the whole of the ensuing week, he calculated, he would make up for the days he must be absent.

It was now the very height of the dog-days, and George had already laboured through two of them, in the most violent manner, under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, and up to the knees in mud and water. On the third morning, he was seized with excruciating pains in his head, breast, and back. He persevered, however, with the utmost desperation, till the evening, when such was the torment he endured, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could walk home. Hoping, however, that he would be better next day, and anxious to follow out his intentions, he had resolution enough to say nothing of his illness to his wife. He went to bed, and next morning awoke in a high fever. His distracted wife, having called in surgical aid, his disease was declared to be pleuritic. He was bled profusely. But his case had been taken too late; and after two more days of dreadful suffering and delirium, his sufferings terminated in death.

* * *

PLACK AND PENNY DAY.

MR EDITOR,

THERE is such a hurry and a bustle in the literary market, now-a-days; works preparing for, and works undergoing, and works that have actually undergone publication, occupy, in the shape of mere advertisement, such a large allowance of extra paper—there is so much trotting, and bothering, and bargaining amongst "the *Trude*"; there are so many sales for "*doing*" the public, and so many "*claret dinners*" for *doing* each other—heavy articles pushed here, sentiment set afloat there, learned disquisitions, and thistle-down chit-chat baled off in sheets; puffs, extracts of reviews, advertisements, exchanges, accommodations, allowances—that one's brain is made to spin like a top; and their senses are all addled, and commingled, and switched up into one barmy mass of confusion.

And then, in the "authoring line," there is such a glutting and gathering against the sluices of publication—so many manuscripts, hanging in their original rag state, on the tentors of expectation—so many "Impotent Members" lying, lounging, and loitering, around the pool of immortality—so many discoveries that are impatient to be discovered, histories that are anxious to be recorded, and works of "real science," and genuine philosophy, that are in pain to be delivered—besides a whole detachment of essays, sermons, and miscellanies, that, as the armies of Doubtters crowded down upon the town of Mansoul, or the herd of musical dilettanti gathered in upon the quavers of Madame Catalani, surround, and, as it were, overlay the press.

And then, in the "reading line"—amongst that varied and multiplied class of "Respectables" who use their eyes oftener than their pen; who live, like snipes or woodcocks, by suction, and, though unproductive themselves, are the cause of great fertility in others—there is so much stare, and gape, and expectation—such a running, after mail-coaches—visiting of carriers' quarters, and flocking round booksellers' counters—such a cutting-up of leaves—tossing over of pages—scratching of heads—poking of fires—snuffing of candles, and wiping of spectacles—such a jabbering in coffee-houses—disputing in reading-rooms—bickering at dinner-parties, and conversationing at tea-parties; that a man of ordinary nerve is fain, in our homely language, to "let the blast blow bye—" to allow, in other words, the pressure and hurry of the "fair" to subside, ere he venture out to hold his "market."

And it not unfrequently happens, that better bargains, and more valuable acquisitions, are made in this way than in any other. I remember it was my practice, when a boy, to deal with the "huckster wives," on what is termed "*Plack and Penny Day*," being the day immediately succeeding the market, when real slump bargains were going—a tankard-full of apples for a penny, and spoiled and half-rotten oranges for nothing at all. At the same time, it was my invariable custom, to subject the

whole of the arena of marketing to a close and scrutinizing inspection; and not unfrequently, from amidst the dust which had been trod into paste, or worked into mortar, to pick up a "silver sixpence," or a "pearl broach," which were *here* quite out of place, and appeared to me not the less valuable, on account of the somewhat suspicious society in which they were detected.

In a manner somewhat analogous to this, did I, quietly lounging in my own old-fashioned and but moderately-well-supplied or assorted library, and altogether unconscious at the time of any very determined aim or object, lay my hands upon an old acquaintance in "Ruddiman's Rudiments." "*A pair*," as, for what reason I know not, we term it, of Rudiments * were lying open and dog-eared on the table before me, and bearing the inscription of my oldest boy's name, at least in a dozen places. I began to turn over the leaves with somewhat of a mixed feeling, and as I journeyed on through declension, conjugation, and syntax, by many a well-known land-mark, of which I have as vivid a recollection as the old Highlander retains of the marches†, I arrived at last at an "Appendix," which, to my shame be it spoken, was entirely new to me, but which immediately arrested, as well as repaid my attention. Like the boy who finds a sixpence or a pearl broach in the street, on "*Plack and Penny Day*," I thus inadvertently stumbled upon what

* We say a "pair of scissors," a "pair of snuffers," a "pair of tongs," and the quality is evident; but why a pair of Rudiments, and not a pair of Grammar—a pair of Cordery, &c? Perhaps the repetition of the alliterative sounds "Ruddiman's Rudiments," may account for this; "*si quod novisti, rectius*," &c. this guess may pass till a better be made.

† It is said to have been the practice, in the wild and unenclosed Highland districts, to carry *young boys* out to the *marhes*, between two lairds' lands, and at every point where the line of separation seemed most likely, in after time, to be disputed, to subject the poor unfortunate *witnesses* to corporal chastisement, that, along with the indelible impression of pain, the recollection of "place" might be ever after associated!

we termed at school a "fair find," which bore indisputably the mint impression. And if you have now finally dismissed "Miladi Morgan," and closed accounts with the "London," I do not see how you can employ your pages to more advantage, than by bringing your readers acquainted with an essay, which, from the extremely unpretending position it occupies, has not yet met with that public notice and approbation it will ultimately most unquestionably secure.

How very strangely are things ordered in this bustling, book-making world! *There* is an ingenious essay, containing ample materials, under ordinary management, for a volume, and which, by a little bookselling address, might almost be extended into one as it is, jammed up with its back to the boards, like a malefactor in the pillory! whilst at the same time that there "*comes me forth*," bluff and blowsy, puffing and blowing, in all the mystification of an exploded mythology, "the Thane of Fife," the great "PHANTASMAPOLIST" * of his day, with extent enough, in all his borders, to margin off parterres and bowling-greens for sea-calves, sea-hogs and porpuses, "to disport withal;" the verses looking, "for all the world," like the "Babes in the Wood," twin and lovely even "*in sleep*," or like a bog-trotter's plot of potato ground amidst a whole landscape of moss, and heath, and barrenness; or, to come nearer home, and to speak more in keeping with the worthy Thane's own "kingdom" itself, like "Robinson Crusoe's" habitation in the centre of his desert and uncultivated island! Is it fair? is it humane? is it—to come to the strong argument at last—policy? to break down a "weel willy gelding" under a load which a broad-chested and high-blooded stallion of the Waverley breed alone could support? I hate all exhibitions of a cruel de-

scription, however astonishing they may be; the fly trailing over a table the neatly-constructed miniature carriage; the clown racking his loins in poisoning a horse-load of iron at a smid-dy door; the dwarf bearing the giant on his shoulders, like the figure of Atlas supporting the globe; and the mettlesome, and, when not over-loaded, sound-footed author of Anster Fair, bearing fardles, toiling and sweating under whole reams of hot-press.

The Appendix, Mr Editor, to a consideration of which, after (as a regular bred book-writer would express himself) these *necessary* preliminaries, we are now about to proceed, is the work of a classical scholar, well known and justly esteemed in the country to which he belongs, and which he has, for upwards of forty years past, enriched by his public prelections, and, latterly, by excellent editions of the Latin Classics *. I refer to Dr John Hunter, Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews. Nay, never start, Mr Editor, or discompose your head in the least, as if I were about to conduct you beyond your depth and power of self-extrication, into the sludge of the Nor'-loch, or the quicksands of Portobello. The "View" is "suited to the *meane*st capacity." Listen to the Doctor himself upon this subject:—"I have been induced," says he, "to subjoin "*a View*" of the moods and tenses, so far as seems necessary, in an elementary work, and adapted to the *comprehension* of a *young scholar entering* on the study of the Latin language." Now, Mr Editor, if you are not content to rank in understanding beneath the very "*Belgoits*" of the High-school forms, you will have no difficulty whatever

* Phantasmapolist! We mean no disrespect to Mr Tennant, "Queen of Tays," and only hope his "*nutritive studies*" may fully reward his labours.—Our censure is levelled against the booksellers, who make us pay nine shillings for a two-and-sixpenny print.

* *Vide* Preface.

* Dr Hunter's Editions of the Latin Classics are too well known and appreciated in the classical world to require any enumeration or eulogium here. They are all printed in a very neat type, by Mr Tullis of Cupar, who, we are happy to observe, is preparing to publish a third edition of the first five books of Livy, with valuable English annotations, on which the Doctor is reported to have bestowed particular attention, and to have exhibited a very favourable specimen of his critical talents.

in following the Doctor through this original, but plain and convincing disquisition, on "Moods and Tenses." But, first, let me ask you one question. Did these "Moods and Tenses" never occasion to you, during your school or academical education, any trouble or uneasiness? Have they never made any impression, I do not say upon your memory, but upon your thumb-balls, or shoulder-blades? Have you never sat, like Mordaunt betwixt Minna and Brenda, not knowing which way to turn you, with the subjunctive on the one side, and the indicative on the other, each possessing and exhibiting claims to your adoption? Have you never questioned the "present subjunctive" how he came to officiate, for his more direct and workman-like coadjutor, "the imperative"—or boldly challenged the pluperfect, for interfering with the province and domain of the same tense indicative? If you have never been, in your school-years, so pestered and teased with these various and contradictory claims amongst the Moods and Tenses of the Latin verb, that you came at last to entertain Nero's wish, that there were but one neck to strike, one form of "Conjugation," one "Voice," one "Mood," one "Tense," one "Number," one "Person," in existence: I say, if you have never actually experienced or approximated this state, you are not assuredly in a condition to appreciate this Appendix. But, my good Sir, I know better things of you; I know that you are a scholar in the best and most legitimate sense of the term: I know that you *must* have met with those difficulties in the early, as well as in the more advanced stages of your education, which none but "*dunces*" escape; and that you still continue to derive an elegant, and an exquisite pleasure, from a daily perusal of the ancient classics. I know, indeed, and I rejoice in the knowledge, that you are not a "*great scholar*," in the modern acceptation of the term. There are such "*things*," Mr Editor, termed "*scholar*," now-a-days, as are enough to bring all scholarship into contempt. Sordid, mean, plodding, bookworms, men of "*authority*" and mere reading, who make a lumber-garret of their head, into which are cast, in one promis-

cuous derangement, difficult passages, unwanted usages, misnamed opinions of opinionless doctors, criticisms ten times criticised, with here and there a *spark* of their own striking out, which, like *that* which is elicited on the glowing anvil, drops immediately into obscurity and eternal extinction. Such "*Existences*" are only fitted by nature for composing *Dictionaries*, with half a score of different and even contradictory meanings affixed to every word; *Vocabularies* with wrong quantities, and errors in geography; and *Collectaneas* and *Excerptas*, whose sole purpose is to excerpt the king's coin out of the pockets of *those* who have none to spare. Like Sancho on his enchanted Pegasus, they imagine they are ascending the ethereal altitudes, and conversing with the inhabitants of the Zodiac—when, lo! they have been only rocking all the while backwards and forwards, with their eyes blindfolded, on a terrestrial *hobby-horse*, to the exquisite entertainment of all the spectators*. But you are none of these, and will listen, I know, not only with patience, but with pleasure, whilst I lay before you an entirely original and most striking view of those Moods and Tenses, which have hitherto baffled all investigation.

The great and leading propositions which the author of the Appendix proceeds to lay down and to illustrate, are the two following:—

1st, That there is, properly speaking, no specific difference, with regard to Tense or Time, betwixt the *Indicative* and the *Subjunctive* moods.

* I should be extremely sorry indeed to include, under this general allegation, the genius and the labours of many most eminent scholars and worthy men; and I owe it to sincere esteem for the author, as well as to a sense of justice, to particularize, by exception, Mr Carson's little, ingenious, and practically useful View of the "Construction of the Subjunctive Mood with the Relative Qui, Quæ, Quod;"—a work which, whatever may be the opinion entertained of the leading view, is interspersed and enriched, in every page, with critical observations and philological remarks, which clearly bespeak a mind originally acute, and, by extensive reading, and much reflection, long habituated to minute and accurate enquiry.

2dly, That all the Tenses, both of the Indicative and of the Subjunctive Mood, are either of the *present* or of the *past* time; or, in other words, that the *present* and *past* are two fixed points, with reference to which all the ideas contained in these complex forms, called Moods and Tenses, are to be estimated.

In illustration of these two propositions, for we shall not attempt to separate them, it will be proper, in the first place, to admit the Doctor to speak for himself.

The verbs which our grammarians have termed *auxiliary*, are chiefly these: *am, do, have, shall, will, may, can*. One or other of these we employ, or may employ, in rendering literally into English the Moods and Tenses of the Greek and Latin verb. These verbs, however, when combined with a noun or subject, constitute, each of them, the predicate of a proposition. They all of them express an *assertion*, affirmative or negative; and consequently they are all verbs in the *indicative mood*. *I do, I do not; I have, I have not; I shall, I shall not; I will, I will not; I may, I may not; I can, I cannot*. From this view of the subject, some important consequences seem deducible.

1. These auxiliaries being all verbs in the indicative mood, and all of them, when combined with a noun or *subject*, expressing an *assertion*, it follows, that the Tenses of the Latin *Subjunctive*, or *Potential*, or *Optative*, as in certain instances it has been called, as well as the *Subjunctive* and *Optative* of the Greek verb, which involve these auxiliaries, and are rendered into English by means of them, are also *indicative*. To consider certain of those Forms or Tenses as exclusively *indicative* or *assertive*, and others as *not so*, seems to be founded completely in misapprehension, and tends to perplex and mislead. "*I may write*," "*I might write*," are equally assertions, as "*I do write*," and "*I did write*." The thing indicated or asserted is different; but, in as far as assertion is concerned, they are completely similar; they stand on precisely the same footing.

2. Such expressions as "*I may read*," "*I may write*," "*I might read*," "*I might write*," "*I may have read*," "*I may have written*," "*I might have read*," "*I might have written*," &c. are incorrectly and improperly considered as *Moods*, or *Modes*, of *reading* and of *writing*, &c. The verb *may* that is *generic*, or the *term* to be modified, and the other verbs

annexed to it contain the modification. The verb *may* predicates *liberty* in general of its nominative or subject; "*may read*," "*may write*," predicate *liberty in read and to write*. They express not *liberty in general*, but *liberty modified* or particularised. They ought therefore to be considered as Modifications of Liberty. They are Modes or Moods of the Verb *may*, not of the Verbs *read* and *write*. The same observations are applicable to all our other auxiliaries. The Verb *can* predicates *power* or *ability*; "*can read*," "*can write*," predicate particular power, the power or ability to perform those particular actions; and so of the rest.

The ingenious author then proceeds to shew, that what has been advanced respecting the English auxiliaries, is likewise applicable to the Moods and Tenses of the learned languages, with this difference, however, that what is *prefixed* in a separate state in the *former*, is *affixed* in a coalesced or combined state in the latter; that the "*am*" in *scribam*, *leg-am*, *teg-am*, is really and truly the equivalent of "*I may*," or "*I can*," or "*I shall*," or "*I will*," which general enunciations are modified by the verb *scrib*, *leg*, *teg*, and not the reverse; and that consequently in Latin as in English, the "*modal*" difference, as it has been termed, is expressed, by those terminations or generic verbs, which are *common*, and always *assertive*, and not by those initiatory parts which are particular and individual. He then carries us forward to another part of his inference, which goes to the restriction of the English auxiliaries, and of their equivalents in Latin termination, to the direct expression of *two* times, or points of time only, viz. the *present* and *past*, "*am, do, have, shall, will, may, can*," all expressing *present*—whilst "*was, did, had, should, would, might, could*," are equally *indicative* of the *past*; there being no form of these auxiliaries, or of the corresponding Latin terminations, which is appropriated to the direct expressions of *future* time. Now, let us endeavour to bring these preliminary observations to bear upon the actualities of the Latin verb, as we find it arranged and declined by Moods and Tenses in our Rudiments, keeping, at the same time, the two original objects of proof

still in view ; that all the *Tenses*, (namely) whether *indicative* or *subjunctive*, are *equally assertive* ; and that all of them are either *present* or *past*. In order to bring out fully into view the relations of *time* in particular, let the *Tenses* be placed in connection or combination with any other verb, or part of a sentence implying time, say "*pollicentur se facturos quæ*," thus—

Quæ imperat,	
— imperavit,	
— imperabit,	{ se facturos pollicentur
— imperet,	
— imperaverit, (per.)	
— imperaverit, (fut.)	

II.

Quæ imperabat,	
— imperaverat,	{ se facturos pollicentur
— imperaret,	
— imperavisset,	

The first set of Examples are all presents, each of them containing in itself an expression of present time, with reference to which all the other ideas involved in it are to be estimated. "They promise *now*, that they will do

	{ he <i>now</i> commands."
what	{ he <i>now</i> hath commanded."
	{ he <i>shall</i> command."
	{ he <i>may</i> command."
	{ he <i>may</i> have commanded."
	{ he <i>shall</i> have commanded."

In this combination, *imperat* states the act of commanding as *now* present, at the time when they promise ; *imperavit* states it as *now* past ; *imperabit* as *now* future ; *imperet* as *now* contingent or possible, as an event that *may* take place ; *imperaverit* (perf.) states the *having* commanded as *now* contingent or possible ; *imperaverit* (fut.) states it as *now* future.

The second set of examples are all *past* Tenses, each of them containing in itself an expression of *past* time, with reference to which all the other ideas contained in it are to be estimated. "They promised *then*, that they would do

what	{ he <i>then</i> commanded."
	{ he <i>had</i> then commanded."
	{ he <i>should</i> command."
	{ he <i>might</i> command."
	{ he <i>might</i> have commanded."
	{ he <i>should</i> have commanded."

In this combination *imperabat* exhibits the act of commanding as having the same reference to *past* time that *imperat* (commands) has to the *present* ; and therefore

may justly be considered as the *past* time of *imperat*. *Imperaverat* represents the act of commanding as *then* past, and is therefore the *past* time of *imperavit*. *Imperaret* represents the act of commanding either as *then* future, or as *then* contingent or possible. In the former case it may be considered as the *past* time of *imperabit*. *Imperabit* states the act of commanding as *now* future, or future at the present time ; *imperaret* as *then* future, future at a *past* time, which in this instance is the time of the promise. They are therefore related to each other as *present* and *past*. On the other hand, if *imperaret* be considered as representing the act of commanding as *then* contingent or possible, a thing that *might* be, it will then be the *past* time of *imperet*, the latter exhibiting the conception in reference to the *present* time, the former exhibiting the same conception in relation to *past* time. The affinity of signification between the future indicative and the present subjunctive, as formerly observed, is so great, that their terminations often coincide ; and hence they always unite in one *past* form, the imperfect of the subjunctive. What increases the difficulty of this part of the subject is, that we have in English no auxiliary verb so generalised, as, like the terminations of the Latin imperfect subjunctive, to include the particular meanings expressed by *should* and *might*, so as to be equally applicable to both. In making up the mind, likewise, to express the conception, we do not always select the same views as the Latin does ; nor does the English idiom always mark the relation of events to one another in respect of time, as contemporaneous, or prior, or posterior, with the same minuteness, as the Latin does. These two last circumstances increase the difficulty, and add to our embarrassment in our enquiries on this subject, as we are apt to consider the different and often more vague statement of the English language, as an exact counterpart of that given by the Latin.

It has already been observed, that the pluperfect subjunctive expresses precisely the same conception as the perfect and the future subjunctive, differing from these in no circumstance but the *time*, and expressing the same thing with reference to *past* time, which they express with reference to the *present*. These two ought therefore to be considered as *present* forms, and the pluperfect as the correspondent *past* form. *Imperaverit*, E. G. states the having commanded as *now* contingent or future ; *imperavisset* as *then* contingent or future, contingent or future at a *past* time ; but of itself neither

indicates the time of the actual command, nor any time or event to which it was to be prior, or before which it was to take place. *Imperavisset*, however, in the connection in which it stands in the example given, is naturally, if not necessarily, conceived to have a double reference, one to the time of the *promise* (*pollicebantur*,) with respect to which the commanding *was* future or contingent; the other to the execution of the command (*ficturos*,) which it was to precede, and with respect to which it was to be *past*. "They promised that they would execute his commands, when the act of commanding, *then* contingent or future, should once be *past*." This clumsy circumlocution is in some degree requisite to bring fully into view what is so concisely and neatly expressed in Latin.

This is a short abstract, Mr Editor, (without at all adverting to its beautiful application to the Greek subjunctive and optative, which of course are all present and past Tenses) of that ingenious view, by means of which the subject of Mood and Tense is simplified and adapted to the comprehension of a "young scholar, entering upon the study of the Latin language." What is your opinion of the subject, as it has now been laid before you?

I am yours, &c.

RUSTICUS.

Editor's deliverance upon the subject proposed for his consideration.

It is my opinion, that the paper subjected to my judgment contains, within a nut-shell, as it were, the embryo of much future advancement in the science of Grammar, and that it points out the *only* truly philosophical method, which has yet been discovered, of arriving at a fixed and definite principle, in regard to the nature and application of the subjunctive mood. Whilst men of less originality of mind, and more devotedness to imitation, are still plodding on in 'the old track, making motion, indeed, but no advance, the venerable and most ingenious author before us goes to the fountain-head at once; and, by analyzing the nature of the *spring*, is enabled to account for the *source* and operation of the waters. I shall not be surprised, however, to find that these inductive Gramma-

rians, who build all upon *use*, shall raise the hue and cry against this essay, as the shrine-makers of Diana did against the Apostles; for, if ~~the~~ principles it assumes, and, indeed, clearly evolves, be ultimately admitted, as they have every chance to be, these men will be compelled, in future, to forego the Index and Dictionary authority, for an investigation of the laws by which the mind of man is regulated in the formation, apprehension, and adaptation, of languages. When I view the laborious efforts of those grammarians, who, without giving themselves any uneasiness about the *nature* of the *subjunctive mood*, taken abstractedly, and by itself, are ever endeavouring to enumerate and define the number and character of the instances in which this mood has actually been used, I seem to contemplate conduct equally preposterous with *his*, who should attempt to describe the power of the lever, or the force of steam, by an inductive enumeration of the instances in which these agents have *actually* been seen to work. The subjunctive mood has already been applied in a great variety of ways; and were we in full possession of all the once extant books of Rome, it might appear to have been applied in a still greater: And what limits us from carrying on the supposition of possible application, in an extended theatre of use, to infinity itself, since, so soon as we are in possession of the nature of this mental "power," or "engine," we can regulate, and direct its application *at* pleasure; in other words, under the warrant of a general principle, we can apply this Mood legitimately, *when* and *where* it was never, perhaps, made use of before.

In our own language, as has been most judiciously observed by the very learned and ingenious author of the Appendix, what is termed the subjunctive form, is often made use of, when the intention, at least, is simply indicative, one Tense being, in a thousand instances, apparently substituted for another; and yet, nobody who *knows* any thing of the nature of language will, or can suppose, that the two forms were, in their primary, or original meaning, precisely identical; nor will any one,

who can appreciate the effect of his own intuitive perceptions merely, fail to recognise an indescribable, it may be, but yet a distinctly perceptible difference. Take a sentence at random in illustration of this: "What o'clock will it be? I *should* think it *were* time to shut shop." Deprive this sentence of its idiomatic form, and translate it with reference to the "intention" of the speaker alone, and it becomes, "What o'clock is it? I think, or I *do* think, it is time to shut shop." (Or it may be expressed thus, "I *should* think it is time;" or even "I *do* think it *were* time;" and yet, by every alteration in the Tenses, though no change is effected upon the true import or intention, a manifest one, in point of *effect*, is felt by one class, and even appreciated in its source by another. The use of the future, instead of the present, in "will it be," implies a wish to obtain information respecting the present, in reference to some future event, to which the mind is looking, or supposed to be looking forward, at the time of, or previous to, the enquiry. "I *should* think," differs from "I *do* think," in as much as by representing my thinking as an event which, at a future period will come to be considered as past, it takes off the *directness* of the assertion, and makes it seemingly less *positive*, and consequently more *polite*; and so of the other parts, which I may not now analyze. In the same manner, the Latin use of the subjunctive, in many instances, when the effect is clearly indicative, or even when the indicative might stand in its place, is to be apprehended and explained: for example, when Cæsar says in one page, *cum Ariovistus pugnasset*, and in the next, *cum pugnaret*, every individual understands the *import* of the statement to be "when, or after, Ariovistus had *actually* fought," and not, as the subjunctive form might seem to warrant, "when he *might* have fought, but *actually* did not." But nobody has any *feeling*, as it were, of the difference, in point of effect, betwixt these two forms of expression for the same thing; and the reason is, that this feeling, or instinctive apprehension, can only exist in the case of a mother tongue,

or spoken language. We do not, indeed, say in English, "after Ariovistus *should* have fought the battle," in the sense of having actually fought it; but if we did, there were nothing more reconcilable with the idiom of our language, than the adoption of such English phraseology as has already been adduced.

In short, whether I consider this Essay, in reference to the ground which has been already cleared, or to that, perhaps, still more extensive field, for the clearing of which an adequate instrument is provided, it is my decided opinion, that the venerable and highly ingenious author has merited the cordial thanks of all who are interested in such refined speculations.

EDITOR.

SIR ANDREW WYLIE, OF THAT ILK.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF
THE PARISH," &c. 3 VOLS. EDIN.
1822.

It has long been a fashion among a certain class of wittlings, to throw out sarcasms against persons of our invidious calling, and to assert, that we review books without the ceremony of reading them, and pronounce our judgment in language so provokingly general, that it is equally impossible, either to subscribe to our deliverances, or refute our absurdities. We flatter ourselves, that, on the present occasion, we shall prove, to the satisfaction of the most sceptical, that we have read the performance of which we are about to lay before our readers some account; and we shall produce such numerous and abundant reasons for the opinion we have been led to form, as shall afford the author every possible advantage in turning aside the edge of our remarks, if he finds them a little sharper than his vanity may have led him to anticipate. It is very natural for a writer whose mind, to use his own words on another occasion, is "so inexpediently fine," to look for nothing but the balm of flattery and the tribute of unmingled applause. He, therefore, who presumes to call in question that which is believed to be little short of per-

fection, and to express his honest belief, that a given work is filled with improbabilities, inconsistencies, and blunders, should be prepared to show cause why the public should not refuse to ratify the judgment which he has taken upon himself the responsibility to pronounce.

"Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk," professes to be a "true and authentic history" of a Scottish peasant boy of the very lowest class, who, by dint of impudence, low cunning, and mother wit, aided by an uninterrupted series of lucky chances, raises himself, or, to speak more correctly, is raised to affluence and rank, and whom the author traces through a long catalogue of incredible adventures, till at last, after his strange eventful career, he subsides into an M. P., a baronet, and a benedict; when he is somewhat scurvily turned adrift by his creator, the author of "Annals of the Parish," to end his days as he best may, in a landward parish of Ayrshire. The birth of the hero is not a little obscure and ambiguous; nor does it very distinctly appear whether he was a scion of legitimacy, or merely one of those wild plants that sometimes shoot up uncalled for in Nature's wide and lawless common. We are led to entertain a doubt here, because the young little porpus is introduced solely by his Christian name, and only acquires the cognomen of Wheelie, afterwards anglicised into Wylie, by the following truly memorable occurrence:—"After the dismissal of the school, as he was playing with the other boys on the high road, a carriage and four horses, with outriders, happened to pass. The school-boys shouted with gladness, and our hero animated the shout into laughter, by calling out, 'Weel dune, wee wheelie, the muckle ane canna catch you!' From that time forward he was called 'Wheelie;' and afterwards, when he learned to write, he marked his books and copies with 'Andrew Wheelie, his book.'" His parents, whoever they were, having left him to his fate, his only and sole earthly guardian was a "clashin carlin" called Martha Docken, who acted to our hero in the relation of maternal grandmother. He is sent to school, however; where he

improves in knowledge and mischief, but especially the latter, with the rapid facility of "great geniuses bred in humble circumstances," and is likewise occasionally operated on by the "'Taws, that dreaded *Satrap* (*verbum est auctoris*) of Scottish didactic discipline." We have next a touching episode of a pyct, (Anglicè, a magpie), which meets with a most tragical death ("a favourite has no friend") at the hands of an infuriated ancient maiden, Miss Mizy Cunningham, on whose bobbing the thievish magpie had committed several acts of petty larceny. Our hero, the legal proprietor and guardian of the feathered culprit, had his revenge. With the aid of several companions, as wicked and as vindictive as himself, and after some prefatory matter intended to lull her suspicions, a whole tub-full of dirty water was in a trice darted full in the face of the luckless maiden, whom, in her hapless plight, all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten. This was quite glorious, and will excite unqualified admiration in the nursery. But "to-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning," says the Celtic proverb. The schoolmaster, Mr Tannyhill, took up the affair. An inquiry was instituted, and, after a fair trial, our hero was sentenced, not to the correction of that "dreaded *Satrap*"—"the Taws," but to commit to memory the fifty psalms of David first in order, as a punishment for the unsavoury unction of the unfortunate Miss Mizy. "The Task" is really described in our author's best manner, and throws Cowper's quite into the shade. The little greasy, bull-necked rogue, succeeds at last, however, in mastering this goodly item of the psalmody, having received special aid and encouragement in his labours from a mad romp of a lassie, Mary Cunningham, daughter of the Laird of Craiglands, and niece to the neglected flower Miss Mizy, "of whom mair anon." The next adventure of this "great genius bred in humble circumstances" is entering into partnership with a huckster-woman in a fair. The adventure, like many others better planned, and more deserving of success, was unfortunate, and Wheelie gained nothing but a little wisdom,

at a little expence. It appears to have been about this period, too, that he began to acquire his natural taste for refined and elegant society—which was afterwards of such signal service to him—by associating with “travelling tinklers, blue-gowns, and old soldiers.” In due time, Wheelie, who, like death, must do something for his bread, was bound apprentice to John Gledd the messenger. Gledd died, however, as all messengers sooner or later must; and our hero, innately conscious of the general vocation of his countrymen to the South, resolves, by and with the counsel and advice of the foresaid Martha Docken, to try his fortune in London! To London he goes accordingly, and is received into the office of a Mr Vellum, a solicitor. The name of this gentleman irresistibly brings to our recollection two lines of a certain justly-celebrated Tragic Poet:—

“For never bond on legal Vellum seal’d,
Gave stronger confidence to expectation.”

Wheelie had not been many days under the roof of the man of deeds, parchments, and briefs, when Lord Sandford, a client of the solicitor’s, gives a masquerade. Having previously clapt his eyes on the unluckied Scotch cub, it occurred to the waggish peer to play off the new importation, on the credulity of the fashionables, as an assumed character sustained to the life. Andrew is accordingly produced—plays his part to a miracle—attracts the notice of his Lordship—receives an invitation to dine with a large party of the nobility at Lord Sandford’s—and—(for we must be brief)—contrives to find out that the peer and his lady are just on fashionable terms, that is, they detest each other very cordially, and never meet except at table. This last discovery affords him an opportunity to—(to do what, thinkest thou, courteous reader?)—why, to lecture a peer of the realm on his conduct to his wife! and this, be it farther observed, the very first moment he had direct access to his Lordship, and just six days after his arrival in London, fresh from the intellectual society of “tinkers, blue-gowns, and lame soldiers.”—Of course, the complaisant nobleman takes the lecture as no insult, and does not convert the

young Scot into a projectile moving through the window frame with a given velocity, or fairly knock out his brains—if he had any; mischances to which Wheelie might have subjected himself, had my lord Sandford been a man of warmer blood, or more inflammable temperament. But this is not the most wonderful part of this wonderful whole. We all know that Lords do odd things, and that the peerage is a privileged order; but it is not quite so common for that most cautious, cunning, and quirkish of all animals, a London solicitor, to give the reins to his imagination, and to devise “vain things.” Yet, were we to believe the faithful biographer of “Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk,” we would, of course, receive as gospel, that Wheelie, before he had been long enough in London to distinguish the Monument from St Paul’s or Westminster Abbey, was sent by Vellum to Lord Sandford, to discourse with the peer on Bonds, Bills, Mortgages, and Incumbrances—words which Wheelie could, in these circumstances, have known just as much about as the author of “the Earthquake” (with reverence be it spoken) knows, at present, of Greek or Amharic! To console us for all this, however, we are told that Lady Augusta Spangle, the daughter of the Marquis of Avonside, and the wife of Lord Sandford, was, in many respects, “the reflex of her accomplished” husband. This, no doubt, gives us vast insight into her character, especially as the author, had he written English, would have informed his readers, that Lady Augusta was not the “reflex,” but the reverse of her husband. We are “certain sure,” as the author of *Maddelen* says, that she must indeed have been different indeed from her mean-spirited husband, if she was the high-bred daughter of an English Marquis. All of a sudden, however, and before you could say Jack Robertson, there is the devil to pay between this “best of husbands” and the “reflex” Lady Augusta Spangle Sandford. A reputation-damning paragraph appears in the *Morning Post*, insinuating certain charges of gallantry against her ladyship. This, her manly and “accomplished lover,” as the author calls her husband, very properly be-

lieves, without enquiry or examination; and Lady Augusta, who is innocent of all crime, and as chaste as polar snow, and apparently as cold, leaves her own house in high dudgeon, and returns to her father. Now comes forth our matchless hero, in all the glory of his "mediatorial capacity;" and he engages with the greater assiduity and zeal, in trying to recover the "reflex" and fugitive spouse of Lord Sandyford, as the very generous peer had, prior to this rompus, compelled his agent Vellum to settle out of his own purse £.750 per annum on the Scottish Don Birbone! We have neither time nor inclination to follow this prodigy of wisdom through all his manœuvrings, and expedients, and attempts to cure the Earl's "intellectual distemperature," and to bring his wife once more to live with him. It is nonsense to go about the bush with our readers. He accomplishes his object, as every novel-reader, with half an eye, could have seen from the beginning, and even obliges a friend in the interim—for Wheelie is a perfect non-such in managing camstary fathers and run-away wives)—by getting a gruff, old, aristocratical Baronet, to surrender his daughter and the co-heiress of his estate to a pennyless fortune-hunter, who had retained Wheelie for that especial purpose. Soon after, the noble couple are reconciled—Wheelie is brought into parliament, by the interest of the Marquis of Avonside, —gets a baronetcy by the favour of the grateful and "reflex" Lady Augusta—marries the "lassie Mary Cunningham"—and is most shabbily and scurvily turned to the right-about by the author, just when a young Wheelie is about to "visit the glimpses of the moon," and to give promise of carrying down to after ages the celebrated cognomen, of the very interesting circumstance that gave rise to which the reader is already informed.

We shall now take the liberty to favour our readers with a few remarks, which have suggested themselves to our minds in the course of perusing the present work. This will be the more necessary, as, borne on by the direct current of the narrative, we had, in our analysis, no

time or occasion to notice the by-eddies and whirlpools in the course.

In the course of his go-between expeditions, the hero of this story, like many other heroes, and many who are not heroes, has occasion to pass through a wood, in which he very naturally falls in with Gypsies, who, with the habitual tact of the Don Birbone school, soon detect in him a kindred and congenial spirit, and accordingly entertain him hospitably, and escort him to the skirts of the forest. Afterwards, however, part of the same crew, and amongst them our author's guide, are caught in the fact plundering the body of a dead man, who had been murdered on the high-way, and, as a matter of course, sent to prison, on suspicion of having perpetrated the murder. For the credit of his humanity, our hero could do no less than lay Lord and Lady Sandyford on the shelf for a season, and take the innocent Gypsies by the hand. Accordingly, he fees counsel at his own expense—sets a Gypsy Sybil, intended to be the successor to Meg Merrilies, to work in the emucation of the case—and succeeds, by dint of such proof as never was, and never could be, tendered to a Court of Justice, in establishing the innocence of the Gypsies—by "throwing suspicion" on Sir Hubert Mowbray, who had been the benefactor of the deceased!! The case, as far as concerns Sir Hubert, is somewhat singular, and deserves to be told, especially as we shall have occasion immediately to compliment our author on his extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Law of England. Some twenty-one years before the period in question, Knarl, the man who had been murdered, had been in affluent circumstances, from which, as will be seen just now, he afterward passed, by his extravagance, into extreme want. During his prosperity, he had formed a design to seduce a poor gardener's daughter, Alice Cresswell, in which laudable and virtuous enterprize Sir Hubert was his rival. But Knarl was the successful spoiler: therefore, says our incomparable author in a chapter entitled "Sagacity," Sir Hubert Mowbray must have retained deadly and mortal resentment against

Knarl, for the space of one and twenty years after the fact, when his passions had cooled, and his reason had time to regain the ascendancy! and on this long-cherished feud, must have put the unhappy Knarl to death on the King's high-way! It is true, that Knarl, after his impious triumph, had gone back in the world, and the hand of Providence had been laid upon him in visible anger; it is true, that, when reduced to beggary, his former rival had not only relieved the immediate pressure of his wants, but had given him one of his own farms, and set him once more in a fair way to do well; it is true, that this same Knarl was a man of profligate character and brutal manners—or, as a great Tragic Poet has it, “gruff and Turkish in his way, by Mary Virgin!” All this is true, or at least admitted by the author, from which he draws the inference that Sir Hubert had every reason to murder Knarl, and, what is worse still, he makes the judge and jury as miserable logicians as himself. This is “inexpediently fine” with a vengeance. The mischief of it is, that it is not original; being nothing more or less than a miserable attempt to imitate the horrible interest of the main fact in Caleb Williams—the murder of Tyrrel by Falkland—which is ultimately traced to the real perpetrator by a concatenation of circumstances more ingeniously imagined than any thing to be found in the whole compass of fictitious writing, and, almost equal to some of those *dénouemens* by which Providence brings to light the “hidden works of darkness,” rendering them as manifest as if they had been proclaimed on the house-tops.

We have already hinted, that we would have occasion to compliment the author on his knowledge of the Law of England. In describing the trial of the Gypsies, for the supposed murder of Knarl, he does not seem to be aware, that “it is a settled rule, at common law, that no counsel shall be allowed a prisoner upon his trial upon the general issue, in any capital crime, unless some point of law shall arise proper to be debated.” This rule is founded upon the noble declaration of the English law, that the judge shall be of coun-

sel for the prisoner; which, however, being rightly interpreted, only means, that the judge shall see that the proceedings against him “are legal, and strictly regular;” and that the prisoner do not suffer from the want of counsel. Upon the general issue, in a trial for a capital offence, (Treason only excepted), no counsel in England can address a jury on the general bearing of the facts that have come out in evidence, unless, in the course of the trial, there shall arise a question of law fit to be debated; and in that case, counsel address the bench, and not the jury. In like manner, although, by the law of England, the judge shall be of counsel for the prisoner, in the sense above-mentioned, that is, shall see that the proceedings be strictly legal and regular, and shall give the prisoner the benefit of every doubt that may arise from the conflicting statements of the evidence for the prosecution; it was never known or heard of, that an English judge should become *bonâ fide* counsel for the prisoner, and labour for his acquittal, like a hired advocate in Scotland; or should read to the jury a defence drawn up by the prisoner at the bar, or somebody for him. Yet, if we are to believe this author, *such* is the practice in all cases. “After a short pause,” says he, (Vol. II. p. 201.), “the judge enquired what the prisoners had to urge in their defence? and Blondell, (the stuttering barrister), replied for them, that they had prepared a short statement, which *they hoped the judge would read to the jury!*” Why, Mr Blunderer, we can inform you, that no counsel, however great a stammerer he might have been, would have ever expressed any such “hope” on the part of his clients: he would have simply begged, that the court would order the associate to read the paper to the jury, the prisoners having previously declared that they could not read. The blunderer is, however, aggravated by Lord Sandylford, who was on the bench, and who had been previously tutored to his part, by the vulgar booby Wylie. He intercepts the powerful document in its progress to the judge, and very politely proceeds to read it to the jury—a thing which never did, and never could happen in an Eng-

lish Court of Justice! The reason assigned by the author for this unheard-of deviation from long-established practice, is at once original and curious:—"The judge would mumble it." The "mumbling" of a judge has not commonly been held sufficient excuse for violating the law. The author of *Waverley* manages things better: so dangerous is it for fools and children to handle edge-tools! We forgot to mention, that the unhappy Sir Hubert cuts the matter short, by leaping, as in duty bound, from a two-pair-of-stairs window, and ignobly perishing on the spot. This is cutting the knot, not loosing it. To hang a baronet, would have been worse than "hanging a bailie," and by no means popular in the work of a loyal man, like the author before us. "Dog on't, but this is dreadful!"

We have said, that the hero became a "Parliament-man." By what interest, the reader will promptly ask? Why—*credat Judeus!*—by that of the Gypsies—and their gift of prophecy! As this may look strange to some of the slender sceptics of the Parliament-House, we refer to Vol. III. Chap. iii. *passim*. After his election, Wheelie returns to London—goes to Windsor on a prowling reconnoitring expedition—accidentally encounters the late King George III., whom he somewhat oddly mistakes for a veteran pensioner and sinecurist—holds a long-winded dialogue with the sovereign—and ends by inviting him to breakfast at an alehouse, an honour which the Monarch somewhat unaccountably declines. He is *pr. vented* soon after, and discovers his mistake; but every thing goes well, as the habitual self-possession, *alias* impudence, of the little deformed Scot, never leaves or forsakes him, and enables him to weather a breeze that would have shipwrecked a man of no common assurance. In reading this, one cannot avoid, even in spite of one's self, calling to mind the inimitable interview of Jeannie Deans with Queen Caroline—one of the most touching and effectively pathetic scenes in the wide compass of the English language. To be sure, the circumstances were different, but so also was the power of the Mighty

Delineator and Master of the Human Heart. Wylie is likewise introduced to the "heaven-born Minister," who examines him as a bishop would do before confirmation, while in his turn, the pawky little Scot obliges "Chatham's boy" with a very well-timed, and very agreeable lecture on the necessity of continuing the war; and ends by converting Lord Riversdale, the son of his patron the Marquis of Avonside, from the manifold heresies and abominations of whiggery, to the tenets of a more lucrative and orthodox faith. Thus last is a delightful touch, and proves the author to be a shrewd observer of what is going on around him. He could not but perceive and remember, that all the "*fire and faggot Tories*" of the present day are neither more nor less than apostates and renegades from the generous but imprudent creed of their youth. Witness the Laureate, Sir John Copley, and many others of inferior name, whose modesty we will not offend, by designing them more particularly. Wylie, as we have said, gets a baronetcy, as many a better man has got promotion—by petticoat influence! But we cannot dwell any longer on this drivelling and wire-drawn performance—or chronicle the manifold humiliations and insults which Wheelie submits to, at the hand of the proud, addle-pated, and superannuated laird of Craiglands, in order to filch from him his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Mary Cunningham, with the incomparable hero of this matchless tale.

But we must bring these hasty remarks to a conclusion. The principal character is an ill-shaped, unlicked, lubberly Scotch lout, with a large share of the low, grovelling, and sordid cunning, peculiar to his countrymen of a particular class; of the most absurd and pedantic vanity; always coarse, and dust-licking, a buffoon without drollery; a wit without humour, a sage without wisdom; and incessantly meddling with other people's matters, and neglecting his own. The chapters and episodes, too, have much the same connection with one another as dozen haddocks suspended from the same stick passing through each "cyeless hole"—a cruel species of

juxta-position! The author's language, also, is in perfect keeping and congruity with the story; and being neither English, Irish, nor Scotch, may, without any impropriety, be said to be his own. The book contains many profound reflections, every way worthy of the far-famed author of "The Earthquake," and the deviser of "The Seven Principles of Political Science," for our friend Sir Richard. It has, however, one signal and prominent merit: it is highly moral in its tendency. It *may* do good, and can do no harm. 'This ensures its admission into the nursery, for the meridian of which it is obviously designed. Otherwise it is unnatural and improbable in the highest degree; makes the most startling demands on our faith; betrays incredible silliness and imbecility; and will, to all human appearance, be as short-lived as the author's greatest enemy can desire. If our author's literary reputation is finally to rest on such performances as this, he is building on the sand. The truth seems to be, however, that he is a squeezed orange, or, to vary the figure, that his vein is wrought out, and his fancy, naturally neither active nor vigorous, is at the end of its tether. His mind is an intellectual barrel-organ, that can be set to the droll tunes called "the Ayrshire Legatces," and "Micah Balwhidder," and no other; or he is like a horse in a gin, once round his puny circle, and, ever afterwards, he must patiently trudge over the same course. We have, however, yet one advice to give him. Before he sends forth any more of his manufactures, he would do well to provide himself with an English Dictionary*, in which useful book he will acquire much needful knowledge; learning, at the same time, that a "Satrap" does not mean a pedagogue's Ferula or "Taws;" that, "to vindicate," does not mean, in English, "to punish;" and that "Category," and "Interrogatory," are not yet become quite synonymous—low as Aristotle has fallen. With these few trifling and irrelevant objections, we give the book our entire approbation.

* Say Oliver & Boyd's edition of Johnson, price only 3s.

ON MR WILLIAMS'S EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

It has often been our pleasing duty to record the progressive improvement which the public taste, as well as the artists of this country, have undergone within the last few years: and in the discharge of it we have not hesitated to censure freely where we thought that there was room for still farther advancement. It is by fixing the expectations of the public at a very high standard, that the exertions of the artist are most likely to attain it; and he is the worst friend to the real interests of the Fine Arts, who would induce their professors to stop at any thing short of actual perfection.—If we had thought less highly of the genius of our countrymen, we would have been less solicitous to point out their imperfections; and it was just because we were convinced, that, by sufficient exertion, they might rival the great Masters of Antiquity, that we scrupled not to say, that hitherto at least, they were inferior to them.

In the Exhibition of which we now speak, there is room for more unqualified praise than in the works of any single artist in landscape painting to which this country has yet given birth. The distinguished gentleman who has produced them, has long been known, both here and in England, as one of the most beautiful landscape-painters which the island could boast; and the imperfections in colouring, which his early residence in this northern climate occasioned, has now been removed, by the stuff of the enchanting glow, and brilliant skies, of Italy and Greece. To the charm of natural beauty, he has united the magic of classical association: and, by selecting as the subjects of his pencil the most interesting and celebrated scenes of Grecian history, he has brought before our eyes, not merely the spots in Nature where she appears in her loveliest forms, but those to which human greatness has attached the most delightful recollections. In contemplating the field of Platæa, or the ruins of Athens, we unconsciously go back in imagination to the glorious events of which they were once the theatre: the lapse of two

thousand years is for a moment forgotten in the delight with which the very name they bear is combined—and a flood of early association rushes upon the mind, fraught with the first and the best emotions of which the heart is susceptible.

But it is not merely from the force of association, or the magic of historical names, that these paintings awaken such delightful emotions. The truth of their execution, and the sentiment of their composition, attract persons to whom such recollections are unknown. The traveller admires in them the faithful imitation of the buildings, the colouring, and the foliage, which characterize the south of Europe. The artist is struck by the beautiful combination of colours and objects which they display, and the knowledge which their author possesses of the secret principles of his art—while the man of taste, to whom technical merit is unknown, and who judges by the delight which he experiences, is charmed by the brilliant glow which he has thrown over his compositions, realizing in them all that poetry has said of the regions of the sun.

Where there is so much to admire, it is difficult to specify any piece which possesses peculiar excellence. The two, however, which appear to us to be most perfect, are the Views of the Temple of Minerva Sunium, and of the Parthenon, taken from the pillars of the Propylæa. In the first of these, the white marble columns of the temple are projected on a dark cloud, and driving rain is seen descending on the troubled sea in the distance. The composition is masterly in the highest degree. The only figures in the piece are two pirates emerging, from a glen in the foreground, and pointing to a bark which is landing its passengers at a little distance. These figures are not only entirely in consonance with the character of the scene, but truly characteristic of the spot, which is one of the most noted retreats of robbers in the whole Ægean sea.—The second represents the sun setting on the Temple of Minerva, and exhibits the appearance, so well known to Grecian travellers, of the shadows of its pillars projected horizontally along the interior of the edifice.—

The great charm of this painting consists in the *general effect* which distinguishes it, arising from the *breadth of shade* which is thrown over the foreground, and the breadth of light which illuminates the distance. Here, as in every other of his paintings, the architectural edifices are represented with the most scrupulous accuracy; nor do we know of any paintings, by any master, in which the truth of drawing, in that object, is so well united with the charm of almost ideal beauty.

In a very different style of painting, the *Field of Plataea* next claims our attention. The foreground, in this interesting picture, is composed of dark pines, rising in scattered confusion; and the little plain in the centre, where the battle was fought, is bounded by lofty mountains, whose summits are wrapped in clouds. There is a singular adaptation of this foreground to the character of the distance; and, in respect of composition, this painting is perhaps one of the best in the whole collection. The *Acrocorinthus* of Corinth, presents the same style of tempestuous grandeur, and the lights in the distance are managed with the finest effect; but the foreground, unfortunately, is unworthy of the remainder of the picture. It would seem as if the artist's fancy had deserted him when he began it, or been exhausted by the wild magnificence with which the clouds are thrown round the cliffs of the distant mountain.

The general effect which gives so indescribable a charm to the view of the Parthenon from the gate of the Propylæa, is eminently conspicuous in two other pieces; the view of *Ætna*, with the city of *Taorminum*, and the towers of *Plataea*, by moonlight. In the first of these, one "unbounded blaze of living light" is thrown over the mountain in the distance; while the city itself, and the castellated cliffs above it, are involved in an uniform tint of shade. The shade, however, is not the cold dusk of northern climates, but partakes of the warmth of the distant atmosphere, as if the air was tinged by the glow of the sun. There is no scene in Europe in which the characteristic features of Southern

scenery are more beautifully combined, or where there is more room for the production of the finest impressions which it is fitted to create; and it is fortunate that it has fallen into the hands of an artist so well qualified to represent it.

The Tombs of Platæa is a painting more simple in its composition, but still more sublime in its effect. The only objects in this picture are three tombs placed on the heath, with a single palm-tree, and the moon, with a few stars in the sky. Yet the effect produced by these simple objects is more enchanting than in any modern painting with which we are acquainted. The time selected is the moment when the first streaks of dawn appear above the horizon, and when the lustre of the stars is beginning to fade before the increasing light of day. The charm of this picture consists entirely in the magic of its light and shade; and it exhibits a signal example of the power of genius, in making the most ordinary objects beautiful, and of the taste with which the effect is adapted to the sentiment which history has attached to the scene.

The view of the interior of the Acropolis, with the ruins of the Temple of Erechtheus in the foreground, and the Parthenon in the distance, is one of the most charming pieces of colouring, as well as one of the finest specimens of architectural drawing, with which we are acquainted. The spectator is almost tempted to believe that he sees the sun shining on the ruined pillars, and on the brilliant colours of the carpet which is spread under the figure in the front of the temple.—The views of Thebes, and of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Egina, exhibit all the warmth and brilliancy of a Grecian sky. The wood, in the middle distance, in the latter, is rich and beautiful in the highest degree; and the aerial perspective in both, presents the same captivating marks of a Southern climate. Were we to make any criticism on these beautiful compositions, we would observe, that there is rather too much yellow in the colouring of Thebes, and that the trees in the foreground of the Egina Temple are unworthy both of the

scene in which they are placed, and of the artist by whom they are executed.

We cannot avoid noticing, in an especial manner, the scene in the island of Corfu, where the Gardens of Alcinous are supposed to have been placed. The distant mountains in that landscape, clothed with wood, and crowned by villages, are executed with the finest taste: and the light which is thrown over them is so charming, that we doubt if painting has ever achieved a more perfect representation of natural beauty. The trees in the foreground are not only beautiful in themselves, but a most correct imitation of the poplars which that country produces: and the whole presents a combination of excellence hardly to be excelled even in this interesting collection.

Without entering more into detail into the merits of this Exhibition, we shall conclude with observing, that in none will the lover of the arts discover more real beauty than in the two frames of brown sketches which he has presented to the public. There are four of these which we consider as perfect master-pieces of art, viz. The moonlight view of a Doric temple, emblematic of the wane of Grecian history—The sketch of the Temple of Theseus—of the Temple of Minerva Sunium—and of a round Corinthian edifice in the bay of Naples. These sketches we are inclined to place by the side of the best either in the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, or in the *Liber Studiorum* of Turner. The charm which distinguishes them will be found to consist in the broad and general effect which they exhibit; and it is a striking proof of how strongly this quality enters into the composition of beauty, that these slight sketches, which probably did not occupy the artist above a few hours, are more attractive than some of the larger paintings to which as many weeks have been devoted. We would earnestly recommend to Mr Williams to prosecute this style of drawing, and publish engravings of them, similar to those which have already appeared after Claude and Turner: and by so doing, we are confident he will not merely contribute to the

extension of his own fame, but do what he was eminently serviceable to the progress of art throughout the country.

The smaller studies also possess, in general, great merit. The forest scene, finished with gum, is extremely remarkable, both for the brilliancy of its colouring and the admirable drawing which it displays. The sketch of trees in the island in the lake of Monteith, with two other chalk drawings which adjoin it, exhibit the touch and shading which distinguish the practised observer of nature. But we cannot help observing, that there are several studies of Scotch scenes, which are unworthy of a place in so interesting a collection; although perhaps it is national partiality which renders us unwilling that the scenery in our own country should appear so much inferior to that in the more favoured climates of Europe.

Were we to make any criticism on the works of so distinguished a master, we would observe, that the foliage in the foregrounds of most of the landscapes is somewhat meagre; and that if Mr Williams would give to the trees, which immediately adjoin the eye, the same luxuriance with which he clothes those which are at a little distance from it, he would greatly improve his compositions.

It appears as if he forms his composition in general, without any tree at all in front of the piece; and after it is done, throws in some sappling to cover an uninteresting spot, or balance some weighty object. This is particularly conspicuous in the view of the Coliseum, of the Island of Egina, of the Temple of Minerva Sunium, and many others. Our Southern neighbours will perhaps be inclined to impute this defect to the country in which the greater part of his life has been spent; and allege, that, to an eye habituated to Scottish scenery, magnificence of foliage will seldom enter as an important element of beauty. Be this as it may, we cannot but regret that Mr Williams's taste so strongly inclines him to make the trees in the foreground so subordinate a part of his composition; and we regret this the more, because in the only landscape in which he has

followed a different system, viz. in the view of the Plain of Platea, they are brought in with such admirable effect, and touched with so masterly a hand. We are quite aware, that the scenery of Greece and Italy does not in general abound with magnificent wood; and that the Roman pines, which form the characteristic tree of the country, is distinguished by any thing, rather than the luxuriance of its foliage. But we cannot forget, that Claude and Poussin studied in the same country which Mr Williams has since delineated; and when we recollect the inimitable beauty of their foreground trees, and how deeply they enter into the composition of all their finest landscapes, we must continue to regret, that Mr Williams has availed himself so little of an element of beauty, which he has shewn himself so eminently qualified to execute.

Where there is so much to admire, however, it would be both an invidious and an ungrateful task to dwell upon the slight defects which a fastidious taste may fancy it discovers. We cannot help distrusting our own taste, when we find it at all at variance with that of a gentleman who has shewn himself so profoundly conversant with the most beautiful qualities of Nature; and we must say of this artist, as was formerly said of the Duke of Marlborough, that he has so many great qualities, that if he has any faults, we have forgotten what they are.

We cannot conclude, without congratulating the Metropolis upon so interesting an addition to its winter attractions, and the country upon the possession of an artist so capable of extending its celebrity among foreign nations. Want of taste has often been considered as the reproach of the people of this country; and their remote situation has hitherto afforded too much cause for regret that the reproach was well founded. The signal improvement in this particular which has taken place within these few years, must have attracted the attention of the most careless observer; and to nothing is this change to be more immediately ascribed, than to the influence of the gentleman whose works we have now been considering. To the real lovers of art,

nothing can be more gratifying than to observe the progress of taste in others ; but to perceive that progress taking place in consequence of his own exertions, must be the proudest feeling of which the mind of one interested in these subjects is susceptible. If any person in this country is entitled to feel this high gratification, it is Mr Williams : and we can say of ourselves with great sincerity, that if we are capable, either of appreciating his beauties, or of discerning what we imagine to be his imperfections, it is from his own works that we have derived the means of enjoying the one, or of estimating the other.

POLICE OF EDINBURGH.

MOST of our readers must be aware of the contentions to which the management of the Police of this city has lately given rise : First, between the Commissioners and the Superintendent ; and, Secondly, between the Commissioners and the public functionaries, namely the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Provost of the city, and the Sheriff of the county, with whom the power of dismissing the Superintendent is at present vested. It is not our intention to enter into all the various points of this angry contention ; but, considering the nature and title of our publication, it seems rather an inconsistency, that it should be wholly without any notice of matters so nearly touching the welfare and comfort of the city. It is with this view that we propose to consider calmly, we trust, and on general principles, the nature of the different measures proposed by the Commissioners and the Magistrates, for the regulation of the Police.

It may be laid down as a general maxim, that the perfection of all government consists in the union of Integrity and Wisdom ; and that system which necessarily tends to vest public trusts in the most able and worthy, is consequently the best. The most able and worthy must be elected out of the great mass of the community. They must be chosen on an impartial estimate of their respective merits, for they cannot be procured by chance. In this case, the

question comes to be, In what manner and by whom must they be chosen ? Who are likely to be the best and most impartial judges of their qualifications ? And to whom, therefore, ought the power of choosing them to be committed ? We do not now enter into the abstract question, as to the right of every contributor to a vote ; we are merely considering, on the principles of expediency, what plan is most likely to command, for the public service, the greatest portion of worth and talent—whether the system which limits, or that which extends, the right of suffrage—whether, in short, the few or the many are the most likely to make the best choice.

In all elections for public offices, the great risk is, that the electors be diverted from the proper grounds of choice, by individual partialities, or by corrupt influence ; that, in place of looking merely to the capacity of the candidate for the public service, and of throwing aside every other principle of choice, they be actuated by private views, and consider, not so much how the man will suit the place, as how the place will suit the man. This is the great danger ; for where an unbiassed vote is given for the public service, it is seldom that an unworthy individual is chosen. Now, it is plain, that individuals, or small bodies of men, are much more liable to this cross and sinister influence, than the community at large, over which it is impossible that any improper influence can be exerted. Individuals may be swayed by political views, and may find compensation, in private considerations, for great public mismanagement ; but the community at large cannot be so influenced. They have no interest but in the pure administration of their affairs. No corrupt influence can ever sway the public voice from the true line of public duty. The public can never receive any compensation for the mal-administration of their affairs ; and they have therefore a clear, strong, and direct interest in pure and economical management. Here, then, we have a plain principle of common sense for our guide. We see clearly where we are to find zeal for the public interest. It may, no doubt, exist in the breast of indi-

viduals. This may, or it may not be; but, in the community at large, it is sure to be found.

In these circumstances, the question comes to be, In what manner can we best reduce this valuable principle to practice? How can we best avail ourselves of this zeal for the public service? It is obvious, that the public must rule by delegated authority. They must choose representatives in whom they have confidence, to carry their views into effect; to clothe their supreme will with the authority of law; and whenever those who are interested in the management of public affairs have the liberty of delegating their authority to persons of their own choice, the whole history of the world shows, that they have uniformly chosen persons fit for their purposes. From the widest range of human affairs, it is impossible to point out a single instance in which a community having a choice between merit and demerit, have decided in favour of the latter. Mankind are, no doubt, forced to suffer many evils. But this would be an election of evil—this would be choosing what we are most averse to; and we might just as well suppose, that the smith, the joiner, or the shoemaker, would mistake each other's tools as fit for their purposes, as that a community should, in the person of any of its members, whose conduct was visible to all, mistake baseness, indolence, stupidity, and corruption, for the opposite virtues of honour, zeal, talent, and honesty, and should never afterwards discover, when those miserable tools were set to work in the public service, that they were totally unfit for the purposes to which they were applied.

This, then, is a great and fundamental law in all human society, that the free, unbiassed choice, of an enlightened community, necessarily places trust in the most trust-worthy hands. It is a principle of universal application, in all matters of government, whether general or local, and the appointment, therefore, in our Police system, of delegates or Commissioners, to act for the community, and to see the public interest attended to, cannot be too highly approved. By the present act, every householder who occupies

a tenement of £.10 of yearly rent, is entitled to vote for a Commissioner; and without entering into details, or inquiring, at present, whether the qualification for voting may not be too large, it seems abundantly plain, that, by this plan of election, a full expression has been given to the people's voice. The sense of the community has been fully manifested in the choice of Commissioners; they have also expressed their satisfaction with the conduct of these Commissioners, most of whom they have re-elected, on a calm and deliberate approbation of their exertions in the public service. Now, according to the principles already laid down, if it be true that a majority of the community have judged in this manner, the presumption is, that their judgment must be right; for we have already proved, that the community at large can have no interest but in the pure management of public affairs—they cannot possibly be acted upon by any of those cross gales of undue influence, which blow individuals out of the right course. Their judgment must, in the nature of things, be an honest judgment, because it is their interest to judge honestly. The community, therefore, is the true and competent tribunal before which an upright judgment is sure to be obtained on all public matters. To say that it is infallible, would be arrogant and absurd. But we may truly say, that there is far less chance of error in the collective judgment of an enlightened community, than in that of any of its members; because, in addition to all the inherent imperfections of human judgment, individuals are liable to the bias of partial views, by which they are diverted, from any just and comprehensive consideration of the public interest. The community at large, therefore, is the court before which all cases of this nature can be best tried, and when we obtain its judgment, we have taken all the means which human prudence places within our reach, for coming at the truth. To tell the people, though they mean well, that they are no judges of what is for their own interest, is just to repeat the sentiment of Henry VIII. when he reprobated his discontented subjects as "brutes

and inexpert folk, who are no more judges of matters of government than blind men of colours."

It thus appears, that in the present Police Establishment of Edinburgh, the community at large have the complete control over their Commissioners, who, by their voice, may be displaced or continued in office, exactly as they approve or disapprove of their conduct. But there are other officers in this establishment, who owe no account whatever of their conduct to the people, for whose interest they profess to act, and with whose money they are paid. The Superintendent of Police has no connection whatever with the great body of the people, whose servant he is—he is totally independent of their choice, and even holds his place in defiance of their unqualified disapprobation. He is chosen originally by the Lord Provost, Lord President, and Sheriff, and he can only be removed by them. However much the Commissioners may reprobate his conduct—whatever specific acts of malversation in office they may charge him with—and though in all this they may be backed by the strong and unqualified support of their constituents—yet, unless the functionaries give him up, he is kept in office, the mark of public obloquy, but the favourite of the select few. We are not here entering into the specific case either of the Commissioners or the Superintendent. We do not say who is right or who is wrong, but we merely state the unquestionable fact, that the two parties—the great body of the inhabitants on the one hand, and the Superintendent on the other—are at issue. They have fairly quarrelled, and the Police system of the city is at present distracted by their intestine divisions.

The expediency, and even necessity, of putting an end to this strife, is admitted on all hands; and this can only be done by the extinction of one or other of those incompatible powers, by which the system is perplexed and torn asunder. The different plans which have been proposed, proceed, accordingly, upon this principle; the one putting an end to the independent powers of the Superintendent, and the other to the power

of the Commissioners; the one giving to the Commissioners the power both of electing and dismissing the Superintendent, and thus rendering him, what he truly is, the servant of the public; and obliging him, like other servants, to study to please his masters, in place of thwarting them; while the other preserves peace and unity in the system, by taking all power from the Commissioners, who are chosen by the free suffrages of the people—first, by adding to them other Commissioners, Magistrates and others, who are elected by the Town-Council—and, secondly, by restricting the right of voting to those who pay an annual rent of £.15, and, in some cases, of £.25; and by other arrangements, all of which have the same tendency of confining the right of voting to the rich, and of thus obstructing the free expression of the people's voice in the choice of Police Commissioners. The plan proposed from the Council-Chamber proceeds upon the principle that the people are incompetent to the management of their own concerns, either from knavery or folly, or, perhaps, from a happy compound of both; and it takes from them, therefore, all control over their own affairs; it makes the many yield to the few; and, however dissatisfied they may be with the local management of the Police, which they pay for, yet, unless they can convince the few that their complaints are well founded, they can hope for no redress. They have no power to interfere—they must have recourse to persuasion; and if the few, who are constituted their masters, will not be persuaded, they must submit to whatever treatment they chuse to give them.

If it could be proved that there were a few favoured persons in any community, who could fairly claim a monopoly of worth and wisdom, in distinction from the rest of their fellow-creatures, it would be wise to entrust them with exclusive powers. But we have already shewn, that the free choice of the people is the only known and intelligible process for procuring trust-worthy persons for public situations. It is the only genuine stamp of merit that we know of. If we want diligence and honesty, we must look about for it. We

must make comparisons between different individuals, and we must then make a choice; and we have shewn, that when this choice is made by the community at large, it is seldom a wrong choice. It is seldom that mankind mistake the instruments proper for their purpose, more especially when the characters of those whom they chuse are brought home to them, in all the daily transactions of life. So far from the probability of any mistake being made, it is only in this market of public opinion that a man's worth is truly estimated. Now, the men to whom it is proposed to commit the appointment and dismissal of the Superintendent of Police, namely, the Lord Provost and the Sheriff, so far from having any just claims to this monopoly of purity and talent, which they would require, have never had their merits tried by any test whatever. Their characters have not been even sifted, like those of the Commissioners, by the trying process of a popular election. They are appointed, by nobody knows whom, and for nobody knows what. They are persons about whom the public necessarily knows nothing, and of whose capacity there is no proof, seeing that political preferment is frequently the reward of political influence. To take from the Commissioners, therefore, the men of the people's choice, and of whose diligence and zeal they are thoroughly satisfied, the appointment and dismissal of the Superintendent, in which is implied the control over the whole system—for it is clear, that, along with this power, every thing else must be given up—and to confer it on the Provost and Sheriff, on mere supposition, for we have no evidence, of their extraordinary qualifications for such a trust, is voluntarily to abandon the securities we possess for good management, and to commit the whole to the issue of blind chance.

It must be admitted, however, that those who are for committing the appointment and dismissal of the Superintendent to the Lord Provost and the Sheriff, argue quite consistently in arrogating for these public officers an exclusive claim to worth and honesty, and in representing the Commissioners as beset with every

sort of dangerous delusion—for this is truly the ground on which the whole matter rests. It is curious to see the length to which this is carried, and the coolness with which this grave and learned Council bespatter the Commissioners with every sort of dirty suspicion; while they put in for themselves, and their creatures, such exclusive claims to worth and merit. In the first place, if the Superintendent were appointed by the Commissioners, they being, of course, a senseless, officious, and grasping set, would interfere with him in the appointment of the subordinate officers of Police. Secondly, The very mode by which the Commissioners are appointed, *i. e.* by popular election, renders them *utterly incompetent* to name a fit person for Superintendent; and it is observed, that whenever such an appointment “becomes matter of canvass, solicitation, and public agitation; it rarely happens that the appointment is filled up with a due regard to the qualifications necessary for the situation.” The Commissioners of Police are liable to be influenced by “caprice, by popular clamour, misapprehension,” which prevent a dispassionate judgment; and they cannot be considered, besides, “competent judges” of the manner in which the Superintendent's duties are discharged. In the case of mobs, too, where blood may be shed, the Superintendent must be firmly supported; he must know that he holds his situation by the authority of those (namely, the Lord Provost and Sheriff) who are *competent* to judge of his merits, and who will not be influenced by *popular clamour*; and not by the Commissioners, the prey of every delusion, and “equally liable, with the rest of the inhabitants, to be misled by erroneous feelings on such occasions.”

That the Commissioners, with the rest of the inhabitants, are equally liable to err, no one will deny. They arrogate no superiority over their fellow-citizens. It is only if any one of them should chance to be made Provost, that he will put on the garb of infallibility. In order to shew the difficulty of appointing a fit person for Superintendent of Police, we have a most elaborate detail of all

his multifarious duties ; all of which, however, after stripping off the verbiage in which the story is involved, seem to resolve into the two qualities of Diligence and Honesty. The Commissioners have merely to decide as to the character of the respective candidates for those two qualities. This is the amazing problem which their joint wits are unable to solve, and which requires to be decided by the superior understanding of the Provost and Sheriff. We are also told, that, as the Commissioners are clearly unfit for discharging the duties of the criminal Police, (with which, by the bye, no mortal ever thought of entrusting them,) *a fortiori*, it is inexpedient that they should possess the power of nominating the Superintendent. We do not, by any means, see how the conclusion here follows. It might just be as well asserted, that, unless a country gentleman is qualified to preach, he is not qualified to chuse a preacher, and to exercise his privilege of presenting to a church. Really, the Council-Chamber Committee must produce a better certificate of their infallibility than is to be found in their elaborate paper, before their claims can be admitted. We much fear, for all that we have seen, that the insolent citizens will be rather slow to confess their inferiority, and their total incapacity to chuse a Superintendent, or to distinguish between knavery and honesty, between sloth and diligence. It is singular to see it gravely argued, that an appointment of this sort becoming *matter of canvass, solicitation, and public agitation*, should tend to the election of an unfit person. As to canvass and solicitation, this will take place under all circumstances. There is no preventing it; and we see no harm that it leads to. But with regard to the publicity of the transaction producing the appointment of an unfit person, this is most extraordinary doctrine. The matter seems to be just the very reverse. Can it be conceived that a body of men, such as the Police Commissioners, themselves owing their situation to the esteem and free choice of their constituents, acting for their interest in the face of day, with every eye set on them, and men's minds anxious and

agitated—can it be conceived, that, in such circumstances, they would openly and shamelessly betray their trust, by the appointment of an unfit person for the situation of Superintendent of Police? We cannot well imagine, indeed, how we would have better security for a wise and able appointment. It is in these open elections that all dirty cabal is avoided; while, in the appointments by individuals, secret intrigue and corrupt influence necessarily have full scope, and cannot meet with any check.

Among the other amiable propensities imputed to the Commissioners, in the Council-Chamber Report, is their supposed sympathy with crime and disorder. They would not, it seems, feel so zealously as could be wished, in the case of mobs; they would not be keen for the use of force in quelling disturbances; and, in a case where blood was shed, they would be "inundated with loud and clamorous complaints from those whose votes may determine their election." Here we have abundance of the most odious suspicions cast both upon the Commissioners and their constituents. These gentlemen, with the most extravagant opinion of themselves, think ill of every body else. Do they mean to insinuate, that the Commissioners, or the citizens of Edinburgh, have any interest in crime or disorder of any sort? The folly of such an idea is even more remarkable than its illiberality. Yet what is their drift in those dark insinuations about mobs, and about the necessity of shedding blood in civil disturbances? We cannot help thinking that this last supposition is, in every view, a most unhappy case. The charge against the Commissioners seems to be, that, in the event of any disturbance, they would be averse to use force against the multitude, and that, in any case of this nature, they would exact from their Superintendent a rigid account of the blood that had been shed; that they would expect him to shew, if he gave orders to fire upon an unarmed mob, that he had no other resource left; and that he was driven against his inclination to this dreadful extremity, by that deplorable necessity, which, to avoid

greater evils, justifies extreme remedies.' And would any man, who had the least manliness of feeling, or generosity of character, refuse, in such a case, to be tried by the severest ordeal? If he could justify such a step to his own conscience, would he grudge to justify it to others? We see no reason to doubt, that in this case the Commissioners would enter into all the difficulties of his situation, and would acquiesce in that necessity on which alone such extremities can be justified. The Report which has been issued by the select few, on the subject of the Police, breathes in this, and in other parts, an arbitrary tone and temper. The fear seems to be, that the Commissioners would shew too tender a regard for the multitude—that they could not be easily reconciled to force, which might end in the loss of lives. This seems to be the objection to the Commissioners in this case, though it seems to be consistent neither with humanity nor good sense. It appears the more extraordinary on this account, that the civil authorities in this city, as far as we can judge by experience, have shewed themselves remarkably averse to the use of force in the quelling of mobs. They have always evinced a degree of temper, forbearance, and humanity for the multitude, which cannot be too highly estimated; and we do not believe, therefore, that they and the Commissioners would ever be at issue in any point of this nature.

We have thus endeavoured to shew, that the two great qualities wanted in a Superintendent of Police, are Diligence and Honesty; that there is no reason why a Lord Provost or a Sheriff should be better judges of those qualities than the Commissioners of Police; that, on the contrary, the Commissioners being chosen by the free voice of the inhabitants, on account of their zeal for the public service, must be more to be trusted with the choice of a Superintendent of Police, and are more likely to make a proper choice than the Provost and the Sheriff, who are liable to be influenced by considerations totally distinct from the public interest; that the publicity with which the Commissioners would give their votes, affords an additional

security for an honest choice, which is not to be found in the secret caballing which always takes place where the choice is private, and by individuals liable to every species of undue influence. In short, if we steer clear of all that prodigality of words by which the subject in the Council-Chamber Report is involved in studied obscurity, and keep to this plain and simple point, namely, who are most likely to give us an honest and zealous Superintendent of Police—the Commissioners, elected by the free voice of the community, on account of their known zeal to the public; or the Lord Provost and the Sheriff, who owe their appointments to political considerations? we cannot hesitate in deciding in favour of the former—in favour of men who lay no exclusive claim to honesty and wisdom, but whose actions, well known to the inhabitants, give the living evidences of their merits.

We have already remarked, that the great object of what, for brevity's sake, we shall call the Magistrates bill, is to take from the citizens of Edinburgh all management of their own affairs, as if they were either rogues or fools, and therefore incompetent to such a charge. This is remarkably illustrated in their project for striking off at once about one-fourth of the present voters. This is done by raising the qualification from £.10 of rent, to £.15, and in some wards, to £.25. No reason whatever, is given for this novelty. It is not said that the voters misconducted themselves in any manner. Nothing like corruption is alleged against them. They are deprived of their rights, by a mere violent stretch of power. A more barefaced inroad was never attempted on the privileges of any community. Is it denied that they voted honestly? Their fault was, we believe, that they voted too honestly, and returned representatives who were not agreeable to the ruling powers. This is the true reason for restricting the right of voting; and just upon the same principle might the House of Commons pass an act to disfranchise one-fourth of the voters in Westminster, because they return a Member to the House of Commons not agreeable to the majority of the House.

Non amo te, Sabide, nec possum dicere
quare,

Hoc solum possum dicere—Non amo te.

As no reason can be given for such an extraordinary proposition, in the slightest degree connected with policy, justice, or common sense, its authors have fairly quitted this ground, and have had recourse, for the support of their scheme, to arithmetic—a notable ally, it must be confessed, of legislative wisdom. They have divided the gross rental of the city, £.364,187, by 12,202, the number of persons liable to assessment, and the result is £.29 " 16 " 11, the average amount of each vote. They have constructed other tables, on the same principle, in which they shew a similar average in each ward; namely, where there is a gross rental of £.5,037 and 308 voters, the average rent payable by each voter will be £.16 " 12 " 5; where there is a rental of £.7,550 and 384 voters, the average will be £.19 " 13 " 2. Such are the results to which we are led by this new species of political calculation. We do not quarrel with the arithmetic of the Council Chamber. It is perfectly accurate, as far as it goes, and it has done all that arithmetic can do. All the other theorems of the Council-Chamber Committee are, in like manner, equally accurate. They are very good specimens of their arithmetic, but very bad substitutes for policy or common sense, by which alone this matter can be determined. The following is the argument of the Council-Chamber Committee: Because £.29 " 16 " 11 is the quotient of £.364,187, divided by 12,202, therefore, say they, it is right, politic, and just, to deprive one-fourth of the present voters for Police Commissioners of their right in all time coming. How irresistible is this reasoning! Its effects must merely be to confirm the wandering, and to reclaim to obstinate, and finally to fix the whole inhabitants in mute admiration of the Magistrates' bill.

With regard to the other provisions of this bill, and, more especially, the increasing the number of *ex officio* Commissioners, they are all perfectly in conformity with its general spirit, which is to withdraw all power from the community of managing

their own affairs. All authority and influence in police matters, would, under this proposed bill, be engrossed by a few, who would be totally independent of all control from the people, for whose benefit it is that the system is established. No inquiry into their mode of managing the public money, or into any part of their proceedings, would be competent, except by themselves; so that, though the Police tax were raised to 1s. 4d., and though the people were satisfied that this happened through bad management, they could have no redress. For the system, in short, which exists at present, when the people have a control, by means of their representatives, over the Police expenditure, one would be substituted of blind confidence in a few official men, who might act faithfully or not for the public service, just as to themselves might seem expedient. In the Council-Chamber bill, the interest of the many is sacrificed to the wishes of the few, while that of the Commissioners gives the power to the people of regulating their own affairs.

The conduct of the Commissioners while in office is the best index to their views in the framing of their bill, and to its probable operation. During their administration, it is well known, that they ransacked every department of the Police, and detected great mismanagement and abuse, and they have, in consequence, reduced the Police assessment from 1s. 6d. to 10d. in the pound. This is a sample of their management, when they were fettered by the independent power of their Superintendent, which was exerted to thwart their efforts; and it is a great argument for extending the power of those who are appointed by the people over the whole system, while it strengthens every existing objection to the other plan, of concentrating the whole power in the hands of a few, by which every check to mismanagement would be set aside; and, in place of the clear and intelligible principle of popular control, exerted over every part of the establishment, the discretion and arbitrary authority of individuals would be set up to control and overawe all enquiries. Under this system all would

no doubt go on smoothly and fairly. There would be no quarrelling, nor would ever any objections be made to what was done, because there would be no watchman for the people. The public interests would be sacrificed to the peace and harmony of a few, who would just act exactly as they pleased in the expenditure of the public money. We do not say that they would be prodigal or unfaithful in their management. But we say, that, under the Council-Chamber bill, we have no security against this. We have no one check against abuses; we part with our present powers, and we receive nothing in return; so that if our affairs are mismanaged, we can have no redress. We prefer the scheme, therefore, in which the people are their own managers; and, from the specimens they have already given of their management, we see no reason for cognoscing them as fools, and vesting the administration of their affairs in trustees, of whom they know nothing.

AN ESSAY ON THE SENTIMENTS OF
ATTRACTION, ADAPTATION, AND
VARIETY. TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A KEY TO THE MYTHOLOGY OF
THE ANCIENTS; AND EUROPE'S
LIKENESS TO THE HUMAN SPIRIT.
BY WILLIAM HOWISON. 12MO. PP.
93. EDINBURGH.

WE have here "a nice little book," as Mr Cobbett would say, containing three essays; the first of which professes to treat of the "Sentiments of Attraction, Adaptation, and Variety;" the second is entitled, "a Key to the Mythology of the Ancients;" and the third is an attempt to shew "the Likeness of Europe to the Human Spirit:" all very fine, marvellous, and remarkable, to use the author's own words "for the beauty of the abstract ideas expressed in them," and, "the philosophical truth and appropriateness of the language."

The love of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," has prompted Mr Howison to seek for laurels in the abstract path of metaphysics; a science which has of late made rapid advances, and to the mysteries of which the author before us has contributed many very valuable additions.

To attempt to give any regular analysis of the contents of this volume, or any digested account of the author's notions, would be utterly impossible, as they are, generally speaking, totally void of every thing approaching to intelligibility. All that we can do, therefore, is to examine a passage or two critically, merely to give our readers a slight gusto of the thing; and then extract those passages which seem to be put forward by the author, as men at arms for the defence of his "Sentiments."

The First Essay consists, as we have already said, of an Explanation of the "Sentiments of Attraction, Adaptation, and Variety," ("and these three are one,") together with "divers long passages that lead to nothing," about the "love of the infinite," "harmony," "vacant vision," "doves," "lions," "serpents," "oxen," "owls," "allegory," "rebound from touch, remaining always a virgin," and the goddess "Aphrodite." Let us endeavour to translate, into an intelligible form, a sentence or two from the commencement of this essay. "Repulsion, or the power of occupying space, is similar to self-love, or the resisting power of human nature." Sir Richard Phillips could instruct Mr Howison, that repulsion is not a "power of occupying space" any more than attraction, and that the merest novice in physics knows that repulsion is an inherent power in matter, and acts in space; but the material body, though divested of its repulsive property, would possess the same "power of occupying space" as before. The fact is, that attraction and repulsion have no other relation to space than that which belongs to every thing in being, which must exist in space and time. In metaphysical inquiries, space and time are convertible, for that which exists in space must exist in time. Define repulsion, then "a power of occupying time," and we presume even Mr Howison would startle at the definition.

Again: "In material atoms, nothing is found like will, or free alteration of the modes of action, making an optional use of repulsive force." Now for "free," let us use its synonyme, "optional," and the

passage will become, "Nothing is found like will, or optional alteration of the modes of action, making an optional use of repulsive force." It must be granted to Mr Howison, that "optional alteration of modes, making an optional use of force," is very bright and original, and has every chance of being speedily translated into German.

He farther informs us in p. 4. that "material atoms, in obeying attraction, shew themselves affected by existences, whose active power is too distant" to affect them, and that "mental attraction implies no more than the existence of the object contemplated." We really thought it had—that the contemplating mind had something to do in the business—that the affections of the thinking principle, in juxta position with certain external phenomena, indicated merely a sequence, or an antecedent, and a consequent—and that we knew no more of the matter. The term attraction, as applied to the mind in sober prose, and in a would-be scientific essay, is utterly without meaning.

Again: "The feeling of differing attraction, turns and transfers the attention, and makes it feel separate, particular being." "The philosophical truth, and the appropriateness of this language," we are free to confess, are far beyond our comprehension.

Once more: "The sentiment of single attraction, which seeks *always* for a centre, or heart, is felt to apply properly to objects which are truly individual, like living beings. But if all emotions of attraction were towards a centre, or towards different centres, then the character and modes of being in individual existences, would not produce any corresponding emotion; and the emotion of love felt towards all objects would be alike, except as to unity and plurality. The emotions of imitative attraction, however, are felt to have reference to *extension* and *character*." In reading this passage attentively over, we have been tempted to believe, that Mr Howison is, at bottom, a sly wag, who enshrouds himself in an impenetrably nebulous metaphysical haze, in order to expose the absurdities of many of the sub-

jects about which metaphysicians have so long wrangled, and that, from equally jocular and laudable motives, he has pushed analogical reasoning to a degree of extravagance, unparalleled by any serious writer, who happened to be awake, in possession of his seven senses, and without a blister on his pate. We were nearly confirmed in this conjecture, from a declaration in the author's preface, that this book cannot claim praise from logicians, for having a cogent series of arguments; "*since the purpose of it was, to express a just conception of the intellectual scheme or form of human nature*;" which, by the bye, would be the very perfection of logic!

It is requisite, however, that we should explain to our readers the principal novelty of the work. It is then—the comparison of mental emotions with various parts of the human body. Daring, it seems, is not confined "*inctoribus atque poetis*." This is *quidlibet audendi* with a vengeance! What pity that one can't understand it—but it is not the less edifying on that account!!

A few specimens of this mental anatomy we cannot in justice refrain from giving. The head and shoulders, as of right, are entitled to the first place.

"The sentiment of single attraction is as in the head of the soul, lying first, and stretching foremost towards the object contemplated. The sentiment of variety, which turns the mind aside, is as in each shoulder. But, the sentiment of adaptation is as in the hair, which, being moveable, flowing, and easily agitated, feels imitative attraction, and spreads out according to the *extensal* and character of what is contemplated."

The chest and shoulders (by the way, this is laying too much on the shoulders, to make them bear double) are next introduced.

"If the sentiment of single attraction be as the head of the soul, and imitative emotion as the hair, the sentiment of hope, which depends upon purity and breadth of internal feeling, is as within the chest and shoulders, and there exerts its lifting tendency."

But we cannot be everlastingly extracting and selecting even from the *Essay on Attraction, Adaptation, and Variety*. We cannot study

metaphysics always, even though they are communicated to us through the medium of Mr William Howison's book, "a work to outlast immortal Rome designed." We must hasten through the remainder of the anatomy, totally omitting to make mention of "*allegory*" and "*discriminative judgment*," both of which are treated by our author with his usual elegance and perspicacity. The powers of judgment, then, are the hands; and the power of judging concerning the feeling of separateness is the fingers of the soul; the desire of approbation (which has "a wolfish tendency!") is in the ribs; pride is like the spine or back of the soul; caution is assimilated to the pressure of the arms against the sides, producing the feeling of contrary power, and tending to repress the outgoing force of the mind.

We now come to the feet, legs, and thighs, (for such is the order in which they are arranged), which conclude this beautiful and novel dissection.

"When the mind comes down to meet the exterior power of material objects, their resistance causes the soul most strongly to feel the finite extremities of its being; and the knowledge of mechanical resistance is as in the feet, which react against the ground. But the feeling of tendency and consecutive rebound from sensation is as in the leg. The sensation of sound is as a vibration of the thigh moved by the pulsations of the air. And the sensation of colour is of the same kind, but proceeding from the strokes of light. Sensation from resistance gives the feeling of limitation by contrariety, and therefore is the counterpart of the sentiment of *attraction*, which ought to escape through material boundaries, and be altogether free."

The Second Essay now puts in its claim to our notice. It is the "Key to the Mythology of the Ancients;" a key which will most assuredly never open to us the gate of knowledge concerning those very respectable personages the Heathen Deities. We give Neptune as a fair sample of the whole.

"Neptune, who presided over the sea, was considered, by the ancients, as the god of intellect. He represented the chest or the love of the ideal; as the motion of the sea represents the measuring of fixed form, by moveable being. His

Greek name, Poseidon, may signify the drinking of form, from *pois* and *ides*. But his Latin name has been supposed by some to be derived *à nando*, from swimming; and he may represent the power of buoyancy in general. The diverging form of the two outer prongs of the trident expresses the tendency towards increase."

Unfortunate Poseidon! How little didst thou dream, when lording it over the waters, and filling with sacred awe the bosoms of Tritons and codfishes, of being so scurvily used by a mere metaphysical mort!! Or, that, after having drank nectar on Olympus, and received into thy capacious stomach, in abundance, the riches and mightiness of the earth, and of those which are thereon, thou shouldest be compelled to swallow—not wine, honey, milk, or oil, but "FORM!" Neptune "drinking form!" O damned "vile Sabinum!" We thought the jolly Olympians had forsworn such thin potations.

After these specimens, it may be thought, that whatever follows must be insipid—that the author must have exhausted himself in composing such choice morsels; but those who imagine so reckon without their host. Mr Howison has an inexhaustible fund of beautiful ideas. "Europe's likeness to the human spirit" must not be passed over in silence, though our limits preclude us from giving it. It evinces that resemblance to the other essays which they do to each other.

"The countries of Europe have a similitude to the different powers or faculties of human nature; and these may be found in Europe, as in a whole which has parts virtually coinciding with those of the mind. In the first place, Italy may be considered as the place of touch, or sensation; on resistance. Infants begin to learn by touch; and Italy was one of the parts of Europe which earliest had knowledge. Italy, therefore, may be identified with the lower limbs, in which the resistance of external powers is most continually felt. The Italians are most occupied with what affects the senses; and the ox is the animal their country should produce in greatest perfection."

Upon looking over this volume, we are forced to confess, (and we are sure that our readers will agree with us), that it is a marvellous work. Considering the shortness of the book, it

is to us matter of everlasting wonderment, how any mortal could contrive, in so little room, to say so much—nonsense. It must certainly be matter of credit to Mr Howison's ingenuity, that he has taken care to render the work throughout so uniformly obscure and unintelligible. This, however, we say with the diffidence which is becoming, when criticising the productions of great men. In his advertisement, (which we recommend as a model of all succeeding advertisements and prefaces, and which is a specimen of authorial modesty,) he tells us that he himself does understand what he says. We wish we were in this enviable predicament!

But though Mr Howison's metaphysical researches have been received as yet only "with ignorant amazement, and no great liking," it is not to be doubted that future and brighter ages will see deeper into their merits. What to the vulgar multitude of the present day appears obscure and absurd, will be to them clear as noon-day, and pregnant with philosophical truths! Happy mortals! greatly do we envy you. These Essays, which are now condemned to the dust and cobwebs of the topmost shelves—which are opened without interest, and shut without regret—will be consigned to temporary oblivion, and sleep with their fathers, known only to some solitary book-worm, who, when devouring time has stamped on them the passport of antiquity, may preserve them, valuing them only for the sacred mould of age. But merit will sometime meet with its deserts. Time *may* come, when these lucubrations shall be republished to an admiring world, and their discovery form an era in literature and science. Then shall the name of Mr William Howison be known and honoured, and his works read and re-read "with an increase of gratification to the reader," and quoted from as the standard of truth and metaphysical accuracy, when Locke and Bacon are forgotten—but not till then!

ABUSES IN THE PRESENT MODE OF CONDUCTING PUBLIC SEMINARIES.

It will readily be acknowledged, that no system of education can be

efficient, which does not call forth energies of the pupils themselves; and it must also be acknowledged, that this cannot be done while the duties of a private tutor continue to be considered such as they are at present. We are far from pronouncing unqualified condemnation on the practice of employing private tutors. When intended only to superintend and direct the studies of the boys under their care, or even to correct their juvenile attempts in English or Latin composition, they are of essential service, and in place of retarding, may assist the development of the faculties, promote private study, and stimulate to personal exertion. But they are now not only employed to an extent of which few have any conception, but the duties imposed on them are such as to supersede entirely the necessity of exertion on the part of the pupils. When a short essay, or a commentary on a passage from any of the classics, or a subject for Latin verses is prescribed, the student does not think it *his* business to sit down and exercise his own talents and ingenuity, on the task: And the tutor, in place of being presented, on his arrival, with the fruit of his pupil's labours, for revision and correction, is merely informed of the nature and subject of the exercise required. Suppose Latin verses are to be manufactured: he alone is expected to engage in the operation, while his hopeful charge is left at leisure to contemplate the edifying spectacle of patience and perseverance, which it is thus his privilege to witness. But perhaps the ordinary lessons of the school are to be prepared during the hours for which the tutor is engaged. In this case, the verses are composed in the retirement of his own dwelling. He must there toil, and groan, and sweat, at his *Gradus ad Parnasum*; studying and comparing synonyms;—arranging *longs and shorts*;—cutting and paring words, and wedging them in due order, into the prescribed number of hexameters and pentameters. When completed, he carries them to his pupil, who finds time to transcribe them in a fair hand, and then, by way of appropriation, modestly subscribes them with his name. Essays, &c. are frequent-

ly got up in a way equally creditable to their reputed authors.

These are no fanciful representations—no exaggerated statements. “*Haud inexpertum loquimur.*” We could name several young masters who have had both English and Latin verses published in their names, but who contributed no more to the composition of these boasted proofs of youthful genius than the man in the moon; and we could name boys just now in our higher seminaries, who are figuring away by similar means, and anticipating similar honours.

The evils arising from such a system of tuition are incalculable. In those boys who are more immediately under its influence, it nurses that indolence which is natural to their age; it destroys that confidence in their own powers, and that dependence on their own resources, which are necessary to every effort of genius; and it may produce habits of listless reliance on the direction and assistance of others which shall paralyze all their future exertions. In a moral point of view, has it not a direct tendency to destroy that lofty integrity of character, and those nice feelings of honour, which revolt at the idea of any thing like dissimulation or deceit?—feelings which, if not cherished in the youthful mind, are not likely to characterise maturer years, when a more extensive intercourse with the world will present so many temptations to dissimulation and fraud.

An obvious injustice, besides, is thus done to those boys who have nothing to depend on but their own talents and assiduity. We always see at school, it is true, ardent and emulous spirits, whose talents and application enable them to surmount every obstacle that bars their progress to honourable distinction. But these are *rara aves*; and few boys, comparatively, have zeal or capacity sufficient to make any figure in their classes without foreign aid, so long as the present monstrous system is maintained. They have not to contend with their peers; their apparent rivals are mere puppets, all of whose movements are directed by one behind the scenes, who is completely master of the machinery.

There can be little doubt, that this

abuse originates in the vanity of parents. To the gratification of this principle they sacrifice, or at least hazard, the permanent advantage, the regular application, and the future character of their children. In exchange for these, the children receive at the public examinations that undeserved applause which every unsophisticated mind would regard as an insult—or a glittering bauble (for what else is any premium when it cannot be viewed as the reward of real merit?) of which no ingenuous spirit could brook the acceptance.

We should be glad to think that public teachers were not chargeable with contributing to the support of this system. They are not perhaps aware of the evil in its full extent. But surely it requires little penetration to discover when the excellence of a boy's private labours surpasses in any great degree his ordinary exhibitions in the class; and where suspicions have been excited, a very little *cross-examination* would soon confirm or dispel them. In these circumstances, it is almost impossible to believe that they do not connive at the practice; and the more so, when we recollect that *their* vanity, too, is interested in its continuance. The most meritorious of these spurious productions are “*preserved in relictis*,” and read at the public examinations by their supposed authors, as evidences of *their* proficiency, and as flattering testimonies to the system of education—to the talents and the diligence of the master! Such conduct ought no longer to be tolerated. Let *honest* fame be acquired, and honourable ambition gratified; but let no sanction be given to dishonourable means. Can any thing be more paltry, than for public teachers to build their reputation on the labours of those who gain by them neither honour nor reward? The private tutor is thus made the mere drudge—the whipper-in to the public instructor. We may apply to him the lines of Hudibras, though with a slight variation, for the sake of courtesy:

“And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great,
So Whackum beats his *learned* brains,
To advance the master's fame and gains.”

J. E. S.

* *Minutes of Presbytery.*

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The state of the Periodical press in France has determined several French Literati, of the first eminence, to commence a Literary Magazine, in the French language, in London. It will not be of a political character. Literature, Science, the useful and elegant Arts, Poetry, and Criticism, will constitute its prominent features, and its political details will be strictly limited to facts. It will, in truth, be a mirror of current French literature. The first number is expected to appear on the 1st of March.

Early in the ensuing month will be published, Specimens of the American Poets; with biographical and critical notices, and a preface.

Mr Children has in the press a translation of Professor Berzelius' work on the Use of the Blowpipe in Chemical Analyses, and Mineralogical investigation, with notes and other additions by himself. It will form an octavo volume, and be illustrated with engravings.

Mr Peter Nicholson's Elements of Mathematics, which have been nearly seven years in the press, will be published early in February, in a large volume of 900 pages, octavo, with a separate key for the use of tutors. In mathematics, this work will correspond in utility with Walkinghame's and Joyce's works on Arithmetic.

An additional volume to the Elegant Extracts will speedily be published, in prose. By W. Ryan.

The same author announces, by subscription, a Compendium of the Law of Nature and of Nations.

Lieut. Marshall is preparing for the press, a Naval Biography, to consist of genealogical, biographical, and historical memoirs of all the flag-officers, captains, and commanders of his Majesty's fleet, living at the commencement of the year 1822.

Maid Marian, a Tale, in one volume, is in the press.

A third edition of Heydlong Hall is in the press.

Memoirs and Select Remains of an only Son, are expected to be published some time during the ensuing spring, or in the early part of the summer. By the Rev. Thomas Durant.

Shortly will be published, illustrated with numerous portraits of historical characters, Monarchy Revived, being the personal history of Charles the Second, from his earliest youth to his Restoration; comprising many curious particulars of

his escape after the battle of Worcester, and his residence on the continent.

Shortly will be published, a Legal and Constitutional Argument, supported by authorities, against the alleged judicial right of restraining the publication of reports of judicial proceedings, as assumed by the Lord Chief Justice Abbott, at the trials of Thistlewood and others, for high treason, and enforced against the proprietor of the Observer, by a fine of £500. By J. P. Thomas, Esq.

An account of the Fishes found in the River Ganges and its branches; by Francis Hamilton, (formerly Buchanan,) M.D. F.R.S.L. and E. &c. in quarto, with a volume of plates, in royal quarto, are in forwardness.

The Rev. E. Berens, author of Village Sermons, will shortly publish another volume, containing sixteen Village Sermons on certain parts of the Christian character.

A Gazette of Fashion, or New London Weekly Mirror, is announced.

Mr Crabb, author of "English Synonymes Explained," has in the press a Technological Dictionary, containing definitions of all terms of art or science, drawn from the most approved writers, ancient and modern, and illustrated with numerous cuts, diagrams, and plates. It will be completed in two quarto volumes, and published in monthly parts.

A second volume of the Preacher; being a collection of short, plain Sermons, partly original, partly selected, and adapted to village instruction; by a country Clergyman of the Church of England, is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. Thomas Finch has in the press, in a duodecimo volume, Elements of Self-Knowledge, or a familiar introduction to Moral Philosophy.

Mr Robert Brown will soon publish, in a royal octavo volume, with fifty-one engravings, the Principles of Practical Perspective, or Scenographic Projection.

Mr Cochrane's expected Treatise on the Game of Chess, will certainly appear in the course of February.

Mr Melmoth is preparing for publication the Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, with a memoir of his life, and observations on his genius and writings.

In February will be published, price 3s. 6d. an Original set of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with a Funeral Ode, adapted for public worship, and harmonized for three and four voices, with figured basses for the organ and piano-forte. By

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the Rev. David Everard Ford, of Lymington.

The Rev. John Kenrick has in the press, a new edition of the late Rev. Timothy Kenrick's Exposition of the New Testament, with additional notes, in three octavo volumes.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and speedily will be published, A New English Collection, for the use of Schools; particularly of Parochial Schools, the Schools of Royal Burghs, Children's Hospitals, and Schools Instituted upon the Systems of Bell and Lancaster, for whose immediate use it has been compiled and partly composed.

On the 25th, will be published, beautifully printed in post octavo, some Passages of the Life of Mr Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle.

Speedily will be published, in one handsome volume duodecimo, A Treatise on the Sabbath; or, Illustrations of the Nature, Obligations, Change, Proper Observance, and Spiritual Advantages of that Holy Day. By the Rev. John Glen, Minister of the Chapel, Portobello.

Early in April will be published, in four volumes octavo, A History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration; with an

Introduction, tracing the Progress of Society, and of the Constitution, from the feudal times to the opening of the history; and including a particular examination of Mr Hume's statements relative to the character of the English Government. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate.

Dr Cook, of Laureneckirk, has at present in the press, "A General and Historical View of Christianity, comprehending its Origin and Progress, the Doctrines and Forms of Polity founded on it, and the effect which it has produced upon the Moral and Political state of Europe."

Mr Thomas Edmondston of Buncess, Zetland, has for several years directed his attention to that very interesting subject in Meteorology, the Aurora Borealis; and from numerous and careful observations and experiments, for which his local situation afforded such peculiar facilities, he is led to the conclusion, that his phenomenon is ultimately connected with the volcano of Hecla in Iceland. The facts and details in which this opinion rests, will probably soon be laid before the public. It may also be remarked, that Mr Edmondston's friend, the celebrated Mr Biot of the Institute of France, entertains nearly the same views on this subject.

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart. has in the press, a second volume of Sermons on Important Subjects.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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ANTIQUITIES.

A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome. By the Rev. Edward Burton, M.A. 8vo. 15s.

Jamblichus; or, the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians. By Thos. Taylor. 8vo. 16s.

ARCHITECTURE.

No. I. Vol. II. Specimens of Gothic Architecture, selected from various ancient edifices in England, 4to. £1.1s.

An Address read before the Society of Architects and Antiquaries of London, at the first meeting of their third session. By J. Button, F.S.A. Secretary.

ASTRONOMY.

A Celestial Atlas. By R. Jamieson, A.M. royal 4to. £1.15s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Hatchard and Son's General Catalogue of Modern Books.

J. Cuthell's Catalogue of Second-hand Books.

Part II. of Longman and Co's Catalogue of Old Books for 1822. Price 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1822: containing Memoirs of Celebrated Men who have died in 1820-21. 8vo. 15s. bds.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The chief topic of interest contained in the Paris papers, received since our last, is that regarding the law for restraining the liberty of the press, which has given rise to many vehement and acrimonious discussions in the Chamber of Deputies. The report of the Committee to which this subject had been referred, was read in the Chamber on the 19th January. It was decidedly in favour of the law, the Committee observing, that France was not in a state to bear the same freedom of periodical works which exists in England. The article which renders a journal liable to be suppressed upon the ground of its "spirit and general tendency," has been slightly altered, by the insertion of "spirit, resulting from a succession of articles." The reading of this project excited the most violent murmurs and loud exclamations. One Member cried out, "Send your law to Constantinople!"—another, "It is unqualified despotism; they wish to make us regret the loss of the censorship."—The discussions on the law have been violent and personal; and several attempts to introduce amendments by the opposition members have been defeated by overwhelming majorities. Members on the left side have, nevertheless, strenuously persisted in vindicating the liberties of their country, as founded on the Charter: but all their attempts at opposing, or modifying the obnoxious law, are also defeated by great majorities. The spirit which interests the predominant faction is obvious, from their refusing to qualify the phrases, "The King's Government," "The Royal Authority," by any epithets which may indicate the existence of a representative or constitutional *regime*. On one of these occasions, General Foy was called to order by the President, for observing, that in some of the articles, in which the word "Constitutional" originally stood, it had been treacherously and scandalously suppressed. The General complained of an illegal interference by the Prefect of the Seine, in the name of the King's Government, in the election now going on in the first *arrondissement* of Paris, to procure the rejection of General Gerard, and the return of Lapenouze, brother-in-law to the Minister of Finance. He boldly vindicated the fidelity of himself and his party to their country, as the most sacred

of all obligations; for the country (he said) was not to be found at Coblenz nor at Ghent; and he ascribed Buonaparte's return, in 1815, to the perfidious counsels given to the King, and observed, that his Majesty himself acknowledged the faults committed by his Government, in his proclamation dated from Combray. The King's Government, he contended, ceased when he crossed the frontiers, and the oaths taken to his Government then ceased to be binding. These observations were not made without many violent interruptions from the ultra side; and M. Delalot replied to the General in a long speech, in which he maintained, that attachment to the soil of the country was a gross and selfish fidelity, and the only true fidelity was a constant attachment to the person of the King. On Saturday the 26th January, the opposition having failed in all their amendments, retired in a body, before the question was put, and it is stated in a private letter, that they meant to adopt the same course on the remaining articles of the Bill, and also when the question shall be put upon it as a whole—being resolved that this arbitrary measure, which they find themselves unable to defeat or qualify, shall appear the sole act of Ministers, unanctioned even by their presence.

Farther arrests have taken place of persons implicated in the conspiracies at Samur and Belfont. It is said, they had sent emissaries to Brest and Quimper, where risings were intended to take place on the 14th or 15th January; but they were prevented by the vigilance of the civil and military authorities.

The annual report of the Governor of the Bank of France was published in the *Moniteur* of the 28th January. It exhibits the concern as in a prosperous state. The fixed capital is £3,750,000. The dividend distributed last year was 8 per cent. a farther profit of 10 per cent. being reserved. The bills discounted in 1820 amounted to 254,000,000; in 1821, they increased to 384,000,000. The accounts current during the period rose from 544,000,000, to 605,000,000. The total amount of receipts and payments during the last year, was, in specie, 546,924,103; in paper, 7,049,708,000. The whole current expenses of this great national establishment, including salaries, and all other out-goings, do not exceed the sum of 461,000 fr., or about £.19,000 per ann.

The total population of France, from an official census, taken in the end of the last year, was 30,465,261.

Affecting Circumstance.—In the year 1816, an Englishman, of the name of Loveday, went to reside in France, with two daughters. Being obliged to return to England soon after, he placed his daughters in a boarding-school, as well as a niece who was under his care, under the most solemn arrangement, that their education was to be confined to accomplishments only, and not to interfere with their religious faith. He was absent till the month of September last; and he soon learnt, that, influenced by a series of pretended miracles performed at Amiens, and worked upon by artifice and deceit, his daughters had embraced the Roman Catholic religion. He removed his daughters from the school, but as they informed him that the governess, a Mademoiselle Rehoult, was no ways implicated in their conversion, he unfortunately suffered his niece to remain seven days longer, in which time she was baptized, confirmed, and communicated in the Roman Catholic faith. His eldest daughter soon after eloped from his house; and although recovered, she left him again; and also a third time, when she went to the Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame in the Rhue de Severe. Her father having discovered her retreat, endeavoured to procure her restoration; but was unable to effect it, although he endeavoured to obtain the intervention of the civil and religious authorities. And on two occasions, when he went to the convent, he was arrested by a military force. Mr Loveday petitioned the Chamber of Deputies for redress, and his petition has been printed, and circulated in the shape of a pamphlet. The petition, after some discussion, was got rid of in the Chamber by the order of the day.

ITALY.—Letters from Rome state, that the Pope was so dangerously ill, that his death was expected every moment. The Archduke Rndolph of Austria, who was made a Cardinal two years ago, is certain to succeed to the chair.

SPAIN.—The intelligence received from this country since our last publication is of a more pacific character than might have been expected from the previous account. On the 7th January, the King, yielding at length to the remonstrances of the Cortes and of the country, accepted the resignations of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Bardaxi; the Minister of the Interior, Felin; the Minister of War, Salvador; and Valleyo, Minister of Finance. It appears, however, that his Majesty consented to this measure with great reluct-

ance. He is represented to have said—“I have hitherto declined to accept this resignation, but considering the present circumstances, I now allow these ministers to retire, declaring, however, that I am satisfied with their good services, their attachment to the Constitution, their loyalty to my person, and their zeal for the public welfare.”—Don Canos Manuel had been nominated *ad interim* to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, but that personage being indisposed, the King appointed as his substitute Don Xavier Pichella, the chief clerk of the office.

Advices from Madrid, of the 14th, mention, that the whole of Andalusia has submitted to the Government. The submission of Seville was previously announced in the French papers, and that of Cadiz was communicated to the Cortes in their sitting of the 14th, in a dispatch signed by Juregui himself. He had resigned his command into the hands of General Romarate, whom the Government had appointed to succeed him, declaring, at the same time, that he would have done so sooner, had he not feared to compromise the tranquillity of the province. The new Governor of Cadiz, Jacinto Romarate, was peaceably installed in his office on the 10th January.

There were some disturbances at Valencia on the 7th January, and two following days, which were not quelled without bloodshed. They appear to have arisen from some interference, on the part of the populace, with a procession made in celebration of the renewal of amity between two military corps, which had quarrelled.

General Riego had arrived at Barcelona before the dismissal of ministers was known. He was received with the loudest and most universal acclamations of “Viva Riego!” and “Down with the ministers!” The Territorial Audencia of New Castile has sentenced John Anderson, a native of Dublin, to one year’s imprisonment, and expulsion from Spain, for being engaged in a conspiracy against the constitutional system of Government.

The latest accounts from Madrid are contained in the Paris papers of the 28th, which state, that the Cortes had recognized the independence of the Spanish colonies in South America.

PORTUGAL.—The Cortes are employed in deliberating on the articles of the constitution. They have resolved, that Trial by Jury shall be introduced, both in civil and criminal cases. They have also agreed to a project for establishing a national bank at Lisbon. The charter is granted for 20 years, and there are to be 10,000 shares, each of the value of 500,100 reas.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—The differences between the government of those countries remain unadjusted; and whether they will issue in peace or war, seems as problematical as it was six months ago.

The Russian bills of mortality for the year 1819 exhibit the following remarkable instances of longevity in the male sex: 18,741 above 80; 5754 above 90; 1094 above 100; 324 above 105; 179 above 110; 90 above 115; 56 above 120; 23 above 125; 13 above 130; 2 the extraordinary age of between 140 and 150.

GREECE.—The struggle for independence in this country, it appears, is still carried on with unabated zeal, but with what success it is difficult to determine, amid the various and contradictory accounts published in the foreign journals. From the Paris papers it appears, that, after two sanguinary conflicts, on the 23d and 24th of November, the Greeks took the town of Arta by assault. The fortress was still held by the Turks, who were commanded by no less than three Pachas. The Greeks proposed terms of accommodation, for the purpose of sparing the further effusion of blood; but the Pachas refused to listen to any offers, and the citadel shared, in a short time, the same fortune as the town. Along with Ismail Pacha Bey, surnamed the Devastator of Epirus, were also taken, on this occasion, Ismail Pliassa, Pacha of Berat, and Hassan Pacha. The treasures of these Pachas were captured at the same time, together with the plunder which the Turks had amassed from various other places, and had thrown into Arta, from a vain confidence in its strength. Fourteen thousand men appear to have constituted the force by which this important conquest was achieved. The capture of this town, it is observed, "is a conquest of the utmost importance for the Greeks, not on account of its fortress, but the strength of its situation, which, from its union with the defile, and the fort of the Five Wells, forms an impregnable bulwark. From its position between Epirus, Acarnania, and Etolia, it is the key of these provinces which it commands."

An article from Trieste, dated the 8th January, presents a melancholy picture of the state of Attica, Livadia, and Thessaly. The Turks held Athens and Livadia, with a force of about two thousand men, and were masters of the surrounding country; in which, it is said, they were guilty of great excesses. According to this account, scarcely a vestige of Theses remained. The Turks, moreover, occupied the castle of Lepanto; but had failed in several attempts to recover possession of the Negropont, in

consequence of having no naval force in that sea. The Turks occupied Larissa with 5000 men; and hostilities were only partially carried on, neither party having a regular army in that province. In several districts the Greeks and Turks had exchanged hostages, for the purpose of observing neutrality towards one another. But the Greek guerillas occasionally issued from their mountainous retreats, and inflicted a terrible vengeance on both parties, setting fire to the villages, and massacring the inhabitants, without distinction. No language, it is said, can describe the misery of the country, where not a vestige of trade is seen, and where the labours of the field are entirely neglected, as no one will cultivate the land, because he has no prospect of securing the produce for his own use. Such are the dreadful outrages which both parties have inflicted on the other, and such is the deep and irreconcilable hatred they have inspired, that it is probable only the extermination of one of the parties will put an end to the contest.

AUSTRALASIA.

New South Wales.—Sydney Gazettes have been received to the 11th of August, inclusive. Governor Macquarie had returned to Sydney about the middle of July, from a visit of inspection to Van Dieman's Land, and an official account of the present state of that colony was published in the Sydney Gazette soon after his arrival. The Governor notices, in appropriate terms of commendation, the numerous most essential improvements which had taken place at Hobart's Town, and other parts, since his previous visit in 1811. The number of well-built houses in Hobart's Town are stated at 421, and the population at 2700 souls. He particularly notices the erection of a government-house, handsome church, a commodious military barrack, a strong gaol, a well-constructed hospital, and a roomy barrack for convicts. There was also considerable progress made in the building of a substantial pier at Sullivan's Cove, which, combined with the natural facilities of the place, will, it is alleged, render it one of the best and safest anchorages in the world. The Governor makes an equally favourable report with regard to the advancing state of the settlements at Port Dalrymple, Launceston, George Town, &c. &c. Three lines of roads are in the course of formation from the capital to various parts of the island, one of them extending to the distance of 120 miles. The general population of Van Dieman's Land is stated at 6372 souls, exclusive of the civil and military

officers; and it contains 28,838 head of horned cattle, 182,468 sheep, 421 horses; and 10,683 acres of land in cultivation. By the introduction of the Merino breed of sheep, the quality of the wool grown in the colony was rapidly improving, and it was expected that it would soon obtain such a degree of perfection, as to render it a most valuable export to the mother country. The detachments of the 1st Royal Scots, the 24th, 30th, 34th, 45th, 53d, 82d, and 89th regiments, stationed for some time in New South Wales, had embarked at Sydney, and were to sail on the 16th of August, to join their respective regiments in India.

AFRICA.

Intelligence of rather an unpleasant nature, as respects the new British Settlement at Algoa Bay, has been communicated in letters of 11th November, from the Cape of Good Hope. We are sorry to find that the Caffres have commenced a new war, and that Gaika, the Caffre Chief, with whom a treaty of peace and amity (which it was hoped might be lasting) had been made, has again taken up arms, and is actively employed in raising and equipping a force, which is to be directed against the infant colony. The pretence for this proceeding is stated, in the same advices, to be, that the British have been guilty of a breach of good faith, by entering and settling in the territory of the Caffres beyond the Great Fish River. Gaika contends that, by the Treaty, this ground was to remain untouched by the colonists. Such are all the particulars that are at present known; but as no act of aggression had been attempted by the savages, some hopes were entertained that matters might be accommodated.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—The New York papers of the 22d December contain the usual annual report from the Treasury on the finances of the United States.—This document gives a detailed view of the income and expenditure of the American Government. The income for the year 1822 is estimated at 16,110,000 of dollars; the expenditure at 14,947,661, thus leaving a surplus of revenue amounting to 1,162,338 dollars. There is, besides, a sinking fund of eight millions of dollars, which, it is calculated, would extinguish the whole debt by the year 1839.

By the fourth official census lately taken, it appears that the grand total of

the population of the Union amounts to 9,625,734, which exhibits an increase, since the era of independence, of nearly four-fifths; “a circumstance (it is concluded) unexampled in the history of any other country, either ancient or modern.”—It also appears, that the slaves in the United States amount to about 1,531,436. There are of foreigners not naturalized, 53,656. Persons engaged in agriculture, 2,065,499. In commerce, 72,397. In manufactures, 349,247.—Those engaged in manufactures include mechanics of every description.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Advices from Newfoundland, of the date of 9th Jan. have been received by a vessel arrived at Liverpool from thence, in the short period of seventeen days. We are sorry to learn that they describe the colony to be in a state of extreme distress. Among the lower orders, it is said, there are few able to support themselves; and the members of the opulent part of the community are so small, that relief was impracticable. Many, it was feared, must perish for want. Meetings of the inhabitants had been held, for the purpose of raising subscriptions, and the Governor had intimated to them, that a sum equal to the whole raised by the colonists would be contributed by the Government. Memorials have been sent to England, to claim the interposition of the Legislature.

MEXICO.—Letters from Havannah of the 26th November state, that several persons of high distinction had arrived there from Mexico, bringing with them a great deal of property in gold, jewels, and other valuables. They had made their escape, under the apprehension of some violent proceedings against them by the Independents. The news they give of Mexico is, that the whole system of Government has been arranged by the patriots without further bloodshed.—Among the Officers of the State were some individuals who had acted under the old regime, but who had joined the friends of liberty. Letters of the 11th December bring the important advices, that the following ports of Mexico, viz. Vera Cruz, Tampico, Alvarado, on the east coast, Acapulco and St Blas on the west coast, had been declared open to foreign commerce. The duties on imports by foreigners were fixed at 25 per cent. and by Spaniards (natives) 15 per cent.—The produce of the country to be exported free of duties, except cochineal and vanilla; gold, 2 per cent., and silver, 6 per cent. export duties.—The only prohibited articles for import are flour and tobacco.

BRAZIL.—Intelligence has been received from Bahia of the 6th November, from which we learn, that, on the 3d, there occurred an insurrection among the Brazilian troops there, which had for its object the removing from power of three members of the Provisional Junta, who were suspected of selling commissions in the militia. The Portuguese soldiery, however, among whom were the Lusitanian Legion, took part with the Government, which so overawed the malecontents, that, without any resistance, they suffered three or four of their leaders to be apprehended, and sent on board the *Don Pedro* Portuguese frigate, then in the harbour, in order to be conveyed to Lisbon, to be placed at the disposal of the Cortes. The insurgent troops afterwards succeeded, by stratagem, in gaining possession of two of the fortresses at Bahia, which they occupied, and again held out defiance to the Junta. Their position was a strong one, but as they were only provisioned for a few days, and had no supply of ammunition, they were expected in a very short time to surrender at discretion.

COLUMBIA.—Advices from this Republic mention, that, on the 12th November, the General Congress of Columbia passed separate votes of thanks to several public characters in Europe and in the United States, distinguished for advocating the cause of South American independence; amongst which we find the names of Lord Holland, the Abbe de Pradt, Mr Clay, late Speaker in Congress, and Col. Duane, of the Aurora; Sir Robt. Wilson, and James Marryatt, Esq. Members of the British House of Commons.

WEST INDIES.—*St. Domingo.*—The Spanish part of this important island has recently declared its independence of the mother country. The Declaration of Independence, and the Articles of the New Constitution, are of considerable length. The Declaration is dated from the "City of St Domingo, in the Spanish part of Hayti, December 1, 1821, first year of Independence." It is signed by Jose Nunz de Caceres, President; and Ma-

nuel Lopez de Umeres, Secretary, besides the names of six other individuals. It commences in the following style:—"No more submission—no more humiliation—no more obedience to the caprice and levity of the Cabinet of Madrid. In these few, but comprehensive words, is contained the firm resolution which the people of St Domingo this day proclaim and swear to." The Declaration then alludes to the "ignominious bondage of 328 years," which is described as a sufficiently long and painful lesson of what was to be hoped from a "feudal loyalty to the kings of Spain." The various grievances and oppressions under which the colony groaned during that period are subsequently detailed in somewhat energetic terms; and it concludes with observing, that, "if Spain recognizes and approves that Declaration, it shall henceforth be considered and treated as a friend; but, if it attempt to oppose the Independence which has been proclaimed, they are prepared to defend it with their lives, their fortune, and their honour." The form of government is to be Republican, but established upon the most convenient principles of national representation.

Dominica.—Letters received from this island of the 9th of November, contain the melancholy tidings of a dreadful fever, that, in a few days, cut off three officers, one serjeant, two corporals, 56 privates, and four women of his Majesty's 5th regiment of foot, out of 137, who landed there the month previous. Only Col. Emes, Capt. Kish, Ensign Wyatt, and eleven privates, were free from the attack, all the rest being either dead or in the hospital. The names of the officers who died are, Major Bishop, Lieutenant Armstrong, and Lieut. Equino. The companies at the station are Majors Bishop, Simcocks, and Kysh. Colonel Sir C. Pratt, and the detachments of the 5th at Antigua and St. Lucie, were in good health on the 11th November. It was reported in the West Indies, that the 4th, 5th, and 9th, are to be replaced by the 7th, 23d, and 43d regiments.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

OPENING OF THE SESSION.

Feb. 5.—This day His Majesty went in State to the House of Peers, to open the Session of Parliament; and the Commons having been summoned, and in attendance, his Majesty delivered from the throne the following gracious speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have the satisfaction informing you, that I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this Country.

"It is impossible for me not to feel deeply interested in any event that may

have a tendency to disturb the peace of Europe. My endeavours have, therefore, been directed, in conjunction with my Allies, to the settlement of the differences which have unfortunately arisen between the Court of St Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte; and I have reason to entertain hopes that these differences will be satisfactorily adjusted.

"In my late visit to Ireland, I derived the most sincere gratification from the loyalty and attachment manifested by all classes of my subjects.

"With this impression, it must be matter of the deepest concern to me, that a spirit of outrage, which has led to daring and systematic violations of the law, has arisen, and still prevails in some parts of that country.

"I am determined to use all the means in my power for the protection of the persons and property of my loyal and peaceable subjects; and it will be for your immediate consideration, whether the existing laws are sufficient for this purpose.

"Notwithstanding this serious interruption of public tranquillity, I have the satisfaction of believing that my presence in Ireland has been productive of very beneficial effects, and all descriptions of my people may confidently rely upon the just and equal administration of the laws, and upon my paternal solicitude for their welfare.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"It is very gratifying to me to be able to inform you, that during the last year the Revenue has exceeded that of the year preceding, and appears to be in a course of progressive improvement.

"I have directed the Estimates of the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy which the circumstances of the country will permit; and it will be satisfactory to you to learn, that I have been able to make a large reduction in our Annual Expenditure, particularly in our Naval and Military Establishments.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have the greatest pleasure in acquainting you, that a considerable improvement has taken place in the course of the last year, in the Commerce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, and that I can now state them to be, in their important branches, in a very flourishing condition.

"I must at the same time deeply regret the depressed state of the Agricultural Interest.

"The condition of an interest, so essentially connected with the prosperity of the country, will of course attract your early attention; and I have the fullest reliance on your wisdom in the consideration of this important subject.

"I am persuaded that, in whatever measures you may adopt, you will bear constantly in mind, that, in the maintenance of our public credit, all the best interests of this kingdom are equally involved; and that it is by a steady adherence to that principle that we have attained, and can alone expect to preserve, our high station amongst the nations of the world."

The King having retired, an address, in answer to the speech, was moved by Lord Roden, seconded by Earl Walsingham, and agreed to with little discussion, and without a division.

In the House of Commons, the business was commenced with a temper which shewed plainly what is likely to be the spirit and character of the Sessions. On the Speaker taking the Chair, Mr Grey Bennet embraced the first opportunity of giving notice of a motion on the subject of the late Queen's Funeral. Sir R. Wilson also intimated his intention of bringing forward, on the 12th instant, a motion relative to his own dismissal. Lord Ebrington, also, on the part of a Noble Friend absent, (Lord J. Russell,) gave notice of a motion for Parliamentary Reform. These were only steps preparatory to the proposing an Amendment to the Address, moved by Mr R. Clive, and seconded by Mr Duncomb, in reply to the Speech from the Throne; which Amendment was proposed by Sir Francis Burdett, and was seconded by Mr Hobhouse, and went to postpone the consideration of the Speech to Thursday next. Upon a division, the amendment was negatived, by a majority of 186 to 58. Mr Hume then proceeded to address the House at great length, on the different topics alluded to in the Speech; and concluded by moving an amendment to the Address, strongly enforcing economy and retrenchment. On this amendment, a long discussion took place, and it was ultimately negatived, and the original motion adopted, by a majority of 171 to 89.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

JANUARY.

Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain (exclusive of the Arrears of War Duty on Malt and Property,) in the Years and Quarters ended 5th January 1821, and 5th January 1822, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Quars. end. 5th Jan.		Increase.	Decrease.	Years end. 5th Jan.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1821.	1822.			1821.	1822.		
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs.....	2,117,639	2,436,899	319,257	..	8,651,891	9,155,102	503,211
Excise.....	6,513,757	6,539,789	25,032	..	25,361,702	26,316,115	181,713
Stamps.....	1,553,471	1,497,123	..	58,346	6,151,347	6,108,610	..	42,707
Post Office.....	521,000	508,000	..	13,000	1,589,000	1,518,000	..	71,000
Assessed Taxes.....	2,555,671	2,292,708	..	40,963	6,511,510	6,256,811	..	254,699
Land Taxes.....	4,75,882	175,000	4,118	..	1,192,237	1,265,271	71,017	..
Miscellaneous.....	114,187	119,699	5,502	..	295,938	505,466	9,522	..
Total.....	13,165,515	15,568,217	43,216	92,512	50,551,481	50,951,705	765,166	168,212
Deduct Decrease ..			92,512				168,212	
Increase on the Quarr.			402,904				597,224	

9.—*Execution on Leith Sands.*—This day, Peter Augustus Heuman, and Francis Gautiez, or Gautier, convicted before the High Court of Admiralty at Edinburgh, of the piratical seizure of the ship Jane of Gibraltar, and of the murder of Captain Johnston, the Commander, and James Paterson, one of the seamen of that vessel, on the 7th of June last, suffered death, pursuant to their sentence, on a scaffold erected within flood-mark, on Leith sands, close by the naval yard. At half past eight in the morning the Magistrates of Edinburgh proceeded to the Jail, on the Calton Hill, where the Rev. Dr. Campbell, the Rev. Mr Porteous, and the Rev. Mr Wallace, a Roman Catholic clergyman, were in attendance, and after some time spent in devotion, the prisoners were brought out and placed on a car, to which they were fastened; and in this manner, with the Magistrates and Clergymen in coaches, and guarded by a strong body of Police, and a party of the 5d Dragoon Guards from Piershill Barracks, they were conducted slowly to Leith sands. At the bottom of Leith Walk the procession was joined by the Magistrates of Leith in a coach, and a party of the High Constables on foot. The whole then proceeded by Constitution Street to the scaffold, where they arrived at half past ten o'clock. During this melancholy procession the prisoner Heuman had his hat off, and kept almost incessantly bowing to the multitude on each side, rising up as far as his fastenings would allow, holding his hat in one hand and a copy of the New Testament in the other. Gautiez appeared quite dejected, and indifferent to any thing around him. When the prisoners came in sight of the scaffold, Heuman appeared much moved, and was observed to shed tears; but he instantly resumed his forti-

tude, which never again forsook him. On being loosened from the car, the prisoners ascended the scaffold with firmness, Gautiez walking first. The Rev. Dr Campbell then prayed with Heuman, who listened with profound attention. Gautiez was assisted in his devotions by the Rev. Mr Wallace. After the devotions were finished, the prisoner Heuman examined the apparatus of death minutely, and they both ascended the drop, where the executioner made the ropes fast about their necks. Heuman then prayed aloud, for about a quarter of an hour, and after shaking hands with Gautiez, gave the signal, and they were launched into eternity. Notwithstanding the hardihood with which the prisoners, at their conviction, protested their innocence, they soon after made full confession of their guilt. Heuman, in particular, evinced every symptom of sincere repentance, and on the scaffold addressed the immense multitude, which the interest and novelty of the scene had collected together, confessing his guilt, and his penitence, and expressing a hope of forgiveness through the mercy of the Redeemer. Gautiez was twenty-four years of age, a Frenchman and Roman Catholic. He had a wife living somewhere in Spain. Heuman was about thirty-six years old; he was born in Carlscrona, in Sweden, but came to England when a young boy, and had been employed from his early years in the seafaring line. During the last war, he had been many years in French prison at Longwy, where he married a woman, who, with three or four children, now reside in Sunderland.—It is forty years since a similar execution took place on Leith sand; namely, that of Wilson Potts, was Captain of the Dracought privateer of Newcastle, and was convicted

before the Admiralty Court of having plundered the White Swan of Copenhagen of four bags of dollars. He was recommended to mercy by a majority of the jury, because it was in proof that he had committed the crime while in a state of intoxication, and had, on coming to his senses, taken the first opportunity of returning the money to its owners.

On the 4th instant, about eleven o'clock, the inmates of a house in King Street, Aberdeen, were alarmed by repeated cries of murder, proceeding from a back apartment on the ground floor, occupied by Wm. Gordon, a fishing-tackle maker. A gentleman who lived on the floor above was the first to notice the circumstance, and hastening downstairs, very properly called for the assistance of the watch, and entered the apartment. Here they found Gordon; and on the floor of the room, near the fire, the appalling spectacle of his wife, apparently in the agonies of death, bleeding profusely from a dreadful wound in her thigh, three inches deep, inflicted, it is said, by a sharp-pointed poker, by which the femoral artery had been lacerated and laid open. Medical assistance was immediately called; but the unhappy woman breathed her last in a few minutes. The husband has been committed for trial.

11.—Edinburgh Gas Light.—Last night the gas lamps in Prince's Street were completed, and the whole were lighted for the first time. Seventy-nine oil lamps have been displaced by fifty-three lanterns, and, notwithstanding the very great superiority of light, there will be a very considerable diminution of expence. The oil lamps, taking the average of contracts since the commencement of the present police bill, cost at the rate of 23s. 11d. each per season; the whole, excepting a very small proportion, being lighted only for thirty-four weeks in the year, and calculated to burn from sun-set to three A. M. We believe it is proposed by the Commissioners that the gas lamps shall be lighted at one hour after sun-set, one half of them to be extinguished at three A. M., and to burn for thirty-four weeks; the rest to be put out at one hour before sun-rise, and to burn the whole year round. The average of the whole will by this means come within a mere fraction of the cost of oil lamps.

Highland Society & Caledonian Hunt.—In the afternoon of Tuesday the 8th instant, a large party of the members of the Highland Society of Scotland attended the anniversary dinner, in the Waterloo Tavern, Edinburgh, Sir John Sinclair in the chair, the duties of which the Right Hon. Baronet discharged with great spirit and ability. At nine o'clock, a com-

munication was made to the Secretary of the Society from the Secretary of the Caledonian Hunt, announcing the intention of that distinguished body to intimate, by deputation, that they had just drunk to the prosperity of the Highland Society of Scotland. An interchange of deputations immediately took place, when every assurance was given of the united wishes of both institutions for a continuation of the best understanding between them. It had often been matter of regret, that the day of the anniversary meeting of the Highland Society of Scotland, (the only occasion when the members dine together,) should have been fixed by the charter to the same day when a meeting of the Caledonian Hunt is also held, so many members of that respectable body being also members of the Society. On this occasion, however, it afforded an opportunity, from their dining together under the same roof, (the Waterloo Tavern,) for the pleasing interchange of civilities which has been mentioned.

Intrusion, Jan. 17.—A most distressing accident happened at the Bridge of Carr, on the night of Thursday last.—The house of James Shaw, blacksmith, caught fire after the family had retired, and were all asleep; and, melancholy to tell, his son, a boy of about seven years of age, and his maid servant, a young woman aged seventeen, were burnt to death before the fire was observed. The alarm was given by a shoemaker in the neighbourhood, and the poor man, his wife, and sister, were providentially saved. Poor Shaw's loss, in house, furniture, &c. is estimated at several hundred pounds.

Celtic Society.—On Friday the 11th instant, there was a numerous meeting of the Celtic Society at Edinburgh, who dined in the Waterloo Tavern. M'Leod presided, and was supported on the right by Sir Samuel Shepherd, Lord Chief Baron, and on the left by Sir Thomas Bradford, Commander in Chief. Sir Walter Scott, General Graham Stirling, Colonel Stewart of Garth, with many other patriotic gentlemen, were present; and a foreign Prince appeared among the other members, attired in the Highland garb. The objects of the association were stated from the chair with clearness, manliness, and chieftain-like cloquence; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which throughout the evening was excited by occasional addresses from the chair, Sir Walter Scott, and the Lord Chief Baron.

18.—Anecdote of his Majesty.—A poor man named Grant, living on the estates of the Honourable W. Maule, in the

neighbourhood of Montrose, and 108 years old, presented a memorial to the King, through Sir B. Bloomfield, lately, in which he stated his extreme distress and old age to his Majesty. Amongst other arguments for Royal bounty, he informed his Majesty that, if he was not the oldest of his Majesty's loyal subjects, he was at all events the oldest of his Majesty's enemies, for that he was present in 1746 at the battle of Culloden Muir, in which he had taken the side of Charles Stuart. His Majesty, with that distinguished benevolence which has always marked his private character, has ordered one pound a-week to be paid to the old man during his life, and the same sum to be

continued to his daughter, who now takes care of him, and is upwards of seventy years of age, should she survive her father.

Improvement of the Highlands.—No less than three different Societies have met in Edinburgh within these few days, in behalf of the Highlands and Islands: first, the Highland Society of Scotland, for the improvement of the country in Agriculture, Arts, and Sciences, &c.; next, the Gaelic School Society, for the instruction of the young scattered among the mountains and glens of that extensive portion of our country; and, lastly, the Highland Missionary Society, for disseminating religious knowledge, by means of Preachers of the Gospel.

24.—*Irish Revenue.*—We (the Dublin Morning Post) have much satisfaction in announcing a considerable improvement in the produce of the revenue in Ireland, in the year 1821, over the preceding year (1820,) as will be seen in the following comparative view of the two years:—

	Year 1820.			Year 1821.		
Customs.....	£1,302,577	18	5	£1,537,457	7	1
Excise.....	1,695,038	6	0½	1,768,702	8	11½
Assessed Taxes.....	286,618	0	1	333,908	6	6½
Quit Rents.....	218	12	8½	76	19	4½
Stamp Duties.....	441,353	19	5½	434,229	6	5
Postage.....	64,000	0	0	71,000	0	0
Dismissed Collectors,	874	16	5½	886	16	0
Poundage, &c. Fees,	6,268	4	3	6,617	18	3½
Casual Revenue.....	3,704	12	8½	4,133	15	5½
	£3,800,654	10	1	£4,177,012	18	1
Other Monies	105,245	9	3	156,238	0	11½
	£3,905,899	19	4	£4,333,250	19	0½
Increase.....				£427,350	19	8½

Passage between Leith and London.—

The exertions made by the masters and crews of the London and Leith smacks, both in effecting their passages, and in getting them dispatched from London and Leith, have long been conspicuous; but an instance occurred a few days ago in the smack *Edinburgh Castle*, William Hutton master, belonging to the London, Leith, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Shipping Company, from which it appears, that that fine vessel has excelled in her dispatch in harbour as much as she is well known to have already done in making the quickest passages of any smack in the London trade. This vessel arrived in Leith on the afternoon of one day, with a full cargo, consisting of 362 packages, addressed to 159 different consignees, which she discharged, and loaded one of the largest cargoes ever exported by a smack from Leith, consisting of 812 separate packages, addressed to no less than 199 different consignees, and sailed for London again on the afternoon of the next day, having been only twelve working hours in port.

Poor.—By the returns of the expence of the poor in England and Wales, it appears that, for law expences only, in the year 1819, more money was paid than the whole expenditure for the King, his Court, Ministers, Judges, Ambassadors, the Princes, and all the State-pensioners added together. The whole expences of the poor amount to a sum equal to the Emperor of Russia, who maintains an army of a million of soldiers, and to more than twice the expences of the Government of the United States.

St Andrews.—The total number of students at present attending the University of St Andrew's is 237; of these 204 attend the Old College, and the remaining 33 the New. The increase is remarkable. About ten years ago there were but 47 first year's students; at present they amount to 76; and the other classes have increased in equal proportions.

Humanity and Intrepidity.—On Tuesday evening, the 22d instant, viz. one of the smacks was sailing from Leith for London, she had just cleared the pier head, when a sailor fell from some part

of the rigging into the water, but was saved from drowning by the intrepidity and presence of mind of a young gentleman, second son of Capt. Fyfe, Comely Bank. Immediately on perceiving the accident, Mr Fyfe threw off his coat and waistcoat, and, with the latter part of his dress in his hand, leapt from the pier head into the water, and, swimming towards the drowning seaman, called out to him, "Don't lay hold of me, Sir, take hold of the waistcoat." The sailor fortunately possessed coolness and recollection sufficient to obey implicitly this injunction, and was by this means, to the delight and admiration of a number of anxious spectators, safely brought to shore.

FEBRUARY.

IRELAND.—Dispatches from Lord Wellesley, from the 3d of January to the 29th, have been presented to Parliament. It appears, we regret to state, that the disturbances continued increasing during all this time. In the first dispatch, the greatest number of men mentioned as assembled in hostile array is 200. The last dispatch speaks of as many thousands, and the mischief effected by the insurgents is in proportion to their augmented force.—Letters from Cork communicate a new atrocity committed by the lawless peasantry of a very desperate and daring character. A thatched house at Churchtown, near Doneraile, was occupied as a post by a party of police. On Thursday the 7th instant, at night, it was surrounded by a large number of the insurgent White-boys, and set on fire. The stable adjoining the house, where the horses of the party were kept, was also set on fire. The police from within kept up a constant firing, which, it is presumed, must have killed and wounded a great number of the assailants; but the fire increased until at length

the roof fell in. The police, foreseeing this casualty, were prepared, and having come out, they continued to fire: the insurgents returned the fire, but they were at length compelled to give way, and leave the police in possession of the ground; but the victory was dearly bought. The whole party, consisting, it is said, of sixteen men, were killed or wounded, one excepted. Four were killed and eleven wounded. All the horses, with their accoutrements, were burned in the stable. On their return, the insurgents carried off their killed and wounded. A party of banditti, supposed to be the same who murdered Mr Brereton, made an attack on the Bridewell, at Mill Street, but were driven off by a guard of the 39th regiment. With a great accession of numbers, it is said, one thousand, they next advanced to attack the town of Newmarket; but Lieut. Green, with about thirty men of the 22d regiment, marched out and fought them. On the first fire of the military, the banditti fled in all directions; but several were killed and wounded, and three prisoners were taken.—The nightly plundering for arms continues, even in the near vicinities of both Cork and Dublin, attended with wanton outrages. One Hesterman, a tradesman of Cork, has been sent to jail for furnishing the insurgents with powder. He was caught in the act of selling it to a country man, in the night. Sir John Lambert continues at Macroom, whence his parties scour the country, and have taken a great number of prisoners. The soldiers, by his direction, spare the lives of the deluded peasantry; and the latest advices state that the latter are returning home from their encampments in the mountains. The Special Commission is to be opened at Cork on the 16th inst.—The jails are full.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

1821, Jan. 12.—The King has directed letters patent to be issued, for granting to Richard, Marquis of Buckingham, the titles of Marquis of Chandos, and Duke of Buckingham and Chandos—to George Thomas John, Earl of Westmeath, the dignity of a Marquis of Ireland, by the title of Marquis of Westmeath—to Francis, Viscount Killmorey, the dignities of a Viscount and Earl of Ireland, by the titles of Viscount of Newry and Morne, and Earl of Killmorey—to Henry Stanley, Viscount Monck, the dignity of an Earl of Ireland, by the title of Earl of Rathdown—to William, Viscount Ennismore, the dignity of an Earl of Ireland, by the title of Earl Lisdown—to Richard, Viscount Mount Earl, the dignities of a Viscount and Earl of Ireland, by the titles of Viscount Adare and Earl of Dungannon and Mount Earl; and to William, Lord Casdane, the dignity of a Viscount of Ireland, by the title of Viscount Castlemaine.

14.—The dignity of Baronet of the United King-

dom conferred on John Kingston James, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

11.—David Hume, Esq. one of the Principal Clerks of Session, and Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh, has been appointed a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, in room of the late Sir John Stuart, Bart.

19.—The Right Hon. Robert Peel appointed Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, in room of Lord Sidmouth, resigned.

25.—William Erskine, Esq. Advocate, to be one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, in room of Lord Balmuto, resigned. (Mr Erskine takes the title of Lord Kinnedder.)

James Allan Macdonochie, Esq. Advocate, to be Sheriff-Depute of Orkney and Shetland.

Robert Hamilton, Esq. Advocate, to be one of the Ordinary Clerks of Session, in room of David Hume, Esq. appointed a Baron of the Court of Exchequer.—And Hector Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. to be Clerk of the King's Processes in Scotland, in room of Mr Hume.

Members returned to serve in Parliament.

Jan. 29.—Burough of King's Lynn.—The Most Honourable William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, commonly called the Marquis of Titchfield.

Feb. 2.—County of Antium.—The Honourable Richard Seymour Conway, commonly called Lord Viscount Benueham.

5.—Burough of Castle Rising.—Right Honourable William Henry Ringe Cholmondeley, commonly called Lord Henry Cholmondeley.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

1821, Dec. 3.—Rev. Daniel Gornie ordained minister of the Relief Congregation, King's Kettle, Fifeshire.

1821, Jan.—Mr Alexander Clark, preacher, to be minister of the first charge of the parish of Alves, in Morayshire.

12.—The Relief Congregation, Dundee, have given a unanimous call to Mr Harvey to be their pastor.

17.—The United Scots Congregation in Horse Street, Edinburgh, gave a very harmonious call (almost unanimous, there being only four votes for the other candidate), to the Rev. John Brown, present minister in Glasgow, to be their minister.

22.—The Rev. Archibald McArthur was ordained in Nicolson Street chapel, Edinburgh, as a missionary to the settlement of Van Diemen's Land.

26.—Sir James Colquhoun has presented the Rev. John Munro, minister of the Gaelic chapel, Edinburgh, to the church and parish of Halkirk, in the county of Caithness.

III. MILITARY.

Colonel Capt. Hutton, 81 F. to be Major in the Army. 17th Aug. 1821.

— Davidson, h. p. 2 F. do. 20th Oct.

1 Life G. Lt. Bullock, Capt. by purch. vice Gough, ret. 26th Dec.

Cornet and Sub-Lt. Bayard, Lt. by purch. do.

Hon. H. M. Upton, Cornet and Sub-Lt. do. do.

R. H. G. Lt. Wellesley, from Cold t. Gds. Cornet by purch. vice Pount, ret.—rec. value of Cornetcy only. 20 do.

1 Dr. G. J. McDonnell, Cornet by purch. vice Alcock, prom. 17th Jan. 1822.

4 Cornet Hunter, Lt. do. vice Ruffo, ret. 24th Oct. 1821.

5 ——— Hanington, from 4 Dr. Cornet by purch. vice Harcourt, Coldst. Gds. 20th Dec.

——— Westmore, Lt. by purch. vice Hodgson, prom. 24th Oct.

1 Dr. Lt. Hanbury, from h. p. 25 Dr. Paynter, vice Kerr, dead. 20th Dec.

2 Cornet Blane, Lt. by purch. vice Innes, prom. 21th Oct.

D. Hollingworth, Cornet by purch. 10th Jan. 1822.

4 G. Weston, do. do. vice Hampton, 5 Dr. Gds. 24th Dec. 1821.

7 Capt. Whelan, Major, do. vice Robbins, 18 F. 24th Oct.

Lt. Lord J. Bentinck, from 10th Dr. Capt. by purch. do.

10 Cornet Danbury, from 12 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Lord J. Bentinck, 7 Dr. do.

12 ——— Sudley, Adj. vice Mickethwaite, res. Adj. only. 3d Jan. 1822.

Coldst. G. ——— Harcourt, from 5 Dr. Gds. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Wellesley, R. Horse Gds. 20th Dec. 1821.

G. Bentinck, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Jenkinson, ret. 17th Jan. 1822.

2 F. Lt. Frankland, Capt. do. vice Carney, ret. 3d do.

Ens. Carney, Lt. do. do.

Cent. Cadet J. L. King, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.

3 Lt. Barlow, Capt. by purch. vice Parker, ret. 20th Dec. 1821.

Ens. Kingsbury, Lt. do. do.

J. Grant, Ens. do. do.

Lt. Lord Schomberg Kerr, from 33 F. Capt. by purch. vice Armstrong, cancelled. 24th Oct.

Lt. Hon. H. R. Molyneux, from h. p. 59 F. Lt. (paying diff.) vice Pigot, 86 F. 17th Jan. 1822.

Ens. Galloway, Adj. vice Shinkwin, 16. Adj. only. 20th Dec. 1821.

11 Lt. Marcon, by purch. vice Dunlop, ret. 3d Jan. 1822.

Ens. Haldenby, Lt. do. do.

Capt. Fitz Clarence, Maj. by purch. vice Hely, 1st. 10th do.

Lt. Chambre, Capt. do. do.

Ens. Farmer, Lt. do. do.

Ens. Derivay, from 80 F. Ens. do.

Cent. Cadet J. P. Westropp, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. 11th Jan. 1822.

15 Lt. Reed, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, 1st. 17th do.

Ens. Jordan, Lt. do. do.

W. Flood, 1st. do. do.

15 Gen. Cadet W. Deady from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Gore, 92 F. 1st. do.

18 Maj. Robbins, from 7 Dr. Lt. Col. by purch. vice M. Gen. Graves, ret. 24th Oct. 1821.

20 Lt. Sutherland, from h. p. 68 F. Lt. vice Goldfrap, prom. 13th Jan. 1822.

25 Secy. Maj. J. Pott, Quar. Mast. vice Campbell, dett. 10th do.

50 Hosp. Asst. J. R. Gillespie, Asst. Surg. vice Evans, dead. 20th Dec. 1821.

78 Asst. Surg. Banks, from h. p. 56 F. Asst. Surg. vice Johnson, came. 25th Nov.

40 Asst. Surg. Hotham, Ens. by purch. vice Dalrymple, 2 W. I. Reg. 20th Dec.

41 Lt. Crawford, Capt. do. vice Saunders, ret. 10th Jan. 1822.

Ens. Warren, Lt. do. do.

42 G. R. Read, Ens. do. do.

Lt. Stevenson, Capt. do. vice Mackintosh, ret. 21th Oct. 1821.

Ens. Wetherall, from 69 F. Lt. by purch. do.

49 Lt. Richardson, from 60 F. Lt. vice King, h. p. 55 F. 5d Jan. 1822.

52 Lt. Moles, Adj. vice Sutherland, res. Adj. only. 10th do.

51 Asst. Surg. Leach, from h. p. 6 Vet. En. Asst. Surg. vice Shank, came. 20th Dec. 1821.

55 G. Lawrence, Ens. by purch. vice Jackson, ret. 24th Oct.

56 Lt. Brough, Capt. do. vice O'Hara, ret. 10th Jan. 1822.

59 Ens. Cooto, late of 5 F. Ens. vice Howe, dead. 17th do.

61 Ens. Cotter, from 90 F. Lt. by purch. vice Wolfe, prom. 20th Dec. 1821.

65 Gen. Cadet W. S. S. Doyle, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Lord Falkland, 71 F. do.

66 Lt. Stopford, from h. p. 55 F. (paying diff.) Lt. vice Richardson, 49 F. 5d Jan. 1822.

67 Capt. Wynnum, from 2d Late Gds. by purch. vice Cassidy, ret. 20th Dec. 1821.

71 Ens. L'Estrange, Lt. by purch. vice Peel, 2 W. I. Regt. do.

Ens. L. C. Vice. Falkland, from 63 F. Ens. do.

75 J. D'Arby, Ens. by purch. vice Hawkins, 80 F. do.

86 Lt. Pigot, from 6 F. Lt. vice Gould, h. p. 50 F. (rec. diff.) 17th Jan. 1822.

89 Ens. Hawkins, from 75 F. Lt. by purch. vice Lockwood, 22 F. 20th Dec. 1821.

Hosp. Asst. Orr, Asst. Surg. vice Gray, dead. 17th Jan. 1822.

90 J. H. Baldwin, Ens. by purch. vice Cotter, 61 F. 20th Dec. 1821.

92 Lt. G. Macdonald, Adj. vice Grant, dead. 23th Oct.

Ens. Hope, from 15 F. Lt. by purch. vice Wilson, prom. 24th do.

93 Capt. Martin, from 1 Life Gds. Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. A. Gordon, ret. 10th Jan. 1822.

2 W. I. R. Ens. Dalrymple, from 40 F. Lt. by purch. vice Finley, prom. 20th Dec. 1821.

Commissariat Department.

Acting Dep. Comm. Gen. Webb, (in Ireland) Dep. Comm. Gen. 15th Jan. 1822.
 Commiss. Clerk, J. Campbell, (do.) Dep. Assist. Comm. Gen. do.
 Hosp. Assist. Farmer, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Coleman, 40 F. 20th Dec. 1821.
 ——— P. Stewart, from h. p. do. vice Gillespie, 30 F. do.
 ——— Donaldson, from h. p. do. 27th June.
 ——— Walsh, from h. p. do. vice Orr, 82 F. 17th Jan.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Hall, from 38 F. with Lt. Col. Torrens, 65 F.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Gabriel, from 2 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Bt. Major Middleton, h. p. 22 Dr.
 ——— Beyer, from 10 F. with Major Payler, h. p. 37 F.
 ——— Hardy, from 16 F. with Maj. Thorn, h. p. 60 F.
 Major Norelliff, from 4 Dr. with Major Sale, 17 Dr.
 Bt. Major Carpenter, from 15 F. with Capt. Fox, Cape Corps.
 Capt. Kenny, from 52 F. with Bt. Major Macleod, h. p. 45 F.
 ——— Enderby, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Crichton, 16 Dr.
 ——— Owen, from 11 F. with Capt. Browne, h. p. 12 F.
 ——— Shearman, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Squire, h. p. 7 F.
 ——— Gregory, from 29 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bridgeman, h. p. 28 F.
 ——— Ball, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Maclean, h. p. 72 F.
 ——— Seymour, from 41 F. with Capt. Carr, h. p. 15 Dr.
 ——— Manners, from Rifle Reg. rec. diff. with Capt. Skeill, h. p. Port. Serv.
 Lieut. Pulcher, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Life Gds. and Full Pay Cav. with Lieut. Lord F. Coningham, h. p. 9 Dr.
 ——— Sloczek, from 4 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Makepeace, h. p.
 ——— Gunning, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Knatchbull, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds.
 ——— Chamber, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maxwell, h. p. 64 F.
 ——— Logan, from 12 Dr. with Lieut. Rose, 20 F.
 ——— Davison, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Pridoux, h. p.
 ——— Connor, from 16 F. with Lieut. Brand, 75 F.
 ——— Dowling, from 29 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Rose, h. p.
 ——— Logan, from 29 F. with Lieut. Lord E. Hay, h. p. 55 F.
 ——— Wright, from 29 F. with Lieut. Steele, 45 F.
 ——— Macpherson, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hamilton, h. p. 77 F.
 ——— Hon. W. Browne, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Blons, h. p.
 ——— Cundall, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Brown, h. p.
 ——— Bolton, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Foster, h. p.
 ——— Bailey, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. R. King, h. p. 60 F.
 ——— Howells, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p.
 Ens. and Lt. St. John, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Johnstone, h. p. 19 Dr.
 ——— Newman, from 40 F. with Ensign F. h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major General Graves, 18 F.
 Lieut. Colonel Hely, 11 F.
 ——— Alex. Gordon, 33
 Major Parke, 3 F.
 ——— O'Hara, 56 F.
 ——— Cassidy, 67 F.
 Captain Gough, 1 Life Gds.
 ——— Carney, 2 F.
 ——— Dunlop, 11 F.
 ——— Campbell, 13 F.
 ——— Saunders, 41 F.
 ——— Mackintosh, 42 F.

Lieut. Picard, R. Horse Gd.
 ——— Ruffo, 4 Dr. Gds.
 ——— Jenkinson, Coldst. Gds.
 Ensign Jackson, 55 F.
 Surgeon McCulloch, Berwick Mil.

Appointments Cancelled.

Captain Armstrong, 5 F.
 Lieut. Beamish, (from h. p.) 4 Dr. Gds.
 Assist. Surgeon Johnson, 38 F.
 ——— Shan's, 54 F.

Superseded.

Paymaster-Fisher, 55 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. General Sir H. Gosby, E.L.C. Serv. Bath, 17th Jan. 1822.
 Colonel Lambrecht, R. Mar. Argenton, 26th Dec. 1821.
 Lieut. Colonel Piper, 4 F. Barbadoes, 12th Dec.
 ——— Quist, Riding-Master to the R. Art., Woolwich, 20th do.
 Major Bishop, 5 F. Dominica, 17th Oct.
 ——— Williamson, ret. 8 Veteran Bn. Portsmouth, 20th Nov.
 Hinekleday, h. p. 60 F. Guadeloupe, 26th Dec.
 ——— Jacob, h. p. 95 F. Ireland, 6th Oct.
 Captain Armstrong, 5 F. Dominica, 20th Oct.
 ——— Hogan, h. p. 27 F.
 ——— Macquarie, h. p. 86 F. Ardehresinsh, 6th July.
 Elbert, h. p. Cape Reg. Cape of Good Hope, 7th June.
 Lieut. Sneyd, 8 Dr. Widerapore, Bengal, 26th May.
 ——— Equino, 5 F. Dominica, 31st Oct.
 ——— Madden, 65 F. Colabah, Bombay, 12th June.
 ——— McDonal, ret. Invalids, Invercoe, B. N. 12th Feb.
 ——— Robeson, ret. Vet. Bn. Trattan, near Portsmouth, 1st Jan. 1822.
 ——— Holmes, h. p. F. Montreal, Lower Canada, 23d May 1821.
 ——— Stewart, h. p. 52 F. Gordonsburgh, N. B. 12th Nov.
 ——— Macdonald, h. p. 84 F. 22d Sept.
 ——— Pilkington, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Anguilla, 10th July.
 ——— Geagan, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Dominica, 30th Oct.
 ——— Holland, h. p. Watteville's Reg. previously of 49 F. Chatham, 19th Jan. 1822.
 Ensign Shipton, 4 F. Barbadoes, 6th Dec. 1821.
 ——— Howe, 39 F. Portsmouth, 3 Jan. 1822.
 ——— Gordon, 85 F. Malta, 19th Jan. 1821.
 ——— Pickering, I. W. I. R. St. Lucia, Oct.
 ——— Porter, h. p. 52 F. Douglas, Isle of Man, 25th Dec.
 ——— M'oy, h. p. 100 F. 25th Oct.
 ——— Farquarson, h. p. Independent Comp. N. B. 15th Nov.
 ——— Wood, h. p. 7 W. I. R. Jamaica, 25th Sept.
 Quart. Master Doran, 4 F. Barbadoes, 5th Dec.
 ——— Campbell, 25th F.
 ——— Franklin, 39 F. Monghier, Bengal, 9th June.
 ——— Macdougall, (Lt.) 80 F. Malta, 18th Nov.
 ——— Tipson, h. p. 23 Dr. Preston, Lancashire, 15th Aug.

Commissariat.

Assist. Com. Gen. Baanett, Barbadoes, 3 Dec. 1821.
 Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Pulsford, Berbice, 25th Sept.

Medical.

Surgeon Maxton, 17 F. Berhampore, Bengal, 12th July 1821.
 ——— Miller, 79 F.
 ——— Cocke, late of Cornwall and Devon Miners, 19 Nov.
 Parveyor Cathcart, Antigua, 1 do.
 Hosp. Assist. Arthur, Tobago, 22 Sep.
 M m

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon, and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Jan. 1	M.29 A. 35	29.295 .275 A. 36	M.37 A. 36	SE.	fair foren. h. rain aftern.	Jan. 17	M.29 A. 36	29.778 .829 A. 37	NW.	Frost morn. fresh day.
2	M.29 A. 35	.513 M.35 .407 A. 36	M.35 A. 36	S.	Frosty morn. dull day.	18	M.33 A. 44	.747 M.42 .806 A. 45	NW.	Fresh, with sunshine.
3	M.29 A. 30	.484 M.35 .257 A. 35	M.35 A. 35	E.	Frost.	19	M.39 A. 45	.797 M.45 .746 A. 44	W.	Ditto.
4	M.30 A. 35	.119 M.51 .657 A. 54	M.51 A. 54	NE.	Keen frost. sn. on hills.	20	M.36 A. 41	.620 M.43 .677 A. 44	W.	Day fair, rain night.
5	M.29 A. 34	.870 M.35 .876 A. 36	M.35 A. 36	N.	Ditto.	21	M.57 A. 45	.811 M.45 .982 A. 45	NW	Dull, with showers.
6	M.29 A. 34	.807 M.35 .851 A. 35	M.35 A. 35	NW.	Frosty day. sh. hail at n.	22	M.58 A. 45	.982 M.45 .982 A. 44	W.	F'r. sh. rather dull.
7	M.29 A. 34	.902 M.35 .901 A. 35	M.35 A. 35	NW.	Frosty day.	23	M.38 A. 44	.760 M.44 .580 A. 45	W.	Mild and fair.
8	M.29 A. 35	.820 M.35 .860 A. 37	M.35 A. 37	NW.	Frost morn. fresh day.	24	M.38 A. 45	.573 M.45 .552 A. 46	W.	Ditto.
9	M.29 A. 37	.875 M.37 .727 A. 41	M.37 A. 41	NW.	Ditto.	25	M.55 A. 44	.455 M.45 .788 A. 47	NW.	Fair, but cold.
10	M.36 A. 41	.657 M.43 .709 A. 45	M.43 A. 45	W.	Fair and fresh.	26	M.55 A. 57	.865 M.45 .865 A. 45	Cble.	Frost morn. fair day.
11	M.37 A. 46	.778 M.45 .794 A. 44	M.45 A. 44	NW.	Fair and mild.	27	M.53 A. 38	.894 M.40 .878 A. 44	Cble.	Rain for the day.
12	M.59 A. 41	.902 M.45 .778 A. 45	M.45 A. 45	NW.	Fair, but cold.	28	M.40 A. 15	.772 M.46 .791 A. 46	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
13	M.59 A. 47	.775 M.48 .754 A. 46	M.48 A. 46	NW.	Day fair, sh. hail night	29	M.55 A. 39	.852 M.43 .906 A. 41	W.	Ditto.
14	M.51 A. 40	.592 M.41 .606 A. 40	M.41 A. 40	NW.	Sh. rain day, h. rain night.	30	M.53 A. 38	.906 M.40 .810 A. 41	W.	Fair day, but cold.
15	M.70 A. 35	.908 M.38 .808 A. 36	M.38 A. 36	NW.	Frost, with sunshine.	31	M.56 A. 45	.614 M.44 .611 A. 45	W.	Dull, but fair.
16	M.28 A. 35	.920 M.35 .852 A. 35	M.35 A. 35	NW.	Frosty day. sn. night.					

Average of Rain, 1.168 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather continued open, and dry, from the middle till the end of January, and a considerable breadth of ground was plowed over during that period, and some dung has been carted out. February commenced with rains: on the second, the mercury in the barometer was extremely low, and was followed by excessive loud westerly winds and rain; in some places, two slight shocks of earthquakes were felt: shipping received considerable damage; but agriculture, at this period of the season, is little affected with tempests; the evil seldom reaches farther than the unroofing of an old thatch house, or the overturning of a stack in the barn-yard, while the wind helps to dry up the excessive moisture which, at this season, is generally in the soil. Nightly frosts have of late been frequent, and have done more injury to the young wheat than the boisterous weather in the preceding winter months. The mean temperature of the last two weeks in January was $40^{\circ} 42'$, and, for the two first weeks in the present month, was 38° . The progress of vegetation is at this period much earlier than usual, though not so forward, by a week, as in the winter of 1819, as appears by the opening of the blossoms of the snow-drop, &c.

Fallow wheat is, for the most part, in a very forward state; but a considerable breadth of ground has been laid under that species of grain since the beginning of winter. Where turnips turned out light, the produce has been taken up, and the ground laid under wheat. Clover plants look fresh, and cattle are much out at pasture. The bulk in barn-yards is fast diminishing, and a scarcity of fodder will in many instances still be felt. Farm labour is in a considerable state of forwardness; and, should the weather continue open and dry, the sowing of beans on coarse lands will soon commence. Prices of grain are still low, and the agricultural distress is now occupying the attention of Parliament. The question is of considerable importance to the landlord and the farmer, and to all classes of society in this country; but, like every question of any magnitude, it has been seized by a party, and mixed up with so many foreign ingredients, such as Reform, Reduction of Taxes, &c. (with which at most it is but remotely connected) that the original is in danger of being either obscured, or completely lost sight of, in a chaos of conflicting elements.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck.	1822.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal.	
	Boll.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 16	789	24 6 34	0 29 6	17 6 20 6	14 0 18 6	14 0 17 0	9	10	Jan. 15	478	1 1	50	0 10
23	991	24 0 33 0	29 9	17 6 21 6	14 0 19 0	14 0 17 0	9	10	22	496	1 1	86	0 10
30	937	24 0 33 0	29 11	18 0 22 9	14 6 19 6	14 0 17 0	9	10	29	498	1 2	86	0 10
Feb. 6	774	24 0 33 0	28 11	17 0 21 0	14 0 18 6	11 0 17 0	9	8	Feb. 5	550	1 2	68	0 10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.						Oats, 261 lbs.				Barley, 320 lbs.				Bns. & Psc.		Oatmeal 110 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dantzic.		For. red.		British.		Irish.		British.		English.		Scots.		Stir. Mea.				
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s. d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s. d.	s.	s.
Jan. 17	—	—	51	53	26	33 0	18	20	20	22 0	—	—	20	22 6	17	20 0	16 0	18 6	48 50
24	—	—	51	55	26	33 0	18	20	20	22 0	—	—	20	22 0	17	20 0	16 0	18 6	48 50
31	54	35	53	54	29	51 0	17	21 0	19	21 0	18	22	19	23 0	16	18 0	17 0	18 0	47 50
Feb. 7	34	35	33	34	27	31 0	10 9	19 0	19	21 0	18	22	19	23 0	16	18 0	17 0	18 0	47 50

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 18	720	24 0 51 6	28 7	16 20 0	14 18 0	12 16 0	12 16 0	Jan. 14	14 6 15 3	1 0
25	789	23 0 51 0	29 5	16 21 0	14 18 6	12 16 0	12 16 0	21	15 0 15 3	1 0
Feb. 1	688	23 0 51 0	28 11	16 21 0	14 18 0	11 15 0	11 15 0	28	15 0 15 6	1 0 1/2
8	718	24 0 51 0	28 4	16 21 0	10 17 9	12 15 6	12 15 6	Feb. 4	14 6 15 0	1 0

Dalkeith.

London.

1822.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	Coarse.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Jan. 14	50 64	21 25	10 22	15 25	20 21	25 32	19 27	28 30	21 23 50	55 40	45	10
21	50 64	21 24	17 25	14 22	19 26	25 32	19 27	28 31	21 23 50	55 40	45	10
28	50 70	21 21	16 25	14 19	19 26	25 32	19 27	28 31	21 23 50	55 40	45	10
Feb. 4	50 70	21 21	16 25	15 21	15 22	25 32	19 27	28 32	25 24 50	55 40	45	10

Liverpool.

	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye. per qr.	Beans. per qr.	Pease. per qr.	Flour.		Oatm. 240 lbs.			
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish. 196 lb.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng. 240 lb.	Scots.	s. s.
Jan. 15	4 0 10 9	3 1 3	0 5 3	26 28	32 35	26 42 40	41 32	39 25	36 29	31 24	26	26
	4 0 10 6	3 0 3	0 5 3	26 28	32 35	25 40 38	38 25	36 28	34 29	24 26		
29	4 0 10 3	2 9 3	0 5 3	26 28	32 35	24 38	38 40	36 25	34 26	24 25		
Feb. 5	4 0 10 5	2 9 3	0 5 3	26 28	32 35	24 38	38 40	36 25	34 26	24 25		

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 5	45 11	20 5	19 2	16 5	21 10	24 3	—
12	48 11	22 1	19 6	16 7	22 3	25 5	—
19	49 3	20 6	20 2	16 10	22 11	25 4	16 10
26	50 7	24 5	20 2	16 9	22 5	24 8	—

PRICES CURRENT.—FEBRUARY 9, 1822.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
	@	—	@	—	@	—	2s. 6d. @	—
TEA, Bohea, ½ lb.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 7½	2 8
Congou,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 0	4 6
Souchong,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SUGAR, Musc. cwt.								
B. P. Dry Brown,.....	57½	60	54	58	52	54	58	59
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid.	70	82	59	68	55	75	60	74
Fine and very fine,....	80	82	80	82	76	79	76	82
Brazil, Brown,.....	—	—	—	—	18	25	—	—
White,.....	—	—	—	—	27	38	—	—
Refined, Double Leaves, &c.	130	145	—	—	—	—	106	115
Powder ditto,.....	100	110	—	—	—	—	81	98
Single ditto,.....	88	102	98	110	—	—	60	98
Small Lumps,.....	88	92	68	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,.....	82	86	80	85	—	—	77	90
Crushed Lumps,.....	44	56	82	86	—	—	58	70
MOLASSES, British,.....	26	—	24	24 6	26 6	27	23 6	25 6
COFFEE, Jamaica,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	110	105	113	100	114	106	118
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	110	120	114	122	116	132	119	122
Fine, and very fine,....	—	—	—	—	128	132	—	—
Dutch, Triage & very ord.	—	—	—	—	90	100	—	—
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	—	—	102	115	—	—
St Domingo,.....	122	126	—	—	100	105	—	—
PIMENTO (in bond), lb.....	8	9	—	—	0 8½	0 9	8½	9½
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 160 P.	2s. 2d.	2 4	1 5	1 10	1 9	1 11	1 7	1 8
Brandy, gal.....	4s. 3d.	4 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Geneva,.....	2s.	2 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES, Clar. 1st Gr. hhd. £.45	55	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal Red, pipe,...	30	42	—	—	—	—	24	55
Spanish, White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	25	60
Teneriffe, pipe,.....	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira,.....	55	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,...	7	7 7	—	—	9 10 10 0	10 10 11 0	10 10 11 0	10 10 11 0
Honduras,.....	—	—	—	—	10 0 10 10	10 10 11 0	11 10 12 0	11 10 12 0
Camachy,.....	8	—	—	—	10 10 11 0	11 10 12 0	11 10 12 0	11 10 12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,.....	7	8	—	—	9 0 9 10	10 10 11 0	10 10 11 0	10 10 11 0
Cuba,.....	9	11	—	—	12 0 12 12	13 0 13 0	13 0 13 0	13 0 13 0
INDIGO, Caraccas, fine, lb.	9s. 6d.	11 6	—	—	9 6 10 6	10 3 11 6	10 3 11 6	10 3 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,.....	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,...	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 0
TAR, American, brl... ..	20	21	—	—	13	16	17	20
Archangel,.....	16	17	—	—	—	—	22	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	49	50	49	50	49	50	51	52
Home melted, cwt.....	50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,...	—	—	—	—	—	—	53	—
Petersburgh Clean,....	52	54	—	—	51	52	49	50
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	55	56	—	—	—	—	57	58
Dutch,.....	50	90	—	—	—	—	45	47
MATS, Archangel,.....	85	90	—	—	—	—	90	100
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts,...	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	14	—
ASHES, Petersburgh Pearl,	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal ditto, cwt....	44	—	41	42	42	—	—	—
Pot.....	34	35	34	35	34	35	34	—
OIL, Whale, tun,.....	£21	—	21 10	22	—	—	20	10
Cod,.....	—	—	18	19	—	—	19	—
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb....	7½d.	8	7½	8	0 6	0 8	7	7½
inferior,.....	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georgia,	—	—	0 9½	0 11	0 7½	0 10½	8½	10½
Sea Island, fine,.....	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 6	2 0	—	—
Demerara & Berbice,...	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 9½	1 0½	9½	1 0
Pernambuco,.....	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	0 11½	1 0½	1 0½	1 1
Maranham,.....	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

Course of Exchange, London, Feb. 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. Ditto, at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 37 : 5. Altona, 37 : 6. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 40. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 155. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Lisbon, 50¾. Oporto, 50¾. Rio Janeiro, 45. Dublin, 9¼ ½ cent. Cork, 9¼ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 : 17 : 10½. New doubloons, £.3 : 13 : 6. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11½d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 2½s. Od.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. Od.—Belfast, 20s. Od.—Hambro', 40s. Od.—Madeira, 20s. Od.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. to 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from January 16, to February 6, 1822.

	Jan. 16.	Jan. 23.	Jan. 30.	Feb. 6.
Bank Stock.....	237½	237½	233½	242½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	77	76½	76½	78
3 ½ cent. consols.....	76½	76	76½	77½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	88	87½	87½	88½
4 ½ cent. do.....	96½	96½	96½	98½
5 ½ cent. navy annuities.....	108½	107½	107½	107½
India Stock.....	235	—	239	240½
— Bonds.....	—	81	77 pm.	79 pm.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	6 pm.	5 pm.	5 6 pm.	6 7 pm.
Consols for account.....	77½	76½	76½	77½
French 5 ½ cents.....	85 fr. 95 c.	85 fr. 85 c.	—	89 fr. 90 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th December 1821, and the 20th January, 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Abbey, T. Pocklington, ironmonger.
 Abbey, H. Alne, York, miller.
 Alcock, H. W. Birmingham, dealer.
 Ambrose, T. Waterloo Place, woollen-draper.
 Andrew, S. and J. Micklehurst, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturers.
 Annen, J. Blackheath, merchant.
 Beaufay, I. Meriden, Warwick, draper.
 Birch, R. Y. Hammersmith, medicine-vender.
 Blackburn, W. Bedford, Lancaster, dealer.
 Bond, J. Munsley, Hereford, copice-dealer.
 Brittain, B. Warren's Farm, Herts, dealer.
 Broadbent, L. and A. Sandleworth, York, merchants.
 Bush, H. Loddon, Norfolk, grocer.
 Butcher, O. Burnham Westgate, Norfolk, farmer.
 Cantor, J. J. Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street, pen-manufacturer.
 Cartwright, T. Oakhampton, inn-keeper.
 Chafer, W. Hull, grocer.
 Christie, C. Clement's-lane, insurance-broker.
 Churchill, S. Hadlow-street, Brunswick-square, wine-merchant.
 Clark, T. Hammersmith, money-scrivener.
 Clemence, I. jun. Northumberland-street, carpenter.
 Cole, T. Cartoft, York, dealer.
 Colville, E. Charlotte-street, Portland-place.
 Croaker, C. Crayford, Kent, farmer.
 Devala, A. York-street, Covent Garden, wine-merchant.
 Etherington, I. Knottingly, York, coal-dealer.
 Forbes, G. M. Liverpool, merchant.
 Frost, J. Temple, Normanton, Derby, malt-ter.
 Fulstone, H. Cottenham, Cambridge, auctioneer.
 Gear, I. Nottingham, fishmonger.
 George, I. Park-street, Hanover-square, auctioneer.
 Gidden, T. the younger, Princes-square, St. George's in the East, carrier.
 Gill, W. Scarborough, linen-draper.
 Graves, T. jun. Cottenham, Cambridge, butcher.
 Grayson, R. Wigan, cotton-spinner.
 Grills, V. Knightsbridge, plumber.
 Haigh, T. Poland-street, book-binder.
 Hall, J. Watton, at Stone, Herts, corn-dealer.
 Harrison, H. Colleshill, tanner.
 Heath, J. Rosemary-lane, cheesemonger.
 Next, S. Hardington Mandeville, Somerset, sail-cloth maker.
 Hole, B. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tailor.
 Hunter, J. Hawkhurst, Kent, corn-dealer.
 Jenkins, Edward, Picketstone, miller.
 Jenkins, R. L. R. Axbridge, dealer.
 King, Jacob, Great Yeldham, Essex, linen-draper, &c.
 Mackintyre, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Mather, I. Jewin-street, wine-merchant.
 Metcalf, R. Brunswick-place, City-road, merchant.
 Mickle, I. Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, tailor.
 Midwood, T. H. London, merchant.
 Milne, J. Liverpool, painter.
 Munro, G. Minding-lane, wine-merchant.
 Nathan, I. sen. Thornton, York, linen-draper.
 Neale, G. Grantham, brick-maker.
 Numeley, S. Cranley, Northampton, cattle-jobber.
 Oliver, T. High-street, Mary-le-bone, victualler.
 Park, John, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 Parker, I. Edgeware-road, earthenwareman.
 Pearson, E. & Co. Liverpool, merchants.
 Penley, I. jun. Uley, Gloucester, dyer.
 Pinninger, J. Lechlade, Gloucester, wool-merchant.
 Potbury, G. Sidmouth, cabinet-maker.
 Pownall, T. Handforth, Chester, flour-factor, &c.
 Rawlinson, S. Bowtell, near Hayes, Middlesex, brickmaker.
 Richards, J. Exeter, cabinet-maker.
 Robinson, E. Langbourn Chambers, merchant.
 Robinson, M. A. Red Lion-street, Holborn, grocer.
 Rogers, T. and Co. Savoy-street, Strand, harness-makers.
 Routledge, T. Liverpool, broker.
 Scott, O. Manchester Buildings, Westminster, army and navy-agent.
 Shaw, I. Oldham, Lancaster, machine-maker.
 Simpath, W. T. Manchester, hosier.
 Smeeton, G. St. Martin's-lane, printer.
 Staff, E. Norwich, brick-maker.
 Stoker, I. Doncaster, tinnan.
 Tennant, I. Liverpool, merchant.
 Thomas, W. Blewitt's Buildings, Fetter-lane, work-box manufacturer.
 Thompson, W. Tottenham, near Lynn, cattle-dealer.
 Todd, I. Tottenham, Cambridge, butcher.
 Toussaint, C. Castle-street, Leicester-square, plumber.
 Wardle, I. Worksep, butcher.

Washburn, J. Great Marlow, Bucks, wire-manufacturer.
 Waugh, R. Hull, cabinet-maker.
 Whitbourn, J. Brook-street, Holborn, oilman.
 White, J. Blenchingley, farmer.

Wigfall, H. Sheffield, file-maker.
 Wilson, E. Strand, merchant.
 Winter, George, Norfolk-street, Strand, merchant.
 Woodwood, T. Bridgewater, Somerset, druggist.
 Wotton, I. Windsor, timber-merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced January 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Donaldson and McFeat, music-sellers in Glasgow.
 Graham, Robert, & Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
 Harkness, James, farmer and cattle-dealer in Glenelg, Argyshire.
 Love, William, cattle-dealer, Muir-dykes, Renfrewshire.
 McKay, Donald, merchant in Dornoch.
 McCulloch, Robert, merchant and agent in Glasgow.
 Moffat, John, merchant in Lerwick.
 Murdoch, Thomas, woollen-draper in Falkirk.
 Reddie, James, sturcer and merchant in Glasgow.
 Sutherland, Charles, merchant in Golspy.

DIVIDENDS.

Barelay, Arthur, & Co. Glasgow, and Daniel Brown & Co. St. Vincent, by J. Berry, merchant in Glasgow.
 Campbell, John, vintner in Perth; by Lawrence Robertson, merchant there.

Clark, Daniel, manufacturer at Achaleek; by D. Macdaggart, writer in Cambeltown.
 Duncan, James, merchant in Dundee; by J. Ogilvie & Sons, writers there.
 Falkirk Union Bank; by J. Russel, writer there.
 Fleming, Robert, joiner and builder in Glasgow; by the trustee there.
 Gordon, James and Matthew, cattle-dealers in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; by James Niven, Kirkcudbright.
 Hamilton, John, & Co. merchants in Glasgow; by James Aitken, merchant there.
 Landales & Calder, fish-curers and merchants in Helmsdale; by John Low, at Rhuvens.
 Menzies, James, fish-curer and merchant in Glasgow; by William Jeffrey, accountant there.
 Primrose, George, formerly of Racomor; by Patrick Northwick, merchant in Leith.
 Rattray, James and David, manufacturers in Banrock-burn; by the Trustee at St Ninians.
 Smith, Robert, wool-spinner at Stirling; by Robert Munnoch, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1821. Aug. 4. At Bombay, the Honourable Mrs Buchanan, a son.
 Dec. 18. At the Hague, the Countess of Atholone, a daughter.
 26. In Broughton Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Martin, a daughter.
 27. The Lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M.P. a son.
 28. At 51, Howe Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Scott Moncreiff, a daughter.
 29. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Ellinor Campbell, a son and heir.
 — In London Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Joseph Gordon, a daughter.
 30. At Marshall Place, Perth, Mrs Glog of Greenhill, a daughter.
 1822. Jan. 1. At Cheltenham, the Lady of Captain Donald McLeod, of the Hon. East India Company's service, a son.
 — At Lochalsh, Mrs Kenneth Mackenzie, a son and heir.
 2. The Lady of John Scott, Esq. of Gala, a daughter.
 — At Pittenweem, Mrs Hornburgh of Firth, Roxburghshire, a daughter.
 5. At Hatton Hall, Essex, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel D. Forbes, a son.
 9. Mrs Mackintosh, Great King Street, Edinburgh, a son.
 — At Moncreiffe House, the Lady of Sir David Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Bart. a son.
 11. At No. 1, Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Wylie, a daughter.
 12. At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Dr Shand, a son.
 14. At Carphim, Mrs Gordon, of Harperfield, a daughter.
 15. At Paris, the Duchess of Orleans, a Prince, who is to bear the title of Duke of Anjou.
 18. Mrs Arbuthnot, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At Grangebank, near Edinburgh, Mrs Hair, a son.
 22. At 50, Albany-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of the Rev. Abraham Home, a daughter.
 — At Viscount's Dumca's, George Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Dundas of Dundas, a son.
 25. At Terregles House, Mrs A. Gordon, of twin sons.
 25. Mrs Macdonald, 22, Heriot-Row, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At Tancut manse, Mrs Henderson, a son.
 28. At 72, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, Mrs J. Matland, a son.
 Late, At Newcastle, county of Limerick, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1821. July 16. At Cannanore, Capt. W. Hardy, of the 7th regiment M. N. I. to Jane, only daughter of the late J. Hunter, Esq. R. N.
 Dec. 20. At Sulhamstead, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Watson, C.T.S. and Brigadier-General in the service of his Most Faithful Majesty, to Anna Rosetta, daughter of the late Wm. Thoys, of Sulhamstead, Berkshire.
 27. At Westfield, Charles Grace, Esq. writer, St Andrew's, to Alison, second daughter of Alexander Forbes, Esq. of Westfield.
 28. At Glasgow, Wm. Colquhoun Stirling, Esq. of Law, of the Madras Medical Establishment, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Archibald Calder, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.
 29. At Christ Church, Blackfriars Road, London, A. R. Irvine, Esq. to Miss Margaret Farquharson.
 31. At Glasgow, Mr Robt. Muirhead, merchant, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mr D. Marquis Lorn.
 1822. Jan. 2. At St Anne's Church, London, Roderick Macleod, M. D. to Margaret Saubier, daughter of the Rev. Dr Macleod, Rector of St Ann's, Westminster.
 2. At Aix, in Provence (France), Lieut. John Hallows, R. N. to Margaret, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Ramsay.
 — At Aberdeen, James Davidson, Esq. Caledonian Canal, to Eleanor, daughter of James Hollingworth, Esq. Chichester.
 — At Nicholson Square, David Rymer, Esq. merchant, Ed'burgh, to Helen, second daughter of William Calder, Esq.
 4. In Portland Place, London, the Hon. John Cavendish B.owne, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Kilmaine, to Eliza, eldest daughter of David Lyon, Esq. of Portland Place.
 5. At Passern, the seat of Sir Ewen Cameron, Bart. Archibald T. F. Fraser, Esq. of Aberlath, to Janet, daughter of the late Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Cluny.
 7. At Abercorn manse, the Reverend Dr James Bryce, minister of the Scottish Church at Calcutta, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr Meiklejohn.
 8. At Farme, Hugh Mossman, Esq. younger of Auchtyfardle, to Catherine, second daughter of James Farie, Esq. of Farme.
 10. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Hugh Hamersley, Esq. banker, of Pall Mall, to Miss Montolieu, niece to Mrs Orby Hunter, of Brunton Street, Berkeley Square.
 13. At Liverpool, Mr William Craig, R. N. commander of the ship Crown, to Miss E. Cruickshank, of Peterhead.

Jan. 14. At Edinburgh, Samuel R. Block, Esq. of Kentish Town, near London, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Adam Wilson, Esq. Depute Clerk of Session.

17. At the Collegiate Church, Manchester, Mr James Campbell, merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr Henry Bannerman, Mosley Street.

19. At Everingham Park, in the East Riding of the county of York, the Hon. Charles Thomas, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, of Ugbrooke Park, in the county of Devon, to Teresa, youngest daughter of the late Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, Esq.

21. In Heriot Row, John Dalyell, Esq. of Largo, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Brigadier-General Austruther of Balcaiskie.

— At Dundee, Mr John Home Scott, to Miss Mary Johnson, only daughter of David Johnson, Esq.

24. At Leith, Mr John Arthur, Glasgow, to Miss Christina, daughter of Mr Thomas Henry, Leith.

25. At Edinburgh, Charles Dundas, Esq. of Barton Court, M.P. for Berkshire, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Charles Harclay Maitland, and widow of Major Erskine of Venlaw.

29. At Edinburgh, the Marquis De Rario Sforza, to Miss Lockhart, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Lockhart.

DEATHS.

1821. June 7. At Bengal, Alexander Campbell, Esq. of the firm of Messrs Gould and Campbell.

21. Captain James Scott, of the British Legion in the Columbian service, and youngest son of the late Rev. John Scott, of Kilschire, was killed in the decisive battle of Carabobo, in South America.

July 19. At Surat, John Marison, Esq. Collector of the Hon. East India Company's revenues at that place.

In Spanish Town, Jamaica, a negro woman, named Mary Goodsall, aged 120 years.

October. At Williamsfield Estate, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, John Boyd, Esq. second son of the late Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Penhill, Ayrshire.

— At Tobago, Alex. Macgregor, Esq. of Rathclides. His infant child died near the same time.

5. At Antigua, aged 28, of the yellow fever, Mr Patrick Heron Maclean, from Crechebridge, Newton-Stewart, surgeon of his Majesty's armed transport, Dasher.

18. In the colony of Barbicee, Hugh Bethune, Esq. youngest son of the Rev. Mr Bethune, clergyman of the parish of Alness, Ross-shire.

22. In the Island of Jamaica, Mr Alex. Murray, son of the Rev. Andrew Murray, minister of Auchterlerran, Fifeshire.

Nov. 1. At Surinam, W. A. Carstun, Esq. Member of the Supreme Court there.

9. At Marley, Grenada, Mr George Roberts, surgeon.

11. In the island of St. Lucia, Mr Alex. Houston, jun. son of Mr Alex. Houston, manufacturer Glasgow.

Dec. 9. At Gallowhill, near Stranraer, Patrick McKinnel, Esq.

12. At Palermo, Capt. James Anderson, of Glasgow, Paymaster in the late King's 3d German Legion.

— At Barbadoes, after an illness of three days, Lieut.-Colonel John Piper, C. B. of the 4th or King's Own Regiment.

16. At Woodside, near Hamilton, Mrs Isabella Miller, relict of the late John Dykes, Esq. of Woodside.

— At Broughty Ferry, Frances Emma, wife of the Rev. H. Horley, Prebendary of St. Asaph, and daughter of the late John Bourke, Esq. of Ballygley, county Limerick, and Ballyeck, county Tipperary, Ireland.

17. At the Chateau of Epine, near Paris, the Countess of Lisburne. Her Ladyship was a daughter of the late Vacount Courtenay, and was in person very handsome, but remarkably corpulent, which it is supposed was the cause of her death. The Countess has left one daughter, Lady Mary Vaughan, and three sons, Viscount Vaughan, and the Hon. George and J. Vaughan.

20. At Whitehill, New Deer, the Rev. John Bunyan, minister of the United Associate congregation there.

22. At Greenock, Mr Wm. Watson, bookseller, in the 77th year of his age.

— At Tulliallan manse, the Rev. David Simpson, in the 82d year of his age.

25. At St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, Robert Pagan, Esq. in the 72d year of his age. Mr Pagan was a native of Glasgow, and remained in America till the peace of 1765, when he joined with other loyalists to this then infant colony, which he was a principal instrument in establishing, and of which he was latterly denominated the Father. He was a member of the House of Assembly from its first formation, and for the last twenty-one years he filled the situations of Chief Magistrate of the county, and Judge of the Common Pleas. As soon as the event of his death was known, all the vessels in the harbour paid a tribute to the universal esteem in which his character was held, by lowering their flags half mast, and continuing the same till after the interment, which was attended by almost the whole population of St. Andrews, and the most respectable inhabitants of other parts of the province.

24. At Hastings, Mrs James Elphinstone, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone.

— At New Galloway, Mrs Agnes Manson, wife of John Murray, Esq. of Troquhain.

25. At Bonnington, Mrs Margaret Lauder, relict of the late Baile Lauder, Lauder, Berwickshire.

26. At Allanquhouch, near Mar Lodge, James Harden, Esq. of Knock Inch.

— At Limerick, Mr Alex. Oliphant, shipmaster, son of the late Mr Henry Oliphant, shipowner, Kirkcaldy.

— At Glasgow, Alexander Miller, Esq.

27. At Slatefield, Mrs Charles Campbell, at the advanced age of 102.

28. At Aberdeen, William Davidson, Esq. advocate, son of Robert Davidson, Esq. of Balmask.

— At Witham, after an illness of a few hours, the Very Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, Rector of Weely, and Vicar of Witham, in the county of Essex.

— At Tolbooth Street, near Edinburgh, Mr James Dewar, builder, aged 70.

50. At Ballewin, Strathblane, Archibald Edmonstone, Esq. of Spittal.

— At Kensington Gore, Barbara, eldest daughter of William Willerforce, Esq. M. P.

— At her house in Berkeley Square, London, Maria, Countess of Guilford, widow of Frances, late Earl of Guilford.

51. At his house, Bonnington Brae, John Cheyne, Esq. surgeon in Leith.

1822. Jan. 1. At Cannon Bank, near Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Traill, daughter of James Traill, Esq. of Ratter.

— At Linlithgow, Jessie, only daughter of John Boyd, Esq. of Woodside, Provost of Linlithgow.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Elizabeth Adams, relict of the late Rev. Mr Adams, formerly minister of Kintore, in the 78th year of her age.

— At Park, William Fulton, Esq. of Park.

2. At Eastmuir, Mr Arch. Park, sen. aged 67.

3. At Nairn, Robert Falconer, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Nairnshire, in the 70th year of his age, universally esteemed and regretted.

1. At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Dunn, the fourth daughter of John Gordon, of Swiney, Esq.

— At Heavitree, near Exeter, Janet, eldest daughter of the late James Allartye, Esq. Collector of his Majesty's Customs at Aberdeen.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Agnes Cochran, wife of Robert Ferrie, Esq. of Blairtummock.

5. In Hunter-Street, Brunswick Square, London, Miss Martha Oliphant, daughter of the late Mr James Oliphant, of Cockspur-Street, London.

— At Aberdeen, Mr John Ferguson, merchant.

6. At Aberdeen, Mrs Stuart, widow of Dr David Stuart, physician in Aberdeen.

7. At Forbes, Jean, youngest daughter of the late Capt. James Fraser, of Nairnside.

— At Mertoun manse, James Duncan, preacher of the gospel, eldest son of the Rev. Jas. Duncan.

— At Castleton manse, Laddesdale, the Rev. David Scott, in the 56th year of his age, and 21st of his ministry, after a short but severe illness.

8. At Allensmore, near Hereford, Thos. Gilbert, in the 120th year of his age. He was baptised in December 1702, as appears by the register of the above parish. His son, upwards of 70, attended at his funeral as chief mourner.

— At Perth, in her 80th year, Penham Skeets.

LL.D. formerly of Blaize Castle, in the county of Gloucester, and of Bailbrooke Lodge, in the county of Somerset.

Dec. 8. At Longridge, James Hamilton, Esq. in the 84th year of his age.

— At Dunans, Argyle-shire, John Fletcher, of Dunans, Esq. at an advanced age.

9. At Pontadulna, Peter Grant, Esq. son of the late Robert Grant, Esq. of Elchies.

— At Ayr, Mary Gillespie, aged 75; and, on the 10th, Agnes Gillespie, aged 75; they were sisters, and natives of Ayr, and lived together under the same roof for the greater part of their long lives. Mary, a little before her departure, took an affectionate farewell of Agnes, and on the 11th both were interred in the same grave.

10. At Ruchill, Mrs Dennistoun, sen. of Colgrain.

— Her Serene Highness Madame the Duchess of Bourbon was seized with a sudden shivering in the church of Sainte Genevieve, and lost her recollection. She was conveyed to the School of Law, where she received the best medical assistance, but the attack was as mortal as sudden.—The Princess expired about four o'clock in the afternoon.—His Serene Highness the Duke of Orleans, her nephew, lost not a moment to visit her; but before his arrival the Princess had ceased to exist. This Princess, Louise Marie Therese Batilde D'Orleans, was born at Saint Cloud the 9th of July 1750, and married the 21th April 1770, to the Duke of Bourbon. The only issue of this marriage was the unfortunate Duke D'Enghien, who was assassinated at Vincennes in 1801. This loss had ever proved to this Princess a source of sorrow, for which she found no consolation but in religion and works of benevolence.

— At Aberdeen, Lieutenant James Dryce, Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Smith, Esq. late of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, merchant.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Ritchie, late of the High School.

— At London, Mrs Tennent, daughter of the late Sir James Duinker, of Mochnum, Bart. and relict of William Tennent, Esq. of Pool, deceased.

— At Edinburgh, James Gordon, Esq. second son of Sir James Gordon, of Gordonstoun, and Letterfuiry, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Marjory, eldest daughter of David Pearson, Esq.

— At Newport, Thomas Foley, Esq. M. P. for Droitwich, and for several years one of the Representatives in Parliament for the county of Hereford.

— In Russel Square, London, Mrs Janet Tennent, widow of Wm. Tennent, Esq. late of Stanmore, Middlesex, and of Pool, in Lanarkshire.

13. At Racburn Place, near Edinburgh, Mr Callender, widow of the late William Callender, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

14. At Edinburgh, Miss Marjoribanks, daughter of John Marjoribanks, Esq. of Hallyards, and sister of the late Edward Marjoribanks, Esq. of Lees.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Janet Fleming, widow of George Lothian, Esq. of Kirklands, merchant in Glasgow.

— At Maine, Linlithgow, in the 75th year of his age, Mr William Glen, distiller.

— At Dumfries, Mr James Richardson, third son of the late Gabriel Richardson, Esq.

15. In Argyle Street, London, Miss Georgiana Harriet Colebrooke, younger daughter of the deceased George Colebrooke, Esq. of Crawford-Douglas.

— At his seat at Gliston Park, in the 86th year of his age, William Hunter, Esq.

16. Miss Catherine Mercer, daughter of the late Col. Wm. Mercer, of Akhe.

— At George Mill, near Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Forrester, relict of Mr John Cocks, leather-dresser, Bell's Mill.

— At Edinburgh, George Cooper, Esq. St Croix.

— At London, Captain Thomas Robertson, of 99, George Street, Edinburgh.

16. At Wallingford, in the 65th year of his age, the Rev. Edward Harrey, D.D. Rector of St Mary's, and St Leonard's, in that town.

17. At London, her Grace the Duchess of St Alban's.

— At Whitehall Place, London, Elizabeth Penelope, the eldest child of Lord and Lady James Stuart.

— At Bath, in the 79th year of his age, Lieut. General Sir Henry Augustus Montagu Crosby, senior officer of the whole of the Hon. Company's service, after a lingering illness.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr David Findlay, in the 80th year of his age.

19. At Banff, Sarah, eldest daughter of the late David Young, Esq. of Craighead, merchant in Glasgow, and grand-daughter of the deceased Rev. John Corse, D.D. minister of St Mary's Church, in that city.

— At London, Charles Knyv. St. Esq. aged 70. He was long and highly respected in the musical world.

20. At Edinburgh, Miss Agnes Lewis.

21. At Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Charles Dairie, of Craigleucar, Esq. aged 84.

— At 42, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Miss Mary Hay, widow of the late Rev. Thos. Thomson, minister of the gospel at Dalry.

22. At Edinburgh, Helena Elizabeth Bell, wife of John Young, Solicitor in the Supreme Court of Scotland.

— At West Richmond-Street, Edinburgh, Mr James Henderson, of the Exchequer.

— At Campbelltown, in the 73d year of his age, Duncan Campbell, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Kintyre, who held that situation for the last 55 years of his life. As a Judge, he was patient and indefatigable, and, in proof of the correctness of his decisions, few of them were ever altered by the Supreme Court. His manners were unassuming, mild, and complacent, his honour and integrity irreproachable. In his domestic duties, a loving husband, a kind and affectionate parent, a warm and generous friend. He lived esteemed and revered, and died as he lived, at peace with all mankind, and universally regretted by all who knew him.

January 13. At Edinburgh, Alexander, elder son of David Tod, Esq. Woodend Cottage, late of Dibo, Eto.

19. At Lochmaddy, James, eldest son of Allan Cameron, Esq. Chamberlain of North Uist.

— At Auchinies, Catherine Louisa Caroline, youngest child of Mr and Mrs Gordon of Auchinies.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Tait, wife of Mr James Tait, bookseller, Nicolson Street.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Donaldson, wife of Dr Collum Lauder.

25. At Edinburgh, K. W. Burnett, Esq. of Monboddo.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Pitcairn of Pitcairns.

— At Warren-Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Hamilton Dundas, sen. of Duddingstone.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Gilles, writer.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Wishart, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Wishart, some time minister of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, and one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal.

Lately, At Sir John Hay's house, Edinburgh, Miss Arthur Whetham Hay, third daughter of the late Col. Hay, of the Engineers.

— In Hanover Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Wren, in the 91st year of her age.

— At Teckesbury, in the 96th year of his age, Mr John Dick, formerly a respectable linen-draper of that borough. Mr Dick was a native of Scotland, and perfectly recollected seeing the march of the rebel army to the fatal plains of Preston-pan, in 1745, while he was pursuing the more peaceful occupation of following the plough.

— At Saxe Gruta, Andreas Rønneberg, the celebrated composer and violin player.

— At Dacre Lodge, Herts, the Right Hon. Maria Margaret, Lady Napier, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Clavering, K. B.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MARCH 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

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HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i> April 1822.	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i> April 1822.	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
	H.	M.	H.	M.		H.	M.	H.	M.
M. 1	10	49	11	20	W. 17	10	51	11	21
Tu. 2	11	47	—	—	Th. 18	11	45	—	—
W. 3	0	11	0	31	Fr. 19	0	10	0	34
Th. 4	0	52	1	9	Sa. 20	0	57	1	20
Fr. 5	1	27	1	44	Su. 21	1	43	2	4
Sa. 6	2	0	2	15	M. 22	2	26	2	48
Su. 7	2	30	2	44	Tu. 23	3	9	3	36
M. 8	2	59	3	13	W. 24	3	59	4	23
Tu. 9	3	28	3	44	Th. 25	4	47	5	14
W. 10	3	59	4	15	Fr. 26	5	40	6	9
Th. 11	4	30	4	49	Sa. 27	6	38	7	11
Fr. 12	5	11	5	32	Su. 28	7	44	8	21
Sa. 13	5	56	6	24	M. 29	8	59	9	33
Su. 14	6	58	7	36	Tu. 30	10	6	10	38
M. 15	8	20	9	1					
Tu. 16	9	43	10	19					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

Full Moon,....Sa.	6. 32 m. past 0 noon.
Last Quarter, Sun. 14.	29 4 aftern.
New Moon, Sun. 21.	3 4 morn.
First Quarter, Sun. 28.	1 7 morn.

TERMS, &c.

April 4. Good Friday.

7. Easter Sunday.

8. Easter Monday.

9. Easter Tuesday.

22. King's birth-day kept.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to LONGMAN and COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be particularly addressed.

To Correspondents.

We have still some misgivings about the "*Rhapsodist*." He displays very considerable originality and vigour, both of sentiment and expression; but he is wild and irregular, and (he must pardon us for saying so) his compositions seem to want, deplorably, the *novissima cura*. Yet there are fine passages in his poem. The beauty and feeling displayed in the following passage remind us of some of the happiest imaginative sketches of Wordsworth:—

"Such gentle aeronaut
Had form'd, beneath yon mould'ring architrave,
Her domicile, which faced the keen north wind;—
And from its earthy side was seen to spread
A wall-flower, whose small germ of life
Had been caught up by the sweet architect,
And with such nourishment as that would yield
Had thus e'en grown to flowering.
And ever as the kindly ones flew out
To fetch, in accurately-metred time,
The bleeding victim to their offspring's wants;
Or when the cold north-wind came blustering forth,
Its deep red tendrils shook around the nest;
And many one admir'd how kindly it was placed
To screen the little chirplings from the blast."

"*Hints to Reviewers*, by PETER CLUMPYFOOT," is totally inadmissible. Were our worthy friend Peter at our elbow, we could show cause for this exclusion, to his entire and perfect satisfaction. Let him not imagine, however, that we care a straw for his tilts at ourselves; that might have been a good reason for our inserting, but, we honestly assure him, would have been none for rejecting his article; though, in justice to ourselves, we are compelled to say that many of the faults which he thinks he has discovered in us, are the pure creations of his own inventive fancy. We are not yet so poor in resources, as to be obliged to imitate what we have ever contemned and detested.

"*Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register*" is highly creditable to the genius of the author, and, with "*Disappointment, a Tale*," will appear next month.

We are ourselves hopeless Bachelors, and, therefore, cannot be supposed competent to decide the merits of "*Home*," in which the much-tortured and long since exhausted topics of Celibacy and Marriage are dexterously handled. For this reason we have laid it on the shelf for a time. We have a shrewd suspicion that the author intends to become a Benedict without farther delay, he discloses such a manifest bias in favour of the Ladies. For the credit of all honest Bachelors, we protest and declare, that a great deal more may be said in favour of the tribe to which we belong, than the author of "*Home*" is willing to allow; and that some deadly "*home*"- thrusts might be made against the happiness of that state to which our friend and correspondent is obviously approaching. In the meanwhile, we hope he will not forget the usual mark of friendship on the occasion; in return for which kindness, when it does reach us, we shall offer up our devout prayers, that he may hereafter be enabled, as heretofore, to continue at the head of the "*Home*" Department.

We regret that we have not been able to find a place this month for the list of seeds sown in the crevices of the rocks, and in the borders of the walks of the Calton Hill, but we shall endeavour to do so in April. We cannot omit this opportunity, however, to reprobate, in the strongest terms, that propensity to mischief and destruction which characterises the lower orders of our townsmen. No sooner is any public work, whether useful or ornamental, thrown open to all classes, than dilapidation commences. Plants and flowers are eradicated; benches and seats are defaced, by carving on them obscene inscriptions; fences are overturned and carried off; walks are destroyed or obstructed; borders are trampled, and the seeds that had been sown in them rendered useless; in short, there is nothing left unattempted that the very spirit of malevolence and mischief can suggest, in order to deface, obliterate, and destroy those works of taste, which are so delightful to every rightly-constituted mind to contemplate, and which have been performed, at great labour and expence, for the embellishment of our "fine romantic town." In making these remarks, we speak chiefly of what we ourselves have witnessed in our solitary walks round the Calton Hill, where so much had been so tastefully done, for the public gratification. How different the conduct of the lower orders is in Paris, which certain people who speak at random call the most profligate city in Europe, any body who has visited that great capital must be fully aware. There, most of the Public Places, Gardens, &c. such as the Jardin des Plantes, the Thuilleries, and the Luxembourg, are open to all ranks; yet who ever heard of a book stolen from a Library—a specimen from a Museum—or a shrub broken, or a useful or ornamental work defaced,

To Correspondents.

by the *canaille* of Paris? We blush for the depraved conduct of our townspeople, but trust that such of them as are caught in the fact will receive the most exemplary measure of punishment.

We think very well indeed of "*Horæ Seniles*," which we shall publish when we have received another paper or two to the same tune. Then, too, the author will hear from us privately, and be informed of all that he wishes to know.

It is to us a matter of extreme regret, that we have been prevented from giving, as we intended, an abstract of the proceedings, including toasts and speeches, at the late celebration of Burns's Birth-day at Dumfries; especially as we had been favoured with an outline of the Chairman's admirable and eloquent speech, which his modesty prevented him from including in his able report of what took place on that interesting occasion. The fact is, that last month it reached us on the eve of publication; and when we were considering, whether our readers might not still thank us for the republication of so many glowing and enthusiastic tributes to the immortal memory of Burns, we were reluctantly compelled to yield to the novelties of the hour, but room which we would have cordially given to the more interesting report before us.

The review of Wiffen's translation of the Fourth Book of "*Jerusalem Delivered*," will appear in April.

The narrative illustrative of the early history of "Paul Jones" is under consideration.

There is poetry in "*Reflections on a storm*," but still we do not think we can insert the paper.

We are decidedly of opinion, that the author of "*The Elephant in the Moon*" should not "continue" a correspondent to our *Monthly Magazine*. (God help us! does the man confound us with poor crucified Sir Richard?)

The paper "*On Association*," (we wish the author had chosen a less hacknied subject,) will appear in April; and we beg to inform him that he owes this favourable resolution to the pith and vigour with which he writes, more than to the felicitous choice of that upon which he has written.

"*The true, but stupid, history of Tom McFribble*" in our next: we regret that, from want of room, it cannot appear in this number.

The beautiful verses of "V. D." will appear with the April buds.

We shall be happy to receive a few more of the effusions of Mr Archibald's muse.

The beautiful lines "*To my First-Born*" were intended for insertion in this Number, could we have found a corner for them.

By an accidental omission, Colonel Wright's "*Observations on the Barometer as applicable to the Island of Ceylon*" did not appear in our last Number, for which they were intended, nor did we lay our hands upon the paper in time for this. As the paper is curious, we shall insert it on a future occasion.

"*Glen-Ara*" is a portion of our corps de reserve. I. M. G. sings sweetly.

The "*Montrose Beacon*" will blaze forth in April.

We have not yet had time to peruse the performance of "*Classicus*."

"*A Letter from the King of Clubs*" describes a character that ought to be better known than we suspect it really is.

We thank the author of "*A brief account of the execution of Koppetapole and Madugaly*" for his curious paper, which we shall publish next month. It came too late for the present Number.

We have received the beautiful lines on "*The Glance of Helen's Eyes*." What the author requests in his post-script shall be attended to.

It is with much reluctance, and owing to a press of matter, that renders it difficult to select judiciously, that we postpone, till another publication, the Review of Dr John Hunter's Edition of the First Five Books of Livy, with invaluable English "*Notes, Critical and Explanatory, on the various Readings*."

The "*London Press*" arrived on the very eve of publication. This paper is by our friend Cornicula, the author of "*Westminster Hall*." We have not read it, but we rely so confidentially on our previous experience, that we hesitate not a moment in promising it for April.

The author of the paper "*On Autobiography*" shall hear from us as soon as we have had time to examine his initiatory offering.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MARCH 1822.

THE SHREWSBURY CORRESPONDENCE *.

WE consider the publication of the confidential correspondence of so eminent and important a person as the Duke of Shrewsbury, the favourite Minister of our Illustrious Deliverer, King William, and whom, in reference to his amiable temper and conciliating manners, that penetrating and virtuous Prince jocularly, but characteristically, and happily, designated the "King of Hearts," as incontestibly the most valuable contribution which the all-ransacking industry of Editors, aided by the enlightened generosity and public spirit of the descendants of the great men who figured most conspicuously immediately after the Revolution, has yet been able to make to our National Annals. Works of this class are inestimable, not so much from the actual addition they make to our previous knowledge, as from giving greater authenticity to that which was formerly but imperfectly attested, and from performing the part of a commentary on actions which we may have hitherto been unable to reconcile with their alleged motives. We are thus, not merely furnished with undeniable facts and veracious statements, but, what is infinitely more flattering and instructive, we are allowed to participate in the views, feelings, prejudices, animosities, perplexities, difficulties, and schemes of men, who have governed the destiny

of nations, and by whose wisdom or folly, patriotism or corruption, honesty or knavery, the ultimately-in-avoidable march of human improvement has been accelerated or retarded. Hence we learn to estimate and detect the secret and anxiously-concealed passions, by which human actions are really swayed without the danger of our judgment being perverted, or our penetration turned at fault, by the innumerable and impervious disguises, in which all men, and especially courtiers and place-hunters, are more or less occupied in masking their real sentiments, and keeping the world in ignorance of their real character. In acquiring this most important species of knowledge, we are not, at least in the present instance, liable to the magnifying or distorting influence of the fierce political contentions, rancorous jealousies, and uncompromising partialities, that marked the stormy history of the New Government immediately subsequent to the Revolution; when *right* and *might* were opposed, and when the scales were so equally poised between the adherents of the King *de jure*, and the King *de facto*, that it not unfrequently appeared extremely doubtful which side would preponderate. We have outlived the passions and the feuds by which the precarious Government of that eventful period was distracted, and can survey, with the most philosophic calmness, not to say indifference, those subjects

* London: Longman and Co. 1821.

and theories of Government which agitated and convulsed the kingdom in the times of our forefathers. The "Correspondence" before us is rich in every species of instruction: it gives us great insight into the real history of a most critical and distracted period; the contests and bickerings of which were productive of most important effects, both on the national character, and on the spirit and genius of the Government: it lays open scenes, both of political profligacy and of political virtue, each in excess: it makes us intimately acquainted with the sentiments of the leading men of both sides, and reveals the incredible and nearly insurmountable difficulties with which the Revolution Government had to struggle: and it renders us familiar with the private characters of men whom we have hitherto contemplated only through the dim haze of an elongated vista, better fitted to confuse and pervert, than to convey accurate and impartial information. The correspondence of each individual, too, is most marked and characteristic. Russel appears to have been boisterous, proud, sulky, ill-tempered, and prone to grumbling: Somers shines forth as a man of calm, and consistent, but of intrepid and irrepressible patriotism and virtue: Sunderland portrays himself smooth, crafty, supple, insinuating, and time-serving; possessing, however, a greater degree of honesty and good faith than any body would ever give him credit for: Marlborough is self-possessed, cool, lofty, commanding, and equal to every occasion, however great and unexpected: Portland displays himself the phlegmatic favourite of a phlegmatic master: Montague is eloquent, impetuous, bold, dexterous, and unreserved: Vernon is the humble servant, writing to his kind, but haughty and imperious master: and Shrewsbury is honest, hesitating, timid, not very ambitious, of moderate passions and great prudence, and very willing to have served his master, had the times been less turbulent, or he more intrepid and fearless. Even our Great Deliverer himself appears in an impressive and affecting light, in attempting to allay the ferments, and soothe the angry pas-

sions, that were raging around him, and in attempting to pilot safely the vessel of the state through the rocks, quick-sands, and tempests, which threatened destruction on every side: and

"Now, when William's acts divine
No longer can from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow,"

it must be attended with unspeakable delight and improvement, to survey the prudence, firmness, magnanimity, and heroism, with which he laboured for the humiliation of French ambition abroad, and the peace, happiness, and glory of that country, to the throne of which he had been elevated, in an auspicious hour, for its liberty and independence.

The "Correspondence" before us Mr Archdeacon Coxé has arranged into Three Parts: the First of which contains Shrewsbury's correspondence with King William, and comprises "the earliest part of the Duke's official career, from his appointment as Secretary at the Revolution, to his resignation in 1690; the ineffectual negotiations, in 1693, to induce him to resume the seals; and, finally, his epistolary communications with the Sovereign, from his second appointment, in April 1694, to his departure for the Continent, in 1700:" the Second contains the correspondence with Admiral Russel (the hero of la Hogue), during his highly important command in the Mediterranean; with Viscount Galway during the two last campaigns of the war in Italy, in 1695 and 1696; and with Lords Portland and Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, pending the negotiations which led to the peace at Ryswick: and the Third, and by far the most curious, valuable, and instructive, contains Shrewsbury's confidential correspondence with the Whig leaders, Sunderland, Wharton, Somers, Orford (Russel), and Halifax (Montague), to which are added, a few letters from the Duke of Marlborough. We are not sure that this arrangement of the Reverend Archdeacon's is entirely judicious and natural. The common rule, for the publication of letters, is to arrange them simply in the order of their dates, without reference to the subject-matter of the correspondence. By deviating from

his sole, the Archdeacon has laid us under the necessity of incessantly returning from one part of the correspondence to another, for illustration, and for reviving the consecutive train of information which is unavoidably broken, by the discontinuous arrangement adopted. Nor would the advantages of systematic arrangement have been altogether compromised, had the common and natural method been followed. The letters naturally group themselves together, those relative to a given subject, as the campaigns in Italy, or the peace of Ryswick, being, in general, continuous in their dates, and, therefore, unavoidably distributing themselves in something like systematic order. We are quite aware, that, had Mr Coxe followed the usual practice in such cases, the series would have often been broken by the interposition of letters on other matters; but we submit, that this disadvantage is not so great as that arising from the recurring necessity of cross-references and comparisons, to say nothing of the confusion of dates, which is the disagreeable consequence of the plan which the Archdeacon has adopted.

Shrewsbury was born in 1660, and his father being killed in a duel, he succeeded to the title at eight years of age. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, of which, however, when he arrived at the years of discretion, he soon began to entertain serious doubts, which he laid before the celebrated Archbishop Tillotson for his resolution. Truth and reason prevailed, and, after an inquiry of two years' duration, conducted with great candour and patience, he abjured the creed of his family, and professed himself an open convert to the doctrines of the Church of England. On the accession of the Duke of York, he gave a convincing proof of his sincere attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation, by refusing to reconcile himself to the Church of Rome—a refusal which drew on him the resentment of that most bigotted and infatuated of Princes. This naturally led him to oppose warmly the arbitrary measures of King James, and particularly his

favourite scheme for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Religion, which he had abjured from a solemn and deliberate conviction of its error. With all good men and real patriots of that period, he consequently turned his eyes to the Prince of Orange; and in his house the first meetings were held, which ended in calling in William, and in the abdication (as Somers happily phrased it) and flight of King James. He was also one of the seven who drew up and signed the famous Association* in June 1688, for the purpose of inviting over the Prince, whom he repaired to Holland to join, having previously mortgaged his estates, that he might offer him at once his purse and his sword. It is well known, that when William reached Exeter, he remained some time in the utmost hesitation and suspense; and it is now ascertained, that had King James availed himself of the plan which Marlborough pointed out, the little band of patriots would, in all human probability, have been annihilated, and the invasion of the Prince of Orange would have ended as disastrously as the previous ill-concerted enterprise of Monmouth had done. But Providence had decreed it otherwise. In this critical situation, we are informed by Burnet, that Shrewsbury was one of the Nobles in whom William most implicitly relied, and by whose advice he drew up his famous Declaration. He was also one of the three Peers commissioned to treat with those sent by King James. On the establishment of the New Government, he was appointed Secretary of State, Lord Lieutenant of three counties, and a member of the Privy Council. His amiable manners, his important services, his high character, and his great talents for business, endeared him to his Royal Master, who always regarded him as the only person capable of reconciling the rival parties by whose contentions and animosities his peace was often embittered, his exertions for the common welfare crippled, and his most honest and upright purposes misconstrued, perverted, and slandered.

In his principles, Shrewsbury was

* See the draught of this celebrated Association in Dalrymple, App. to B. V. p. 107. VOL. X.

a moderate Whig; but his moderation was probably the effect of the natural timidity and weakness of his character. He appears to have been but ill-qualified for guiding the helm of the state, at a period when the greatest boldness and decision of character were required; and, by resigning the seals, and actually abandoning his master, when the fury of the contending factions was at its height, and when his services were more than ever necessary to his Sovereign in his difficulties, he exposed himself to the just reproach of being only "a fair-weather pilot." The greatest blemish of his political life is joining with Harley, who was equally the enemy of the Revolution, and of all those by whose instrumentality it was brought about. He was obviously a temporiser; and although, as we shall afterwards show, he was not guilty of corresponding with the exiled family, like his friend Marlborough, and probably also Russel, and although the accusations of Fenwick, so far from being a proof of guilt, were an evidence that his integrity was believed by the Jacobites themselves, yet he appeared sometimes to be lukewarm in the cause for which he had made so great sacrifices, and, amidst his reiterated protestations to the contrary, was never unwilling to come into office, when he was assured that he could play the first fiddle. Much of his weakness and indecision, however, was no doubt to be ascribed to an infirm state of bodily health, and a constitutional predisposition to disease, which unnerves and enfeebles the most robust minds. The following is Shrewsbury's character, as drawn by Burnet: "He had been bred a Papist, but had forsaken that religion, upon a very critical and anxious enquiry into matters of controversy. Some thought, that, though he had forsaken Popery, he was too sceptical, and too little fixed in the points of religion. He seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour. He had no ordinary measure of learning, a correct judgment, with a sweetness of temper that charmed all who knew him. He had at that time just notions of government, and so great a command

of himself, that, during all the time he continued in the Ministry, I never heard any one complain of him, but for his silent and reserved answers, with which his friends were not always well pleased. His modest deportment gave him such an interest in the Prince, that he never seemed so fond of any of his Ministers as he was of him. He had only, in general, laid the state of affairs before the Prince, without pressing him too much*." But we must now proceed to the "Correspondence" itself.

By the above extract from Burnet, we have seen, that that able and discriminating historian pronounces Shrewsbury a man "of great probity, and a high sense of honour." We think the following extract will amply bear out what the Bishop states, and be regarded by our readers as one of the most candid and honest statements ever made by any Minister to any Sovereign. It is contained in a letter on the state of parties, addressed to the King himself, and dated the 22d of December, 1689. "I think your Majesty does not suspect me to be so violently biassed to either of these parties, as not to see the faults of both, and the dangers that may likely ensue in joining with each of them. I wish you could have established your party upon the moderate and honest principled men of both factions; but as there will be a necessity of declaring, I shall make no difficulty to own my sense, that your Majesty and the Government are much more safe depending upon the Whigs, whose designs, if any against, are improbable and remoter than the Tories, who many of them, questionless, would bring in King James; and the very best of them, I doubt, have a regency still in their heads; nor though I agree them to be the properest instruments to carry the prerogative high, yet I fear they have so unreasonable a veneration for Monarchy, as not altogether to approve the foundation your's is built upon. I hope, Sir, you will excuse this plain dealing, from a man that means your service honestly and heartily, and rather chuses to expose himself to your censure for these lines, than to the remorse of his own

* Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, Vol. I. p. 419. folio. Dublin. 1721.

conscience, for having writ a speech to a purpose absolutely disagreeing with his own opinion*." This remonstrance had not the desired effect. In an evil hour, the King dissolved the Parliament, to which he owed the ratification of his title; and the Tories, as was foreseen and predicted by Shrewsbury, gained a preponderance in the new elections. This led to disagreeable consequences. In the New Parliament, which met in March 1690, the Whigs, to give additional security to the New Government, brought forward an act for abjuring King James. A discussion of the most stormy nature followed; and the King favoured the scruples of the Tories so far as to send a message to the House, expressing his wish that, by dropping the obnoxious topic, all farther heats might be avoided. This greatly offended the Whigs; and Shrewsbury, who had warmly promoted this act, immediately proffered his Majesty the seals, which, after much reluctance expressed on the part of the King, were accepted.

The failure of the ill-fated expedition against Brest is, as might have been expected, a topic of correspondence between the King and his Minister; but we only allude to this subject at present, for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a paragraph, in a letter of the Duke of Shrewsbury, relative to the celebrated Marlborough. After bewailing the death of General Tölmache, who, in the attack on Brest, fell a sacrifice to his gallant and enterprising spirit, Shrewsbury proceeds:—"Writing upon this subject, it is impossible to forget what is here become a general discourse, the *probability and convenience* of your Majesty receiving Lord Marlborough into your favour. He has been with me since this news, to offer his service, with all the expressions of duty and fidelity imaginable. What I can say, by way of persuasion, upon this subject, will signify but little, since I very well remember when your Majesty discoursed with me upon it, in the spring, you were sufficiently convinced of his usefulness; but *some points* remained

of a nature too tender for me to pretend to advise upon, and of which your Majesty is the only and best judge; but if those could be accommodated to your Majesty's satisfaction, I cannot but think he is capable of being very serviceable. It is so unquestionably his interest to be *faithful*, that single argument makes me not doubt it". To enable the reader to comprehend fully the nature of the *objections and suspicions* respecting Marlborough, which are here very plainly hinted at, it may not be improper to state, that, at the Revolution, he was one of the peers who voted for a regency, and that when there appeared no alternative but to bring back King James, or place the crown on the head of the Prince of Orange, "he absented himself from the discussion, and submitted, as was his duty, to the decision." It was natural, therefore, that King William should be slow to promote a man who had shown an evident and ill-disguised partiality for the House of Stuart. Time has now demonstrated how well-founded were the jealousies and suspicions entertained respecting him by our Great Deliverer. It is matter of undoubted historical truth, that, at the time when the letter was written, (July 2, 1694,) from which we have extracted the above passage, Marlborough was in correspondence with the exiled Monarch; had expressed his sorrow for the part he had acted in bringing in the Prince of Orange; had promised to make atonement for his error, by his future conduct; and had obtained a promise of pardon for himself, his wife Godolphin, and others. This political tergiversation Mr. Cox, in his memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, has endeavoured as far as possible to palliate—for justify it he could not. He was personally attached to King James—he was displeased with the measures of King William in favour of the Dissenters—he was disgusted with the repulsive and phlegmatic manners of the new Sovereign, and his *partial and marked partiality* for his Dutch favourites—and, above all, he distrusted the stability of the New Government; and wished to secure himself

* Correspondence, p. 15.

† Correspondence, p. 47.

and his friends, in the event of a restoration! Such is the substance of the Archdeacon's apology; and it may be allowed to go for so much. "In all revolutions," says Mr Southey * in a loftier strain of moral sentiment, "the foundations, not of Government alone, but of morality, are also shaken. There is so much villany and falsehood at the commencement, (for they who aim at revolutionizing a country scruple at no arts, however base, and at no crimes, however atrocious,) and so much wickedness of every kind in the progress, that, from seeing right and wrong habitually confounded, men insensibly adapt their principles to the season, and self-preservation and self-advancement become the only rule of conduct. This was exemplified in the state of England during the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution: the standard of general morality was never at any other time so low."

A considerable portion of the earlier part of this "Correspondence" relates to the sending a great fleet of sixty sail of the line to the Mediterranean, under Admiral Russel, for the purpose of checking the operations of the French in Catalonia—where they had hitherto carried every thing before them—by preventing them from deriving succours from the Toulon fleet; and to the resolution of ordering Russel to winter with the fleet at Cadiz. This wise, but, as it was then viewed, daring measure, originated with the King himself; and though it was of the utmost consequence to his interests, it was strenuously opposed by Russel himself, and so feebly and equivocally countenanced by the Ministry at home, that William, then in Flanders, had no alternative but take the whole responsibility on himself, by sending Russel peremptory orders to winter in the Mediterranean. This decisive measure was attended with the happiest results. The French, afraid to venture their fleet at sea, shut themselves up in Toulon; and having no other harbour in those seas, the British flag rode triumphant: our commerce was protected and flourished; our allies re-

ceived effectual and seasonable aid; and the terrors and ill-omened predictions of the sphenetic Admiral were so far from being realised, that the fleet was richly supplied with ammunition and stores, by its presence made the King's Government respected, and compelled the Venetians and others, who had formerly stood aloof, to acknowledge him. That the Ministry and the Admiral should at first have opposed this measure, or lent it a feeble, or, it may be, an insidious concurrence, is hardly to be wondered at, when we reflect how little progress naval affairs had made at that period. It was reserved for the immortal Nelson, more than a century afterwards, not merely to prove the indomitable courage which British seamen can display in battle, but also their unconquerable perseverance in blockade.

Connected with this happy stroke of policy, is a circumstance which deserves to be mentioned here. Before Russel had received definitive orders to winter in the Mediterranean, and while his return home was calculated upon, he had been left in want of the necessary ammunition and stores. While matters were in this situation, he wrote home a strong, and, as usual, querulous representation of the state of the fleet, in which he represents himself as in no condition whatever to meet and fight the enemy; and *this communication he sent through France!* By one of the caprices of fortune, this letter came into the King's hands, while he was at the camp of Boquette, near Namur, and, from the harsh and highly disrespectful reflections it contained on himself, must have excited his utmost indignation. "It passed through France," says he, in a letter to Shrewsbury †, "and I do not know whether he sent it that way, that it might be opened and read; but even if that was not his intention, it was inconceivably imprudent!" The publication of the Stuart Papers, (which we sincerely trust will not be much longer delayed,) can alone determine whether the conduct of this surly Whig Admiral was the result of treachery, or only of "inconceivable" folly. Though somewhat out

of place, we shall here present this precious sample of a Revolution Admiral, to the curiosity of our readers.

“ *Barcelona Road, 31 July, 1695.*

“ I herewith acknowledge the receipt of their Excellencies, the Lords Justices’ order of the 11th of June, which, by the grace of God, I will obey in the best manner I can. I am afraid my temper has been represented too froward and uneasy, which inclines me to make no reply or representations to the orders I receive. But this last order, which comes by his Majesty’s direction to the Lords Justices, will prove (as I apprehend) so very prejudicial, that I could not avoid laying my thoughts before them; and I hope your Grace will not believe it proceeds from any uneasiness I lie under, but purely for the public service.

“ I will depend so much on your Grace’s good nature to forgive me, that I will trouble you, in this private letter, with what offers to me on the whole matter.

“ Except it be those ships represented to you, in my letter from Cadiz, of the 17th April O. S., there is not any other but what ought to be on their passage to England; and should I, pursuant to the order, send such ships home as are not fit to continue longer abroad, I would be glad to be informed of what use the remaining part would be here, till joined by a farther strength; so that since these ships must remain till the latter end of September, or beginning of October, to perform some Flemish expedition, I do affirm to you, it is impossible for them to return home with any reasonable hopes of safety.

“ The King might have been pleased to impose what hardships he had thought fit upon me, (as making a winter voyage for England is a great one,) I should have been very well satisfied; but to expose the fleet to so apparent danger, upon no other account (as I can force) than saving the Dutch their money, of which I have had many instances this voyage, I cannot but repine at it to a degree that gives me all imaginable disquiet. It is not hard to guess that this advice comes from Secretary De Wickly, of the Admiralty

of Amsterdam, and I cannot bear the thoughts that a Dutch Secretary should govern the English fleet. Had there been any one reason given against the representation the Lords Justices made to the King, for the defective ships returning, I could in some measure have been satisfied; but as matters are now ordered, the consequence, I fear, will be, that the three-decked ships must winter at Cadiz; and, from their own weakness, and the worms’ eating, it will be almost impossible ever to get them home again; or, if otherwise, and they proceed in October, it being the most tempestuous season in the year, they will perish in the sea. If I am not extremely out in my calculation of this matter, I am sure your Grace’s thoughts will be no more at quiet than mine are. Had the Dutch complied with their quota of twenty-four ships, (of which ten considerable ships have been all this summer wanting,) as I said in my letter to the Lords Justices, I should have sent, with the Turkey convoy, those of my fleet that are in the very worst condition, which would have been some ease to my mind. But when these ships will arrive, God knows; and these here, had I not lent them money, must have remained at anchor at Barcelona all this summer. nor have I had any service from them in the winter. Their constant want of provisions, and their thriftiness in not allowing their ships to be cleaned, has made them of no other service than lying for a show in the Bay of Cadiz.

“ I must desire the favour of your Grace, that I may know whether any ships are coming out of England, that I may leave, in the several ports, the necessary orders for their proceeding, and what flags shall be here to govern the fleet after September; for, at present, I know nothing, but that after that month, I may be drowned coming home. I am not free from the apprehension of an order coming to stop me here all winter, which, if such a thing should happen, I will rather run the hazard of his Majesty’s displeasure than remain here; for I am already ruined in my health; and whatever people may surmise to the contrary, I am very considerably a worse man in my

own fortune than when I left England; nor am I under the least expectation or hopes of that being made good to me, by his Majesty's bounty or generosity. But pardon this expression, being things that give me no uneasiness*."

That the acrimonious and reproachful style of this letter made a strong impression on the King, we learn from various hints that occasionally escape from his habitual reserve, in the course of his correspondence with Shrewsbury; and we have already seen how deeply he felt the imprudence or treachery of sending such a document through France, where it was unquestionably "opened and read." Though the intimate and confidential friend of Russel, Shrewsbury indicates his displeasure at the Admiral's rashness in very pointed and dignified terms:—"You must give me leave to think you in the wrong, to send any letter through France, that gave so exact an account of the condition of your fleet, and how it was to be disposed of the rest of the summer; but if that was not very cautious, with respect to the public, the inclosing a letter to me in one to Mr Blaithwayt, (the King's private Secretary,) of the nature of your's, was not more careful of yourself, since curiosity or suspicion might very well invite the King to what has unluckily happened†."

It is well known that the recapture of Namur (the French had taken it some time before, and strengthened the fortifications and works with the greatest industry and skill,) was one of William's most glorious and successful achievements. No sooner had the place been invested, than Boufflers, one of the bravest of the French Marshals, threw himself into it, resolved to defend it to the last extremity. The garrison consisted of 14,000‡ picked men, and the French engineers had exhausted all their skill to render the place im-

pregnable. A French army, 100,000 strong, commanded by Marshal Villeroi, was in the immediate neighbourhood, while the covering army, commanded by William, amounted only to 60,000. Yet, with such consummate and overmastering skill and generalship did William manoeuvre this inferior force, that Villeroi, after looking at him for several days, found it advisable not to attack him, and left the town and citadel to their fate. The town and citadel surrendered after a month's siege each. "The King," says Burnet§, "had the entire credit of this matter; his general officers having a very small share in it, being most of them men of low genius, and little practised in things of that nature." To this lamentable account of the military talents of William's general officers, we must particularize one illustrious exception, the celebrated engineer Coehorn, who so eminently distinguished himself during the siege, that his fame rose to the highest pitch, and even eclipsed that of his French rival, Vauban. William's annunciation of his success to Shrewsbury, strikingly marks the habitual piety, modesty, and reserve of his character, and must be read with great interest. It is as brief as it is characteristic:—"You doubtless rejoiced at the information of our success, by the capture of the Castle of Namur. With all its circumstances, it is assuredly a great event, and we cannot sufficiently *offer up our thanks to God for this success*, from which we shall doubtless derive considerable advantages.||"

Yet, in spite of this splendid achievement, which, had he been enabled to follow it up, might have led to the most important consequences, by forcing the enemy to a peace, and thereby saving much blood and treasure, the Ministry had not influence enough in Parliament to induce that Assembly to vote money sufficient to

* *Correspondence*, p. 235.

† *Correspondence*, p. 237.

‡ Burnet has fallen into a slight error in stating the number of the French garrison in Namur. He tells us, (Vol. II. p. 88.) that the garrison amounted to 12,000 men; but we learn from Lord Portland's letter to Shrewsbury, (in p. 104 of this Correspondence,) that it amounted to 14,000 men.

§ *History of his Own Times*, Vol. II. p. 89. *folw.* 1721.

|| *Correspondence*, p. 103.

clear off the arrears of pay (no less than three years) due to the troops; in consequence of which, but for the commanding genius of William, they would have broken out into actual mutiny. "In the name of God," says the King to his Minister*, "determine quickly to find some credit for the troops here, or we are ruined;" and he adds, two pages after, "there is no alternative but to perish, or find credit!" At this period the nation was distracted with intestine broils; and the Tories, the drift of whose policy was to ruin the King and the Government, of which he was the head, and who, by the culpable negligence of the Whigs in regard to elections, had acquired a great, and sometimes an overwhelming, preponderance in Parliament, no sooner discovered the difficulties to which the King was reduced for money to pay the troops, than they set themselves by every means to obstruct a vote of credit; and had it not been for the personal influence of Shrewsbury, Somers, and a few others, the country would have been ruined, and the French would have acquired that ascendancy in European politics, which had been the constant aim of all their schemes, and which, as bitter experience has since proved, would, while it lasted, have been fatal to the repose and happiness of the world. In fact, when we reflect on the difficulties which William had to contend with, on the animosities which were directed against his person, on the hostilities of the Tories, who would have gladly ruined their country, provided they could also have succeeded in overturning the Government; and, on the perfidy, or, at best, lukewarmness of his allies, we need not marvel that his military plans were sometimes baffled, but rather that they were ever successful; nor need it surprise us, that, in a moment of deep-felt chagrin and disappointment, he should have formed the rash resolution, happily first communicated to Somers, of abandoning for ever the ungrateful country which he had delivered from two of the greatest curses with which any kingdom was ever afflicted—a bigotted, cruel, and ar-

bitrary Monarch, and a Government independent of the laws.

The particulars of the Assassination Plot are too well known to be dwelt upon here, and we only allude to the subject, to introduce a few observations on the accusations of Sir John Fenwick, as to the Duke of Shrewsbury† being reconciled to the Court of St Germain's. The Assassination Plot, as our readers are aware, showed that the majority of the great body of the nation was favourable to the principles of the Revolution; for a general Association, commencing with the Parliament, was entered into, for the defence of the King's person and government, and was subscribed, "with equal alacrity and enthusiasm," by persons of all ranks. Immediately afterwards, measures were taken for proceeding against the ring-leaders of the conspiracy. Among these was Sir John Fenwick, a man of good family connections, who was seized at Romney, in an attempt to escape to France; and, being ordered for trial, offered to disclose the plots and conspiracies of the English Jacobites. He, in consequence, gave in a paper containing general accusations against Shrewsbury, and other noblemen; but as he had criminated none of those who were known to be staunch Jacobites, and as his object seemed to be, if possible, to save his life without revealing any of the secrets of his party, he was ordered for trial. The two witnesses against him were *Porter* and *Goodman*; the latter of whom, by the artifices and tamperings of Lady Mary Fenwick, the conspirator's wife, and sister to the Earl of Carlisle, had been smuggled out of the way; and the law of England (25th of Edward III.) requiring two witnesses in all cases of treason, it was found necessary to proceed by Bill of Attainder. Meanwhile, conscious of his deserts, Fenwick tried to amuse the Government, and save his life, by pretended disclosures, which, however, in the end, were found to amount to nothing. This "Correspondence," however, has placed the innocence of Shrewsbury beyond a doubt—a fact of which, indeed, his royal master had an entire convic-

tion: for he says, in a letter addressed to the Duke, after receiving Fenwick's paper, through the hands of the Duke of Devonshire, who had been employed to examine him in the first instance, "You are, I trust, too well convinced of the entire confidence which I place in you, to imagine that such an accusation has made any impression on me, or that, if it had, I should have sent you this paper (containing the accusation). You will observe *the sincerity of this honest man*, (the italics are the King's), who only accuses those in my service, and not one of his own party. I replied to my Lord Steward, that, unless he proved what he has written, and that he, moreover, confesses all he knows, without reserve, I will not permit his trial to be deferred, *which is his only aim* *." Notwithstanding this highly generous declaration on the part of the King, the accusation gave Shrewsbury infinite vexation, for it was believed by many, (practices of such a kind being then so frequent,) and led him to offer his resignation—a step which his friends justly and warmly remonstrated against, as the certain means of giving importance and credibility to the forgeries and falsehoods of Fenwick. For this reason, we shall enter a little into the merits of the question; and by aggregating the elements of evidence scattered over the surface of this "Correspondence," prove to demonstration, that Shrewsbury was innocent of the treason which Fenwick laid to his charge.

First of all, when Fenwick first came forward with his pretended disclosures, Shrewsbury says, in a letter to the King †, "I am confident he

knows what, if he will discover, may be much more valuable than his life!" "This remark," as Mr Foxe has justly observed, "shews that the Duke of Shrewsbury had not the slightest dread or suspicion of Sir John Fenwick's disclosures," and although we can by no means agree with the Archdeacon, that it furnishes "indisputable proof of innocence," yet it furnishes a strong preliminary presumption in favour of his Grace. The "indisputable proof" follows, and appears to have eluded the observation of the very learned and ingenious Editor of this invaluable Historical Monument. Parliament met early in November 1696, and Fenwick's business came on soon after. It will be recollected, that, in order to screen himself from the punishment he so richly deserved, he had given in a paper accusing the Earls of Shrewsbury and Marlborough, the Lord Godolphin, and Admiral Russell, of having been reconciled to King James, and of having come under certain engagements to the Court of St Germain's. But it is evident that this paper had been put into his hands by the Jacobites abroad, for the express purpose of infusing suspicion into the counsels of William; for Lord Villiers, one of the negociators at Ryswick, (a Tory, too, be it remembered,) writes the Duke of Shrewsbury, of date November the 23d, 1696, "I have seen a letter from Geneva, of the 6th of this month, which says, that they are *informed from France*, that Fenwick had discovered several persons of quality to have been in the late conspiracy ‡." Now, on this question of *dates*, we remark, in the *first* place, that no *public* intimation of Fenwick's pretended disclosures

* He also accused the Earl of Marlborough, the Lord Godolphin, and Admiral Russell. With respect to the first of these, it is now known, as we have already observed, that the accusation was well founded: with respect to the last, as we have also seen, there was ground for suspicion: with regard to the truth or falsehood of the accusation, as far as it concerns the Lord Godolphin, nothing certain can be known till the publication of the Stuart Papers. And why is the publication of these invaluable documents delayed? Do the descendants of the traitors of King William's reign tremble for the exposure of the crimes of their ancestors? Or, as it is said they have fallen into Royal hands, Is the Sovereign so tender to the memories of those men who basely betrayed the principles that seated his family on the throne of these kingdoms? For the sake of truth and historical justice, we wish these difficulties, if they actually exist, would soon be got the better of: we are sure all our readers join in the same sentiment.

† *Correspondence*, p. 145—6.

‡ *Correspondence*, p. 131.

had been made prior to the meeting of Parliament, it being only known, that he himself had been apprehended as one of the conspirators engaged in the Assassination Plot. *Secondly*, that, had the case been the reverse, and had Fenwick's disclosures been made known to all the world, the moment his papers were put in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire, still, even on *that* supposition, sufficient time had not elapsed between his examination before the Lords Justices and the date of Lord Villiers's letter, to render it possible that the intelligence should have got to France, travelled to Switzerland, and reached Lord Villiers in Holland, so recently after the meeting of Parliament as the 23d of November 1696. Intelligence did not then, as now, travel on the wings of wind, but was spread slowly and inaccurately. And, *thirdly*, taking into view the *real* state of the case, that the intelligence of Fenwick's disclosures did not go abroad till the Bill of Attainder was moved in Parliament, which met in November, *some days posterior* to the date of the Geneva letter, (the 6th), received by Lord Villiers at the Hague, it is clear, that it must have been known in France, *before* the fact, *whom* Fenwick would accuse; in other words, *the papers he gave in were furnished him by the Jacobites abroad!* With this conclusion every circumstance harmonizes. Shrewsbury was the confidential Minister of William, and more generally esteemed and beloved than any of his party. Such a servant was of unspeakable value to the New Government, and, keeping out of view the collateral object of saving, if possible, Fenwick's life, was it not, we ask, natural and likely that the Jacobites would attempt to shake his credit with his master, by throwing a suspicion on his character, which William, circumstanced as he was, might have been supposed ready

to believe? Was it not desirable to neutralise an enemy? The Duke of Shrewsbury had cast his purse and his sword into the scale of the Revolution, and, if his credit were shaken, whom could King William trust? His Grace could never be so short-sighted or credulous, as to believe that the Stuarts would forgive the wrongs he had done them: and they knew well that he stood high in favour with his Royal and approved good Master. Must it not, therefore, have been an object with the Stuarts at once to punish a man who, as they must have thought, had betrayed them, and to bring him into disgrace, even with those whose cause he had espoused? In corroboration of these views, it may be farther mentioned, that, in his examination before the King, previous to the introduction of the Bill for his Attainder into the House of Commons, Fenwick, who had been deeply implicated in all the intrigues of the Jacobites abroad, and who was believed to know more of their secrets than any other man, refused to answer any questions from his own knowledge, or to offer any proofs of his written allegations, but constantly made reference to the papers which he had given in to the Lords Justices through the Duke of Devonshire. That he had got his cue, therefore, is most certain; and the fellow had the merit of impregnable fidelity to his party, for he accused none that were notorious for their attachment to the exiled King, refused to purchase his life by betraying his knowledge of the schemes of the Jacobites, both at home and abroad, and died on Towerhill, acknowledging his attachment to King James, invoking blessings on his head, and praying for his speedy restoration to his paternal throne!* Now, from all this, are we not warranted to infer, either that Fenwick accused Shrewsbury of his own proper me-

* "He owned his loyalty to King James, and to the Prince of Wales, after him." *Burnet, Vol. II. p. 112.* That there was some hardship in Fenwick's case, is now pretty generally admitted. The Bill of Attainder was expressly founded on *the deficiency of legal proof*; for had not Goodman absconded, he would have been brought to trial for High Treason; but the law required two witnesses, whereas after Goodman had been smuggled out of the way, there only remained Porter, a man, moreover, of most exceptionable character.

tion, and to endeavour to save his head? or, that he was prompted to do so by the adherents of King James, for the double purpose of saving himself, and perplexing the counsels of King William? It may also be mentioned, that the Earl of Monmouth, afterwards better known as the Earl of Peterborough, a bold, reckless, intriguing, ambitious, and profligate character, and the mortal foe of Shrewsbury, was convicted of tampering with and giving suggestions to Fenwick, who would no doubt be confirmed by Peterborough in his purpose to ruin that nobleman, provided he could at once save his own life, and keep snug the secrets of the Jacobites, by whom he had been set on to assassinate that generous and lofty-minded Monarch, who, though King James had been twice in his power, (at Rochester, and after the battle of the Boyne,) had nobly suffered him to escape!

The attempt of Fenwick, and the sensation it created, led to other practices against Shrewsbury. Smith's affair, which had been got up under the fostering wing of Lord Peterborough, (whose name Burnet, for prudential reasons, no doubt, leaves blank in his *History of his Own Time*), was thoroughly investigated, and found to be so malicious and groundless, that Peterborough was committed to the Tower; and, but for the redeeming fact that he had co-operated in bringing about the Revolution, would have been proceeded against, with the utmost zeal, both by the Court and the Whigs, the former being exasperated on account of the practices against a favourite Minister, and the latter prone to retaliate on Peterborough for constantly thwarting and crossing them, no less than for his inveterate, and, it must be added, causeless hostility against their great oracle and leader. With re-

spect to the pretended discoveries of Chaloner, a convicted coiner and felon, they were treated, by men of all parties, with the contempt they merited.

Still, however, it must be confessed, that the conduct of Shrewsbury himself sometimes gave a colour of credibility to the assertions of his enemies. His proneness, on all occasions of difficulty or danger, either to himself or his master, to offer his resignation*, led people to draw inferences unfavourable both to his honesty and political intrepidity; and procured for him, even from those of his own party, who implicitly believed his sincerity, and esteemed his amiable private character, the appropriate name of the "Fair-weather pilot." The following observations on this subject, founded on that nobleman's resignation in 1700, so completely express our sentiments on this weakness in his character, that we give them in the Archdeacon's own words:—"The retreat of a nobleman so much beloved by the King, so generally respected by men of all parties, and so highly endowed with personal and mental accomplishments, did not fail to occasion numerous speculations and conjectures. Some have supposed, that he was more deeply implicated in the intrigues of the Jacobites than he ventured to avow; others, that his indisposition (he had resigned under pretence of bad health) was merely political and affected, as a plea for withdrawing from a responsible post, at a period when he expected the Stuarts would regain the throne. From the first charge, we think he may be fairly acquitted; but it is not improbable that his fears of a counter-revolution, and his abhorrence of party warfare, co-operated, with the effects of bodily infirmity, to drive him from his country, (he

* How ticklish and vexatious Shrewsbury had found the situation of a Minister of State at this period, when party animosities ran so high, appears from a coarse but expressive declaration in one of his letters to Lord Chancellor Somers: "Had I a son, I would sooner breed him a Cocker than a Courtier, and a Hangman than a Statesman," (*Correspondence*, p. 633.) He was a man of a nervous sensibility of temperament, devoid of political intrepidity, and whose peace was easily disturbed, either by the attacks of his enemies, or the imagined lukewarmness of his friends. He was not, however, an implacable enemy, though a warm and generous friend.

had gone to the continent, and taken up his residence at *Rome*), particularly when we consider the timidity inherent in his character, and the troubled circumstances of the times.*"

The correspondence with Russel we think the least interesting portion of the volume; but young, or, as Lord Archibald Hamilton would say, "suckling" statesmen, will read with pleasure and advantage the correspondence with Lord Galway, one of the ablest men in an age fertile in great men. This nobleman was a native of France, of the house of Ruvigny, and had quitted his country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He experienced a cordial reception from the Prince of Orange, whom he attended in the expedition to England, where, upon the death of Schonberg, he was created Viscount Galway. He was both a good general and an able negotiator, and was selected, by William, in order to guide the military operations in Italy, no less than to watch the wiles, the machiavelism, and craft of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, one of the ablest and most faithless Princes of his time, and who had been trained up in all those base arts of falsehood and dissimulation which the Italians consider necessary to the accomplished statesman and politician. The General and Envoy was completely deceived by the arts of this cunning Duke. It is painful to observe how the affairs of men go on. Men of great and generous natures spurn, with contempt, the artifices which meaner and baser souls have recourse to, and are sometimes caught in those toils and entanglements which they would easily have avoided, could they have descended to the level of the miserable and double-dealing wretches by whom it is often their fate to be united in a common enterprise. Of this we have a memorable example, in the case of William and the duke of Savoy. The straight-forward and uncompromising decision of Cromwell, which overmatched the shuffling and artful tricks of Mazarin, would alone have sufficed to cut the "webs of wiles" which Victor Ama-

deus had woven. But Cromwell was a despotic, William a constitutional Sovereign, cramped by the conflict of factions, and opposed to a party, formidable by its numbers and power at home, and by its allies abroad. This, no doubt, compelled him often to temporise, to avail himself of arts which were alien to his noble nature, and to try to gain, by negotiation and address, what the niggardly parsimony of the British Parliament, and the critical posture of his affairs, prevented him from attempting by more direct and efficient means. Lord Galway, though a Frenchman, was, in some respects, not unlike his master, and, notwithstanding his being on the spot, his suspicions had been so effectually lulled, that he suffered both himself and his Sovereign to be overreached by Catinat, Tessé, and the paltry Savoyard Duke. This last abandoned the grand alliance, and went over to the French interest; thus disengaging a formidable French force, which was now at liberty to act against William in the Low Countries. This part of the "Correspondence" affords us a laughable enough specimen of an attempt to pocket our gold in a way in which we have been oftener gulled than was for our good. On this occasion it did not succeed, owing to the discernment and fears of the King himself. After every thing had been arranged with France, and the act of treachery completed on the part of our Savoyard ally, the honest Prince thus writes to King William: "I humbly entreat your Majesty to give the necessary orders, that I may receive *as soon as possible*, (good!) the *subsidy* which I enjoy by your Royal generosity, assuring you that *I was never under so pressing a necessity!* It shall be applied *solely* for the *service of your Majesty, and the common cause in this country!* I solemnly profess, that I will cherish the most ardent zeal for both!" This was rather overdone for so consummate a politician, and so King William felt, and hence the money was saved. So much for a Princely at-

tempt at swindling. Would that all similar attempts against our country had been equally successful!

The negotiations of Ryswick had commenced before the defection of Savoy was known; and when that event had transpired, it had almost banished the hopes of peace, so exorbitantly did the French rise in their demands. It seems to be agreed on all hands, however, that William had no alternative, but submit, in a certain degree, to the increased claims of the enemy. Lord Bolingbroke, indeed, tells us*, that "the treaties of Ryswick were far from answering the ends proposed by the first Grand Alliance;" but he adds, a little after, "I cannot see what King William could do in such circumstances, except what he did. He was in the worst of all political predicaments, and that wherein no one good measure remains to be taken." "The terms of the peace," says Burnet†, "were too much to the advantage of France; but the length and charge of the war had so exhausted the Allies, that the King saw the necessity of accepting the best conditions that could be got." This, probably, is the softest account of the matter. The truth seems to be, that the English Parliament were by no means sufficiently impressed with the necessity of humbling, and even crippling France, (a lesson which our time has taught, and not taught in vain,) and they withheld the needful supplies, not so much from the exhausted state of the nation, as from the contentious spirit of pure faction. "England," says Lord Villiers‡, one of the negotiators at Ryswick, and a Tory, "England wants nothing but a *good will* to carry on the war§." Peace, on any

reasonable conditions, would, in these circumstances, have been impossible, had not Louis failed in his attempt to put the Prince of Conti on the throne of Poland, in opposition to Augustus, Elector of Saxony; had not Pointis returned without achieving any thing; and had not the French Marshal been baffled in his attempt to bombard Brussels by the unrivalled conduct of William, who took up a position with such skill, that he at once covered the city, and deprived the enemy of the advantage of their greatly superior numbers.

It is remarkable that William kept his Ministers in entire ignorance of the *conditions* of the peace, till it was concluded, which was done, not by the regular negotiators, so much as by William himself, through the intervention of his favourite, the Earl of Portland||. Perhaps this may be ascribed as much to his reluctance to make known, while he could prevent it, conditions not so favourable as he could have desired, as to his alleged partiality to foreigners, and hatred of the English. It ought to be remembered, that the defection of Savoy had disengaged at least 50,000 on the side of Italy, who, in the event of the continuance of the war, would have been marched into Flanders, and, when joined to the troops previously there, formed an overwhelming force to which, in the present temper of the Allies and the English nation, William had nothing to oppose. The great error of King William was his haste in concluding the treaty, and his neglect in allowing himself to be vaguely described as "the King of Britain," and in not binding the French Monarch to leave his "successors," upon the altered principle of succession, in un-

* *Letters on the Study and Use of History*, Letter, VIII.

† *History of His Own Time*, Vol. II. p. 117. folio. 1724.

‡ *Afterwards Earl of Jersey*.

§ *Correspondence*, p. 324.

|| It is but common justice to a nobleman, who has been the subject of much abuse and misrepresentation, to state, that his conduct and character appear in a most favourable view throughout the whole of this "Correspondence." He seems, however, to have been conscious, that his natural dryness and reserve might, in a country jealous to excess of foreigners, as England has always been, be ascribed to hauteur, and too great a consciousness of the favour of his Royal Master. This appears from a letter to Shrewsbury in page 141. In this letter, there is the following truly noble and manly sentiment, "I will request your indulgence in regard to my judgment, but none respecting my integrity!"

disturbed possession of their rights ; in not insisting on the removal of King James and his Court to Avignon ; and in his inpolitic exclusion of Shrewsbury, and *all* the English Ministry, from any confidential knowledge of the negotiations during their progress. We agree entirely with the following judicious remarks of Mr Archdeacon Coxé : " The manner in which this negotiation was conducted and terminated, was perhaps not less objectionable and inpolitic than the conditions of the arrangement itself. The cautious exclusion of the English Ministry from a transaction in which England was so deeply interested, was unjust towards them, as well as towards the country to which they were constitutionally accountable for the arrangements the Monarch was supposed to form with their advice and participation. That the Duke of Shrewsbury, in particular, was mortified by this reserve, his letters sufficiently show ; and we cannot doubt, that the aversion he felt to become responsible for proceedings over which he had no control, essentially contributed to encrease that dislike to public life which breaks forth in every part of his Correspondence. One error in policy, however, usually generates another ; and if William can scarcely be excused for the conclusion of this unfavourable pacification, his conduct is still less to be commended in the negotiation for the first Treaty of Partition, which may be considered as the natural, and almost inevitable consequence of the peace of Ryswick *."

Part Third of this Correspondence opens a very interesting view of the state of factions, at that eventful and agitated period, and derives a particular value, from containing the communications to the Duke of Shrewsbury, of the great Lord Somers—a name justly dear to a very sincere and upright lover of his country. His letters are highly characteristic. They are calm, temperate, firm, and full of sound, enlarged and liberal views. He wants the enthusiasm of Montague, the suavity of Shrewsbury, the impetuosity of Russel, and the habitual and suspicious caution of Sunderland ; but the flame of patriotism burned in his breast, not like " the blaze of crackling thorns under a pot," but with a steady, uniform, and extinguishable lustre. He loved his party, for at that period no man could be honest without being of a party ; but he loved his country better ; nor, in the whole of his correspondence, can we discover the smallest indication of that rancorous political animosity, which might, at that period, have been in some degree venial, but which was destined to be the disgrace and the bane of our own time, under the patronage of those miserable state-cobblers and quacks, who, while they declaim against party-spirit, and the licentiousness of the press, allow Lord Advocates to subscribe Newspaper bonds, and fee their hirelings to traduce the private characters of their political opponents. The great men of the Revolution were above such Grub-street practices. The Lockes, the Shrews-

* *Correspondence*, p. 380. It was about this period that the interview took place between King William and the Czar, Peter the Great, of which Lord Villiers gives the following account : " I have been at Sandyke, and have had the opportunity of seeing the Czar with his Majesty. The interview between these two great princes was in a very dirty tavern, from whence the Czar could not be got out, for fear of seeing too much company. The same reason hindered him from dining the next day with the King, though his Majesty invited him. The behaviour of this man is very singular and capricious, though in some things he seems to have the genius of a great prince ; but *he is at too great a distance for us to concern ourselves about him !*" (p. 370.) What a change in the state and political power of Russia has taken place within the space of a century and a quarter ! " His Muscovitish Majesty" is now no longer " at too great a distance for us to concern ourselves about him." It was one of the consequences of Napoleon's reverses, the most to be deplored, that gave to his semi-barbarous legions such an ascendancy in Continental affairs. Should Turkey fall into the greedy maw of this ambitious despot, we shall, probably, in a few years, be crusading against the Autocrat of all the Russias, as we lately were against the Emperor of the French.

burys, the Somerses, and the Marlboroughs, supported the interests of their party by *other* means. We extract the following letter, relative to Smith's practices against the Duke of Shrewsbury. It is a pleasing memorial of Somers's friendship for his Grace.

It bears date January the 30th, 1697.

"MY LORD,

"This morning has put an end to Smith's business. After the report from the Committee, which was little more than the pointing to the particular letters which were thought most to deserve a remark, with some observations that were kindly enough made by my Lord Rochester, (who was the chairman), the House come to *two* votes to the effect following :

"That Smith, upon his examination, having alleged somewhat of the nature of a complaint against the Duke of Shrewsbury, upon account of some intelligence given by him to the Duke, which he said would be made out by his papers given in to the House ; the House was of opinion, upon examination and consideration of the papers, that there was no ground for the complaint ; and upon consideration of the whole matter, the House was of opinion that Smith did not deserve any further reward *.

"The first of these questions was proposed by my Lord Wharton ; the second by my Lord Rochester.

"I think I ought to confess to your Grace, that how little soever this thing is in itself, yet I know the dependence of it was an ungasiness to your Grace ; and therefore I am guilty of desiring Mr Vernon to send the account of it by a particular messenger, in which opinion my

Lord Wharton did entirely agree with me.

"The whole of this transaction has succeeded entirely according to the desires of those who meant your service ; and if it has not been right in any thing, it must be attributed to their mistake ; for I did not see but that what we aimed at we had. These two votes passed *without any question put*, and, I persuade myself, will be to the full satisfaction of every body without doors ; the *malice* and design of the *whispers* and *insinuations* which were spread abroad, being now much more the discourse than those whispers themselves did ever give rise to, I will not pretend to enter into the particulars of this matter, and how great a fool and a knave Smith appeared ; but I will mention a turn that was generally given to the thing, that Smith was resolved to be on *either* side, as the success was : he would be a discoverer, if the assassination failed ; and would have had a horse for the service, if it had succeeded.

"I am not able to tell your Grace how my Lord Monmouth (afterwards Peterborough) bears his imprisonment †. Some say, beyond measure impatiently ; some qualify it ; but all agree my Lady has no bounds in what she says. He has sent me a letter, wherein he desires leave of the King that he may petition the House. I returned answer, that I should not see the King till to-morrow night, and was so ill, that I did not know if I could go to Kensington then. He sent me word his desire was I would send the message by somebody else, and therefore I told my Lord Portland of it. This quick proceeding is, as I think, like all the rest. What it will produce I know not. My Lord S———‡ was to

* "Smith was not discountenanced by this repulse ; for he still continued to importune the King and his Ministers with his menaces and solicitations ; and was secretly encouraged by many who were hostile to the Duke of Shrewsbury, or desirous of embarrassing the affairs of Government." *Note by Mr Coxe.*

† He had been sent to the Tower for a species of subornation of perjury, or rather, perhaps, a conspiracy, to involve, if possible, Shrewsbury, in the plottings and schemes of the Jacobites. Peterborough seems to have cherished, against this amiable Minister, a hatred altogether diabolical. He had no sooner got his liberty than he embarked in a new plot : but he was now too well known to do harm to any body but himself.

‡ Sunderland.

visit him on Monday, and my Lord Portland yesterday; but I do not hear what either of them said, though I believe you guess that cannot be a secret long." (p. 465.)

We regret, with Mr Coxe, that so little of Mr Montagu's (afterwards Lord Halifax) correspondence with the Duke of Shrewsbury has been preserved, and that of that little our limits permit us only to extract the following paragraph, from the most vigorous epistle in the whole collection, relative to Sunderland and his party. It is addressed to his Grace, and dated Feb. 11. 1698.

"MY LORD,

"I have the honour of your's of the 22d January, and am very much obliged to you for the confidence you express towards me, and do assure you it could nowhere be more safely placed. Our circumstances are such, that I think the nation had been long ago ruined, but for the unalterable friendship and union that has been maintained between some of us; and I think at this juncture, if we can perfectly know one another's mind, without any reserve, sound measures may be taken. I must own myself to be one of those that all along thought the Duke of Shrewsbury had some uneasiness in business, from several circumstances that attend my Lord Sunderland's power and conduct, which would be removed with him; and this had more weight with me, to wish it so, than any other consideration; for I thought, with you, we could always make a stand, and, without you, we should be lost piecemeal. The old scheme, whatever it was, is confounded, and he is to begin the world again; and, if you will allow yourself to be made the corner-stone, we will raise such a structure as shall not be easily destroyed, especially when we have

taken away his tools and engines. Duncombe's fall will more disable him, and cut off his power to play tricks, than any thing else could have done. He was the cement that kept Peterborough, Bolton, Seymour, and the rest united. He was the Iago of the whole villany, and nothing can keep them together, but such a busy temper joined with a faculty of helping those that have money to dispose of it, and those that have none to borrow." (p. 531-2.)

We would gladly have given a place to one of the most important documents in this collection, the letter of Lord Somers, in which he describes the interview with the King, when, on the reduction of the military force of the kingdom to 8000 men, and the vote passed for sending his Dutch Guards out of the country, he had taken the desperate resolution of abandoning the country, and leaving the Government to its fate: but we have already greatly exceeded our limits. "The intrepid and manly remonstrances of the Chancellor (Somers)" says Mr Coxe, "induced the King to forego his hasty resolution of withdrawing from England; but no representations could soothe his resentment against the Whigs, for suffering their opponents to carry so odious a measure as the reduction of the army." (p. 375). For the character of King William, drawn with a masterly and impartial hand, and as happily conceived and forcibly expressed as any thing of the kind, perhaps, to be met with in history, we refer the reader to Burnet's History of his Own Time, Vol. II. p. 176. (Dublin, 1721, folio *.)

The Revolution of 1688 was, in every point of view, one of the greatest events that ever distinguished the history of this or of any other country, and was brought about, and

* In the early part of the Shrewsbury Correspondence, Mrs Villiers, the King's mistress, acts rather a conspicuous part, and corresponds with Mrs Lundy, the mistress of Shrewsbury, on political subjects. To this Mrs Villiers, *qo*, Vernon, the friend and protégé of Shrewsbury, (afterwards Secretary of State,) pays great court, as to a person high in the King's favour and confidence, and obviously entrusted with matters of great "pith and moment." It is remarkable that Bishop Burnet, who could hardly be ignorant of the fact, takes no notice of this Mrs Villiers, and never, so far as we know, mentions, that King William, whose conjugal affections he so highly eulogises, *had a mistress!*

carried through with a firmness, disinterestedness, moderation, and patriotic adherence to principle, and sound constitutional law, unparalleled in the history of the human race : and when we read the annals of the previous reigns, and reflect on the arbitrary and despotic measures of the Stuarts, and the violations of law and liberty of which they were guilty, in order to compass their bloody and destructive ends, it is impossible not to feel our hearts warmed with grateful admiration of those men, who, at the hazard of their lives and fortunes, drove the tyrant from his throne without bloodshed, and brought to reign over us, according to the constitution and the laws, a Prince descended from a line of heroes who had fought and bled in the cause of European Liberty, and who proved himself, not merely our Deliverer from Popery and foreign influence and domination, but one of the greatest, wisest, and best monarchs that ever swayed the British sceptre. We cannot conclude this article better, than by quoting the words of one of the profoundest lawyers which England has ever produced : " But while we rest this fundamental transaction, (the Revolution), in point of authority, upon grounds the least liable to cavil, we are bound in justice and gratitude to add, that it was conducted with a temper and moderation which naturally arose from its equity ; that, however it might in some respects go beyond the letter of our ancient laws, it was agreeable to the spirit of our constitution, and the rights of human nature ; and that, though in other points (owing to the peculiar circumstances of things and persons) it was not altogether so perfect as might have been wished, yet from thence a new era commenced, in which the bounds

of prerogative and liberty have been better defined, the principles of Government more thoroughly examined and understood, and the rights of the subject more explicitly guarded by legal provisions, than in any other period of the English history. In particular, it is worthy observation, that the Convention, in this their judgment, avoided with great wisdom the wild extremes into which the visionary theories of some zealous republicans would have led them. They held that this misconduct of King James (' breaking the original contract between the King and people, and violating the fundamental laws'—*Resolution of the Convention Parliament*) amounted to an *endeavour* to subvert the constitution ; and not to an actual subversion, or total dissolution, of the Government, according to the principles of Mr Locke^a : which would have reduced the society almost to a state of nature ; would have levelled all distinctions of honour, rank, offices, and property ; would have annihilated the Sovereign power, and in consequence have repealed all positive laws ; and would have left the people at liberty to have erected a new system of State upon a new foundation of polity. They therefore very prudently voted it to amount to no more than an abdication of the Government, and a consequent vacancy of the throne ; whereby the Government was allowed to subsist, though the executive magistrate was gone, and the kingly office to remain, though King James was no longer King. And thus the constitution was kept entire, which, upon every sound principle of Government, must otherwise have fallen to pieces, had so principal and constituent a part as the royal authority been abolished, or even suspended †."

^a *On Government*, p. 2. c. 19.

† *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England*, Book I. Chap. III. *sub finem*.

EBEN. ANDERSON'S VISIT TO LONDON.

LETTER II.

"Bedlam."

- "With a heart of furious fancies—
 "Whereof I am—Commander—
 "With a burning spear—
 "And a horse of air—
 "To the wilderness I wander;
 "With a freight of ghosts and shadows,
 "I summoned am to journey;
 "Ten leagues beyond—
 "The wide world's end—
 "Methinks it is no journey!"—

Tom-a-Bedlam's Song.

I SAID we should meet in Bedlam, and I am resolved, as my late worthy master would have expressed it, "solvere fidem," in other words, either to *break* or to *keep* my promise, as may suit me best. No wonder, you see, that "Speakers" should run mad, when "speech" itself, with all its inherent steadiness and precision, is apt sometimes to drift a little to the nor-west of consistency and sense. Now, mark me, Sir Simeon Thoughtful, lord of the imposing aspect! when I make use, as above, of the expression "Speakers," I have no particular reference to that officially silent gentleman, who holds his central scat, like a fixed and immoveable time-piece, in the House of Commons—nor do I allude to any of those orators who, from both sides of the House ladle out their articulate ire, as Burns represents the Devil "Spairing about the brimstone cootie, To scaud poor wretches;"

nor do I apply this epithet to those who make speeches, and propose toasts at public dinners; nor to that numerous class of professional talkers, who sell wind for what it will bring. By "Speakers," I mean simply to characterise that human nature which separates us so widely from the brutes, and lifts us so high in the scale of being, and which, whilst it prompts us *exclusively* (with the exception, perhaps, of jackdaws and parrots) to *speech*, entitles us, at the same time, to the high and distinctive privileges of "*Insanity*." But although the whole race are more or less privileged in this respect, it is amidst the civilized and more refined orders that we are to look for the

more frequent and striking exhibitions of it. The poor, naked, and tattooed savages of the South-Sea Islands have no term, in their vulgar vocabulary, by which to express the notion. The wandering hordes of Africa and America have gleaned all their knowledge of the subject from the more favoured and better-educated inhabitants of Europe: and the natives of Otaheiti, from the very latest accounts, are just beginning to assert those rights which have too long been withheld from them. Shew me the country—Britain, for example, or the county—Fife, for instance, or the city—say Paris, or London, which has started the earliest, and proceeded farthest into the sacred recesses of science, civilization, and philosophy—and I will be at no loss in pointing out to you, in return, the ancient and distinguished abode of "lunacy;" and, by confining our observations to individuals, altogether independently of the trite and school-boy quotation of Pope, are there not *names* on record with which we may challenge the whole annals of biography?—names which, whilst they have associated our nature with a superior order of being, have borne along with them, into the confines of pure intelligence, *this* distinguishing characteristic of excellence? Britain, you know, is a wide and crowded theatre of speculation: Fife, though a more limited and prolific kingdom, we must leave at present to the "Thane," wherein to disport himself withal: Paris is rather distant, and out of our way; so nothing remains for us, after setting aside "individuality," which, in favour of *some* of our contemporaries, we are resolved at all times to do—but London, great, glorious, overflowing London, where every body is literally *out* of himself. Like the butterfly, man there appears to have burst the shell, and fairly deposited the grubbish rationality of his nature, and keeps buoyant on the air, fluttering and flickering about in all the adventitious display of wing, and spot, and feather. Strip him of these elevating acquirements, which have been fostered in the hot-bed of citizenship, and you feather him down into a communion and community with ordinary mortals. It is altogether

wise, therefore, and exceedingly expeditious, in a people who have erected a "Greenwich," a "Chelsea," and a "Royal Society Hall," to crown their efforts, and incontestably verify their sanity, by the establishment of a great national BEDLAM. Here the statesman, whom the Ministry refused to elevate, or promote at St Stephen's or St James's, may still find promotion, entirely independent of their patronage or exertions. Here the merchant, whose brains the winds and waves have addled, may find himself richer than ever. Here the physician, who, in order to promote the general health of society, has run himself, by help of a chaise and pair, into some few thousands of debt, may suck the head, and feel the pulse of his cane, in affluence and safety. Here the barrister may still pace, with hurried step and unequal motion, the long gallery, waving around his head the kindling forefinger of eloquence. Here the fat, round, puffy citizen, may hold his Sunday excursion to Spring-Gardens or White-Conduit-House. Here the clerk and the apprentice may dash it away in style through mud and mischief; and here the high-fed churchman may still congratulate himself on his escape from a "Brothel" conflated with drawing and scrawling-out, "*ad libitum*," smut and obscenity on his chamber-wall. Thus Bedlam very naturally presents a kind of Sadler's-Well pantomimic view of all that is highly elevated and prominent in civilized society—a magnifying mirror, as it were, in which mankind in general may learn to adjust and apprehend themselves. "*He dreams*," says Snellie, "to little purpose, who does not dream himself into a more intimate acquaintance with his own character,"—with those cunning and deceitful propensities, which, like rabbits, come out to feed during night; and he drinks, or associates with drunkards, to little advantage, who cannot read more out of an intoxicated, than a sober companion*; and, pursuing a little further the same train of induction,

* The first is ape drunk, and he leaps, and sings, and hollows, and danceth for the heavens. The second is lion drunk, and he flings the pots about the house—

"a visit to Bedlam" may be considered as a "Humboldt" excursion into the more retired and least known recesses of humanity.

By the kind and friendly assistance and interest of a worthy city Alderman, I found myself, one morning, by eleven o'clock, safely and quietly seated in the Steward's room at Bedlam. I had not remained long, having scarcely found time to discover my name and country, when a grey-haired and most venerable old man was conducted, or rather borne into the apartment, by a couple of strong and muscular-looking male servants. I beheld in this very interesting "*case*" a father, as I afterwards learned from the Steward, whom the errors, and consequent misfortunes, and ultimate "insanity" of an only child and daughter, had at last remitted to this humane asylum for the shattered wrecks of reason. They had him carefully placed in an arm-chair, which, as he refused either to move or to humour their assistance, they were compelled to bear along with and beneath him, into that part of the ward which had been destined and arranged for his reception. As he was thus borne like a boy, by his playful companions, on a kind of "king's chair,"* from my view, he cast a look over his shoulder towards me, full of expression, enquiring, at the same time, in a tone of voice exceedingly plaintive and affecting, "If I had seen Mary?"—"These are sad trials," said the good-natured and humane Steward, addressing himself to me, "Mr Au-

calls the hostess who and jade—breaks the glass window with his dagger—and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him. The third is swine drunk, heavy, lumpy, and sleepy, and calls for a little more drink, and a few more clothes. The fourth is sheep drunk, wise in his own conceit, when he cannot bring forth a right word. The fifth is maudlin drunk, when a fellow will weep for kindness, in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, "By God, captain, I love thee; go thy ways; thou dost not think so often of me as I do of thee."—*George Gascoyne's delicate diet for dainty dronkards, 1576.*

* What boy does not know how to interweave his hands with those of his companion, into the firm basket-work of "a king's chair?"

derson," the tear at the same time glistening in the corner of his eye, "these are very distressing duties; but when one is a while accustomed to the discharge of them, one does not mind it so much," passing, at the same time his hand, as if from heat or accident, across his brow. "But I beg your pardon, I only keep you waiting; have the goodness, therefore, to follow me."

The first "ward" into which I was conducted was possessed, as the Steward informed me, by those whose lunacy was of a peaceable and social cast, and who could consequently be safely indulged, with more freedom and self-government, than fell to the lot of the rest. When I entered it, the apartment bore in many respects the appearance of a coffee-room, or public lounge, as all the inmates, male as well as female, seemed quite at their ease, and were employed in killing time, each in the manner best suited to their inclination or convenience. Some were lounging at windows, and *tumbourining* with their fore-fingers along the glass; others were engaged in political discussion over a newspaper; whilst a third party, with a considerable knot of spectators, were snugly and comfortably seated to a game at whist. "Hatfield," who fired from the theatre-box at his late Majesty, was occupied with a clarinet, which he touched fitfully and irregularly, but with great taste and spirit. "That's the odd trick, and a rubber of seven," exclaimed a little figure, neatly attired in black, pushing, at the same time, the cards from him, with an expression of satiety; and immediately, and without much ceremony, attaching himself to our party. This will be another "Chan of Tartary," thought I, receding gradually and imperceptibly, so as to interpose the whole protecting breadth of the Steward's pretty stout and corpulent person betwixt us. But no sooner had I effected my plan, than, with the limber and lithe agility of a smart little figure, he was again at my elbow. It was in vain, I saw, to endeavour to retreat, so I resolved to work by conciliation, where I had no other means of securing my safety, and to avoid, with the nicest caution, all subjects

of conversation which might appear either to occasion him uneasiness, or anyhow to awaken and arouse his passions: for I had not the smallest doubt, that, at some unguarded expression, he would fly off in a tangent or paroxysm of insanity. At this critical instant, an "old hag," with an exceedingly sinister expression of countenance, suddenly laid hold of his arm, and proceeded, without many words, and with as little ceremony as possible, to haul and drag him, in spite of all his resistance, toward the card-table, from which he had so recently deserted. I would most willingly have lent the old tough harriden a lift, or a pull, or a push, in order to have secured to her full possession of the object she was endeavouring to withdraw; and could not help, as I saw her, single-handed, bear off her prize in triumph, regarding her as Horace did the "Adversarius," who delivered him from his pertinacious and talkative friend. But my "servavit Apollo" was but of short duration, for just as the Steward was conducting me into the ward set apart for the outrageously insane of the female sex, my suspicious friend, reappeared, like a water-coot that had dived and risen again, close at my elbow. Almost out of breath, and laughing, at the same time, with what I considered as a very inauspicious aspect, he proceeded to inform me, that the old woman to whom I was indebted for his temporary absence, was the far-famed Meg Nicolson; and that she was so fond of a game at whist, that he could have no peace without indulging her occasionally with a rubber. "I dare say," thought I, "you are fully as mad as she is, if the truth were spoken; however, it is not my policy, at present, to start planks in your upper works." So testifying a great deal of interest in the narrative which I did not, in fact, feel, we advanced into the women's apartment, together.

"Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in
faucibus Orci
Luctus, et ultrices posuere cubilia cura,
Et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortificamque adverso in limine
bellum,
Ferreique Eumenidum thalami et discor-
dia demens,
Viperum crinem vitis innexa cruentis."

To Magistrates and others, who are unable to interpret the above description of the poet, it may be necessary to add, that a more humiliating exhibition of feeling perverted, affection transmuted into phrenzy, and love exploded into jealousy, resentment, revenge, and despair, cannot be imagined. This was indeed the Bedlam of the passions. Under the strait-jacket and arm manacles * were compressed and constrained elements of "misrule," violence, and discordancy, which, if suffered to operate upon society,

"Maria ac terras cœlumque profundum,
Certe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per
auras."

There is, unfortunately for the wretched, a certain point where the attractions of sympathy cease, and the repulsion of aversion begins to operate. The magnet, when pushed too near, instantly repels. In order to call our sympathy, or participation in the fortunes of others, into activity, the harsher and unsocial passions must either be entirely suppressed, or the struggle betwixt them and those of a milder nature must be conducted in such a manner as not only to exhibit indications of "power," but likewise to afford pretty evident pretexts of a favourable issue to the bits. The revenge of "Peirud" would be revolting to any and good for the strength of character, which is evolved during the struggle to overcome that passion, and for the final and atoning triumph of generous feeling which is all along anticipated. But when all that meets the eye and fills the ear is deeply impressed, and heavily loaded with whatever is calculated to repel—when those objects with which we naturally and usually associate pleasing, become the instruments of transmitting, forbidding, and revolting emotions—when the medicine of life has soured into baneful poison, and the soft down of anticipated gentleness, and affection, and love, has been exchanged for the cockatrice den, within which the hurry-

* The wrist, where the "manacles" are fixed, is, in Scotch, termed the "shackel-hane," a certain indication of that state of vassalage to which the lower orders in our country were at one time reduced.

ing and resistless passions are drifted and driven; in these circumstances Humanity looks and shudders, and turns away her head, under impressions of horror and disgust. Withdrawing from this scene, therefore, over which I purposely preserve a veil, I was immediately conducted into the corresponding apartment for "males." Here there was manifestly less of passion, and more of imagination—less of the frightful and outrageous in noise, and gesticulation, and threat, and complaint; but more of that dogged, and sullen, and, as it were, settled and resolute insanity, which inspires one in contemplation with awe and alarm, which hangs over the soul of the spectator like the gloom, and the thickening, and the inky darkness, and the silence, and the menace of the thunder-storm, which is expected every breath to burst over-head. In the former "ward," the object of the poor unfortunate incurables seemed to be, to arrest attention and to excite interest; whilst, in the other, the inmates seemed almost universally occupied with some favourite and engrossing phantasy.

"Come," said my new guide, taking hold of my arm in the most familiar manner imaginable, and dragging, rather than conducting me, into the presence of an old sailor, who was proceeding to give us a narrative of his many well-fought battles, with all the advantage of violent gesticulation, sea phrase, and professional expletive—"Come, Sir, let us hear what old Jack has got to say for himself; he is an old shipmate of mine." At this instant these lines of Horace swelled into my recollection, like water through a spigot:

"Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus
auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis. nec tarda
podagra,
Garrulus hunc," &c. . . .

I have escaped, thought I, the "dira venena" of "Scotch whisky manufactured into British gin," the "hosticus ensis" of "only a shilling" knives; the "laterum dolor" from the elbows of a thin apothecary who travelled next me in the coach to

London; the choking "tussis" from a killogie of tobacco smoke in the "Hole-o'-the-wa;" and the "tarda podagra" from swilling "Barclay's entire" at the rate of six pots a-day: all these risks accompanying my present expedition, I have hitherto escaped, only to perish at last under the idiot garrulity and impertinent familiarity of an injudiciously-enlarged lunatic. So I was upon the point of appealing to the brawny arms of the Steward for assistance in resisting this projected movement, when one of the maid-servants of the establishment put an open card into my oppressively-attentive friend's hand, which having instantly read, he withdrew, and, to my infinite joy, was out of sight in a twinkling. "Wherefore do you not keep your patients under lock and key, Steward?" resumed I, in a tone of voice which probably indicated a mixture of pique and alarm; "I am sure *that* little fellow, who has just left us, cannot yet be safely trusted with the management of himself." The Steward regarded me for an instant, as if he intended to lock me up, along with the rest of the incurables, and then bursting out all at once into a most immoderate fit of laughter, in which I did not by any means feel disposed to participate—"Why," said he, "whom do you take that gentleman for?" "For one of the insane, to be sure; you know we found him in the first ward, playing at whist with Meg Nicolson." "Nay," rejoined he, in a voice still inarticulate from laughter, "that beats Mathews, and Mathews beats the Devil. Why, that gentleman is the Doctor, Sir, the surgeon of the hospital, and a Scotsman too, all the while; and so you supposed him mad! I shall make my good friend 'Hume' split his sides at this! It is excellent! Oh, most excellent!"—Hurt as I was, and not a little out of conceit with my sagacity, I could not help appearing to join in the laugh, and, like the cur with the disagreeable smell, I was fain to inhale the "flavour" of my own jest. This odd circumstance brought

us onward a whole twelvemonth in acquaintanceship; and as the Doctor, having visited his patient, soon returned, he and I became exceedingly gracious. We had formerly studied at the same university, and having occasionally reencountered each other at Debating Societies, our faces gradually resumed the features of recognizance. Hitherto I had felt like a garrison which is apprehensive of danger from *within* as well as from without; but now, that I had found a friend in the person of an apprehended maniac, and a countryman under the suspicious guise of a bed-lamite, I felt myself quite at home, and was consequently admitted into those *private* wards, the doors of which are seldom opened to strangers.

We had already visited the two extremes—those patients who were indulged with the greatest, and those who were subjected to the most limited degree of freedom; it now remained that I should see, as he termed it, the *middle*, or "trades and profession wards," where individuals were permitted to follow out their favourite employment, or amusement, or hobby, without restraint or interruption. In no part of an arrangement, of which humanity is manifestly the leading principle, did the true spirit of the Institution appear to me to be more displayed than in this. By permitting those who had bits have been formed (at a period prior to the date of their derangement) to peaceful, and useful, and honourable pursuits—by permitting them to resume and occupy themselves with their early employments, a reversion is made from all that has disturbed and distracted, in the day of sorrowing, and in the hour of calamity, to that sweetening and soothing train of thought, and current of feeling, with which such pursuits and occupations are usually associated. It is establishing, on the banks of the Ohio, or St Lawrence, an infant Glasgow, or a new Liverpool—it is the carrying of the mind back, by new copies and resemblances, to those far-off and long-escaped originals, with which other and better years were occupied!

We advanced into a gallery of considerable extent, into which several

* "Pit out that vile tyke there, he's a perfect nuisance!" "Na, na, let him e'en stay still, and tak' share o't himsel'!"

smaller side-rooms, or bed-closets, opened, so as to admit of complete and unobstructed intercourse amongst the population of this little "terrace" of separate residences. Here, whilst several individuals were enjoying the common promenade, in perfect harmony and good humour, others were employed in their little apartments in a miniature management of the affairs of social life. Here we found a shoemaker busied with his last, his strap, and his awl. There a tailor, squat upon a board, and waxing his thread with an air of business and dispatch. A modest, and an industrious damsel, sat spinning at her wheel; whilst a little girl was amusing herself with the *rattling* made by a "stomacher," which she pressed occasionally, and with a look of mischief, against the revolving spokes of the wheel. A glazier was stuck up, like Lord Nelson in a sign-post, against a window: and an upholsterer had his shoulder at a bed-post, in the attitude, at least, of powerful exertion. In one remarkably neat, though rather confined apartment, the inmate had converted every cubic inch of the spare room into an "aviary;" whilst a little boy seemed as happy as possible, in feeding and toying with a pair of tame rabbits. A west country "Sawny," habited in a Kilmarnock night-cap and grey duffle coat, and still retaining the unadulterated accent of the place of his nativity, was busily employed in footing the treddles, and driving the shuttle. "Ye'll maybe be come free the Wast Kintry," continued he, after an interchange of a few preliminaries: "are ye frae Glasgow now—or Paisley—or do ye bide about the lang-gate-en' o' Kilmarnock? Ha'e ye ony notion o' 'predestination' now? They tell me there's a minister about the aul' town o' Edinburgh that maks a' thae things clear; but at-weel am no that sure about them ava." This man's wits had got entangled in the labyrinth of unsearchable mysteries, and his case, I was assured, was hopeless. Advancing into another of these small apartments, we found a morose, thick-lipped, and exceedingly stupid-looking figure, sitting at a kind of table or desk, upon which a large assortment of loose papers was

lying. These he was carefully modelling into various shapes and sizes, by means of a pair of large "scissors," which flanked his exertions on the right; whilst, upon his left, a saucerful of "*paste*" stood ready, to give connection and consistency to the multitudinous and multifarious shreds and patches. This was a poor Scotch lad, of moderate parts, and a considerable allowance of vanity, who had, like many others, emigrated to the Metropolis under newspaper patronage, and by a gradual, but quite regular descent, had passed at last into the most humiliating of all literary drudgery, "*a clip and patch*," at two guineas a-week, for the booksellers. In this capacity he had *got up* several new and "*original*" works with some credit; but having at last been employed in preparing, against an early-day, an "Annual Register," he failed completely. The circumstance affected him so deeply, not only in credit, but in purse, that, after having passed through the usual gradations of poverty and indigence, he came at last to find an asylum—a desk—and all his old papers and apparatus, in Bedlam.

Upon entering another apartment, which, as I was previously informed, contained "a harmless innocent*," I was arrested at the very door by the manifest lineaments of an "old school and class-fellow," whom I had not beheld for upwards of twenty years. My heart sunk within me, and my knees shook with emotion, as I advanced towards the further corner of the room, where the poor "insensible" had taken his stand, as if in timorous apprehension of approaching evil. The aspect of death it is possible to behold without shrinking; in the sharpened features and beamless eyes there is no deception; Death speaks in the accents of truth and reality, and his language cannot be mistaken. He actually is what he seems to be: but,

* "Innocent" in Scotland, and *unwis* in Attica, seem to have conveyed nearly the same idea—an incontestible evidence that "innocence, or good morals," were, at an early period of society, judged to be incompatible with "talents and spirit"—they are considered as the characteristic mark of fools, or fatuous.

oh, there is something which the heart may never fully fathom, in contemplating the features of idiotcy, when these features have, under very different circumstances, been early engraved upon the heart, in the indelible lines of affection and friendship. Deprive me, thou wise and gracious Disposer of my fate—strip me of all upon which my bosom *has* leant, upon which it still continues to lean, with the fondest and the surest reliance—let the silken cords of affection, by which my little tabernacle of being is fastened and secured on all sides, loosen one by one, and start, and break, and give way! but never, oh, never suffer me again to discover, in the *living body* of a friend and companion, a *dead and a buried soul*—expression expunged from the countenance—and the tongue moving, in aimless rapidity, amidst the shreds and fragments of disjointed recollections!

"I am ready—see I am quite ready," exclaimed a sweet and most interesting girl, as we entered another of *those* private apartments; "see, I am quite well now—my eyes are not red—are they, Doctor? and my hair is dressed, and I have got every thing prepared for the journey, and my trunk is packed, and locked too—see, here is the key—and I will just go in this plain way—nobody, you know, will see me in the coach, if I hold back my head, and do not look out at the window—my father will not think the worse of me for coming home to him in a plain dress. He used sometimes to say to me 'Mary, my dear Mary!'—he always spoke to me kindly—'your head is perfectly turned about dress, my dear! it will be your ruin yet,' and so it was. He little thought at the time he said it that he spoke so truly—but haste, Sir, and let us be going—I heard the coach come *in* some time ago; it came about eleven, and drew up close under my window, and then I jumped for joy, and did so run about the room, and laugh, and sing, for that is the coach, you know, which is to carry me home to my father; *he* never deserted me—*he* never promised, and then broke his word—*he* at least never proved heartless, faithless, and cruel! And see here, Sir, see here!"—directing her eyes, now

swimming in tears, towards me, "here is his letter written with his own dear hand, asking me home. 'Mary,' says he—you may read it, Sir—my father writes a plain hand, 'Mary, I *adjure* you to return home—I cannot live without my dear Mary—I forget all—only return to your miserable, but forgiving and affectionate father.'—Now would not it be cold-hearted and unnatural in me to disobey my father?"—"You shall undoubtedly go home, my dear girl," said the prudent and kind-hearted surgeon; "but not at present—not to-day, I mean. Your father, I have heard, is somewhat indisposed, and your presence might only aggravate his complaint." "Oh, now, my good, my kind, my indulgent friend," resumed the poor girl, falling at the same time slowly, and, as it were, without any consciousness of volition, upon her knees, with her hands closely and even convulsively clasped together, "oh, now do let me go—my father will need me so much—you have no notion how useful to him I shall become; and I will hold his head to my bosom, and I will comb back his hair, and smooth his brow with my hand, and he will say to me, as he was used to say, 'Mary, my dear, your hand is soft and soothing, I think—I feel a great deal better now!' And then I will kiss his cheek, and then he will spring up, (rising suddenly herself at the time,) and clasp me to his bosom, and weep, and call me his own dear girl again, and the very image of my sainted mother, and" * * *

* * * None of us could stand this, and all of us wept outright!—

After a short but most impressive pause, "Mary," continued my new friend the Doctor, "your father is ill of a bad fever, and it would not be proper to permit you to visit him at present."

This annunciation appeared at once to have occasioned a strange and an unfavourable revulsion in her brain; she dashed her hand suddenly and graspingly against her forehead;—the blood left her countenance, and then returned, like the tide of the Solway, with a rushing and a most fearful flow. Her limbs shook, her eyes remained fixed, dry, and bloodshot; and having heaved a deep sigh, she

uttered a piercing scream, went off into a hysterical laugh, and was conveyed to bed almost at the same instant.

What rendered this poor girl's case more distressing than it would otherwise have been, her father had that very morning, heart-broken as he was, from his daughter's long absence, entered Bedlam; it was he whom I had seen, as I passed into the Steward's room, and who had so feelingly enquired at me respecting his daughter "Mary."

After having witnessed this exhibition, it was not likely that I should express any desire for more of the same nature; so I contented myself with an investigation into the laundry, the kitchen, and the scullery departments, all of which were conducted in a manner that did credit to the Institution. After having satisfied myself *within*, I took a promenade with my friend the Doctor in the court-yard, which the indulgence of the system had converted into a tennis-court for such "cases" as could with safety be indulged with the sport. Here it was that I received, by explanation and induction, a full and fair confirmation of the very favourable impression which the management and adjustment of this great Establishment had left upon my mind. Humanity, every species of safe indulgence, together with attention to air, cleanliness, and objects of soothing interest, form the ground-work upon which this system proceeds. Even in the choice of menials and keepers, a reference is had to the patients; and these useful and important instruments are selected with a view, not only to a mild disposition, a calm temper, and a kindly heart, but even to that visible index, the countenance, from which the absence or the presence of *these* is so apt to be inferred. Whenever the case will admit of it, a "remittance," at the request of friends and relatives, is made, for a week, or a month, or a year; and the doors of the Hospital are ever open to a re-admission of former inmates. Under this plan of management, as the surgeon assured me, from a printed list he held in his hand, their number had of late greatly diminished, and the proportion of "cases" completely, or at

least partially cured, was every year increasing. This afforded an incontrovertible evidence of the value of a method of treatment, for the original introduction, and for the complete exemplification of which, we are indebted to the persevering and heart-hallowed exertions of a "Quaker"—or, in a language of more appropriate respect—"of one of the *Society of Friends*," who has, in this instance, proved himself an invaluable "friend" to the human race.

I have only to add, that I returned to head-quarters, at the Cock, Temple-Bar, in good time for a clack with the honest landlord, and with a good appetite for porter and beef-steaks, and that I now meditate, in my next communication, an excursion, for a few hours, to enjoy the humours, and join in the glee, of "an Edmonton Fair." I remain, meanwhile, yours, &c.

EBEN. ANDERSON.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SHETLAND ISLANDS, COMPRISING AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR GEOLOGY, SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES, AND SUPERSTITIONS. BY SAMUEL HIBBERT, M.D. F.R.S.E. &c.

WE take it for granted, that Dr Hibbert's volume will be read with interest at the present moment, because, independently of the valuable matter with which it is stored, there are few readers in this country who must not at present have their thoughts occasionally turned towards that country, which has been illustrated by the most-recently published of that wonderful series of works, with the fame of which

"All Britain rings from side to side."

We imagine, therefore, that we shall be doing an acceptable service to our readers, by presenting them with a few gleanings from this volume, as a sample of the very abundant materials with which it is replete. It may be proper for us to remark, however, that Dr Hibbert's volume is not, in its present aspect, what it was originally intended to have been. The author had designed it to be devoted exclusively to the geology of the islands; but he was afterwards persuaded

that it would add to the general interest of his volume, if, along with the mineralogical details and speculations, he interspersed an account of the state of the country—of the manners of its inhabitants—of its antiquities—superstitions—and general history. These, accordingly, have been treated of in distinct sections, and at great length; and the whole work is now so arranged, that every class of readers may turn with facility to such chapters as are most suited to their particular tastes or curiosity. We do not say that the work is a model of exact arrangement, or of elegant writing, because it is plain that the same topics are sometimes introduced in different parts of the volume, and because we think that the Doctor's style is too ambiguous and involved; but we think that the work altogether is creditable to the author's talents and information, and is likely to prove acceptable both to those who take an interest in geological speculations, and to the far more numerous class of readers, who delight only in such topics as are of general interest.

With respect to the *name* by which the group of islands, to the examination of which this volume is devoted, is now known, there are three accounts given. According to the first of these, the ancient name of the islands was *Hialtlandia*, or *Hiutlandia*: this was easily corrupted into *Yæltland*, which Scottish writers shortened into *Yetland*, and this, by a very easy transition in Scotland, soon became *Zetland*. The second supposition, which is that of Chalmers, derives the name from the German word *Zetten*, *spargere*, *dispergere*—significant of the scattered or dispersed situation of the islands; and the last supposition is that current among Norwegian writers, who say that the name is a corruption of *Hetland*, which signifies the high or lofty land.

It is generally supposed, that when Agricola visited Orkney, and saw from a distance the shores of Zetland, to which he gave the name of *Thule*—“*dispecta est et Thule*”—this group of islands was peopled by a colony of that great family, which originally covered nearly the whole face of Europe, which had spread from the shores of the Euxine to the At-

lantic, but which was ultimately forced, by other emigrations from the East, into the more inaccessible parts of the European continent, and whose descendants are now confined to a few corners of the most westerly regions, where they still maintain their original and distinct dialect, and are known by peculiarities of countenance, of manner, and of temperament, and by the possession, also, of something of that fiery courage, which enabled their progenitors to subdue and people what is now the most civilized portion of the habitable earth. To the Celts succeeded, in the possession of this country, a Gothic or Teutonic tribe, whose daring spirit became so troublesome to the Romans, that Theodosius found it necessary to inflict signal chastisement upon them.

“*Maducrunct Saxone fuso
Orcades.*”

And, lastly, the islands were peopled by a Scandinavian or Norwegian colony, whose descendants, intermingled with a copious mixture from Scotland, now form the population of the whole Zetland Archipelago.

The earliest intimation which the voyager obtains of his approach to Zetland, is afforded by the distant appearance of Fair Isle, the beauty of which has been noticed by the “Great Unknown” in appropriate terms. It is not generally known, however, that this Island is celebrated in the traditions of the country for the temporary retreat it afforded to the Duke of Medina, after the discomfiture of the Spanish Armada; and while the ship of the Spanish Admiral was drifting towards the Island, that it struck upon a rock, and was dashed in pieces. The Duke himself, and part of his crew, reached the shore, by means of their boats; but they soon found that the food which could be obtained upon the Island was scanty enough for those who already inhabited it; and, after being exposed to all the horrors of impending famine, and, it must also be added, to much cruelty from the natives, the shipwrecked and discomfited crew found it necessary to supplicate that a vessel might be dispatched to the mainland, to beg assistance. A vessel was accordingly dispatched,

by which the Duke and his followers were conveyed to Quendal Bay, where they were received by a Scotch gentleman, of the name of Malcolm Sinclair. It is said, that when the Duke landed in front of Mr Sinclair's house, he thought proper, in order to impress his host with a high idea of his rank, to appear before him in the most splendid dress which his situation permitted; and that having asked whether Sinclair had ever seen any thing so gorgeous before? he received for answer, "*Parcie* in that face! I have seen many prettier men hanging on the Borough Muir." The reader will recollect, that this expression has been applied by the author of the "*Pirate*" to a different occasion. The temporary entrenchment which the Spaniards threw up in Quendal Bay may still be discovered; and it was from this place, now made attractive by the scenery of the "*Pirate*," that the Spanish commander at last sailed for the port of Dunkirk, where he was landed in safety.

No sooner has Fair Isle disappeared, than the two promontories of Sumburgh-Head and Fitful-Head, which form the southern extremity of Zetland, are seen rising from the waters. These two promontories, which will now be reckoned classical in all coming time, are separated from each other by Quendal Bay, and it is chiefly in this part of the country that the scenery of the "*Pirate*" is laid.

"As the voyager approaches the Islands," says Dr Hibbert, "the general features of a large track of the principal Island, named the Mainland, are gradually developed in perspective. The country seems to be characterised rather by the number than by the height of its hills; but the nakedness of their surface, which not a tree or shrub interposes to conceal, recalls every chilling idea that may have been preconceived of Hyperborean desolation. Zetland truly appears to be what was long ago said of it by a Stirlingshire visitor, 'the skeleton of a departed country.'"

In fine weather, the traveller is amused, as he draws near the Islands, by observing innumerable boats filled with the inhabitants, who are busily employed in fishing, by means of

hand-lines, for scutche and cod. Their boats are of a light and peculiar form, adapted, by their buoyancy, to the stormy seas on which they are launched, and so constructed, as to make their way through the waves with great celerity. But the dress of the boatmen themselves is still more amusing and picturesque. In general, they wear a cap of the shape of a common night-cap, with a conical top, which hangs down like the cap of an Austrian hussar. This cap is streaked with various colours, of great brilliancy, and so striking, that its tints may be discovered at a considerable distance. The colours are extracted from different species of *lichen*, which the natives gather from the rocks, and which they well know how to prepare, so as to derive from them their most gaudy pigments. To the cap succeeds an overall of tanned sheep's skin, which invests the whole body, and stretches far down upon the thighs: their legs are clad in immense leather boots, which come far above the knees, and are said to rival those in which Charles XII. is usually represented when he is drawn in the attitude of planning the trenches of Fredericshall. There will, of course, however, be a species of *dandyism* even among Zetland boatmen; and some of the younger fishers, accordingly, are said to prefer to this cumbersome and rather awkward clothing, the neat straw hat and common sailor's jacket, in which they probably fancy that they cut a smarter figure in the eyes of their mistresses.

The following remarks of Dr Hibbert do credit, we think, to his talent for philosophical remark: "In the discourse of the Zetlanders, which he (the voyager) may now, perhaps, for the first time, hear, he can scarcely fail to be struck with their accent, which certainly partakes much more of the English than of the Scottish manner. When Orkney and Zetland were transferred from the government of Norway to that of Scotland, in payment of part of the portion of Margaret, daughter of the king of that country, to James the Third, the Scandinavian natives of those Islands gradually abandoned the Norse language, in consequence of their increased intercourse with

the nation to which they were annexed; but they still retain many Norwegian terms, and, along with those, their own national accent. We therefore now find, that there is an acuteness of tone, and an elevation of voice, that impart to the discourse of the Zetlanders much of the spirit of the English mode of utterance; whilst not unfrequently their pronunciation partakes of the still more modulated and impassioned tones of the Irish: but among none of the natives is to be found the Scotch peculiarity of expression, which is less diversified by alterations of grave and acute accents, since all the effect of emphasis is intended to be conveyed in the prolonged measure with which particular words or syllables are pronounced."

In describing the Dwarf who acted as prime minister to Norna of the Pitful-Head, the author of the novel, if we mistake not, has, on one occasion, spoken of his "large, *green*, goggle eyes." When we first met with this passage, we endeavoured, for some moments, to conceive what like a green eye might be; and we had almost decided that the author had given this colour to the Dwarf's eyes, merely to distinguish them from the eyes of all other mortals. But Dr Hibbert has reminded us, that Principal Gordon declared, that he never met with a native of Orkney whose eyes were not of a *sea-green* colour. The Doctor's learning has also enabled him to state, that Plautus uses the phrase "*oculis herbeis*;"

Qui hic est homo,

Cum collativo ventre, atque oculis herbeis.

It appears that Lord Bacon speaks of great eyes with a *green circle*, which, says his Lordship, are significant of long life: and that there is a treatise of Villa Real, a Portuguese, who has selected green eyes for his theme, and lauded them most marvellously. It seems, also, that the early French poets sometimes speak of "*yeux verts*," although some commentators, not aware of the existence of such eyes, have proposed to substitute the words, "*yeux vairs*," grey eyes. It seems, also, that, in criticising the following lines of Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Hamner proposed, that instead of *green*, should be inserted the word "*keen*."

"An eagle, Madam,
Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an
eye."

After all, the Doctor appears to think, that the Principal, who supposed all the inhabitants of Orkney to have green eyes, must have had some distemper in his own; and in this opinion he seems to have been confirmed by the following note, which he found appended to Principal Gordon's journey, by a gentleman who was a native of these Isles: "Black, blue, and hazel eyes, are to be met with in Orkney, as elsewhere; the eyes of the natives are, in truth, any colour but green."

After these observations respecting the general appearance of the natives, we must now follow our guide in his rambles among the rocks themselves; and, first of all, we must examine, along with him, the now renowned inlet, named Quendal Bay.

"Quendal Bay," says the Doctor, "is an open inlet of the sea, extending due north about two miles into the land, from the surface of which appear a few small holms, that afford a pasture for cattle. East of the bay, and at the head of it, dreary tracks of blowing sand are to be seen, where may still be detected the ruins of scattered buildings, that have long since yielded to the removal of the light sand which laid bare their foundations. Here was the ancient estate of Brow, worth, before it was destroyed, 3000 merks a-year, nearly equivalent to £200 sterling—a considerable rental for Zetland fifty or sixty years ago. These barren sand hills are agreeably contrasted, on the opposite side of the bay, with the green verdure of Garthness and Quendal, which slope gradually towards the water edge, whilst the remoter cliffs of Pitful Head, or the white mountain, towering above the whole, majestically close the perspective. Quendal forms the north-west angle of the bay, characterised by a neat white farm-house, and productive fields of corn, not unworthy the rich district of the Lothians, while, in the same direction, signs of an increased population appear in the numerous cottages, by which the distant landscape is diversified. Nothing, indeed, wanting to complete this picture of ferti-

lity, except a few trees; and it is contemplated with increased relief, when opposed to the depressing sandy desert to which it is contiguous."

Every person must recollect the fine picture of the fertile fields and smoking cottages drawn by the author of the "Pirate," upon the occasion of the festival which took place at the hospitable mansion of Magnus Troil; and there is no reader who has not also fresh in his mind the visit of Mertoun to the old church. We learn from Dr Hibbert, that at the head of Quendal Bay stand the ruins of the tower church, distinguishable, amidst the moving sand, by some slight remains of a wall, and a few erect monuments. Nearly half a century ago this was one of the best places of worship in the Islands. But about that time the sand began to be dislodged, and was moved about with a fury resembling that of an Arabian desert. The inhabitants were forced to make their way to church through moving hills, which had been recently heaped up; and the fine particles insinuating themselves through all the crannies and holes of the building, covered even the pews with a deep stratum. At length the sandy foundation was entirely removed, the walls of course fell down, and the church became a ruin. The graves also were laid open, and many melancholy exposures of the recently-buried dead took place; the white shells and bones of whom are at this day still scattered over this dreary scene, and arrest the attention of every traveller by their incomparable whiteness.

It is a beautiful sight, on a fine evening, to see the inhabitants of Quendal Bay engaged in fishing for the small fry of the cod-fish. This fry is known around all the northern coasts, under different names; and even at the same place it has different designations, corresponding to its age. At its least size, it is known as the podley; afterwards it takes the name of the piltoch; and the seethe, as also the silloch, so often mentioned by the author of the "Pirate." The great amusement of the Zetlanders is to fish these fry, and, indeed, they live chiefly upon them; for Mr Neil has related in his tour, that in September 1804, when he enquired,

in some of the cottages, what they had generally for breakfast? they answered, "piltochs;" what for dinner? "piltochs and cabbage;" what for supper? "piltochs."

It is not likely that so many curious travellers as have made their way to Lock Katrine or Melrose, will pay a personal visit to Jarlishof. For the benefit, therefore, of all those who are prevented from gratifying their curiosity by a personal survey, we would refer them to page 234 of Doctor Hibbert's work, for a very striking account of that noted ruin, and of the Earl from whom it took its name.

Dr Hibbert has given a long and extremely learned dissertation respecting the Udallers of Zetland. This dissertation may be interesting to lawyers and antiquarians, and we doubt not has been got up at great expense of labour and research. But perhaps most readers will only learn from it, that *scuttaled* was the name given to pasture lands which paid a tax to Government, and that *udal-lands* meant arable lands, which, by the original constitution of Zetland, paid no tax. An *Udaller*, therefore, was the possessor of such lands, who had also a jurisdiction like that of a Justice of the Peace. A *Fowde* was governor of the whole island, and had a jurisdiction of a higher order; and the *Udaller* was assisted in his executive duties by a certain number of officers and bailiffs, to whom was given the name of *Ranzelmen*.

Over the whole of Zetland there are placed round towers, denominated *burghs*, the construction of which is exceedingly curious, as they are entirely different, in their plan, as places of defence, from any thing that exists in this country.

We cannot pretend to give any thing more in this article than a sample of the many interesting subjects treated of in Dr Hibbert's volume; and we have already extended our remarks so far, that we are afraid we may have incurred the reproach of having become tedious. Yet, what regards the superstitions of Zetland is treated so well and so fully in this work, and is, besides, at this moment, so very interesting, that we presume we shall not need to offer any apology for giving pretty copious ex-

tracts upon that topic. The *Sword Dance* is still occasionally practised in Papa Stour, and we believe the following to be the most authentic account of that fine relic of ancient Scandinavian manners which has

yet been published. It was taken, according to Dr Hibbert's account, from an *official* prompt-book, kept in the Island, and has been purged from mistakes, by a comparison of different recitations.

We shall suppose Yule to be arrived, which is always announced at break of day by the fiddles striking up the *Day-dawn*, an ancient Norwegian tune, that, being associated with gaiety and festivity, is never heard without emotions of delight. As the evening approaches, piles of turf are lighted up in the apartment where wassail is to be kept; young and old of each sex make their appearance; and, after the whisky has gone liberally round, it is announced that the *Sword Dancers* are making their appearance:

"The actors are at hand, and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

The company then seat themselves on the forms, tubs, beds, and benches, that serve the place of chairs, leaving a large space in the middle of the room for the exhibition. The fiddle strikes up a Norn melody, and at the sound of it a warrior enters in the character of *St GEORGE*, or the master of the *Seven Champions* of Christendom, a white hempen shirt being thrown over his clothes, intended to represent the ancient shirt of mail that the Northman wore, and a formidable-looking sword being girt to his side, constructed from the iron-hoop of a barrel. *St GEORGE* then stalks forward and makes his bow, the music ceasing while he delivers his

PROLOGUE.

"Brave gentles all within this bow'r, if ye delight in any sport,
Come see me dance upon this floor:—you, minstrel man, play me a portie*.

The Minstrel strikes up: the Master bows and dances.

"Now have I danced with heart and hand, brave gentles all, as you may see;
For I've been tried in many a land, in Britain, France, Spain, Italy,

I have been tried with this good sword of steel, yet never did a man yet make me yield."

Draws his sword, flourishes it, and returns it to his side.

"For in my body there is strength, as by my manhood may be seen:
And I, with this good sword of length, in perils oftentimes have been.
And over champions was I king, and, by the strength of this right hand,
Once on a day I kill'd fifteen, and left them dead upon the land.
'Therefore, brave Minstrel, do not care to play to me a portie most light,
That I no longer may forbear to dance in all these gentles' sight."

The Master then bows, and, while the music plays, again dances; and thus, after having "rid his prologue like a rough colt, knowing not the stop," he gives notice of the further entertainment that is intended.

"Brave gentles all, be not afraid, although my sight makes you abas'd,
That with me have six champions stay'd, whom by my manhood I have rais'd.
For since I've danced, I think it best to call my brethren in your sight,
That I may have a little rest, that they may dance with all their might;
And shake their swords of steel so stout, and shew their main strength on this floor,
For we shall have another bout, before we pass out of this bow'r:
Therefore, brave Minstrel, do not care to play to me a portie most light,
That I no longer may forbear to dance in all these gentles' sight."

The Minstrel obeys;—the Master again dances, and then, with much polite discretion, introduces into the room six formidable-looking knights, each with a white shirt over his clothes, in the place of a shirt of mail, and a good sword girt to his side, their respective names and deeds being announced in well-set verse.

* In the 1st volume of the *Edinburgh Antiquarian Transactions*, p. 486, I find it remarked, that "to the wandering harpers we are indebted for that species of music which is now scarcely known—I mean the *Port*. Almost every great family had a *Port*, that went by the name of the family. Of the few that are still preserved, are *Port Lennox*, *Port Gordon*, *Port Seton*, and *Port Athole*, which are all of them excellent in their kind. The port is not of the martial strain of the word *march*, as some have conjectured, those above-named being all in the plaintive strain, and modulated for the harp."

"Stout James of Spain, come in our sight, thine acts are known full well indeed.
And champion Dennis, a French knight, who shews not either fear or dread,
And David, a brave Welchman both, descended of right noble blood,
And Patrick, too, who blew the horn, an Irish warrior, in the wood
Of Italy, brave Anthony the good, and Andrew, of fair Scotland knight :—
St George of England here indeed ! who to the Jews wrought nickle spite.
Away with this !—Let's come to sport—since that ye have a mind to war—
Since that ye have this bargain sought, come let us fight and do not fears.
Therefore, brave Minstrel, do not care to play to me a portie most light,
That I no longer may forbear to dance in all these gentles' sight."

The Master, after shewing his brethren a specimen of the sort of *pas seul* that they will be required to exhibit before the company, draws his sword, and addresses all the Knights in succession.

"Stout James of Spain, both tried and stout, thine acts are known full well indeed,
Present thyself upon the floor, and shew not either fear nor dread ;
Count not on favour for thy meed, since of thy acts thou hast been sure ;
Brave James of Spain, I shall thee lead, to prove thy manhood on the floor !"

JAMES of Spain draws his sword, and on the fiddle being heard, he proves his manhood on the floor by a *pas seul*.

"Stout champion Dennis, a tried knight, as by thy manhood may be seen,
Present thyself here in our sight, thou true French knight that bold hast been :—
Since thou such valiant act hast done, come let us see some of them now :—
With courtesy, thou brave French knight, draw out thy sword of noble hue."

The Minstrel strikes up ; DENNIS draws his sword and dances.

"Brave David a bow must string, and lag with awe,
Set up a wand upon a stool,
And that brave David will cleave in twa."

DAVID draws and dances.

"Here is, I think, an Irish knight, to prove himself a valiant man,
Who has not either fear or fright !—Let Patrick dance, then, if he can."

PATRICK draws and dances.

"Then stout Italian, come thou hither : thy name is Anthony most stout,
Draw out thy sword that is most clear, and fight thou without dread or doubt :—
Thy leg shake ! bow thy neck, thou lout ! come courtesy shew on this floor,
For we shall have another bout before we pass out of the door."

ANTHONY draws and dances.

"Thou kindly Scot men, come thou here : Andrew's thy name of Scottish lair
Draw out thy sword that is most clear, and by the strength of thy right hand,
Fight on thy knee with all thy heart, light to condemn his lowly band,
Make all his enemies to start, and leave them dead upon the land."

ANDREW draws and dances.

The Minstrel now flourishes his bow with spirit, and the Sword Dance commences. The Master gives a signal to his brethren, who stand in rank with their swords reclined on their right shoulders, while he dances a *pas seul*. He then strikes the sword of JAMES of Spain, who moves out of line, dances and strikes the sword of DENNIS ; then DENNIS sports a toe on the floor, and in the same manner brings DAVID out of line, and thus each Champion is successively made to caper about the room.

The Champions then extend their swords out at full length, when each of them is seen to grasp his own sword with his right hand, and the point of his left-hand neighbour's sword with his left hand ; and being thus formed into a circle, *hilt and point*, as it is named, they dance a double roundel.

The Champions hold their swords in a vaulted direction, and, headed by the Master, successively pass under them ; they then jump over their swords ;—this movement bringing the weapons into a cross position, from which they are released by each dancer passing under his right-hand sword. A single roundel, hilt and point, is then performed as before.

The roundel is interrupted by the Master, who runs under the sword of his right hand, and then jumps over it backwards : his Brethren successively do the same. The Master then passes under his right-hand sword, and is followed in this movement by the rest. Thus they continue to dance, until a signal is given by their Director, when they form into a circle, swords tended, and grasping hilt and point as before. After a roundel has been danced, the Champions jump over their right-hand sword, by which means their back is to the circle, and their hands

across their backs, and in this form they dance round until the Master calls "loose!" They then respectively pass under their right-hand swords, and are in a circle as before.

The Master now lays down his own sword, and seizing hold of the point of JAMES's sword, turns himself, JAMES, and the rest of the Champions, into a clue, and the swords being held in a vaulted position, he passes under them, and thus removes out of the circle, being followed in the same manner by the other knights. A repetition of all, or part of the movements already described, then ensues.

The Master and his Brethren, in the next place, throw themselves into a circle, each holding his arms across his breast, and, with their swords, form a figure intended to represent a shield; this being so compact, that each Champion alternately dances with it upon his head. The shield is then laid down upon the floor, when each Knight, laying hold of the hilt and point which he before held, and placing his arms across his breast, extricates his sword from the shield by a figure directly opposite to that by which it had been formed.

This movement finishes the Sword Dance. The Master then gravely steps forward, and delivers the following

EPILOGUE.

Mar	ak	his	brows, I	makes	us	all	glad	t
After	the	few	he	stay	here, Ve	is	will	rule
								at
								last.

fare	brave	gentles	all,	that	heren	c
ish	health	and	happines	all	I	return
						again

The whole of the champions then repeat the last verse.

we	sell	freew	brave	gentles	all,	that	heren	do	remain,
			lth	and	h	pat	ress	l	we
									return
									ag
									ain.

Many of the superstitions of the Zetlanders may be supposed to have descended to them from their Scandinavian progenitors, and to be parts of that magnificent system which prevailed when the worship of Odin, and the belief of Valhalla, prevailed over all the North. But there are other parts of these superstitions which probably had their origin in the peculiar local situation of the Zetlanders, as a people inhabiting a wild and solitary country, and exposed to all the dangers and uncertainties of a sea-faring life. We accordingly find that the craken, which appears like a floating island, and sends forth tentacula as high as the mast of a ship, is still believed to exist, and that mermen and mermaids are often seen upon the shores, and around the remote and solitary isles; but seals, and some other animals, are regarded as beings of an intelligent nature, who have come up from a beautiful and splendid world, far below the utmost depth of the ocean; and many curious stories are current of wonderful adventures, which certain individuals have had with these incarnate spirits. Some of these stories are exceedingly amusing, and the reader will find a few such in the work we are now considering.

We cannot omit noticing, however, that the Shetly, or Shetland

pong, is, as he ought to be, a most important personage in this system of superstition. It is under this shape that they believe the God, or Spirit, who presides over the waters, makes himself visible; and he is also believed to have the power of seeing the ghosts of those who have recently departed. "When a medical gentleman, of the last century, was returning home from visiting a female, whom he had left at least alive, the shetly on which he rode suddenly began to snort and gallop; and, on looking behind him, to see the cause of the alarm, he saw the spectred form of the patient he had visited, and soon afterwards heard of her death, which took place at the exact time when she took it into her head to frighten the shetly and his rider."

The following paragraph records a particular and striking form of incantation, which might be made use of with great effect, in a fictitious work.

It was usual with the Shetland dealers in sorcery, like the ancient magicians of Scandinavia, to use incantations. "I know a song," said ODIZ, "of such virtue, that were I caught in a storm, I could hush the winds, and render the air perfectly calm." But the warlocks and witches of Thule used, by the same means, to raise tempests, the lay being accompanied by some simple process that de-

noted the advancement that was made towards the attainment of the malevolent object. About fifty years ago, a woman of the parish of Dunrossness, known to have a deadly enmity against a boat's crew that had set off for the Haaf, took a wooden bason, named a *cap*, and allowed it to float on the surface of a tub of water; then, to avoid exciting a suspicion of her devilry, she went on with her usual domestic labours, and, as if to lighten the burthen of them, sang an old Norse ditty. After a verse or two had been recited, she sent a child to the tub, and bade him tell her if the cap was *whummilled*, or turned upside down. Her orders were obeyed, and intelligence was soon brought to her, that the water was beginning to be agitated, but that the bowl was afloat. She then continued her incantation, and once more broke it off, by requesting the child to go again to the tub, and let her know if the cap was whummilled. The little messenger soon returned with the news that there was a strange swell in the water, which caused the bowl to be sadly tossed about. The witch then sang still more loudly, and, for the third time, sent the child to the tub to report the state of the bason, who immediately hastened back with the information that the water was frightfully troubled, and that the cap was whummilled. The enchantress, with an air of malignant satisfaction, then ceased her song, and said, "The turn is done." On the same day, news came that a fishing yawl had been lost in the Roust, and that the whole of the crew had been drowned. A similar story is told of some woman in the island of Fetlar, who, when a boat's crew had perished in the Bay of Funzie, was detected sitting round a well, muttering mysterious words over a wooden bowl that was supernaturally agitated. The accompaniment of a magical incantation, by some process indicative of the progress of the magical purpose that is meditated, may be found in many of the wild superstitions of Scandinavia and its colonies. While the Nornies or Destinies of Pagan times were within the recesses of a gloomy cave, dooming, in a wild song, the fate of the warriors who were to fall with the Earl of Orkney in an engagement on the Irish coast, they were employed on a strange loom, where human entrails furnished the materials for the warp, foemen's heads for treadles, swords dipped in gore for shuttles, and darts for woofs. When the incantation was ended, the women each tore a portion of the cloth, and, mounting their horses, six rode away towards the north, and six to the south. There

is also in Scandinavia an ancient rhyme named the Quern Song, wherein two female slaves, of a gigantic form, sing a strange ditty, while they are employed in labouring on a quern of immense magnitude, in which they grind riches to a seaking; but, being dissatisfied with the oppression of their master, in making them persist throughout the whole of the night in their labour, they grind against the same warrior a destructive army.

The ceremony practised by Norna of the Fitful Head, for restoring the heart of Minna, by melting lead and dropping it into water, is still in use; as is also the ceremony of dropping pieces of money into the chapel of our Lady: and in the island of Foula, our author's guide endeavoured to point out to him the situation of the brilliant carbuncle, which throws out its native light even amidst the gloom of the darkest night—a belief of which the author of the "Pirate" has also made a very beautiful application.

In reading books of travels similar to that of Dr Hibbert, we have often remarked that the traveller, when wearied with wandering amidst barren rocks, or drenched by the storms, to which such situations are exposed, never fails to meet unexpectedly with some fairy scenes of living nature, that repay him, by their enchantment, for all the privations from which he had just escaped: some hospitable mansion perhaps opens its gates to him, and, amidst blazing tapers, and white-robed nymphs, he seems at once to be restored to the very highest luxuries of polished life. We know a friend of our own, indeed, who has often said that he never undertook any fatiguing journey to the hills, without meeting, at his return, with some such unexpected instance of good fortune. We must say for Dr Hibbert, however, that he is not guilty of this piece of superstition. He has offered us few pictures of the fire-side scenes, which he met with in the course of his journeyings; and he uniformly supports the dignity of the philosophic character, by seeming to regard only the scientific objects for which he had set out. Only once or twice has he deigned to introduce us into the interior of a Zetland farm-house, and he has done so to inform us, that

their arrangements are almost the same with those which may be seen in any part of our own Highlands. A dark apartment, where all sorts of dead and living things are huddled together; cows and calves living in kindly fellowship with man—the master or mistress of the house being only distinguished by occupying the great arm-chair; and dogs of all kinds appearing perfectly happy in the fellowship “of a miraculous quantity of cocks, hens, chickens, swine, and pigs.”

In the present state, however, of the unexampled diffusion of liberal knowledge, it is impossible to traverse even the most sequestered or inhospitable countries of Europe, without meeting occasionally with individuals whose attainments seem altogether disproportioned to the scene in which their lot is cast; with men, whose earlier days have been spent amidst all the elegance of refined society—or who have contrived, amidst the most apparently unpropitious circumstances, to enrich their minds with much valuable and even elegant learning. We know that Zetland possesses several individuals of this description; and Dr Hibbert has commemorated a day's excursion, which he had with one individual, whom he found to be a person who had seen and learned much, and with whom, when the one traveller had finished his fishing excursion, and the other had satisfied himself, by means of his hammer, of the nature of the rocks by which he was surrounded, he partook, upon the green turf, of an elegant collation, seasoned with exquisite Madeira, and washed down with a plentiful quantity of warm punch.

We have said nothing of the Doctor's geological speculations, because they are not suited to our work; but those who can peruse them will find them very valuable.

DWARFIE-STONE OF ORKNEY.

[Memoranda from the Note-book of a Traveller, who visited the famous Dwarfie-Stone mentioned in the 2d vol. p. 136, of the “Pirate.”]

I HAD, some years since, visited the island of Hoy, in Orkney, to see

the Dwarfie-Stone; and from thence proceeded to view the other curiosities of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, now become so much the topic of conversation since the appearance of the new novel, by “the Author of Waverley.” Whatever object that eminent person illustrates in the language of description, few feel confidence enough to attempt a more detailed account of. We may allude to the beautiful passages in these volumes, in which descriptions are given of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Stromness, the Standing-stones of Stennis, and the ancient buildings at Kirkwall. On the way to Shetland, the attention of the traveller is finely arrested by the isolated object of the Fair Isle; and on his ideal arrival at Shetland, the “inconstant stomach” of the landsman, who has never in reality visited those islands, feels a palpitating thrill at the very mention of Sunburgh Roost. Ample amends, however, is made for this by the striking descriptions of Sunburgh, and the fairy land of the “Fitful-Head.” But it would be quite endless to attempt even a very general notice of the graphic descriptions contained in these volumes. Though I had for ever laid my notes regarding these islands on the shelf, yet the perusal of these volumes has created new desires for retracing my steps.

As the dimensions of the Dwarfie-Stone of Hoy are only mentioned in a quotation from an old author, and as I doubt not the scenery of the “Pirate,” in all its minute detail, will now be sought after as classic ground, and that, ere long, steam-boats will be advertised to make the *Grand Tour* of the Northern Archipelago, I shall here transcribe what had occurred to me upon my visit to the Dwarfie-Stone. S.

1816.—After spending an interesting day in viewing the extensive lake and Standing-stones, in the parish of Stennis, situate between Kirkwall and Stromness, the two principal towns of Orkney, we entered the town and strangely-formed street of Stromness, where, like the inhabitants of the city of Venice, a great proportion of the people live upon the water. Here we took boat, and

crossed the Sound to the beautiful flat green island of Gremsey, along which we coasted for a time, and then crossed the narrow Sound of Gremsey to the mountainous island of Hoy, and landed near the hospitable manse of Mr Hamilton, who directed our steps to the Dwarfie-Stone. It is difficult to say whether we were more surprised at the singularity of this huge stone, or the peculiarity of the *vale of Rockwich*, in which it lies. After walking upwards of two miles on a rising ground, with a boggy bottom, covered with so luxuriant a growth of heath, that in many places it might almost form a cover for the deer, we at length reached the Dwarfie-Stone, which, like the seat of "rest and be thankful," between the vales of Glencroe and Ardkindlas, to the weary traveller, afforded us a welcome seat. It was on a summer's evening that we undertook this walking excursion; and the sun was low in the north-west, when we began to admire the romantic beauties of this sequestered spot. The vale of Rockwich forms a deep ravine, which, in a very curious manner, intercepts the mountainous land of Hoy. Towards the south, by a winding passage, it opens to view the western entrance of the Pentland Frith and the shores of Caithness; to the north it falls into the Sounds of Gremsey and Hoy, and is itself intercepted by a stream, which occasionally assumes the character of a mountain torrent. On the west, this valley is bounded by the stupendous Wart or Ward hill of Hoy, which, us, exposed on one side a hollow, which had all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano, or the *semicircular slip* of an immense mass of the soil. On the eastern side, where the Dwarfie-Stone lies, the hill rises precipitously, exposing the formation of extensive crags of reddish-coloured sandstone, from which we were led to suppose the object of our visit had most probably been separated by the wasting effects of time.

Dr Wallace makes this stone 36 feet in length, 18 feet in breadth, and 9 feet in thickness. We, however, found its dimensions considerably less; but after making due al-

lowance for its medium cubic contents, (about 25 feet by 15, and 6 or 7 feet in medium thickness), and allowing at the rate of 16 cubic feet of rock to the ton, we concluded its weight to be about 150 tons.

The two apartments, with a passage, a door, and a kind of sky-light window, and perhaps vent for smoke, forming the interior excavation of this huge stone, must have been a work of much patient labour and time, especially as the circumscribed area of the apartments would hardly admit of the work of more than one person. The area of the whole excavation measures about 9 feet 6 inches in length, and 4 feet 6 inches, or thereby, in width. The door and passage nearly divide the length of the excavated area equally, and measure about 2 feet 6 inches in width, and 3 feet in height. On the right is the bed-room, with an irregularly-formed aperture in the roof, which may answer for window or chimney, as before noticed, and which measures about 18 inches across. In this curious apartment, a bed-place, measuring only 3 feet 4 inches in length, and having a ledge rising about 3 or 4 inches along the front of the bed, with a step at one end, which may be supposed to have answered the purpose of a pillow for the inmate of this cell, are all formed in the solid rock. The apartment on the other side of the passage is excavated in the same manner, but has neither bed-place nor window. These apartments are but rudely formed, and are of an irregular figure, the bed-room in particular being wider in the middle than at the end, arising evidently from the difficulty of working them of a square form.

This extraordinary work has probably been the pastime of some frolicsome shepherd, or secluded devotee; and the history of the stone having been lost, it was natural for the people of a superstitious age and country to apply a fabulous origin both to the stone and its inhabitants, in so retired and lonely a place as the vale of Rockwich. The story, therefore, goes, that the Dwarfie-Stone fell from the moon, and that it was once the habitation of a *fairie* and his wife, a *water-helpie*.

PHRENOLOGOS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Canto II.

Now wae and wonder on your snout !

Wad you ha'e bonny Nancy ?

Wad you compare yoursel' wi' me ?

A docken to a tansy !

Old Song.

FROM Byron, seated on the sacred mount,
Who raves, blasphemous, and sings in strains sublime,
Who mingles with Castalia's crystal fount
The stagnant pool and foul polluted slime :
To him, who must his thumb and fingers count,
Ere he can make the halting line to chime,
What numbers scribble, mangling sound and sense !
Some rhyme for love of fame, and some for paltry pence

I sing, a member of the minstrel corps ;
But Prudence whispers, it were acting wrong,
To say, if sky-light attic, or first-floor,
If wealth, or poverty, inspire my song ;
If duns, or liveried menials guard my door ;
Or if I join the dilettanti throng ;
A veil protects one from the public stare,
And still, to Fancy's eye, the shaded bosom's fair.

But praise is aye to every poet dear ;
Though he should, fawning, write for place and pension ;
And I have heard, with keenly tickled ear,
That Canto First excited much attention ;
Has been approv'd by plaudits most sincere,
From names my modesty forbears to mention ;
It is in favour with the ladies, too,
The beauteous, blooming belle, and matronly *bas bleu* !

Besides, I'm told, the scientific train
Who meet to study Phrenologic lore,
In full divan, devoutly heard my strain,
And, at the close, all join'd, to call *encore* !
Hence, I have hopes still greater fame to gain,
And be appointed Laureate to the corps ;
While Constable and Co. rich harvest glean,
For every member now takes in the Magazine.

And Spurzheim, too, whose penetrating eye
Sees through the skull, a cobweb, flimsy veil,
Who can the passions in a cranny spy,
And measures mind, by compass, rule, and scale ;
Who follies sees, like ants in hillocks lie,
Will smile applause, and, raptur'd, read my tale ;
Which clearly shews his system's application,
When Science shall improve our future population.

We left Phrenologos in hapless plight,
For, though his prudence triumph'd in the strife,
Love's sun, that shed his golden rays so bright,
And gave the hope that they would gladden life,
Was buried deep in dark Cimmerian night ;
For since Amanda must not be his wife,
It cost his heart full many a secret sigh,
To leave her blooming cheek, soft smile, and sparkling eye.

Love, too, was wroth at suffering foul defeat,
 And still could fit an arrow to his bow ;
 And, like the Parthian, fighting in retreat,
 Contriv'd to vex and wound his wary foe ;
 Amanda sigh'd, with languid smile so sweet,
 Just as the hero press'd her hand to go,
 That as he from her syren witchery flew,
 He felt the smother'd flame about to burn anew.

The youthful heart, that ne'er has lov'd before,
 If fate or falsehood have its wishes cross'd,
 Will rankle, wounded to its inmost core,
 And deem that every joy of life is lost.
 So did Phrenologos the day deplore ;
 For still Amanda's form his mind engross'd :
 He, moping, mus'd, and brooding o'er the past,
 Just like a petted child, resolv'd through life to fast

It chanced, one day, when from his window peeping
 On belles and beaux that pass'd in crowds below,
 The western wind crewhile in chambers sleeping,
 Like wounded whale, began in wrath to blow ;
 On Prince's-street, with rage resistless sweeping,
 Would first a neck, and next an ancle shew ;
 This like the limb which lur'd Olympus' king,
 That white as snowy down beneath the cygnet's wing

Phrenologos still gaz'd with fond delight ;
 The gale, ungallant, still more fiercely blew ;
 Camilla tripping, as her namesake, light,
 Came past—on wings of wind her bonnet flew !
 And close beneath our hero's ravish'd sight *
 Her pericranium was expos'd to view ;
 While twenty beaux were jostling in the chace,
 Keen, as the charioteers strove in the Olympic race

Meanwhile, the blushing fair uncover'd stood,
 Unconscious of the scrutinizing eye
 Which glisten'd, as the gale, with kisses rude,
 Play'd round her neck, and wav'd her tresses by .
 The light-wing'd bonnet, still in sportive mood,
 Before the breeze delighted seem'd to fly ;
 Thus fate afforded time for observation,
 And fix'd our hero's eyes as if by fascination.

The guileless fair had to his sight expos'd
 Her head, in front, in profile, and behind ;
 And still some bump the wanton breeze disclos'd,
 Which prov'd dame Nature most benignly kind ;
 For ne'er before had female skull inclos'd
 So much *materiel* for transcendant mind !
 Her form was light, adorn'd with youthful grace,
 And Hebe's beauteous bloom was imagin'd in her face !

But now a dandy stemm'd the stormy gale ;
 His hand triumphant bore the feather'd prize ;
 Phren curs'd his speed, beshrew'd the envious veil
 That cover'd Eden from his wondering eyes ;
 But execration now could nought avail,
 And to the street he all impatient hies,
 Resolv'd to follow in the fair one's track ;
 For Love, with Science join'd, had plac'd him on the rack

'Twas morning with the fashionable fair,
 The sun above the Castle, call'd it noon ;
 But such a coil was hurtling in the air,
 The ladies felt they were abroad too soon :
 He traced Camilla on to George's Square,
 And there, as clouds obscure the silver moon,
 The light-hcel'd lady call'd upon a friend,
 While he was left alone, with tempests to contend.

The " Pirate " had just issued from the press,
 And both the friends the treasure had enjoy'd ;
 Mysterious Norna banish'd talk of dress,
 And Minna Troil their busy tongues employ'd ;
 Anon to Cleveland would the pair digress,
 So rich the feast, the banquet never cloy'd :
 Three lingering hours the fair prolong'd her stay,
 Then blest our hero's eyes, and homeward bent her way

Staunch as the blood-hound tracks the fierce Maroon,
 Phrenologos was to his purpose true ;
 For Hope held out a soul-inspiring boon,
 Which made him with unwearied feet pursue :
 As treads the hunter o'er the dark lagoon,
 He, ever cautious, kept his prize in view ;
 At last in Heriot-Row he lodged the fair ;
 The polish'd door-plate told he was a stranger there

Next to the Theatre he wends his way,
 Hope whispering there the lady would be found ;
 And soon he saw her, to his sad dismay,
 Shine in a box with beaux encompass'd round.
 In vain did Stephens sing, or Siddons play ;
 He listen'd only to the welcome sound
 That nam'd Camilla, just return'd from Paris,
 Her father's only child, accomplish'd—and an heiress !

Our hero pass'd a most enraptur'd night,
 His heart expanding with anticipation ;
 While glorious visions floated on his sight,
 And fancy revell'd in their consummation :
 He view'd his infant train with fond delight,
 The rising grace and glory of the nation ;
 With limbs well turn'd, a matchless, beauteous brood ;
 And every *caput* cramm'd with intellectual food !

He saw their foreheads rise, their skulls expand,
 Here swell'd a bump, there stretch'd a level plain ,
 Each head a fruitful globe of mental land,
 No barren spot in all its rich domain ;
 But form'd and fed, by Nature's plastic hand,
 No medullary, pulp bestow'd in vain ;
 A hot-bed, where each virtue strikes its roots,
 And, as the bumps enlarge, to full perfection shoots.

Why must he wake from this Elysian dream ?
 Why should such golden views by fate be cross'd ?
 Why shines, to mock our gaze, the meteor's gleam,
 To sink the moment we admire it most ?
 Phrenologos had just matur'd his scheme,
 The when, and how, he would the fair accost,
 The day is fix'd—he whistles, jumps, and capers ;
 The morning comes—he reads her marriage in the papers !

As look'd Aladdin, on that joyless morn
Which swept his splendid palace from the plain ;
Or Wolsey, under Henry's withering scorn ;
Or Selkirk, banish'd from the haunts of men ;
So sat Phrenologos, with look forlorn—
And star'd—and rubb'd his eyes—and read again ;
With whirling brain, and heart o'erwhelm'd and sick,
He rail'd at cruel fate for this malicious trick.

" I ne'er," he cried, " shall find a head so rare,
A brain so worthy of my admiration ;
For Order, Hope, and Newton's mind were there,
With Hector's courage, Johnson's veneration :
Her face, like Scotia's hapless Queen, was fair,
As tender, too, her am'rous inclination ;
But this, refin'd to pure connubial love,
As Sappho she'll be kind, chaste as Lucretia prove !

" Malignant Fortune ! why this slippery prank ?
Above her sex Camilla shone supreme :
Thy richest prize, compar'd with her, 's a blank ;
And thou hast marr'd a most transcendant scheme .
'The shipwreck'd sailor, on a shatter'd plank,
And tempest-toss'd, on ocean's troubled stream,
Has greater hopes of life, than I, to find
Within a female skull, such active springs of mind !"

Our hero now could nought but mope and sigh,
For disappointment had enchain'd his tongue ,
At last he slowly rais'd his languid eye,
To view the portraits which around him hung ,
For there were matron worth, reserv'd and shy,
And wanton beauty, ever blithe and young ;
The gay coquette, and formal prude were seen ;
The laughter-loving fair, and maid of modest mien

There they who sought above their sex to soar,
Joan of Arc, Queen Bess, and Russian Kate,
And Mary Wolstencroft, doom'd to deplore
Her rash philosophy, alas ! too late.
Next, Helen, Dido, Rosamond, and Shore,
All taught by love to mourn their hapless fate
Near Petrarch's Laura, cold as Alpine snow,
On Eloise's cheek opposing passions glow.

The vivid canvas seem'd with thought to speak ,
The painter's hand had prov'd to nature true ,
For beauty shew'd some wanton, witching freak,
Where'er Phrenologos could turn his view :
The slender alabaster neck, and dimpling cheek,
With ripe red lip, that shed ambrosial dew,
'Twas there a blush, and here a humid eye,
Or breast that seem'd to heave a soft voluptuous sigh

• Although his high-born hope was deeply wounded,
His heart still writhing with the fancied pain,
It could not be with countless charms surrounded,
That Love should always launch his shafts in vain .
Our hero's heart like tennis-ball rebounded,
Which, harder struck, the higher springs again :
" Why should I still for lost Camilla weep ?"
He said, and rose, like giant just refresh'd by sleep.

He had an aunt upon the banks of Tay,
 'A jointur'd widow, meek, and de'bonnair;
 Her daughters, Anne and Mary, sweet as May;
 Her niece Belinda, like the morning fair:
 Since he had scen them, years had roll'd away,
 And Phren resolv'd to breathe the country air,
 Where Anna's song, the smiles of Bell and Molly,
 Would soothe him for the past, and chase his mel'ancholy.

Arriv'd—we stop not to detail the greeting,
 The matron's welcome and her speeches bland;
 The glistening eye and youthful bosom beating,
 When fond he press'd and squeeze'd each cousin's hand.
 For ne'er did Friendship hail a happier meeting,
 Nor greener verdure grace her olive wand;
 Restraint and cold formality were banish'd,
 And beauty smil'd so sweet, his cares in air soon vanish'd

Phrenologos sat gazing at the fair,
 Their head-dress suited to his glances sly;
 With fillet bound, their finely-braided hair,
 The magazines of mind, soon fix'd his eye;
 But still his fingers itch'd to wander there,
 Each hull and dale distinctly to descry:
 Invention bade him to the scheme resort,
 With simple country cousins, as a Christmas sport.

The playful ladies were too wise to own,
 That they were skill'd in Phrenologic lore;
 Could from the skull a map of mind lay down,
 Had read and studied Spurzheim o'er and o'er;
 That now they long'd to feel their cousin's crown,
 Its fruitful knolls and barren dales explore;
 With well-feign'd wonder, listening, as he spoke,
 They, simpering, blush'd consent to such a harmless joke.

Love seem'd to lurk in Anna's sparkling eye,
 That, like the basilisk's, could lure to kill;
 She, laughing, cried, "Come, coz, your frolic try,
 I'm all impatience for your boasted skill."
 But scarce had he his art begun to ply,
 When she a melting air was heard to trill;
 With studious face the squire his pencil took,
 To make remarks, but, ah! each nerve in tremor shook.

Her tuneful tongue, and full melodious swell,
 The sportive sweetness of her witching glance,
 The melting cadence from her lips that fell,
 Combin'd to lull him in delirious trance;
 He grop'd, and gaz'd upon the beauteous belle,
 And felt his heart had ta'en St Vitus' dance:
 He clos'd his task—of all made memorandum,
 Till time and place should suit for future *avisandum*.

Maria was a young and guileless maid,
 Her cheek the rose-bud blushing to the morn.
 The fragrant gale between her lips that play'd,
 Sweet as its odours on the zephyrs borne:
 Our hero's fingers midst her tresses stray'd,
 Which flow'd in wanton curls, his skill to scorn.
 Warm o'er his mind Spurzheim and Beauty floated,
 Yet still to Science true each bump was fairly noted.

Belinda's was a most expressive face,
 Her eye-brows arch'd, her forehead full and high,
 And round her mouth, in sweet attractive grace,
 Love's winning smile in ambush seem'd to lie ;
 Each noble organ swell'd in ample space,
 All seem'd perfection to Phren's piercing eye ;
 He fondly gaz'd, but long'd to feel behind,
 And on her cranium trace the store-house of her mind.

Her head was like the gardens of Peking,
 Where all is rich, no vacant spot is found ;
 So here, in her prolific skull, was seen
 Bump after bump, that rose in graceful round,
 Each low propensity deep sunk between,
 The whole with rich and rare luxuriance crown'd ;
 It would have grac'd Minerva, or Apollo,
 'Twas Nature's master-piece, and beat Camilla's hollow.

And now our hero's head must undergo
 His artless country cousins' keen inspection ;
 Not more correctly Barclay or Munro
 Could scan the brain by critical dissection :
 Their slender fingers wander to and fro,
 From right to left, no bump escapes detection ;
 The operation was so kindly killing,
 His head could not lie still, and every nerve was thrilling.

His heart and soul on fair Belinda bent,
 He sigh'd to speak his passion most sincere ;
 And Fortune kindly favour'd his intent,
 The tender tale was whisper'd in her ear ;
 He hop'd a sigh would indicate consent,
 Or she might hide the sympathetic tear :
 He look'd all fondness ; and Belinda, after
 A momentary pause, held both her sides with laughter

" Dear Phren," she said, " your skull's configuration
 Leads one to look for something most romantic,
 And plainly shows your brain's organization
 Impels your mind to freaks and frolics antic ;
 And now, this sober solemn declaration,
 Confirms my fears, and proves you fairly frantic ;
 I still had hopes you were not quite a fool—
 Dear cousin, go to bed—your brain is far from cool !"

Although his love was on Belinda center'd,
 He saw her stern resolve, and could not tarry ;
 He conn'd his notes, next day, took heart, and ventur'd
 To try the tune again with cousin Mar, :
 She said, her heart should never be indentur'd,
 To one whose mind was ever in quandary ;
 That his was so, his skull gave ample proof ;
 She turn'd upon her heel, and bade him stand aloof.

Twice had he heard the sentence of rejection,
 And wounded pride bade him in haste depart ;
 Yet when he counsel took, with calm reflection,
 She whisper'd hope, to soothe his poignant smart,
 Though Anna's head was farthest from perfection,
 To her, our hero offer'd hand and heart ;
 But, like the rest, she gave a flat refusal,
 And said, " Pray read this note, 'twas writ for your perusal."

Retir'd, he read, " We find our cousin's skull
 Contains a mass, all mingl'd in confusion :
 Within, 'tis empty where it should be full ;
 Without, deform'd by many a vile protrusion ;
 His heart is cold—his head, though never dull,
 The dupe of vanity and self-delusion ;
 And science says, of such a man be wary ;
 We judge by Spurzheim's rules—' signed,' Anna, Beil, and Mary."

Thrice in a week with his own weapons foil'd,
 He pac'd the room—could neither sit nor settle ;
 For this, had he in midnight study toil'd ?
 Should woman's wit be found the weightier metal ?
 Love, Shame, and Anger, in his bosom boil'd,
 Like pease and turnips in a seething kettle ;
 His boasted Prudence from her seat was hurl'd,
 Just like a wither'd leaf before the tempest whirl'd.

" Fool ! blockhead !—dup'd, and fairly nick'd indeed !
 He cried, " and too much caution my undoing ;
 Alas ! my prudence proves a broken reed,
 And shows what phantoms I have been pursuing.
 And must I change my philosophic creed ?
 Shall I renounce my scientific wooing ?
 Camilla and Belinda !—how provoking !
 And, last, my cousins' scorn—oh, Spurzheim, this is shocking !

" Oh, Nature ! to thy vot'ry why unkind ?
 Why near my neck your fav'rite hump forgot ?
 And why, alas ! that frightful hill behind,
 To stamp my fate—thy fairest work to blot ?
 Why spoil my skull ?—it makes me cry, to find
 Thy stepdame hand for life has marr'd my lot !
 Why, cruel Fortune, let Belinda read ?
 Why was she taught too soon to study Spurzheim's creed ?

" The system seems not fram'd to carry double—
 Wisdom and Love !—an ill-assorted pair !
 My science seems a bright prismatic bubble,
 Of gaudy colours, fading in the air :
 Posterity has cost me bootless trouble,
 Why should not self my best attention share ?
 I fear that Love with Learning scorns alliance ;
 And must I join the throng who set it at defiance ?

" The springs of mind I still must deem organic,
 Of matter form'd, like clocks, from brass and steel ;
 Man's a machine—and Nature the mechanic,
 The skull her work-shop, where she stamps her seal .
 He stands magnanimous, or sinks in panic,
 Just as she regulates the balance-wheel ;
 And I, admiring mere external beauty,
 The slave of smiles and song, have half forgot my duty."

Thus to his system still at heart adhering,
 Our hero tried to soothe his mental pain ;
 While fond hope whisper'd, that, by persevering,
 He yet might conquer in young Love's campaign :
 But now, indignant at the *trio's* jeering,
 He to Edina bent his course again ;
 What triumphs crown'd, or what mishaps befel,
 If Fortune frown'd or smil'd, the muse wants time to tell.

STEWART'S SKETCHES OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, AND MILITARY HISTORY OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

THE hard-won fame of the Forty-Second is become matter of the utmost notoriety ; and, indeed, was so before the share they had in the Peninsular achievements had made them and their compatriots distinguished in the eyes of foreigners. The distinction of this regiment was simply owing to its earlier origin and to the circumstance of its having been at first considered as merely a guard, to keep peace and order in the country where it originated—a circumstance which induced many of the better class, who inherited nothing but honour, to engage even as privates in their Domestic Companies, as they were then considered, where every man, moving in the circle of his friends and kinsmen, was recognised as belonging to a race of gentlemen, who could not be degraded by carrying a musket in the domain of their forefathers. The privates, thus distinguished, did not long form the predominant number ; they either rose by promotion to higher stations, or, in the course of service, found honourable graves ; leaving, however, the spirit which animated them as a legacy to their successors, less distinguished, either by birth as individuals, or by the early glory they acquired as a corps. Succeeding regiments, raised in the same quarter, fell not below their precursor in steady courage, fidelity to their engagements, moral worth, and that patient endurance of hardship for which their early habits had peculiarly qualified them. The author before us, accidentally led by the circumstances mentioned in his preface, to write a brief narration of the events and actions in which the *Old Highland Watch* had been concerned, (in which, by the bye, he had served many years,) was induced, by the distinctive character of these mountaineers, to trace back to their origin the tribes to which they belonged ; thus connecting the present with the past, and tracing the wandering stream to its source, in the hidden recesses of his native hills. We shall begin our extracts

in the earlier part of the work, which precedes the military details.

Many points of resemblance between the Basques and Scotch Highlanders may, no doubt, be as much attributed to similarity of situation as to a common origin. Similarity of situation, however, will not account for the remarkable traits of resemblance between the inhabitants of La Vendée and those of the north of Scotland. Widely as they differ in their external features, the manners and customs of the people of both countries are so nearly similar, that a Highlander, in reading the memoirs of the wars in La Vendée during the French revolution, would almost think he was perusing the history of the events of the years 1715 and 1716, in Scotland. In the picture which has been drawn of the zeal with which the followers and adherents of the Seigneurs crowded round the castle of their Lords ; in the cordial affection and respectful familiarity subsisting between them ; in their pastoral modes of life, and love of the chase ; in the courage with which they took the field, and the perseverance with which they maintained their ground against disciplined armies ; in their inviolable fidelity to the cause which they had espoused ; in their remarkable tolerance from pillage, or wanton destruction, in which they exhibited a noble contrast to the cruel and ferocious rapacity of the republican troops, and in their kindness to their prisoners—we are strikingly reminded of the chiefs, the chieftains, and the warriors of the Scotch mountaineers.

The affinity between people so distant, and differing in language, religion, and civil institutions, forms a very remarkable feature in that portrait of human nature, which the mind so often sketches to itself, in the comparison of the different branches which have spread, in various directions, from the original stock. The most natural conclusion to be drawn from the similitude thus existing is, that wherever the mode of life most approaching to patriarchal rule, and a kind of voluntary submission to this implied authority prevail, gentler manners are to be found, united with purer morals, than those which exist in a more advanced state of society. To exert this patriarchal rule, and shed abroad all the “sweet influences” that render it salutary, it is quite necessary that the proprietor should be born and brought up among his people, and habituated to consider his esteem as his first object, and

their affection as the bond and sanction of his authority. The inviolable, though undefined limits, by which the superior was restrained from any breach of courtesy, and, far more, from injuring or oppressing his inferior, and the boundary never overpast, which restrain the love and gratitude of the inferior from approaching to rude familiarity or disrespect, were so well preserved, that no direct rules were necessary for that purpose. But this happy balance can only exist in a primitive state, and by a frequent, if not constant residence. When the inferior says, "Are we not brothers?" and the superior answers, "So man and man should be, but clay differs from clay in dignity;" the charm is dissolved; and respect and gratitude on one side, and courtesy and kindness on the other, diminish to nothing.

The origin of the Picts, and the grounds of their hostility to the Scots, or, more properly, the Gael, have been hitherto involved in obscurity. Our author has carefully collected all that has come down to us on the subject. Among other curious facts, we have the following :

In tracing the remains of the Celtic race, we find that in a great proportion of Wales, in the Isle of Man, and in Ireland, the language is still preserved, but, owing to a greater admixture with strangers, at an earlier period, ancient manners are much changed, while, in the Highlands of Scotland, which successfully resisted their intrusion, and were never subdued by either Roman or Goth, and where the repeated attacks of Danes and Norwegians were uniformly repulsed, the remains of the Celtic language, manners, superstitions, and mythology, are found in greater purity and originality than in any other country.

The earliest historical records bear testimony to the warlike spirit of the people; and the facts unwilfully disclosed by the Roman historians, prove that their commanders in Britain found the Caledonians very formidable enemies; and it is not to be supposed that they would record defeats and disappointments which did not befall them. According to Tacitus, the celebrated Caledonian general Galgacus brought against Agricola an army of upwards of 30,000 men, of whom 10,000 were left dead on the field; which demonstrates at once their numbers, their firmness, and their spirit of indepen-

dence. Though defeated, they were not subdued, and, after three years of perseverance and warfare, the Roman general was forced to relinquish the object of his expedition. Exasperated at this obstinate resistance, the Emperor Severus determined to extirpate a people who had thus prevented his countrymen from becoming the conquerors of Europe. Having collected a body of troops, he took the command in person, and entered the mountains of the Caledonians. Notwithstanding his immense preparations, however, he was completely defeated, and driven back to the plains with the loss of 50,000 men; and, subsequently, while one legion was found sufficient to keep the southern parts of the country in subjection, two were required to repel the incursions of the Gael.

Some centuries posterior to this, we find the people forming a separate kingdom, confined within the Grampian boundaries. This has been always known as the kingdom of the Scots; but to the Highlanders, only as that of the Gael, or Albanich. The whole country immediately beyond the Grampian range, (that is, the Lowlands of Perth, Angus, and Mearns,) was in possession of the Picts. Abernethy, said to have been their capital, is only twenty miles distant from Birnam hill, the outward boundary at that entrance into the Highlands, and Brechin, supposed to be another of their towns, is at nearly the same distance from the eastern boundary.

These nations of Picts and Scots, the one inhabiting the lowland territory, and the other the mountainous region, differing considerably in manners, but speaking the same language, were sometimes in alliance, but more frequently in a state of hostility; till the succession of Kenneth Macalpin to the throne of the Picts, in right of his mother, A. D. 843, when the Scots and Picts finally united under one sovereign. Gaelic continued to be the language of the Court and of the people till the reign of Malcolm III. surnamed Ceanmor, who had married the sister of Edgar Etheling, A. D. 1066. From that period the Gaelic language was gradually superseded by the Saxon, until it entirely disappeared in the Lowlands.

It is evident that mankind must be sunk into a state of unnatural debasement before they bend the neck implicitly to the yoke of oppression. Neither the ignorance of the people, nor the profound veneration with which they regarded their chiefs, were capable of producing this effect upon the Highland clans. Among

several anecdotes illustrative of the checks by which the will of the chiefs was frequently restrained, we find the following, relative to Lord Breadalbane :

This fact vindicates the taste of the chief from the reflections thrown out against it by all tourists, pretending to that faculty, who have uniformly blamed his choice of so low a situation. His memory would have escaped these reflections, had it been known that the choice was made in due respect to the will of the "*Sovereign people*," who said, that if he built his castle on the edge of his estate, which was the site they proposed, his successors must of necessity exert themselves to extend their property eastward among the Menzies and Stewarts of Athole. This extension, however, was slow, for it was not till one hundred and seventy years after that period, that the late Lord Breadalbane got possession of the lands close to Taymouth ; but the present Earl has fulfilled the wishes of his ancient clan, by extending his estate eight miles to the eastward. Previously to this extension, so circumscribed was Lord Breadalbane, that the pleasure-grounds on the north bank of the Tay, as likewise those to the eastward of the castle, were the property of gentlemen of the name of Menzies.

After the detail of many curious facts, collected, it would appear, with no little research, and which throw a new and satisfactory light on the heroic and patriarchal age of Albyn and the Gael, our attention is drawn to a period in which undisputed truth almost startles our belief, by wearing the liveliest colours of fiction. The author of *Waverley*, in every respect felicitous, has been more particularly so, in chusing, for the foundation of his story, a period so fertile in events and characters remote from common life, and from all the trite common-place that constitutes the furniture of ordinary minds. The disastrous Forty-five, replete, as it was, with true tales of wee and wonder, left no stain on the national character. On the contrary, we view, with a painful and divided admiration, the worth, wisdom, and deliberate fortitude, that, on the prevailing side, were called forth by the terrible exigency of the times, in the accomplished and pure-minded President Forbes, and the brave and pious Colonel Gardener.

These will long adorn the page of history ; yet not more than the romantic fidelity of the mild and chivalrous Lochiel, and the loyalty, courage, and conduct of many others of the unfortunate brave, who became the victims of principle. Nor must we omit the intrepid self-devotion of the hard-fated Marquis of Tullibardine, or the gallant Balmerino, noblemen who had lived abroad, and never acknowledged the new succession. Time and chance have now removed that veil of mystery ; by which the English Jacobites were screened from the vengeance of the prevailing powers, and, in some degree, from the reproach of a timid, wavering, if not treacherous, policy. The Stuart Papers have brought to light many great and noble English names, who privately encouraged what, in the day of trial, they dared not publicly avow. They were thus, in fact, more guilty of the blood of those who plunged into the gulph, depending on their aid, than the persons who, by the sanction of law, condemned them to the block. The latter only did their duty. The former shrunk from what they considered to be theirs. We shall not, however, break in upon the clear and succinct narrative of our author, with quotations from this part of his work, but merely abstract a note illustrative of the truth of painting, with which our admired Novelist gives life and character to his simplest personifications of human nature. No one can read of the simpleton's uncouth fidelity here described, without thinking of Davie Gellatly, majoring in the Baron's gray cloak, to mislead the soldiers.

In those times of strife and trouble, instances might be given of fidelity and unbroken faith that would fill a volume. The following will show that this honourable feeling was common amongst the lowest and most ignorant. In the years 1746 and 1747, some of the gentleman "*who had been out*" in the rebellion, were occasionally concealed in a deep woody den near my grandfather's house. A poor half-witted creature, brought up about the house, was, along with many others, intrusted with the secret of their concealment, and employed in supplying them with necessaries. It was supposed that when the troops came round on their usual searches, they would not imagine

that he could be intrusted with so important a secret, and, consequently, no questions would be asked. One day two ladies, friends of the gentleman, wished to visit them in their cave, and asked Jamie Forbes to show them the way. Seeing that they came from the house, and judging from their manner that they were friends, he did not object to their request, and walked away before them. When they had proceeded a short way, one of the ladies offered him five shillings. The instant he saw the money, he put his hands behind his back, and seemed to lose all recollection. "He did not know what they wanted; he never saw the gentlemen, and knew nothing of them," and turning away, walked in a quite contrary direction. When questioned afterwards why he ran away from the ladies, he answered, that when they had offered him such a sum, (five shillings was of some value seventy years ago, and would have bought two sheep in the Highlands,) he suspected they had no good intention, and that their fine clothes and fair words were meant to entrap the gentlemen.

We shall next extract a note that throws light upon the meagreness of Hume's History of the Rebellion, which, from the deficiency in its details, disappointed the public, and enraged the remaining Jacobites, who had been witnesses of the facts suppressed, as well as of those recorded.

Mr Hume, for some years, spent part of every summer, ostensibly for the benefit of his health, and for amusement, but actually in collecting materials for his history. The respectability of his character, and the suavity of his manners, procured him everywhere a good reception. But his visits were principally made to Jacobite families, to whom the secret history of those times was familiar. They told him all they knew, with the most unreserved confidence; and nothing could exceed their disappointment when the history appeared, and proved to be a dry detail of facts universally known, while the rich store of authentic and interesting anecdotes, illustrative of the history of the times, and of the peculiar features of the Highland character, with which they had furnished him, had been neglected or concealed, from an absurd dread of giving offence to the Royal Family by a disclosure of the cruelties wantonly practised, or by relating circumstances creditable to the feelings of the unfortunate sufferers. Now, it is very well known with what generous sympathy the late King viewed the sacrifice

to mistaken loyalty, and the countenance and protection which he afforded to such individuals as lived to see him on the throne, and which he extended to their descendants. It is equally well known that there is not one individual of his family that would not listen with deep interest to the details of chivalrous loyalty, of honourable sacrifices, and of sufferings sustained with patience and fortitude by those who are long since gone to their account, and who are no more objects of dislike or hostility to them than Hector or King Priam.

The only way in which the meagreness of this long-meditated history can credibly be accounted for, is by reflecting on the circumstances in which the work was finished. Two or three years before it was published, the author's carriage had been overturned when travelling in Ross-shire, on which occasion he received a severe contusion on the head, which had such an effect upon his nerves, that both his memory and judgment were very considerably affected ever after.

After an accurate description of the "Garb of old Gaul," which shows it to have been peculiarly adapted to a race of warriors and hunters, the author says,

I have dwelt the longer on the particulars of this costume, as much of the distinctive character of the people was connected with it. In Eustace's Classical Tour, he has some ingenious strictures on the European habit as contrasted with the Asiatic costume. The former, he says, is stiff, formal, confined, and full of right angles, and so unlike the drapery which invests those imperishable forms of grace and beauty left us, by ancient sculptors, as models on which to form our taste, as to offer a revolting contrast to all that is flowing, easy, and picturesque in costume. The Asiatic dress, he observes, is only suited to the cumbersome pomp, and indolent effeminacy of Oriental customs: it impedes motion, and incumbers the form which it envelops. In one corner of Great Britain, he continues, a dress is worn by which these two extremes are avoided: it has the easy folds of a drapery, which takes away from the constrained and angular air of the ordinary habits, and is, at the same time, sufficiently light and succinct to answer all the purposes of activity and ready motion. With some obvious and easy alterations, he thinks it might, in many cases, be adopted with advantage.

The love of country—a sentiment

deeply felt by mountaineers in all parts of the world, amounts to a passion with the Highlanders as well as the Swiss; and the home-sickness is, with them, equally frequent, as we learn from many instances of local attachment, not merely to the Highlands, but to the very spot where a man had dwelt among his own people. We select the following:

A single anecdote, selected from hundreds with which every Highlander is familiar, will show the force of this local attachment. A tenant of my father's, at the foot of the mountain Shichallan, removed a good many years ago, and followed his son to a farm which he had taken at some distance lower down the country. One morning the old man disappeared for a considerable time, and being asked, on his return, where he had been, he replied, "As I was sitting by the side of the river, a thought came across me, that, perhaps, some of the waters from Shichallan, and the sweet fountains that watered the farm of my forefathers, might now be passing by me, and that if I bathed, they might touch my skin. I immediately stripped, and, from the pleasure I felt in being surrounded by the pure waters of Leid-na-breilag, (the name of the burn,) I could not tear myself away sooner."

Of the sense of honour and humanity predominating over the desire of revenge, so natural to all who felt themselves disarmed and unprotected, the following note affords a striking example:

One instance of the force of principle, founded on a sense of honour, and its consequent influence, was exhibited in the year 1715, when the rebel army lay at Kirkliston, near the seat of the Earl of Stair, whose grandfather, when Secretary of State for Scotland, in 1692, had transmitted to Campbell of Glenlyon, the orders of King William for the massacre of Glenco. Macdonald of Glenco, the immediate descendant of the unfortunate gentleman, who, with all his family, (except a child carried away by his nurse in the dark), fell a sacrifice to this horrid massacre, had joined the rebels with all his followers, and was then in West Lothian. Prince Charles, anxious to save the house and property of Lord Stair, and to remove from his followers all excitement to revenge, but at the same time not comprehending their true character, proposed that the Glenco men should be marched to a distance from

Lord Stair's house and parks, lest the remembrance of the share which his grandfather had had in the order for extirpating the whole clan, should now excite a spirit of revenge. When the proposal was communicated to the Glenco men, they declared, that, if that was the case, they must return home. If they were considered so dishonourable as to take revenge on an innocent man, they were not fit to remain with honourable men, nor to support an honourable cause; and it was not without much explanation, and great persuasion, that they were prevented from marching away the following morning. When education is founded on such principles, the happiest effects are to be expected.

Seeing that our extracts, from the early parts of the work, have multiplied to an inconvenient length, we shall only select a very few passages from what may be strictly called the historical part, choosing such as are most characteristic of the people whose peculiarities give interest to the whole details. We shall begin at a late and well-remembered period.

The detachment landed at Portsmouth, in Virginia, in March, and joined the troops under Brigadier-General Arnold. In May they formed a junction with the army under Lord Cornwallis. When the soldiers of the 76th regiment found themselves with an army which had been engaged in the most incessant and fatiguing marches through difficult and hostile countries, they appeared to look down upon themselves as having done nothing which could signalize and enable them to return to their country and friends with that reputation which their countrymen, and brother soldiers, had acquired. "And they were often heard murmuring among themselves, lamenting their lot, and expressing the strongest desire to distinguish themselves. This was particularly observable, and their regrets greatly heightened when visited by the men of Fraser's Highlanders, who had been in so many actions to the southward." However, they soon had the opportunity which they had so much desired, and the spirit with which they availed themselves of it, showed, that no more was wanting to prove that they were good and brave soldiers.

After the author has given expression to a just feeling of indignation at that exaggeration used by Missionaries, ignorant no less of the language of human nature than of

that of the country they proposed to evangelize, and who wish to exalt their own merits, by degrading those they are sent to teach, the following well-authenticated account of the Sutherland regiments, (by which it is evident that the morality so generally acknowledged as an honourable characteristic of the Highland regiments is founded on a deep sense of religion), cannot fail to be highly interesting. This is the more obvious, as the regiments in question came from a very remote part of the Highlands, where the inhabitants were considered as having made less progress in civilization than in the nearer districts.

The Sutherland men were so well grounded in moral duties and religious principles, that, when stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, and being anxious to enjoy the advantages of religious instruction agreeably to the tenets of their national church, and there being no religious service in the garrison, except the customary one of reading prayers to the soldiers on parade, the men of the 93d regiment formed themselves into a congregation, appointed elders of their own number, engaged and paid a stipend (collected from the soldiers) to a clergyman of the Church of Scotland (who had gone out with an intention of teaching and preaching to the Caffres,) and had Divine Service performed agreeably to the ritual of the Established Church. Their expenses were so well regulated, that, while contributing to the support of their clergyman, from the savings of their pay, they were enabled to promote that social cheerfulness which is the true attribute of pure religion, and of a well-spent life. While too many soldiers were ready to indulge in that vice, which, more than any other, leads to crime in the British army, and spent much of their money for liquor, the Sutherland men indulged in the cheerful amusement of dancing, and in their evening meetings were joined by many respectable inhabitants, who were happy to witness such scenes among the common soldiers in the British service. In addition to these expenses, the soldiers regularly remitted money to their relations in Sutherland.

Their conduct at the Cape did not proceed from any temporary cause. It was founded on principles uniform and permanent. When these men disembarked at Plymouth in August 1814, the inhabitants were both surprised and gratified. On such occasions it had been no uncommon thing for soldiers to spend

the money they had saved in taverns and gin-shops. In the present case the soldiers of Sutherland were seen in book-sellers' shops, supplying themselves with Bibles, and such books and tracts as they required. Yet, as at the Cape, where their religious habits were so free of all fanatical gloom, that they indulged in dancing and social meetings, so here, while expending their money on books, they did not neglect their personal appearance, and the haberdashers' shops had also their share of trade from the purchase of additional feathers to their bonnets, and such extra decorations as the correctness of military regulations allow to be introduced into the uniform.

While they were thus mindful of themselves, improving their minds and their personal appearance, such of them as had relations in Sutherland did not forget the change in their condition occasioned by the loss of their lands, and the operation of the new improvements. During the short period that the regiment was quartered in Plymouth, upwards of £500 were lodged in one banking-house, to be remitted to Sutherland, exclusive of many sums sent home through the post-office, and by officers. Some of these sums exceeded £20 from an individual soldier.

We shall next insert, though rather out of place, some reflections on military punishments, suggested by the conduct of certain Highland Corps.

There was another circumstance more remarkable, and in itself highly honourable to this respectable corps, and which rests upon the best authority, that out of eight companies raised by the Duke of Gordon, Major Munro, and Captains Macgillivray, Grant, Macpherson, and others, in all 780 men, not a man was brought to the halberts, or deserted during these five years. Of the whole regiment there were only six men brought to corporal punishment. When men exhibit such fidelity to their trust, and such principle regulating their conduct, it were desirable that a less ignominious punishment could be substituted for that personal castigation, so humiliating and degrading to the feelings of a soldier, and the infliction of which generally destroys all sense of shame and honour, and renders a man indifferent to his future conduct, his character being already degraded and forfeited. The difficulty consists in finding a proper substitute. Care ought, however, to be taken that degrading punishments be inflicted only on men who have already lost their character, and on whose

obdurate feelings no other motive than simple pain is capable of acting with sufficient force. The foundation of a system, calculated to surmount this difficulty, and to establish modes of punishment sufficient to operate as a check on the depraved, without annihilating their sense of shame, is a subject equally desirable, important, and difficult. Much will depend upon officers, who have minds capable of understanding the feelings, and of making due allowance for the casual infirmities of human nature, and possessing the firmness and decision necessary to control the turbulent and incorrigible profligate. Many good soldiers have been ruined by the infliction of infamous punishments, while with men of such bold spirits, and depraved minds, as frequently enter our army, the terror, and often the infliction, of severe punishments are absolutely necessary.

In this age of reform, innovation, and experiment, it was not to be expected that the Highlanders should escape the effects of that bias in general sentiment and feeling, from which even the *laudatores temporis acti* are by no means exempted. Happily the phrenzy of Radicalism, or the heart-burnings of political discontent, have not yet transgressed the barrier of the Grampians; but the affectionate, faithful, brave, chivalrous, and devoted Celt, has been made the subject of more mischievous experimental pranks, than were ever before played off upon any race equally loyal, and moral, and worthy, in the same short period of time. Colonel Stewart has, with incredible industry, accumulated an enormous mass of facts, by a fair induction from which he has proved, *first*, that a radical, and apparently incurable deterioration, has taken place in the Highland character: *secondly*, that this deterioration has been produced by the cupidity of landlords, anxious to augment their rent-rolls at whatever sacrifice of affectionate attachment and devotion to their family; and of uncalculating and generous loyalty to the King and Government: and, *thirdly*, that the policy of the Highland proprietors has been as short-sighted as it was cruel; and that while they have expatriated one-half of their people, and broken the spirit, and excited the deep-rooted hatred and aversion of the remainder, whom they have, by

their insane operations, reduced to a degree of poverty and wretchedness, incredible by those who have not witnessed it, and equalled only by the squalid and desperate misery of the Irish peasant, they have all but ruined themselves, by the increased risk to which they have exposed themselves, and by the total inaptitude of the soil and climate of the mountains for those experiments in rural economy, which have succeeded in the Lothians, or in some counties of England. The great curse of the Highlands has been the introduction among the higher classes of Sassenach manners. The landlords, whose proper glory was to have been surrounded with brave and chivalrous adherents, became absentees, and acquired a taste for the luxuries of cities, and the pagantry of courts. But in the new scenes into which they had introduced themselves, and where they proposed to figure, their narrow incomes, which would have supported a state of princely splendor within the mountains, were found totally inadequate to enable them to compete with the richer proprietors of the plains of the South. People, who have acquired a taste for a life of fashionable folly and dissipation, can no more revert to a pastoral and patriarchal supremacy in their native land, than the Paisley weaver can cast away his shuttle and his treddles, and all at once imbibe the pride, the hauteur, and the lofty ideas, of the Macdonell. The natural consequence of this moral revolution need not be formally detailed. Rents must be augmented, by every means, and at whatever hazard; and that not gradually and imperceptibly, as the industry of the Highlanders improved, the value of produce increased, and the condition of the people was ameliorated; but at once, *per saltum* as it were, to meet tradesmen's bills and fashionable debts. Speculators and land-agents consequently came into play; and these were not slack in holding out the most seducing promises of golden harvests to absentee landlords, incumbered by their extravagance, and by a vain and preposterous competition with the more splendid fortunes of the South. The aboriginal inhabitants were represented by these

parvenus, these new-comers, as incurably afflicted with indolence, and as fit for nothing but smuggling whiskey, stemming a bullet, or waging an equal and natural war with their brother savages in the forests of Upper Canada. Landlords received these reports as gospel truths, and prompt measures were resorted to, for the expatriation of the old, and the introduction of the new tenantry. Whole glens and districts, that had fed 500 or 700 hardy mountaineers, the very men who have so mainly contributed to fight our battles and achieve our victories, and whose military laurels, purchased by their best blood, form the proudest portion of the national wreath of glory, were driven out, to make way for a grazier of capital, with hardly as many sheep. Nor, after all, was the landlord a gainer by those radical operations. In some instances, and only in some, he was promised a greater rent; but then he had, in the first place, to incur a greater risk, (in the former state of things there was none); and, *secondly*, he had to build, at a great expence, a residence to the capitalist, and to lay out other sums, the interest of which, as Colonel Stewart has most satisfactorily shown, in general, if not always, amounted to more than the advance of rent, to attain which he had made such prodigious sacrifices. But to estimate the risk of having in the Highlands only one tenant, where there formerly were 200 or 300, let us call to mind the accidents of an Alpine climate to sheep, and the fall of the prices of raw produce in the market. If one or both of these contingencies happen, the capitalist is almost sure to be ruined, for he depends solely on the sale of produce for the payment of rents. Not so the former tenants. They cultivated their patches of land, (now converted into pasture), they reared and tended their sheep on the mountains, and they pursued various lines of industry besides; so that, if one thing failed, they had always another to look to, for the payment of their rents. Add to this, the admirable moral feelings that predominated among the people, and made them regard a failure in payment of their rent as one of the greatest calamities with which the

hand of Providence could visit them. Add to this, that as they had more resources of payment than the large grazier, so the landlord had little or no risk. Add to this, what Colonel Stewart has shown, by figures and facts, that, on the average of a term of years, those landlords who have retained their ancient tenantry, have not only derived the *steadiest*, but the *highest* rents. Add to this, that the ancient tenantry were enthusiastically attached to the families of their proprietors and patrons, and, in many instances, gave affecting proof of their attachment, by affording substantial pecuniary aid, in circumstances of embarrassment: whereas the great capitalist would not probably give sixpence to rescue the laird, with whom he has driven a hard, and, it may be, ungainful bargain, and all his kindred and race from perdition. And, lastly, add to this, that a brave, devoted, loyal, and hardy race of men, ever ready to take up arms in defence of their country, and for the credit and promotion of their chiefs; and who have so often, and so profusely bled in the front of our battles, are driven with ignominy from the much-loved land of their forefathers; to perish in miserable fishing-stations on the coast, or to cross the Atlantic, and join our natural enemy, the Americans, with their hearts burning with rage and resentment against the cruel and ungrateful country, which their fathers and their sons had so often and so nobly died to defend.

We do not address these considerations to that most sottishly obstinate of all animals—the political economist, who trifles with his generalities called Principles, as a baby does with its baubles; and who can be made, by no effort of inspiration, to comprehend any induction, however clear, that in the least degree militates with the infallible dogmata of his most uncertain science: but we do address them to the unsophisticated good sense and reason of those who are unbiassed by any system, and only aspire after truth, from whatever quarter it may come. And we now ask such persons, whether they believe it possible, that, in the Highlands, where all the ancient bonds of society have been lately

loosed, and where the happy small tenantry of former times have been subjected to worse bondage than that of the Polish Serfs—whether it be possible that the high-toned and lofty independence of character, and the military spirit, for which the clans were so renowned, can continue much longer to be their distinguishing and enviable characteristics? Or whether, in the event of the public mind being agitated by any great question, we might not have reason to fear, that the *now* degraded peasantry of the Highlands would fall into the same excesses which at this moment form the bane and the curse of Ireland, and where nothing but the presence of an overwhelming military force protects the landlords and their satellites from indiscriminate massacre?

But there is still one feature in the conduct of those who have advocated the new systems that have been introduced into the Highlands, which we cannot pass unnoticed; and that is, that this fine people have been most grossly and wantonly slandered and calumniated, by those who should have protected and cherished them, and felt a generous pride in the happiness, morality, and glory, of their countrymen. In making this observation, we allude particularly to the Report for the County of Ross, drawn up by Sir George S. Mackenzie. The worthy baronet declares in the face of Alexandria, Maida, the Pyrenees, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo!—that “the Highlanders are trumpeted forth as our only resources for soldiers, while it is notorious that the inhabitants have a strong aversion to a military life!” Now we think it was incumbent on Sir George to have ascertained whether there was any ground for his assertion, in opposition to facts so notorious. Colonel Stewart has, we think, given this slander the most appropriate answer: “The time has been,” says that gallant officer, who, by the bye, has oftener than once bled at the head of Highland regiments, “the time has been, when they (the Highlanders) were not afraid or unwilling to defend their country, without the assistance of Perth, Paisley, or Man-

chester weavers!” But we must have done.

The work before us is one calculated, from the nature of the subject, or rather subjects, to excite considerable interest. The patriot, whose love of country embraces the obscurest retreats, where the humblest of his compatriots earns a scanty subsistence, in the most primitive mode of existence; the antiquarian, who loves to trace back to their sources the tribes that have longest preserved the language, manners, and traditions, of the dimly-remembered times of hunting and heroism; the political economist, who delights in calculations and useful discoveries; and the military amateur, who finds a certain pleasure in tracing the gradations by which the herdsman of the mountains is trained to the discipline and duties of the experienced veteran: All these may find much of what is not merely veritable, but original, in this work, of which the authenticity is one great merit. The multifarious information which these volumes contain, is conveyed in a style clear, masculine, and free from all affectation or embellishment. “He speaks plain soldier.” Yet, though free from all false ornament, the nature of the subject, and the genuine feeling of the author, at times exalt it into a kind of homely and unconscious sublimity; and at others, touches of irresistible, because unstudied pathos, take the reader by surprise. In this age of research and discovery, something was wanting to fill up a chasm in our national history, and the deficiency appears to us to be here accurately and abundantly supplied.

MACVU ICH, THE MURDERER.

EFFIE MACKAY was one of the bonniest lasses in the north of Scotland. She came from Strathnaver, to reside near the hills of Scarabin. In beauty there was none in her rank of life that could compare with her. Her father was one of the foresters to the Countess of Sutherland, and generation after generation of his forefathers had dwelt on the property of that noble family. But he was doomed to be the last of his race. In pur-

suing a deer through the forest, he fell, and, his gun going off, was killed on the spot. Effie, his only child, being thus thrown destitute on the world, and feeling no pleasure in living on the spot where her father had died, travelled eastward, and found refuge, with a friend, in the solitary and romantic village of Corrychoich. This village is situated on a spot as wild as can be conceived, in a glen, surrounded on all sides by high mountains, which rise in every variety of shape around it; while the two lovely streams of Berridale and Langwell sweep round the valley, running beautifully along by the foot of the hills. To this spot came Effie Mackay, commonly called the *Rose of Strathmuver*, and who was indeed the ornament of the glen of Corrychoich. The reputation of her beauty spread through Corrychoich, and the young Highlanders on all sides flocked to see her. Often, in the mornings, when tripping out, was she saluted with the *chailleag choidheach*, (bonnie lassie), and happy was that youth reckoned who had saluted the young stranger, or who had the reputation of being particularly noticed by her.

She had lovers in abundance, but her affections were irrevocably fixed on Donald Henderson, a gallant young soldier, who returned her love with the greatest ardour. He was a native of Corrychoich, and a sergeant in the Forty-Second, or Black Watch, and was at home on leave of absence when Effie came to reside in the glen. He was every way an appropriate match for her. Matters were soon arranged betwixt them, and it was agreed that Donald should, at the expiry of his furlough, join his regiment for twelve months, and then try to procure his discharge, return, and take her to himself. Cheered by this engagement, he set off to join, with a sort of joyful melancholy, and Effie went home, to wait till the long year should roll away which was to end her solicitude.

But Donald had scarcely departed, when a rival started up. This was Rory Macvurich of Assynt, one whose name is yet spoken of with horror, and whose deeds no one in the glen will venture to rehearse after sunset, without fear and trembling. He had been originally a drover, and

tried at Inverness for sheep-stealing and murder, but acquitted for want of proof. He was universally feared and detested; and, from his strength, and the ferocity of his manners, regarded by the inhabitants with a kind of superstitious dread and awe. Yet this was the person who solicited the affections of Effie Mackay, the betrothed bride of the gallant young soldier! She received his addresses with horror. This set to work, in his mind, the elements of vengeance. "My bonnie bird," said he, "when the hound is near the fox should fear. The thunder will burst when none suspect it. The deer will sink, but the huntsman's hand will not be seen."

One evening, Effie was returning home from a visit to the mother of her beloved, who lived about three miles off, near the foot of Mbrven. Her way homeward lay between that mountain and the high hill of Maiden Pap. This route she had often pursued alone. It was a beautiful moonlight evening. Her tartan plaid was carelessly, yet gracefully thrown over her shoulders, and she chaunted to herself a sweet Highland air, whose gentle echoes rising among the neighbouring rocks, seemed the repetition of wild, unearthly music. On a sudden she saw a figure, arrayed in white, rise from the ground at about fifty yards distance, and stand before her. An instant thrill seized upon her frame: could it be a spirit among the mountains, come to torment one who had done no ill? Every fibre trembled; yet she did not sink, nor turn away her eye from the fearful phenomenon.* Her eyelids almost starting from their sockets, she gazed upon it, and shook with inexpressible terror. Her fancy aggravated its size and its hideousness a thousand fold. At last, the phantom approached her slowly, and, in its pale, deathlike features, she thought she recognised the face of Donald Henderson. It approached nearer and nearer, gazed a moment stedfastly at her, and suddenly threw off the white sheet that covered it. "Rory Macvurich!" exclaimed she, at once restored to utterance—"Rory Macvurich, is it you?" and fell down in a state of insensibility. It was indeed the fiend, the worse than spirit of darkness, her imagina-

tion had dreaded—the mysterious man, whose presence, at this awful time and place, might have chilled the stoutest heart in Corrychoich.

“Aye, it is me,” said he, with a horrid smile, as he knelt down over the fallen victim; “it is me, bonnie bride; the fox should fear when the hound is near. Cry upon Donald, and see if he will help ye; and rue the day that ye scorned me so.” These taunting sneers were lost upon the senseless and lovely girl; and it availed not, in her awful situation, whether she offered resistance or not. She offered none;—the lamb was in the tiger’s paw! She was completely insensible, and, from fainting, was transported to slumber—from slumber, to consciousness and to shame! She was still Effie the lovely; but was she the happy, and the cheerful? Did her heart *now* beat with joy, or her eye sparkle at the name of her Donald? She was still the rose of Strathnaver, but its blossom was blighted, and its loveliness had vanished!

Dark as it was, poor Effie, abandoned to misery and shame, found her way home; but the change in her spirits was too striking not to be observed by old Rebecca. “My bonnie bairn, what can mak’ ye so dull and heavy? Ye used to sing to me when I was at my spindle*, and mony a guid crack did ye gie me about the Strathnaver folks. Now you’re a’ dull and drooping: my *chaileag* *Lhoidheach* must not let her heart fail her. Donald has only been twa months awa, and lo’es ye as weel as ever: troth I ken he does, for William Forbes, my sister’s son, who has just left the regiment, says he could never help talking about ye, and calling ye his ain lassie, and saying ye were the bonniest and the best he ever kent: what can ail my bonnie bairn?” Such was the consolation the good old woman would pour forth to the heart-broken Effie; but it proved unavailing, and it only served to make her misery more poignant and unendurable.

Week after week, and month after month, passed on; but they brought no bloom to the cheeks of Effie Mackay. Like a lily in the autumn, she

silently faded away. The light-hearted, airy, and lovely girl, was no longer to be traced in her pale cheeks, her quivering lips, and her sunken eye. At length the cause of all her sorrow was revealed. Every one cursed the author of her misfortune, and prayed that such a ruffian were removed from their glen. Every one wept for Effie, and pitied Donald Henderson. In time she became the mother of a son, born to feel all her misery, but haply not to endure it long. The hand of Macvurich put a speedy termination to the misfortune both of mother and of son! By an unusual dispensation of Providence, the murderer escaped from human justice; but he could not flee from the retributive vengeance of an offended God! He entered a boat bound to Orkney, but neither boat nor crew ever reached their destination; they were dashed on the rocks of Swana Isle, and overwhelmed in the tremendous surges of the Pentland Firth. Last summer I rode through the scene of his murders, accompanied by one of the natives, who suddenly stopped short, and recorded to me part of the tragical tale, as follows:

“Yon moor,” said he, “where the cattle are feeding, I never pass without trembling. There, thirty years ago, when I was a youth—there were Effie Mackay, a lovely young woman, from Strathnaver, and her infant bairn, murdered; I mind it as weel as yesterday. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, and her bairn’s brains dashed out on one of the stones that lie before yon rock. I saw her and her bairn; and oh! that I had never seen them, or heard of them! It torments the heart to think on such scenes, and torments it even in sleep. Do you see that ruined wall which the moon dimly shines upon? It lies between two knowes in the middle of the glen before you, and is called *Tigh na folu*, or the Field of Blood. There dwelt Rory Macvurich of Assynt, the bloodiest Gael that ever lived near Corrychoich. The bairn was his ain, and he wanted her to be his ain. His house is gone to ruins, for no human creature would live near it. Even the very sheep, and the raven that thirsts after blood, tremble to approach it. No creature, but the sleepy howlet, and the prowling

* Distaff.

fox, venture to go near it, for it is the house of the murderer, the fearful *Tigh na fola*. Rory is lang gane, and gane to a sad account. Effie's spirit, and her bairn's, often appear in this spot. I have seen them in

the cleugh of the heavens, when the storm was nigh; and believe me or no, young *Coigreach*, I have heard them, too, when the mist hung heavy, and the wind sung low, on Morven."

V. W. X.

GOOD-DAY AND GOOD-NIGHT.

THE boy relcas'd from nurse's arms,
To wander wild like mountain-bee;
In glen and grove finds countless charms,
His little heart expands with glee;
He gambols on the village green,
And views life's fair untrodden way,
With glowing cheek and careless mien,
That seems to smile on all "Good-day."
He flies his kite, or culls the flower—
Trundles his hoop—impells the ball—
Swims his light shallop—builds his bower—
In woodlands mocks the cuckoo's call;
Alike to him, if foul or fair,
His morn of life is ever bright;
Or, if he feel a moment's care,
He soon bids every grief "Good-night!"

Youth nerves his frame—time flies apace;
His heart beats high, and Pleasure woos;
And while she mocks his fond embrace,
Her fairy form he still pursues:
Now Beauty's softly melting glance,
Sweet as the sunny morn of May,
Makes every pulse with transport dance,
With raptur'd smile he says, "Good-day!"
He dotes, he dreams, and musing sighs,
(The poison glides through every vein,)
Lives in the lustre of her cyes,
And feels a pleasure in his pain:
Entangled in Love's silken snare,
His bosom heaves with fond delight;
Officious Prudence cries, "Beware!"
He bids his monitor "Good-night!"

Should Hymen bring domestic joys,
Chaste Beauty, emulous to please,
Young Loves, in blooming girls and boys,
That smile and clamber on his knees;
His bliss is now with care combin'd,
He treads Ambition's thorny way;
And leaving Love to sigh behind,
He bows to Wealth, and bids "Good-day!"
With steady aim, and ceaseless toil,
He swells his store—is rich and blest;
Exulting, views the glittering spoil,
And lulls his head on Fortune's breast;
He looks in Time's dim vista far,
Where Hope has hung a meteor light,
Misfortune wages ruthless war,
Wealth plumes her wings, and says, "Good-night!"

Oppress'd with poverty and age,
He muses on life's little span;

A pilgrim, plodding to the stage
 That bounds the chequer'd lot of man :
 With trembling frame, on crutch reclin'd,
 He stoops to meet his kindred clay ;
 And tottering forward, sighs, to find
 How fleeting all he had " Good-day."
 But he, whose hope is fix'd on high,
 Who, ceaseless, views a happier shore,
 Will leave the world without a sigh,
 Rejoicing that the journey's o'er ;
 He hails the dim and dreary gloom,
 Blest harbinger of morning bright ;
 Sinks calmly to the peaceful tomb,
 And bids each grief a last " Good-night !"

ON A MEDICO-POETICAL ACQUAINTANCE.

WHEN Chiron was swaddled, the tenant of earth,
 The Parcae assembled to hold a divan ;
 Said Clotho, " My charge was fulfill'd at his birth,
 Dear Sister, decide on the fate of the man."
 " His destiny's fix'd," cried the daughter of Night :
 " With Spatula, Anodyne, Bolus, and Pill,
 With Death and Disease I have doom'd him to fight ;
 Delighting in mercy, much blood he shall spill.
 " Hypochondria, Arthritis, Nerves, Liver, and Spleen,
 Shall often compel him to grope in the dark ;
 The warfare protracted, producing chagrin,
 On finding his aim has been wide of the mark."
 Apollo was list'ning, and secretly said, "
 " My efforts are vain, to reverse the decree ;
 But one drop of balm in his cup I can shed ;
 A Lyre he shall have as a present from me.
 " So lightly his fingers shall glide o'er the strings,
 In notes so melodious, sonorous, and strong,
 That Pain shall be passive, depriv'd of her stings,
 Chill Ague shall glow, and be sooth'd by his song.
 " Melancholy delighted, shall list to the sound,
 And smile o'er each cadence so sweet and so bland ;
 Hygeia shall scatter young rose-buds around,
 And proudly exult in the works of his hand."

MR EDITOR,

THE following Letters of Mr Thomas Innes, of the Scots College, Paris, to Mr Edgar, at Rome, contain some interesting particulars relative to Messieurs Robert and Andrew Foulis, afterwards the eminent printers to the University of Glasgow. They are copied from the originals, and, it is hoped, may be considered worthy of preservation in this National Miscellany. Mr Edgar was Secretary to the old Chevalier at Rome, and Mr Innes was the well-known author of " The Critical Essay on the Antient Inhabitants of Scotland."

A list is annexed of editions of the Greek and Roman Classics printed by Messrs Fou'is, who, it is well known, possessed much good taste and enterprise in pursuits, to which, from the following letters, it would appear they were not originally destined. The list here given is most likely far from containing a perfect catalogue of the numerous learned works which issued from their press, with so much credit to themselves, and to their patrons of the University of Glasgow. A biographical account of these celebrated typographers could not fail to be interesting.

Paris, 29 Sept. 1738.

SIR,

I HAD the favour of yours of 11th September, and had the pleasure to learn by it that all the Royal Family are well; long may it be so!

As to our Glasgow gentlemen, they are brothers, of the name of Foulis, both young men of very good parts. They set off chiefly for the Belles-Lettres, and seem to design to be Professors of that, in the University of Glasgo, or perhaps to be governors or tutors to young noblemen, for which last employment they seem to be very well cut out, in their own way, having very good parts and talents, very moderate, and making morality their chief study and application, and in that they seem to have made good progress already, according to their notions of it; taking for their guides, among the antients, Epictetus, Seneca, Cicero's Offices; among the moderns, M. de Cambray's (Fenelon's) works, and even some of our other writers, S. Trap, de Galey, S. Thersa, and some others, upon piety and morality, to which they seem to reduce all.

For I observe their great principle, in religious matters, is to lay aside, and not take much concern in, generally, all controverted points, whether betwixt Catholick and Protestant, or of each party among themselves; so they are the reverse, as well of our fiery first reformers, as of the parties that give such disturbance among Catholicks.

They make no difficulty or scruple to go to mass, to kneel and conform to the customs and practice of good men of any communion. By this you'll perceive they are a kind of Latitudinarians; hence their greatest aversion is against all kind of persecution upon the score of religion, and would have each one left to follow the dictates of their own conscience; and they tell me, and (I know it otherways,) that this way of thinking gains daily ground among the more polite people in our country; and they tell us further, that all moderate thinking people begin to have a contempt and aversion to the old creating way of formal whiggism in religion, and that even the Knoxian way of Reformation, the Covenant,

and wild doings of these times, was looked upon as a kind of madness.

From this you'll easily guess, that they have a much warmer side to Mr Arthur than to his antagonist: besides, that their townsmen have a particular pick at the usurper, for having used them so ill upon the tumult that happened some years ago about the Malt Tax, since which they have a guard over them, that they were never used to.

But as the G. gentlemen are young candidates or aspirants to be Professors, or tutors to young noblemen, they are very cautious to whom and what they say—lest it might be a bar in their way. So what I have set down above, I learn'd rather by side-guessing, as matters occurred in discourse, than by any formal question, or appearing to pump them; but as we have had them often to dine here alone, (at least once every week,) they gave me occasion enough to know their notions of things.

They know very well your friend M. Will. Forbes, the lawyer, and by the account they give of him, it seems he is not now so peevish as he appears in his *Book of Friends*, written several years ago, which I have; he hath also published Institutions of the Scots Law, and other pieces on that subject.

I need not tell you, that as Glasgow and other Western parts, have ever appeared, since the Knoxian Reformation, the greatest adversaries of any in the kingdom, to our way of thinking in church and state. You'll easily guess, that we would lose no opportunity of cultivating, in those gentlemen, those tender growing seeds of return to their duty, so much the more, that we have ground to believe their moderation and improvement will make their company and conversation much sought, at their return home, by polished people. Besides inviting them to come to our College economy, whenever they had leisure, we have had them to dine here once a-week regularly, and oftener, and have been to drink tea with them. They seem to be well enough at ease, and want for nothing, and have spent a great deal here upon books, most part Greek and Classics, &c.

The chief person they keep in, and

were recommended to, from Glasgow, is Chevalier Ramsay; and he, being out of town with the young Prince, his pupil, they have been the oftener with us.

They are now going to Fountain-bleau, and Orleans, to see the court and country, and are to go home soon after their return here. Meantime, for a further account of what has past betwixt them and us, I send you copies of the University's Letter to us, and of mine to the Rector, which I thought proper to write *en attendant*: that the pieces we are to send them are ready, with a letter, in the name of the College, in answer to that of the University, which will be sent by the Messieurs Foulis, with the copy of what relates to their University.

My apprehension to lose the post must apologise for my bad write; and am sorry that the copy in John Gordon's hand is not much better, which is a loss to me, in the case I am in. I am ever, with most cordial respect,

Dear Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
THOS. INNESE.

A MONSIEUR,
MONSIEUR EDGAR,
à Rome.

Mr George In. gave you his services. My Lord Athole gives him almost as much work and wyl of all his house, where the officers now ly chiefly upon M. George.

Paris, 27 Oct. 1739.

DEAR SIR,

LAST two posts, of 13th to 20th curt., I had the honour to write to H. M., and wait, with most profound submission, his further orders, which it shall ever be to me the greatest satisfaction to comply with, to the utmost of my power.

Messieurs Foulis, the two Glasgow gentlemen, parted from this 4 or 5 days ago, to return home by London, carrying along with them no less than 6 or 7 hogsheads of books, which they had bought up here. I did not fail to charge them with your compliments for Mr Willm. Forbes, Professor of Law, and to assure him, from you, that you was still the same as to your principles, in relation to religion and government, as when

you parted with him, and they'll not fail to report it, as you desired.

During their abode here, we have endeavoured to use them with all sort of kindness and civility, and, by a common letter, in name of this College, signed by all the administrators, we answered the letter which they brought us from the University, of which I speak. I sent you a copy, and here I send you a copy of our answer, which will save me the pain of repeating, in particular, the small pieces that we sent them, as an earnest of a friendly communication, which, in the disposition they seem to be in, may be of use in more than one way.

We have had more occasion to converse frequently with them since my last of 29th September, having had them often to dine here with us, and have had daily more occasion to be confirmed in what we wrote to you, that their damning principle is Latitudinarian, or an universal tolerantisme, with an aversion to persecuting any for their different sentiments in religious matters; and, what is more, they seem resolved to us: all their ingine* to propagate these principles, and, by this design they have in their view, they will probably have a very natural occasion of infusing these principles into many of the young gentry and nobility, for the chief employment they have in view is to teach the young gentry those knowledges which become most young quality, such as Language, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, &c. all which these two gentlemen have endeavoured to attain to, as also Philosophy, Mathematicks, &c. This, with the spirit of free-thinking which spreads daily in our country, may, with time, make great alterations in the Western parts, where the sour, sullen, peevish temper, which had domineered ever since the Reformation, is daily decaying and wearing out, and made a jest of among the more polite people.

As are their principles of government, they seem to be for monarchy, indeed, but a limited one; but have no kindness for the present usurping family, especially ever since the affair of Shafeld Campbell, upon which

* Ingenium.

Churches, is calculated to give a colouring to these attempts against the respectability of their order, and the usefulness of their functions.

It would not, however, be difficult to prove, that, notwithstanding the calumnious misrepresentations to which the Established Churches of the country are exposed, they are yet the great safeguards of that purity of moral character, as well as of those varied literary and scientific attainments, which ought to meet in men who "minister and serve at the altar." These advantages are secured, by the course of study prescribed, by the Church, to those who aspire to the sacred office, and by the authority and vigilance which she exercises over the administration of the ordinances of religion. The Sects, and even the congregations of the Dissenters, have systems of laws and modes of procedure peculiar to themselves. Many of them are fond of novelty, and studious of variety; and yet it is quite clear, that the excess of eccentricity, both in doctrine, worship, and discipline, to which the indulgence of these propensities naturally tends, is curbed and restrained by the commanding influence which the religious establishments of the country exert over the conduct even "of those who are given to change." This is abundantly evident, on the slightest attention to the prevailing practices, in matters connected with religion, in the opposite sides of our island. In England, most of the Sectaries have introduced instrumental music into their chapels; most of them read lessons from the Scriptures, as part of their public worship; many of them read their sermons, and even their prayers; and all of them have a funeral service, clearly in imitation of what takes place in the Church. In Scotland, likewise, where most of these things have been discarded, or forbidden by the Church, they are also, not only shunned, but absolutely abominated by the Dissenters. The truth is, custom, in both cases, produces a species of assimilation in what relates to religion, just as it influences the dialects of the language, and the social intercourse of life.

The Dissenters, however, from the concussion of discordant opinions, the affectation of singularity in some

of their modes of worship, and the tendency which some of them, "having itching ears," too frequently display, "to heap to themselves teachers according to their corrupt affections," are exposed to the danger of making great aberrations from the precincts of "sound doctrine," reverent worship, and orderly discipline; and are apt to become the dupes of designing and selfish men, who, to gain some unworthy ends, flatter their prejudices, and inflame their party zeal, in order to secure that ascendancy necessary to realize the objects of their unworthy ambition. These remarks are illustrated by an incident, which some time ago happened to a member of the Church of Scotland, who was for several years employed as the minister of a Presbyterian chapel in England.

Some time ago, he remarks, I received a letter, of which I shall transcribe an extract:—

"REVEREND SIR,

At the request of the Trustees of Bethel Chapel, ———, I am appointed to write you, ardently wishing you to preach a sermon on the 11th of June, being the day on which said chapel is to be opened. 'Tis a *New Interest*, having lately left the Church of England, and we now think more favourably of the Scotch Kirk than of any other party.

"We are about 1200 or 1300 strong at present, but there is every prospect of greater increase. Your answer by post, and promise to favour us on this occasion, will oblige your's," &c.

This letter bore the post-mark of a considerable town, distant about thirty miles from the place of my residence, and in which I had not a single acquaintance. It was, therefore, impossible for me to conjecture by what means I was applied to, for the purpose mentioned in the above epistle; but after deliberation, I resolved to comply with its request, forthwith wrote to that effect, and in course of post received the following answer:—

"REVEREND SIR,

I have received your letter, dated the 31st of May. We shall expect you forward by the 10th of the month. You will have only one sermon on the Sunday night to preach.

X x

When you come to this place, ask for Mr ———, Larkhall, and you will soon find us. Your name was this day put in the ——— paper, as the person to preach on this occasion. We have likewise sent bills to be printed."

Both these letters had the same signature, and supposing it to be the name of one of the members of this infant Kirk, I hesitated not to prepare myself as well as I could, for opening it in a proper manner. As I was desirous of extending my knowledge of a part of the country not unworthy of observation, I did not delay my journey till the end of the week, but arrived at the town of ———, in which the "*New Interest*" was said to be situated, on the Thursday evening, previous to the Sunday on which I was requested to preach. Having secured a bed at the Angel Inn, I went out to perambulate the streets, not without hopes of falling in with the newly-erected Scotch Kirk, naturally thinking, that a house fitted to accommodate "*a great increase, above 1300*" individuals, would be no mote in an ordinary-sized provincial town. I was struck with the venerable appearance of the Established Church, dedicated, as I learned, to St Michael, and seated on a rocky eminence, with two abrupt sides, and lifting its massive towers to a considerable height above every other edifice in the town. I observed also several other places of worship, belonging evidently to the different classes of the Dissenters, with which every town in England abounds. I could, however, see nothing that at all came up to my idea of *Bethel Chapel*, ominous, as, from the first, I regarded that cant, and un-Scotch-like designation. After I had traversed the greater part of the town, I passed, for the second time, a large brick building, three stories in height, which I had at first taken for a warehouse, but now thought it had some resemblance to a place of worship. This opinion was strengthened, by observing men and women flocking towards it from all parts, as if going to hear sermon. I went with the crowd, and asked a man, whom I found standing at the door, for what purpose the people were assembling, and to what end

the building was devoted? "The people," he said, "are going to hear the evening lecture, and the building was erected for a Sunday School." I then asked if it belonged to the Church, or the Dissenters? "It belongs to no party," he replied, "but is common to all, and is supported by voluntary subscription." He also showed me some of the class-rooms on the ground floor, (for it was divided into numerous compartments); but as the "evening lecture" was about to commence, I was prevented from obtaining further information on the subject. The place of worship was in the upper story, which, however, was sufficiently capacious to contain a congregation of upwards of 2000 people. It was fitted up in all respects like a church, and galleried around, except on the end occupied by the pulpit. It was obvious, also, that it was the common hall of the school, for the pews were formed so as to serve the purpose of writing-desks; and the blotches of ink with which they were stained afforded evidence that they were in the use of being applied to this end. The house, though now more than half full, contained many persons of a respectable appearance, sitting in silent expectation of the arrival of the preacher, who soon appeared, and took his station. He was a young man, of a melancholy and sickly air, with a voice too feeble for the size of the place in which he harangued. There was nothing peculiar in the service, which was conducted in the manner known to prevail among the most numerous body of the Dissenters in England. His discourse, from the petition in the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," seemed to be delivered without notes, and with a kind of feverish effort to be impressive; but was in itself neither elegant, eloquent, nor profound. It was nine o'clock when the service came to a close, and then, on inquiry, I was told that the preacher belonged to the sect which takes its name from Lady Huntingdon. I now made the best of my way back to my inn; and though it was but the 8th of June, sat down with several others to a supper, of which ducks and green peas were unexpectedly two, and not the least attractive, of the dishes.

Next morning, I went to search for Larkhall, which I asked for as the residence of my correspondent. A handsome villa, built on a gentle slope to the north-east of the town, was at length pointed out to me as bearing that name, but as the possession and the habitation of a person of a quite different name from that which I had been directed to inquire after, by the letter I had received. A person, however, of the name of my correspondent, lived in the immediate neighbourhood; and on whom I immediately waited. Though it was only a few minutes after twelve o'clock, I found him eating a solitary dinner; but it behoved him, he said, to dine at that early hour, as he superintended a metallic foundry, or smelting house, I forget which, where his presence was always required, when the men employed on the concern were at work. He was a tall, thin figure, upwards of fifty years of age, with a face expressive of intelligence and benevolence: and though he was quite a different person from my correspondent, and altogether unconnected with the chapel to be opened for public worship on the ensuing Sunday, yet he was able to give me a great deal of information respecting it. "The formation of this '*New Interest*' had originated," he said, "in a quarrel between its founders and the leading members of some other Dissenting congregation. They were but few in number, of a litigious disposition, and, in other respects, not very respectable. In the course of the preceding year, a person from Scotland had presented himself to the committee of the Sunday School, and had had the address to obtain an appointment to do duty in it as a preacher. Surmises, however, having been circulated respecting some moral delinquencies, previously to his acting in that capacity, caused him to be dismissed without much ceremony, and made him seek for refuge in Ireland. He first reached Dublin, and from Dublin went to Cork, where representing himself as having been educated at the University of Glasgow, and licensed by a presbytery of the Church of Scotland, he was taken under the protection of the Dissenting preach-

ers of that city; and, by the interest of one of them, was recommended to a person, who had made some property in business, as a tutor to his children. But he had made some friends while resident in this place, among whom were the persons who had been cast out, or had withdrawn themselves from their former synagogue. These resolved to recruit a congregation for him, and to bring him back to be their minister. With that view, a deputation of their number was actually sent to him, with a formal invitation to that effect. With their proposals he thought proper to comply, and soon after followed them to this place, and has ever since been employed as their spiritual director. Since that time they have bought and fitted up an old copper smelting-house in Pyrites Street, as their destined place of meeting. My namesake, who has corresponded with you on the subject of the opening of this new temple, is an Irishman, who was here on a visit from Cork to its minister-elect, and has left with him two of his sons as pupils and boarders. This person, I suppose, had been prevailed upon to write you, as he says, in name of the Trustees of the chapel. "The chapel," he continued, "is at no great distance from this, and if you please, I shall shew it you in passing." To this I agreed, and was conducted to a low-lying street, composed of mean buildings, where we went into a house bearing no external marks of a church, but abundance of a smithy; and here we found carpenters at work, fitting up pews, in an apartment not capable of containing 300 individuals at the very utmost. Here, also, we found one of the Trustees, to whom my conductor introduced me, and then left us together. This man was shabbily dressed, and his countenance and manners wore the impression of inveterate vulgarity; but, at the same time, he had that sort of easy assurance which springs from wealth, and that bustling activity which arises from office. When he understood on what purpose I came, he offered to accompany me to Mr M——, (the Scotch preacher, and the chosen minister of the chapel, to whom the heads of the congregation had shewn so strong an attachment,) and to this proposal I

willingly assented. He then carried me straight to Larkhall, part of which Mr M——, he told me, occupied as a furnished lodging, the family to whom it belonged not being at home. We entered, and found Mr M—— within, who expressed himself extremely glad that I had arrived so early. From a variety of circumstances, however, I began to be of opinion that this Mr M—— must be a person of whom I had heard a great deal some time before, and I therefore resolved to question him closely, and to watch him narrowly. The Trustee having taken his leave, Mr M—— proposed that we should walk. To this I had no objection; so away we went, and ascended a hill, where we were at full liberty to converse, without being overheard or interrupted. My companion was a young man, perhaps not above twenty-seven years of age, of a tall and rather handsome figure, of a mild and gentle aspect, and of an agreeable and insinuating address. His external appearance was certainly altogether in his favour. I indeed imagined that I discovered an arch and designing shrewdness lurking under the guise of an assumed simplicity and complaisance of manner; but perhaps this was suggested by previously-excited suspicion.

Our conversation during our walk was in substance as follows:—"I had no expectation," I observed, "of finding this new *Scotch Kirk* already provided with a *Scotch* minister: How long have you been here, if you please?" "Oh, no more than three months," was the reply, "and I am already quite a Bishop!" "Indeed!" said I; "pray, what may be the extent of your diocese?" "It is nothing yet to what I hope, in a short time, it will be. In the mean time, we are thinking of supplying ———, a village in the neighbourhood, with sermon regularly; for we have a good many friends there, by whose aid we could soon form a numerous congregation, if we had a popular preacher among them, acting under my inspection: and, indeed, I have no doubt but that, with a little exertion and management, a *Scotch Kirk* might be erected in every town in this district. But how I hate these Methodists!"

"They are pretty numerous and active here, I suppose?" "Oh, you have no idea," was the answer, "how troublesome they are!" "They oppose your plans, do they?" "As much as they possibly can; but I set them at defiance." "For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be in the right: but what are your arrangements for Sunday?" "You have not then seen any of our printed bills, in which the orders of the service, the names of the preachers, and the hymns to be sung, are all specified?" I told him, I certainly had not. "Then I shall tell you our plans for that day:—Mr F——, from S——, a *Scotchman*, is to preach in the forenoon—then we don't meet again till six o'clock in the evening, when we shall have the Church-people and Dissenters of every denomination. As we wish, above all things, to attract the attention of the *Episcopalians*, would you have any objection to read a part of the English liturgy?" I told him I held the liturgy in very high estimation, as a manual of Christian devotion, and frequently used it as such; but that I could not, consistently, employ it in conducting the worship of a *Scotch Kirk*. "Then we will say no more about that," was the answer. I then asked him at what University he had studied, and from what Presbytery he had received licence? He replied he had studied and been licensed at Glasgow. And when I mentioned several of the Professors and Ministers both of Edinburgh and Glasgow, he told me he was intimately acquainted with most of them; and signified his knowledge, by naming some of them by familiar appellations, such as Willy Muir, David Ritchie, &c. After a great deal more to the same purpose, I said to him, "There has been a countryman of ours, pretending to be a preacher of the Church of Scotland, playing a variety of disgraceful pranks lately, both in London and some of the large provincial towns of this country; and, I ask your pardon if I do you wrong, but since I came here, I have been impressed with an invincible suspicion that you are that very person." Never did I before see towering and confident vanity so completely

crest-fallen, and levelled in the dust: he was thunder-struck, and stood before me in silent amazement. When his astonishment began to subside, I told him, that just a few days ago, I had heard a circumstantial account of a young man, lately a weaver in Glasgow, who, having first imposed upon the credulity of an aged Minister in a remote part of the country, had been employed to act as his Assistant; that having gone to London, he had preached for a while among the Independents, at the same time, bilking jewellers of watches, chains, and seals; and tailors of several suits of clothes; and had proposed marriage to two or three young ladies; and that, having been detected in this swindling career, he had hastily left London, and played the same game over again in Liverpool, and other places. I was going on to tell him that he had borrowed large sums of money from several Scotsmen to whom he had found access, and that he had left his tavern-bills generally unpaid, when my companion interrupted me, by making a full confession of his being the very person who had perpetrated all these atrocities, and conjuring me to forbear the further recital of them—because he was now heartily sorry for what he had done, and was determined to make amends for it, by the strict regularity and integrity of his future conduct. I told him the resolution was excellent; but that I had some misgivings as to his sincerity; for I think I added, “I can detect a continuation of the very same system of imposture in the correspondence carried on with me, at your instance, I suppose. How could you call yourselves a Scotch congregation, when there is not an individual belonging to it but yourself from Scotland? How does it happen, that the last letter which I received on the business, is signed with the same name as the first; although, I have learned on unquestionable authority, that the writer of the first had gone to Ireland more than a fortnight before the other was penned? How, moreover, does it happen, that, after boasting of being ‘1300 strong,’ your chapel is not capable of containing 300 individuals, unless they are packed like herrings in a barrel?”

I then told him, that, so far from waiting to preach for him on Sunday, I meant to return home that very day. I do not recollect the answer which he attempted to make to these interrogatories; but I well remember the earnestness with which he remonstrated against my not fulfilling my engagement, as he called it; and he began even to get angry. I told him my resolution was taken, and proceeded to move towards the town. He then began to reiterate what he had before said about his penitence. In answer to which I told him, his repentance reminded me of that of the King in Hamlet, who wished to be “pardoned,” and yet “retain the offence.” As we went along, he began an appeal to my compassion, to which I lent a deaf ear: but when we got back to Larkhall, we found no fewer than three Trustees waiting our arrival. We found them in the garden, and Mr M—— told them my determination not to preach for them on Sunday. I was surprised to find that they so readily guessed the cause. They knew that unfavourable reports had been circulated, to the prejudice of their worthy pastor, but they had resolved to disregard them all. “You will have been hearing stories of Mr M—— in town: he has many enemies, who propagate scandalous lies against him.” “I am sorry to hear it,” said I: “I assure you I have heard nothing in town to his disadvantage; my information has been derived from quite a different source. The Trustees then entreated me to stay on their account, if not on Mr M——’s, and do duty on Sunday. I told them that was entirely out of the question; on which refusal Mr M——, who had laid himself all his length on a garden seat, raised his hands and his eyes towards heaven, and exclaimed, “Though all the world forsake us, we have still our God to apply to.” I then left him and the Trustees to settle matters in their own way. But as I found my name was posted up in every conspicuous corner, as the person “to preach in Bethel Chapel, Pyrites Street, on Sunday the 11th,” I went to the Newspaper Office, and ordered an intimation to the contrary to be inserted in the next pub-

lication; and then, taking the London-mail, in its passage through the town, I soon found myself at home, well pleased with the part I had acted in this adventure.

ODE.

From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.

OH, happy happy he! who flies
Far from the noisy world away—
Who, with the worthy and the wise,
Hath chosen the narrow way;
The silence of the secret road,
That leads the soul to virtue and to God.

No passions in his breast arise—
Rich in his own unalter'd state,
He smiles superior, as he eyes
The splendour of the great;
And his undazzled gaze is proof
Against the glittering Hall and gilded
Roof.

He heeds not if the Trump of Fame
Pour forth the loudest of its strains,
To spread the glory of his name;
And his high soul disdains,
That Flattery's voice should varnish o'er,
The deed which truth and virtue would
abhor.

Such lot be mine: what boots to me
The cumbrous pageantry of power?
To court the gaze of crowds, and be
The idol of the hour?
To chace an empty shape of air,
That leaves me weak with toil, and worn
with care?

O streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit yearns to fly—
To fly and be at rest:
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O, gentle Nature, do I turn to thee.

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep, and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fullness of the day;
Far from the sternly frowning eye,
That Pride and Riches turn on Poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake,
With their untutor'd melodies.
No fearful dream my sleep shall break—
No wakeful cares arise;
Like the sad shapes that hover still
Round him who hangs upon another's
will.

Be mine my hopes to heaven to give—
To taste the bliss that heaven bestows—

Alone and for myself to live—
And 'scape the many woes
That human breasts are doom'd to bear,
The pangs of Love and Hate, and Hope
and Fear.

N. A garden, by the mountain side,
Is mine, whose flow'ry blossoming,
Shews, even in spring's luxuriant pride,
What autumn's suns shall bring—
And from the mountain's lofty crown,
A clear and sparkling rill comes trill-
ing down;

Then pausing in its downward force,
My venerable trees among,
It gurgles on its winding course;
And, as it glides along,
Gives freshness to the day, and pranks,
With ever-changing flow'rs, its mossy
banks.

The whisper of the balmy breeze
Scatters a thousand sweets around—
And sweeps in music through the trees
With an enchanting sound,
That laps the soul in calm delight,
Where Crowns and Kingdoms are forgot-
ten quite.

Their's let the dear-bought treasure be,
Who in a treacherous bark confide—
I stand aloof, and changeless see
The changes of the tide;
Nor fear the wail of those that weep,
When angry winds are warring with the
deep.

Day turns to night—the timbers rend—
More fierce the ruthless tempest blows;
Confus'd, to heaven the cries ascend
As the sad merchant throws
His hoards to join the stores that lie
In the deep sea's uncounted treasury.

Mine be the peaceful board of old,
From want, as from profusion free;
His let the massy cup of gold,
And glittering baubles, be,
Who builds his baseless hope of gain
Upon a brittle bark and stormy main.

While others, reckless of the pain
Of hope delay'd and sad suspense,
Still struggle on, to guard or gain,
A sad pre-eminence—
May I, in woody covert laid,
Be gaily chaunting in the secret shade,

At ease within the shade reclin'd,
With laurel and with ivy crown'd,
And my attentive ear inclin'd,
To catch the heav'nly sound
Of harp or lyre, when o'er the strings,
The master's hand his practis'd finger
flings! M.

ON THE OPPOSITION IN PARLIAMENT.

——— "Sapere Aude."

Hor.

WE are of the number of those who consider a strong and energetic opposition to the measures of Government as one of the greatest bulwarks of the constitution. It not only fans the flame of civil and religious liberty, but tends to secure to us the enjoyment of our most valuable rights. Constituted as our Government is, without such an Opposition we should be ignorant of almost every thing that happened within the walls of Parliament. Discussion would sleep: the Minister would only have to propose his measures: the House would acquiesce; and thus the matter would end! In this state of affairs, a free press would be good for nothing; for it would have nothing to communicate but what was *laudatory* to the Administration; and the nation, ignorant of what was going forward, would neither have its intelligence extended, nor its judgment exercised, upon questions the most important to its prosperity and happiness. A night of political ignorance and apathy would steal upon the nation. The voice of the people, against obnoxious and tyrannical measures, would not be heard; and Government, left without this salutary control, would do just as it pleased. But, "as iron sharpeneth iron," so the *debates* in Parliament sharpen the wit, call forth the talents, and animate the exertions of the Representatives of the nation, many of whom thus become famed for their abilities, or renowned for wisdom.

With such an Opposition, eminently gifted and skilled in all the leading questions of the day, every subject of vital importance receives the most thorough investigation. All the powers of Administration, and of the Opposition, are brought into action, and made to bear upon it. It is viewed in all its aspects; its strong and its weak points, its advantages and disadvantages, its good and its evil, are set before us; which, through the medium of excellent reports*, and a free press, are carried

to every corner of the country; and thus a vivifying and refreshing stream is sent to circulate throughout the land, spreading every where healthy, vigorous, and constitutional principles.

The Opposition may be considered as performing a similar office in Parliament, to that which a "*fly*" does in mechanics. The fly, in machinery, regulates the unequal pressure on the main wheels, and, producing a steadier motion throughout, makes every thing go on better than it would otherwise do. The friction is thereby considerably removed from the unequal pressures, and the celerity of its other parts, which would soon destroy the whole machinery, is retarded. It is thus with the Opposition. Their whole object is to remove the pressure of those burdens which are crushing the nation to death, and to retard and limit the celerity of those measures which, but for such counterpoising influence, would end in the ruin of our liberties!

walls of Parliament, than to any other circumstance. Constantly, or nearly so, in the minority, what have the members of Opposition to look to but the concurring and co-operating power of public opinion? But public opinion would be utterly powerless, were it not for the aliment furnished by the reports. These, however, are not the only benefits resulting from reports given, as many of them now are, by men of first-rate abilities. They act as a powerful restraint on the Members of both sides of the House, who know that their sentiments are to be tried by a tribunal that cannot be intimidated or cajoled into an unfair or partial decision; and thus they tend to encourage the Members of Parliament to excel equally in virtue, integrity, and eloquence. The Proprietors of the daily Morning Papers, and especially of the *Times*—in point of reports, and early and authentic intelligence, unquestionably the first paper in the world, (from which, too, that beggarly rogue the *Courier* is compelled to purloin matter for his inglorious pages,)—deserve well of their country, by the munificent liberality with which they reward men of talent who devote themselves to the very difficult, but invaluable, art of reporting. It is remarkable how little of human happiness is owing to the schemes of legislators, and how much to the enterprise of enlightened individuals!

* Opposition is more indebted to the reports for its effective energy within the

The services of the Opposition, in this respect, need not here be recounted. They must be known to every one, who will allow himself to think for a moment on the subject. Besides their *direct* influence on the measures of Government, they have an *indirect* one, which operates as a preventive, and nips many obnoxious measures in the bud, which would otherwise be brought forward, and ripen into a *fatal* maturity.

But an Opposition, to be useful, must be dignified, and possess entire credit with the country for purity of intention, and commanding abilities. In requiring this purity of intention, however, we are far from shutting them out from those rewards, and that preferment, to which their ambition may lead them to aspire. On the contrary, we think these objects perfectly legitimate, and would animate them to seek, by every honourable means, those offices and places of trust, emolument, and power, which must be enjoyed by every effective Administration. Without possessing these, it would be impossible for them to carry on the affairs of the nation, and to introduce into the Government those ameliorations which, in the present moment, are so essentially necessary for the welfare and permanent prosperity of our country, and which the public voice now so loudly demands.

To obtain these, the Opposition must persevere in its exertions to expose the pseudo measures of Administration. It must continue to hold the office of *Public Censor*, and to criticise, with just severity, those encroachments upon the constitution which have of late years been from time to time so unsparingly made upon it. To enable it to do this, Opposition has many advantages. It is easy to object to, or deny the utility of the plans proposed. The discussing of the Budget; of the Army and Navy Estimates; of the laying on of taxes; with the topics of economy, retrenchment, and reform; and a thousand others, as popular as these, give incalculable advantages to the Opposition over Administration, advantages which make their every word tell on the feelings and passions of the public.

Besides these advantages, there is

another, and that is, the power of asking questions of Ministers. If direct answers be given, the secret is out, and the affair is turned against Administration. If they are withheld, they enable the Opposition to give the most unfavourable construction to the silence of Ministers, and to prejudice them in the eyes of the nation. The people never reflect, that, to give an answer to a question, or to explain, would often be injurious to the public service. They have no idea of official secrecy, and official prudence; and, therefore, when a plain common-sense question is met by silence, they begin to conjecture, and to surmise the cause; and as it is easier for poor human nature to impute bad than good motives, the people are led to believe that there is something under it which they dare not avow, or of which they are ashamed. This silence, often preceding the introduction of unpopular measures, gives an influence and advantage to the Opposition which their eloquence seldom fails to improve. By too many obnoxious acts, the Administration dig the *mine* for themselves, and lay the train; and the Opposition has only to set it on fire, to produce the explosion.

The recourse to such measures has been painfully frequent of late. Whether it is in the temper of the people, which renders a recurrence to such measures necessary, or in the mal-administration of the Government, it is not our intention here to enquire. The fact is unquestionable, from whichever of these causes it originates. The incessant periodical returns of almost general discontent, in one part or other of the empire, render strong measures necessary; but these, instead of allaying the discontent, only for a little suppress it, till a favourable opportunity arrives, and then it bursts forth with greater violence than ever. It is but a little time since Great Britain was in alarm and dread from the turbulence of Radicalism and of Reform; and now poor, deluded, and misguided Ireland is in a state bordering on insurrection. There is a *feverishness* in the *Bourgeoisie*, from whatever cause it proceeds, which must either destroy the patient, or, turning to

madness, may lead it, in a fit of insanity, to destroy its physicians.

This the Administration knows perfectly; yet arrogating to itself the approbation of the *moderate and enlightened*, it allows the people to fume, and to rage, and to cry in vain for reform, from one end of the empire to the other; and pretends, all the while, to see with indifference, if not with contempt, the highest civic honours and applause bestowed on its political antagonists. But the approbation of the moderate and enlightened is not the *exclusive* prerogative of Administration. The talents of the modern Athens of the North, for example, are arrayed against Ministers. If the Scottish Bar were to be polled, there would be found ranged, almost *exclusively*, on the side of Opposition, most of her sons, who possess the most splendid talents, and the most commanding genius—men who, from the brilliancy of their parts, the variety of their powers, the endowment of their minds, the extent of their knowledge, the logical closeness of their reasoning, and the overwhelming torrent of eloquence in which it is often conveyed, are the pride and boast of their country, and may fairly be *pitted* against the members of any other Bar in Europe. Yet these men, whose powers equally astonish and delight us, are almost all of them leagued with Opposition in the great leading questions of Government; and must, in the common course of events, if mind acts on mind, and superior motives sway actions, lead the public judgment, and turn it against the measures of the present rulers.

With these there is a powerful *phalanx* combined throughout the empire. You have only to calculate the strength of Dissenters, who are Whigs, in Scotland, England, and Ireland!—of the Reformers, and Radicals, too, in these countries; and the malcontents of the Catholics, clamouring for emancipation, to appreciate the mighty force ready to start into activity the moment that any favourable opportunity offers, in order to turn out the Ministry, and modify the Government.

The active efficiency of all these classes the Opposition well knows,

and fulfils their expectation by the possession and exertion of kindred talents and sentiments. These, combined with industry and research, with an honest boldness of statement, and a felicity of detecting and exposing financial errors, and wasteful and improvident expenditure, in the various departments of the state, have raised the Opposition high in the esteem and confidence of a grateful nation, and obtained, for some of its members, unbounded applause.

A MILLION AND A HALF OF TAXES, cut off by the persevering industry of one individual, is a noble trophy. We hail the omen; and look forward to still greater and more solid triumphs, which shall bare Corruption's arm; pluck feather after feather from the wings of placemen and sinecurists; and make noble lords and dukes, with ample patrimonial domains of their own, ashamed of being any longer state *PAUPERS*, fattening and rioting on a nation's industry.

The entire *failure* of Administration to bring forward any efficient plan for the relief of the agriculturists, gives a fine opportunity to the Opposition to exhibit to the country their entire unfitness for conducting the affairs of the state. The absurdity of the plan, and its *mockery* of those expectations which Ministers had raised, is well shewn by the Opposition. This is admitted; but then, it is replied, why did not the Opposition bring forward a *better* plan of their own? This, we answer, is not the duty of Opposition. They are not the Government of the country. It is the business of Government to provide efficient remedies for the evils that afflict a nation. It is sufficient for the Opposition to point out these evils. To do more, would be placing themselves in a situation which Administration would not allow nor recognise. It would be making themselves the *assessors* of the Ministry; and thus, any Administration, without the slightest ability, and by taking advantage of the talents and wisdom of Opposition, might be able to carry on with effect the affairs of the country; and that, too, without either acknowledging or remunerating the very men by whose sagacity and skill they were

alone able to conduct the vessel of the state in safety. On this plan, the greatest ass in the nation might be *Prime Minister*. We maintain, that it is not the duty of Opposition to find remedies, but the duty of Ministers; and if the latter be unfit to remove political evil, or to remedy distress, and to bring the nation into a sound and healthful state, it is the business of the former to shew their weakness and incapability, and the positive duty of the public to lift the minority into the situation of their opponents, and to invest them with that power which they alone can render effectual for the salvation of our common country.

Of such a result, however, we entirely despair. In the present state of things, we consider it next to an impossibility. Every place, and every office, is filled with the *minions* of Government. These have the wealth and power of the country in their hands: and wealth and power, be they in whose hands they may, create influence. From the Chancellor of the Exchequer, down to the pettiest Exciseman, there is patronage and dependence. The whole offices of state are filled with the creatures of Government: and the very idea of a change of Administration would make thousands of hearts to beat with alarm, and to vibrate with the most excruciating apprehensions. Every one of these, therefore, is interested in supporting the present state of things; while the dread of being turned out of place and of office, gives to them an activity and industry, in devising ways and means to support their patrons, and arguments, and palliatives for excusing their blunders, which have in them all the zeal of enthusiasm, and all the bitterness of despair. Sarcasms and reproaches are thrown out, that the Opposition are clever, but immoral; that their patriotism, if not spurious, is selfish; that their whole object is love of place and of power; that though they were in office to-morrow, we should go on no better than we are doing: and the contemptible creatures who throw out such scurrilities, with great seeming triumph, appeal for the truth of all they say to the conduct of the Talents when last in Administration.

These are their sarcasms and reproaches; but, in the midst of their terrors, which blind their understandings, they do not see that every one of them is just as applicable to the present Administration as it can possibly be to the Opposition. Is Londonderry cleverer or more moral than Brougham?—the Chancellor of Exchequer than Hume, or Tierney, or Ricardo, or Baring? Or is Lord Liverpool, whom we sincerely admire, to be preferred, in the qualities of the head or the heart, to Lords Grenville, Gray, or Ellenborough?

And as to their patriotism and disinterestedness, Would any in the Cabinet keep their places, were they stripped of their emoluments and the patronage of office? Would they serve the country for nought? Would they battle it every night for the Crown, as they do, if their seals of office were taken from them, and they were placed on the seats of the Minority? We are sure they would not; and a short period would be sufficient to convince us, that their patriotism would be as keen-sighted, in detecting and exposing the faults of the *new* Administration, as their *interests* now powerfully prompt them to conceal the weakness and malversations of our present rulers.

There is nothing which is more humiliating than to see the present Ministry relying for their power and their fame on the merits, or pretended merits, of the system introduced and carried on by the "heaven-born Minister," "the pilot that weathered the storm." To us we confess there is something in this plea pitiful and ridiculous. Yet time after time we hear Administration, whenever sorely pushed, having recourse to his memory and his measures for support. We withhold not from this highly-gifted man the merit of talents, nor of that exuberance of fancy and feeling which gave soul to his eloquence, and to his language a sort of inspiration. We admit his decision and promptitude, which enabled him to seize the occasions with which his good fortune presented him, and give him entire credit for those state-man-like abilities, and that parliamentary "*tact*," which he exhibited in early life.

and which shone forth at once, with a dazzling and unrivalled brightness; but we withhold our confidence and approbation from the wisdom of his measures, and the solidity of his plans. We deny that he weathered the storm; for he sunk under it. We deny that his disciples weathered it; for it was merely their good fortune, not their good government. But for the snows of Russia, and the hearts of steel that fought at Waterloo, over which his puny followers had no control, we must have become a province of France; and instead of chaining the tyrant, like Prometheus, to the rock, he must have enslaved us in our own little island. Is it possible to conceive any night more black, dreary, and desolate, than that which prevailed during the whole of our contest with revolutionary France? And we ask the wisest of all Mr Pitt's admirers and disciples, what would have been the effect of their Great Master's principles and example, if Buonaparte's army had not been destroyed, not by the hand of man, but by that of Providence? Would he not have taken Petersburg as he did Moscow, and, returning to France, have caused the universal gloom of despotism to cover, not only our island, but the whole continent of Europe? Did the Ministry hold the scales of empire at Waterloo, or was the balance there poised and turned by a Higher Hand? What would have been the consequence of defeat, or of retiring into the forest of Soignies? Might it not have decided the campaign, and enabled Buonaparte to cut up, by piece-meal, the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian forces? And if so, where would we have been?

To place, therefore, the whole of their merit on this triumph, is like a gambler boasting of his skill, because, after losing his all, he has gained the last throw, which nevertheless leaves him in the utmost distress and penury.

The high attribute of wisdom is not to plunge itself into difficulties, nor to draw into them others along with it. Its office is to keep us out of danger. It is true, that when our rashness brings upon us accumulated and aggravated misfortunes, it

requires no small exertion to deliver us from these, to retrieve our losses, and regain our former security. But this was not the felicity of "the Pilot." He pushed the vessel of the state into the hurricane; and when tempest-tossed, and ready to be dashed in pieces on the rocks which surrounded her, he gave up the helm, sunk down in despair, and, yielding to the agony of his mind at the ruin raging around him, gave up the ghost. Yet in the face of these facts, we are told of the "pilot that weathered the storm"!!! But is the storm weathered? Has it not blown in our teeth from that hour to the present? Has not one distress trode on the heels of another? And have we not, in peace, felt, from taxation and internal disquietude, all the miseries of war? Yes, we are still in the hurricane: breakers on all hands surround us: privations and distress gather from every quarter of our political horizon; "and coming events cast their shadows before!" exciting in us the forebodings of evil.

A change in this system of Mr Pitt we cannot expect from his enthusiastic admirers; and therefore a repetition of all the evils interwoven in that system may be expected to continue while such are in high station. Whether the brink of destruction, to which the landed interest has now been led, from a blind adherence to it, will open their eyes to their danger, or whether they will rush blindfold over the precipice before them, a little time will discover. If any thing could persuade them, the luminous speeches of the Opposition would have done it. Never did the Opposition appear in a more commanding attitude, and with a brighter lustre, than on the night when the agricultural interests of the country were discussed. Mr Brougham shone proudly pre-eminent. The plan of the Marquis of Londonderry not only shrunk from before him, but fled in utter dismay, amidst the ridicule and contempt of the House.

In some parts of his speech we do indeed differ from him; but, taken as a whole, it was, with these exceptions, perfectly admirable. There was in it nothing violent, nothing outrageous, nothing that required

our forgiveness. Founded on the great principles of political economy, it was rich in information, and calculated to open the eyes of the public to a system of expenditure; most ruinous in its consequences.

But all that Opposition can do will be vain, without a practical reform in the House of Commons. Till this be accomplished, the influence of Opposition will not, and cannot, be efficient; because, till that be done, the voice of the Nation, through her representatives, will not be distinctly heard.

We recollect the astonishment felt when the question was put—whether we would rather be governed by five hundred tyrants than by one; or whether we would not rather have the mildness and benevolence of one Sovereign, than a whole cabinet to reign and rule over us? This we considered then, and consider now, as inapplicable to the British government. Tyranny, in no shape, exists in it; yet the influence of the Crown is as completely felt, and the wishes of the Sovereign are as completely carried into execution, as if he were the Grand Seignior of Turkey. Whatever measure he sets his heart upon is, *in general*, carried through both Houses of Parliament with sweeping majorities. And such will invariably be the case, whilst placemen and sinecurists have seats in Parliament. There is too strong a bias in their minds to vote against Ministers. But could not the affairs of the nation be transacted by official men, without their having a vote in carrying through their own measures? Might they not come down with a message to the House, or introduce a bill into it, and, after advocating its utility or necessity, retire, and leave the farther discussion and decision of it to the unbiased Members of Parliament? Having done this, as skilful pleaders, might they not leave the measure to the judgment of a nation's Representatives, with as much confidence as the Barrister leaves the life and death of his client in the hands of a Jury? To do, otherwise, is to judge with partiality in favour of their own measures; yet, in all ordinary cases, who is it that is permitted to judge in his own cause?

We know that this idea will be scouted by all who are enemies to a moderate and temperate reform, and who consider the extension of the elective franchise, and the lessening of the encroaching influence and patronage of the crown, as a doctrine approaching to treason. To all such we say, that, in attachment to the constitution, and in loyalty to the Sovereign, we yield to none; but, whilst we say this, we are, at the same time, bold to own, that, until a reform takes place, and the House of Commons is purified from corrupt and pernicious influence, the same measures and counsels will be followed and carried on till a national bankruptcy ensue.

The times are portentous; and to better them, can only be achieved by the firmness and union of the Opposition, supported and upheld by the countenance and courage of the people. We encourage the Opposition to perseverance, not alone on account of the enlightening influence of philosophy, and of the general diffusion of knowledge; we animate them by other motives; by that ardent love of liberty which agitates at present all lands, and that spirit-stirring activity, which is leading all classes of society to feel a deep interest in the conduct and administration of their rulers. But, above all, we would cheer them by the triumphs which a free periodical press has achieved and is achieving; which sends into all lands the seeds and germs of political wisdom; and, in almost every *hovel*, as well as in the mansions of greatness, lays before minds, thirsting for knowledge, the opinions and reasons of men, the most enlightened in Europe, and well fitted to judge of the necessity and utility of any question of state that comes before them. These are the elements which are in active preparation to secure success; and, at no remote period, to give to the Opposition, and to the principles they advocate, a joyful and splendid victory.

With these advantages on their side, it requires neither the genius of the philosopher, nor the sagacity of the politician, to foresee the pride and security of pampered luxury humbled, which now, in the

wantonness of its speculations, and in the selfishness of its ambition, deprives the merchant, manufacturer, and agriculturist, of many of their comforts; and, through oppressive taxation, has plunged them into irretrievable difficulties and distress. Such, at the end of a seven-years' peace, are the bitter fruits of our victories. The Marquis of Londonderry, if he chuse, may, night after night, "fight his battles o'er again;" but the distresses of agriculturists, instead of being responsive to his "electrifying" descriptions, answer him with the wail of complaint, and the cry for immediate relief.

But we dwell not on these, nor on the professions of economy, which are looked on as a *jest*, or are heard with the sneer of *ridicule*. We have too sincere a regard for some in Administration, to indulge in levity at their expence. We know them to be generous in their nature, and warm in their attachments, though, unfortunately, they have allied themselves with those from whom Virtue withholds her rewards, and good men their applause.

To those who wish well to Old England, it is painful to see, in this reign, the ascendancy of Irishmen in the councils of the nation. Without solid abilities, they have dazzling and supple qualities; and have sufficient *tact* and forwardness to push their fortunes at court, in a manner similar to that by which they push their fortunes with the ladies. Fortune-hunters in both cases, they sometimes succeed, and carry off their prize in the very midst of a "TEMPEST." Englishmen are made of nobler materials. As diplomatists, at home or abroad, in the midst of Emperors or of Kings, they have ever disdained to barter the pride of right for the vanity of place; or to cling to the elevation of office amidst the wreck of real and honourable dignity. In their treaties they forget personal ambition, for the interests of commerce, and make family aggrandisements to bow before the glory of their country. We augur little good from the counsels of Irishmen; and, if they continue to succeed, we anticipate, in the SENATE, not a few specimens of that hotness of temperament which too often, in

former times, characterised the Parliament of Ireland*.

But we pursue not the subject farther. It is enough to call the consideration of Opposition to it. If we do no more, it will put them on their guard, at least; and should Ministry have recourse to Catholic aid, as JAMES the SECOND had, for the accomplishing of measures alike hostile to the genius of true religion and the spirit of the British constitution, they may live to repent it. We can contemplate nothing more anomalous than the idea of a Catholic cabinet, and a Protestant population. When such an event shall take place, and we doubt not, through Irish Ministers and Members it will take place, a *monster* in British politics will be seen as absurd and disgusting as that described by the fervid imagination of Horace.

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admitti, risum teneatis, amici?"

The introduction of such a *heterogeneous* mass into the Cabinet and Parliament, so contrary to the con-

* Sir F. Burdett, in the debate of Friday the 13th ult. said, "The Noble Marquis's (Londonderry's) political career had been one series of *inroads* upon the CONSTITUTION. He had begun by destroying the liberties of his own country; and, having accomplished that, he had come to this country to play the same abominable game." These infamous acts, which he calls laws, have done this to an intolerable extent. The system of misgovernment, pursued by him and his colleagues, had driven part of the population of Ireland to desperation. A majority would no doubt vote with the Noble Marquis, although he offered them no reason, and thus confirm that despotic prerogative: but those who valued the remaining portion of their political character and liberties, would not follow that course; they would demand something more than mere abstinence from reasoning, in order to make them compromise the *one*, and part with the *other*."

stitution of Great Britain, and so hostile to the genius of Protestantism, and, above all, so hurtful to the progress of civil liberty, and the amelioration of our race, we leave to the consideration of the Marquis of Londonderry, and his Majesty's other Irish Ministers, and their partisans: but we would warn the Opposition, if they value their popularity with Protestant Dissenters, and the more enlightened and religious in the nation, who are the bulwarks of society—if they value the support of these, we warn them, to have nothing to do with such a measure. Let them take in this, as in other things, their firm stand on that constitution which it ought to be their glory to uphold, and which, with all its defects, has raised us proudly pre-eminent among the nations. It is the spirit of Catholicism never to rest till it has obtained unlimited dominion; and though its arbitrary doctrines of Infallibility and Divine Religion may do very well for POPES and KINGS, yet we deem them neither suitable nor useful to subjects, nor, in their tendency, calculated to promote the triumph of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Let us endeavour to preserve the constitution as it is, in its great outline and principles, and introduce into it as many improvements as may be consistent with its spirit and letter; but beware of mixing with it elements which are discordant and hostile to its genius, else, in a little time, an effervescence may take place, which shall consume our boasted fabric, and humble it with the dust.

But we leave this subject, which all wise men, who understand the genius of Catholicism, tremble to contemplate. There is much to cheer Opposition in their arduous course, and to animate them to follow up the advantages which are daily opening upon their view. If every member of Opposition would ardently study that subject which he knows best, and in which he excels—if he would give his *whole* soul, like the Honourable Member for Aberdeen, to a thorough acquaintance with all its minutiae and detail—if he would bring his knowledge to bear on local improvements, and local abuses—and, above all, if he would

listen to the broad and general voice of the people, in relation to those subjects on which, by experience, they are best informed, and which, by necessity, they are prompted to bring forward—if he will do this, then the information which he will pour on every subject he knows, instead of being like the glean of a dark, narrow lanthorn, will, like the light of the sun, illuminate the darkest side of the picture, and give to his eloquence all the vividness and force of moral demonstration; which, though it may not bring over a party, nor gain a single vote, nor proselytize a single Minister, will nevertheless reach conviction to the public mind; and, by laying hold of its approbation and esteem, his moral influence and his personal respectability will be increased. Opposition, through these means, will gradually acquire the confidence which Administration, by its present measures, must lose; and seating itself firmly in the hearts of a people's love, will, we trust, at no distant period, be the happy instruments of saving a sinking land, and of making it again look forth in fresh glories, and with renovated vigour. Let the Opposition bear in mind, that Ministers are *temporary*, but that Principles are *eternal*: and, like the Polar Star to the mariner, let this ever be their motto—

“LIBERTAS ET NATALIS SOLUM.”

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

No. III.

MR EDITOR,

ON rummaging amongst Uncle's papers, I have discovered many curious fragments worthy of seeing the light—literary crumbs, if I may so express myself, that have evidently fallen from that great man's table; and well knowing that a Christian gentleman of your character will never begrudge an *animum* to supplicating mendicity, I have some thoughts of applying the said odds and ends to charitable purposes. Our worthy friends of the *Medical Board*, men of talent, great experience, and eminently successful in the humiliation of disease—

Whether 'tis ailing nerve or artery *valer*,
Brain-case, or dislocated bones,

For every sort of sore they have a salve,
 Infallibly balsamic as the *Don's* *.
 Thousands of lepers, hosts of blind and
 lame,
 Give to the winds of heaven their mo-
 dest *func*.

Our medical friends, as I was about to observe, administer relief to the poor *gratis* every day of the week, Sundays excepted, between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, and three and five in the afternoon, clothed in that goodly Babylonish garment commonly called *Charity*, which, you well know, covereth a multitude of sins. In humble imitation of these great men, I also feel disposed to cover my nakedness, and, with your permission, will cause Jamie Grimley the painter, a near neighbour of mine, to inscribe on the door-cheek, "Poor Authors, Publishers, and others, gratuitously supplied with *Literary Scraps* every day of the week, Sundays excepted, between the hours of ten and twelve in the morning, and five and seven in the afternoon." Varying the hours of attendance, you observe, in order that the distressed may receive benefit from both our dispensaries. But it is not my intention to proceed in making this arrangement without your express permission. I herewith inclose another portion of my *Literary Legacy*, and remain, as usual, very faithfully your's,

SAML. KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

Continued.

"A wee soup drink does unco weel
 To haud the heart aboon.
 It's gude sac lang's a cannie chiel
 Can stand stieve in his shoon."

What a wide difference, in point of convenience, between a Scots and an English alc-house, with its dry, detached shied, well bedded with clean, wholesome straw, where the company may retire, when over-fatigued with hard drinking! To be sure, there is also a very wide difference, in point of decorum, between a Scotsman fou, and an Englishman drunk. • Andrew Simpson's habita-

tion was just of a piece with Andrew Simpson; when you saw the one, you beheld the other also. That is to say, on forgathering with the said Andrew, either fou or *Judge* sober, a fellow of very moderate capacity indeed might have fashioned unto himself the likeness of a tavern worthy of such a landlord; and on drawing near to Toddyburn smithy, the same portion of judgment, co-operating with external appearances, might also have enabled him to discover a landlord worthy of such a tavern, in the person of Andrew Simpson, the best blacksmith in Nithsdale, with the exception of his man Sandy Watt. Andrew's leisters, hemp-heckles, and flaughter-spades, were known from the Tay to the Tweed, and the fame of his felling-axes travelled to the very back settlements of America. Indeed the whole of his edge tools were highly extolled, on account of their very superior keenness and durability, being all manufactured from the best material, judiciously heated to a bright worn red, and as judiciously cooled in the south running waters of Toddyburn, with all the scientific formality practised by the great Ferrara, when tempering his sword blades—a secret only known to Andrew Simpson and his man Sandy, whose forefathers had served their apprenticeship with that celebrated artificer.

But what was most astonishing in the natural history of these two oddities, neither the one nor the other could ever fashion a hobnail purpose-like, if left to the individual freedom of his own will; but the instant their respective judgments became *one and indivisible*, a byestander would have sworn, that whatever happened to be on the anvil, iron or steel, no matter which, actually wriggled and twisted itself into a perfect implement, with little thanks to either Andrew or his man, who, to all appearance, merely sanctioned the metamorphoses; and this unaccountable *je ne sais pas ce que je dois l'appeler* was so perfectly well known, that the farmers never so much as thought of sending their blunted plow-irons to the smithy when Andrew was fou, nor the farmers' wives so much as a pair of ailing pot-clips when Sandy was laid up with the *batts*, a disorder

* Alluding to a famous balsam prepared by the late Don Quixote.

that never failed to remind the poor fellow of his latter end, at the fall of the leaf. I perfectly well remember Charlie Shuffleancut's *practeesing*, and I also remember calling on the gudewife of Boglethorn. Hope was then young, and Fancy in her teens, and the gloamin star twinkling like the blink of *Peggy Kirkpatrick's* e'e. "Weel, gudewife," quoth I, after a few preliminary *hums* and *haws*, "I ha'e just ventured up the burn to speak t'ye about your Peggy. The practeesing, ye ken, s on Tuesday night, when a' the lads and lasses will no doubt wag their legs as weel's they dow; and a bee bizzes in my lug, that Peggy Kirkpatrick and Gabriel Killigrew can just foot the floor, in either jigg or reel, wi' the best o' them." "And what's the practeesing to me, laddie?" quoth the gudewife o' Boglethorn, rather hastily. "Here's a sample o' my merchandeezing," continued I, withdrawing a roll of broad blue ribband from its hiding-place; "how do you think it wou'd become Peggy's waist, gudewife?" "Peggy's waist!" exclaimed Mrs Kirkpatrick, in a tone that startled me not a little; "Sirrah, are ye sure, now, that ye ha'e na been speering the verra same question at hersel?" "Deed no," quoth I; "a syllable o't never pass'd my lips in Peggy's hearing." Then said the gudwife o' Boglethorn to me, "Gabriel, thou's a goose. Never until this gude hour did I believe that a *Killigrew* had sae little spunk; but the langer we live, the more we learn. Come hither, laddie, and I'll slip a bit o' wholesome advice below thy bannet." I accordingly followed Leesie ben the house, and she delivered a lecture on the canniest gate o' courting the lasses, that I will carry with me down to the grave. "Now, Gabriel, my man," quoth Mrs Kirkpatrick, at the close of her discourse, "be sure now and treasure up what I ha'e tauld ye; it's a' gospel, every syllable o't, and in order that ye may ha'e a fair opportunity o' putting my words to the test, before they cool on your memory, I've said Peggy down to Toddy-burn snitzy, and ye can scare the founnart frae her baith gaun and coming." So saying, the motherly woman called her youngest daughter ben the house, and issued the follow-

ing verbal order: "Rin down to Andrew Simpson's, my woman, and tak' this mizzle in your hand. Tell Andrew that he maun put three new prongs on't, in addition to the half dizen it haagotten already; and be sure he makes sound, substantial wark; because, ye may say, it's to mizzle that Satan o' a Highland stoit that sucks the kye, and plagues us mair than the neck o't's worth. Gabriel, thou may as weel gae wi' her, my man, and sec that Sandy Watt either dinmles the stithy, or blows the bellows."

But Andrew Simpson's wife was also a member of society well worthy of her house-room, inasmuch as she kept her husband more effectually under the yoke, than any honest woman in the parish. Andrew durst no more speak with authority in his own house, than take a bear by the beard, nor call for *another gill* on Candlemas fair-day, without consulting the will and pleasure of Maggie's e'e: as for settling an iron-merchant's account, or cheapening a fat beeve on Martinmas Wednesday, in the absence of her better judgment, I verily believe that such an idea never entered into the man's head. Yet notwithstanding all this, Andrew enjoyed many privileges, and even blessings, under his wife's government, altogether unknown to the *free agent*, whose bad policy excludes female wisdom from the executive department; and I am even disposed to believe, that he actually knuckled to petticoat rule more from a thorough conscientiousness of his own incapacity to command, than from any lack of affection for masculine prerogative: a singular example of self-denial that I certainly shall endeavour to profit by, should it ever please Providence to bless me with a *better half*. Being an easy-minded sort of a man, short of stature, and slow of speech, I question much if he could have waddled through life in a neighbourlike manner; but Maggie's active and discriminating spirit made ample amends for his want of spunk. It was the pride of her life to see Andrew in his every-day clothes, altogether worthy of being recognized by the laird himself, at either kirk or market; and the joy of her heart to behold

him on a holiday, to quote her own words, "just like a new preen."

Of a truth, Meg Simpson was a most notable housewife, and worthy of high command. She gloried in the brightness of her pewter plates, and also in the judicious arrangement of her culinary utensils, pots, pans, and pint-stoups, all in orderly array; tables, chairs, and stools, just like wax-work. In fine, Maggie's kitchen was only surpassed, in gentility of appearance, by her own ben-the-house parlour, an apartment highly spoken of indeed, and much frequented both by gentle and simple. Such was the comfortable snugness of this well-known *houff*; that the very wayfaring man often called for another bottle, merely to treat his eyes with a longer look at Meg's chimney-place, beautifully enamelled with pure gold sand from Quarrelwood, and admire the shine of her china cupboard, and listen to the inimitable *Cuckoo* of her eight-day clock when it struck the hour; and, haply, partake of a *gusto*, so often and deservedly recommended by our worthy hostess, in her own homely way.

"Now, Sirs, ye maun just excuse me, for I'm a plain wife. Here's a crumb o' real Kelpie-pool kipper, that relishes a drap yill unco weel—or ye wou'd ablinks like a flicht o' ham better. Just say the word, and I'll clap on the frying-pan. Its nae trouble ava—dearsake, Sirs, dinna speak o't." Such brewster wives are not to be met with now-a-days; and as for the ale, one bottle of Maggie Simpson's home-brew'd *ramtam*, was worth a dozen of such ditch-water. Indeed, her common beverage, *Cadger's comfort* by name, might well compare with our present Edinburgh *particular*. Is it therefore to be marvelled at, that Mrs Simpson often exclaimed, in the consciousness of her own importance, "*My word! if it wasna for my four quarters, my gudeman wou'd soon gang to the lane dyke; but sae lang as my twa hands can bake and brew, neither my Andrew, nor my bairns, shall e'er sit down to a butterless brose in my house,*" a saying worthy of being transmitted to posterity in letters of pure gold. But the qualities of Meg's heart were equal to

those of both head and hands put together. She cultivated the good-will of her neighbours with graceful assiduity, and deserved their esteem by an unaffected loving-kindness, seldom to be met with. Her good counsel was never withheld from the lean-headed lack-wit; her score never disputed by a customer, and her *niefefou o' meal* satisfied every beggar wife; but, above all, her great attention to the personal comforts of auld *Lochlea*, Andrew's grandfather, will never be forgotten in Nithsdale.

I remember seeing the venerable patriarch a few days before he died, in a full suit of apparel, spun by the fair hands of his great-grand-daughters. The clean white lamb's wool nightcap, surmounted by a handsome bunch of red thrumbs, was of Maggie's manufacture; and the warm hause-lock hose were also of her knitting. The cravat, too, that became his gravity so well, never failed to impress on every beholder a very high opinion of Margaret Simpson's abilities as a laundress; and she always made a point of brushing the old man's shoe buckles with her own hands. Were I satisfied that my latter days would be sweetened with the like affection—that my grey hairs would be equally honoured, most fervently would I pray, that mine years might be numbered according to the inscription on *Lochlea's* gravestone, "*Four score and three.*" The veteran was just stepping into his grandson's kailyard, when I last beheld him, with the *Ha' Bible* under his left arm. He tottered down the narrow foot-way, leaning on a favourite oak staff, that had *clear'd the lawin* at many a Keltonhill fair, and sat down on an old langsettle placed in the shade of an apple-tree, then in full blossom, though the stem thereof was even more ancient than the sire himself. To complete the picture, a couple of Andrew Simpson's children, boy and girl, amused themselves with chasing butterflies amongst the neighbouring shrubs and flowers, occasionally tickling the old man, to excite his attention. I compared him to the decayed fruit-tree at his elbow, and contrasted his thin white hair with its blossoms, and meditated on the fooleries of this world, until I became, as it were, sublimed

above its attraction. Never, to my knowledge, did the spirit of poesy come upon me; but I certainly then felt a something like unto its benign influence breathing on my heart, as I inly exclaimed,

Listless and leaning on thy staff, *Lochlea*,
A hoary Patriarch, a Pilgrim grey,
Or seer of other years thou seem'st to be,
Groping around the grave thy doubtful way.

Seated beneath the fruit-tree's blooming
spray,
How venerably floats thy hoary hair!
As gamesomely the giddy younglings
play,
In sprightly measure round thine elbow-
chair.

Thy bones beneath their load of frailty
fail,
The staff is trembling in thy palsied
hand;
Thine every sense decay'd, thy memory
frail,
As sailor's narrative wrote on the sand.

Yet have I seen the day thine active arm,
Seeking for fame, and froward in the
fray,
Could ward, with oaken plant, thy head
from harm,
And keep the boldest on the green at
bay.

And I have seen the day, long gone and
past,
At useful labour neither loth nor slow;
Thy healthy hand propell'd the snoring
blast,
The anvil rang beneath thy lusty blow.

Go to thy grave; the righteous wait for
thee;
High pois'd on rural verse thy name
will soar;
And this thine epitaph, "HERE LIES
LOCHLEA,
A STAUNCH, A PLAIDED SCOTSMAN
TO THE CORE."

Such was Andrew Simpson, and such was Andrew Simpson's wife, and such was the condition of Andrew Simpson's wife's house, on the night of Aggie Dinwoodie's feet-washing, when *Miller Morrison* o' Thirlamwhairn came prancing to the door on his pyebald mare *Swallowhawk*, smote the outer hallan three times with the butt-end of his whip, and cried with a loud voice, "Hollo, Andrew Simpson, bring hither a stool, and keep down our wife." The

millar's voice fell on Andrew's ear like fairy music. He arose from the langsettle, and hastened to wait on Mrs Morrison, with a celerity that evinced the great respect he entertained for his visitor; but on clapping down a three-legged stool in the lee of Swallowhawk's left flank, never did mortal man stare more wildly; "Miller Morrison," quo' Andrew Simpson, lifting up his voice, "God's mercy man, whare is she?—the deel a wife see I!" Thirlamwhairn being a moorland sage, much addicted to meditation, and often laid up with a certain complaint, which our mental anatomists have been pleased to denominate *absence of mind*, incontinently groped for the gudewife in his coat-pocket, then in his plaid-neuk, and finally on the pillion behind him; but all to no purpose. He then wrung his hands, and clew his elbow, and scratched his head, until such time as wakened reflection enabled him to exclaim, "O, Andrew, Andrew! what will become o' me?—she's down the wicked Water o' *Ae*, as sure as a shot. Never more shall her yill weet my hause at a kirsening." "Gude be wi' us!" quo' Andrew Simpson, "how in a' the world d'ye think the woman co'd contrive to fa' frae the beast without your knowledge? Is there no certain place that ye can jealousy whare she may ha'e slipped aff the pillion awitans ye? But after a', Thirlamwhairn, are ye sure that ye brought her frae hame?" Miller Morrison heeded not the queries of his worthy host; but proceeded, in a fine homespun tone of feeling, to bewail his loss, and finally attributed his wife's downfall to the professional zeal of old *Marion Meldrum*, the most useful woman of her time. "O the howdie, that wearifou howdie," exclaimed Thirlamwhairn; "it was a' through her persuasion that our Tibby partook o' what she ca'd the *stirrup comforter*, just when Swallowhawk was cocking her lugs to tak' the gate. 'Mrs Morrison,' quoth she, 'ye maun just empty this quegh, for the benefit o' what's in the basket—Dinna bogle at it, my bonnie leddy, and I'se warrant the young miller—weel ken I what's gude for a *thriving wife*—and the poor young thing, being over persuaded, just put the

dish till her head and toom'd it out and out, before some folk's wives cou'd ha'e said *here's t'ye*. O Andrew Simpson! she'll never more be seen nor heard tell of; and where this auld grey head o' mine will find repose, God only kens." "We maun just hope for the best," quo' Andrew, devoutly folding his hands: "the ways of Providence are unknown ways—and the gudewife may be safe enough, for aught we ken; but happen what will, her soul's safe, for she was a gude Christian woman." The two originals, in all probability, would have spun their wind into a long farrago of unprofitable discourse, had not Mrs Simpson interfered, and very properly snapt the thread. "What d'ye stand there for," quo' Maggie, "clavering like twa fules, and wasting the gude time that shou'd be itherwise wared? Clap a spunk to the candle in our smithy lanthorn, Sandy; mettle yoursel', now, and dinna crawl like a broken-winded snail. Thirlamwhairn had better carry the light, and my gudeman keep the hillside o' the gate. He's a fitless body, and may happen to tottle owre the heugh. Andrew Simpson, Sir, mind what I say: and come na hame to me wi' a sarkfu' o' banes, that auld Robin Droddam wou'd bogle at, were he aboon the mools. Sandy, my man, look unco glegly anang the brakens as ye gae alang, for there's no knowing whereabouts the gudewife may ha'e tumbled aff: and I'll be twalpennyworth in thy debt; sae Gude gae wi' ye, Sirs, and my blessing! Dinna spare the beast, Thirlamwhairn!" An oration that the most princely dame in Europe would have felt some difficulty to deliver in the firm decisive tone of Maggie Simpson. Such was its influence on the whole party, that even Swallowhawk switched her tail, and took the road, without so much as a hint from her master's heel; whilst the miller lifted up his lanthorn like a blazing meteor, and enabled Maggie Simpson, from her own doorstep, to behold Andrew skirting the hill, and obeying her injunctions to a tee; whilst Sandy Watt, on the other hand, minutely examined the rank fern as he trudged along, hawling up his nether garments at every stride, a mode of upholding decency

much in vogue amongst young men of Sandy's darning-needle appearance, prior to the invention of braces. At length the miller and his worthy associates entered Aulhinwhauple glen, and left Meg to her meditation. On passing this solitary defile, Thirlamwhairn held to the left, along a kind of beaten track, leading to the Ae, seldom frequented, except now and then by a stray pedlar on his way to the moorlands; or, haply, an eccentric pilgrim like myself, fond of humming an old song, and brooding over the days that are no more.

They pass'd the martyr's grave, whose blood

(Shed in the hour of prayer)

Will drip before the Judgment-seat,
From Gricson's honny hair.

They pass'd the antient battle-ground
Of mound and gather'd heap,
Where friend and foe together lie
In everlasting sleep;

And cross'd the brook that doughty Bruce

Imbued with foeman's gore,

And climb'd the beacon brae whereon

The war-flame blaz'd of yore—

scenes where the contemplative man might have found abundance of food; but Thirlamwhairn rode on without uttering a syllable, neither casting his eyes to the right hand nor to the left. Indeed, from the moment he took the lanthorn in hand; the miller opened not his mouth, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Andrew Simpson and Sandy Watt to provoke his taciturnity. And here couched the secret: Miller Morrison, as we before hinted, being a speculative philosopher, was busily engaged in ideally sketching unto himself all the evils that could possibly befall his wife. He espied her balloon bonnet floating in the Ae; sought the body from pool to pool; and found it at length tossing to and fro in the most frightful haunt of that impetuous mountain stream: half an hour was little enough to bewail her loss. In the next place; he beheld Tibby struggling amidst the superabundance of waters; leapt into the flood at the peril of his life, and brought her ashore: another half hour was necessarily expended in mutual congratulation;—and, lastly, Mrs Morrison had fallen by the way side, recovered from the effects

of Marion Meldrum's stirrup-cordial, and wandered forth, the Lord knew whither. Then it was that Thirlamwhairn's creative fancy arose in the fulness of its might; and hounded the whole *dramatis personæ* of Scots mythology at his unhappy wife:—Goblins, Brownies, Kelpies, Ghaists, and Apparitions of every denomination, all in full cry; and so continued to exercise the powers of his wonderful imagination, until a notable spectre, more terrific than any of his fellows, sprung from behind an auld fail dyke, and fairly compelled the miller to bawl out, "She'll never thole the glowr o' *Tinkler Kennedy's* ghaist; the verra flare o' his een frightened *Tailor M'Cubbin* out o' a twalmonth's growth." "Eh, man," exclaimed Andrew Simpson, "has the tinkler's ghaist made its appearance already; the auld fallow was only drowned last Thursday." "I wonder," quo' Sandy Watt, "if it said ought about my sarks, that the twa randies clicked aff the hedge."

Miller Morrison's stock of loquacity, like unto a flock of sheep, run one run *all*, having now got vent, and his organ of speech, at the same time, being well-inclined towards the gratification of Sandy's curiosity, our philosopher proceeded forthwith and detailed the adventure at large: "The tailor," quo' Thirlamwhairn, "was returning hameward, as usual, wi' his law-boord under his arm; and just at the Weaponshaw Hagg, where Dominie Gordon forgathered wi' what he'll ne'er forget, up started the tinkler frae the hip o' a grey stane, and cried, wi' a voice that gaurd the very flesh creep on his banes, '*Tailor M'Cubbin*, bide ye me. Thou's an auld grey-headed man, Johnny—grey in years, and grey in iniquity. Monie a souple trick o' thine's down i' the *Black-Buck*; but the deed thou hast done this day at Kinnerclachan surpasseth all;—doubbling the honest woman's claith was a wilfu' mistake—the verra crump o' t'night hae tauld ye that ye were cutting a coat for the gudeman, and anither for youtsel'. Turn owre a new leaf, Johnny M'Cubbin, or the deil will crump thy legs wi' a pair o' fiet shears. Thankfu' would I hae been, this blessed night, had a neighbour ghaist arose, many years

ago, and said unto me—'Halbert Kennedy, depart from the evil tenor o' thy ways:' but the day of amendment is gane, and repentance availeth not. Oh, Johnny M'Cubbin, thine evil doings are only fleabites, compared wi' mine. The bounds o' the parish are the bounds o' thy thievery; but the gang under my guidance spulzierd from Berwick brig even unto Lochryan. Auld Gowkbigging's sucking-pigs, and auld Gowkbigging's dainty poultry, whereon we went to fare so very sumptuously, are mere specks on the sun—feathers in the balance; but oh, Sandy Watt's sarks, and twa o' the gudeman's pets, lie heavy on my conscience.' The spirit said nae mair, but just dunnard awa' up the glen, singing *Clout the Cauthron*." The brawling Ae was now distinctly heard, and soon became visible in the distance, flooded from bank to bank, by a heavy fall of rain, every drop of which had been faithfully brought from the neighbouring hills by its tributary streams. The party pushed on with unabated ardour, and, to their great joy, beheld Mrs Morrison lying on the sloping bank, with her feet to the water, altogether unconscious of danger, though the discourteous element was actually washing her legs. It would appear that, on fording the Ae, Miller Morrison's heel had inadvertently pricked Swallowhawk's left flank; and the spirited animal, naturally feeling indignant at the affront, suddenly switched her tail, and away she went, like an arrow; the miller, as usual, absorbed in the happiest reverie that ever absented the mind of man from sublunary objects, and his young spouse much in the same condition; but she, being a little top-heavy, soon lost her equilibrium, and fell from the pillion, not into the torpidity of a dormouse, but into a pleasant waking dream, ideally re-enjoying all the gossip, and other good things, that attended the kirsening o' Laird Whigram's knave bairn. Indeed, from certain expressions that broke from her lips, as the party approached, such as "Bless the weel-faur'd face o't—let me hae anither look, gudewife—oh; what a sweet wee picture o' the Laird!" &c. &c.; it clearly appeared that her mind was still amongst the good cheer of Lady

Whigram's spence; and when Thirlamwhairn dismounted, and lifted her from the grass, the fact was confirmed. She motioned with her hand, as if pantomiming a refusal, and said with graceful politeness, "Not anither drap for me, gudewife, though the house were fou—I'll ha'e nae mair o't, neither het nor cauld."

Having now committed Mrs Morrison to the safe keeping of her own husband, and two such men as Andrew Simpson and Sandy Watt, I think we may safely take our leave of the party, for an hour or so, and proceed to Toddyburn smithy.

Mrs Simpson had closed the door, and just begun to arrange domestic matters with her usual ability, when the well-known whistle of *Jamie Scott o' Drumbreg*, mounted on his famous Strawhan filly, *Dubskelper*, called her again to the close; and Meg, having never seen the gallant quadruped before, felt herself called upon to salute him first, being the greatest stranger. "My word, lad," quo' Maggy, "thou's a spanker—thy marrow's seldom to be seen at a bridal now-a-days; and though a woman body's knowledge o' cattle may be nae great things, I'll lay my lugs to a brass boddle on the lad's head wha fills thy saddle the morn, that he claps a white half-crown in auld Hannah's loof, though Swallowhawk hersel' shou'd start for the broose.—But that's as true; what d'ye think, Drumbreg, ha'e I to tell ye—the miller has tint his youngwife." "Tint his wife!" quo' Jamie, Scott; "my sooth, woman, that's news indeed! When and by what means? a fair straw death, or a hemlock cholic?" "Na, na, Drumbreg, ye're awa' wi' the joke ategither," replied Maggie Simpson; "gude forbid that hemlock kail shou'd e'er gae down the honest womap's parritch loaning; the weel I wat, the whole Morrison kin cou'd see her stiff and streeked, without weeting a cheek; and monie an auld grey-headed fule here they ca'd the miller himsel; because, forsooth, he took a young lass to wife, in order, as they allege, to wrang his ain brither's barns; but that's neither hie nor there. The twasome were coming owre the moor, ye maun ken, frae young Laird Whigram's kirsening, and bound

for Balachan Grange, to witness the washing o' Aggie's feet."—"I'm gaun there mysel," observed Jamie Scott, "and just ca'd in as I gae bye, to see if Andrew had ta'en hame the sheep-heads." "Every ane o' them was at the Grange before twal o'clock, trotters and a," replied Maggie Simpson, "and better never birlsel'd in a smithy bleeze; but as I was gaun to observe, Mrs Morrison had just gotten a' wee drappy owre meikle, and hirlsel'd aff the pillion awittans o' our auld friend, wha's right hand seldom kens what the left's about, sae fash'd is he wi' the maigrins. My gudeman ran to the door the moment Thirlamwhairn knocked, wi' a stool in his hand to kep her down, and great was his astonishment when he beheld naething but the bare pillion; so I shanked aff him and our Sandy, alang wi' the miller, to seek for his lost sheep." Drumbreg being nearly allied to the *genus* of which Thirlamwhairn was a most worthy member, naturally enough felt an inclination to follow the party; but Mrs Simpson dissuaded him therefrom, by observing that it was hard to say wherabouts the miller had forded the Ae; and consequently he, the said Jamie, might happen to return just as wise as he went. Drumbreg acknowledged the force of Meg's logic, so far as to dismount and turn Dubskelper into the smithy, then wheeled to the right, and made the best of his way ben the house, called for a bottle of ram-tam, and set him down, fully determined to await the miller's arrival. "I know not how it came to pass, but really it appears to me that all the kenspeckle characters of Nithsdale were astir on the night of Miss Dinwoodie's feet-washing, and, owing to a most curious combination of adventitious circumstances, the whole of them found their way to Maggie Simpson's. Young *Will Daulison o' Lintylinn*, came brattling along the road on a gallant grey steed, that had fallen to his lot, the self same afternoon, at drunken Davie Blunt's roup; and feeling an inclination to try him in all his paces, the young man had made up his mind to ride the length of Balachan Grange, salute the bride, and return

home; but the moment he presumed to pass Toddyburn smithy, Davie's *ci-devant* steed became restive, and positively refused to proceed another inch. Dandison being an excellent horseman, exerted himself, with much ability, to enforce obedience; but to no purpose. The obstinate animal reared, and snorted, and plunged, and sprung forward to Maggie Simpson's door, in spite of his heart, for which Willie lashed him most unmercifully. Drumbreg hearing the din, sallied forth to ascertain what might be the cause thereof, and knowing Lintylinn exceeding well, accosted him accordingly: "Gude deliver us frae a' evil, Willie," quo' Jamie Scott, "what ails ye at the poor dumb beast? Was a son o' mine, fresh and fasting frae the boarding-school, as thou art, to exercise his tender mercies in my presence sae unco illfaurdly, I'd spank him back again, wi' a flae in his lug." "O the deil choak him!" quo' Willie Dandison; "a' the spirits that enter'd the herd o' swine, and they were evil spirits, ha'e ta'en possession o' him. Twenty goulden guineas did I lay down at Davie Blunt's roup, for the most obstinate brute that ever shanked on a' fours." On receipt of this information, Jamie Scott advanced a few paces, examined the animal from stem to stern very minutely, and then saluted Lintylinn with one of his coarse laughs, the usual forerunner of satirical animadversion. "Weel, Willie Dandison," quo' Drumbreg, "thou's just ane o' the greatest gowks that ever cried *cuckoo*. The deil a fule in a' the parish, except thyself, wou'd ever dream o' Davie Blunt's grey naig passing a yill-house door, before the rider slockened his drouth wi' half-a-mutchkin at the verra least; my sooth, lad, thou has gotten a weel kend pennyworth. There's ne'er a brewster wife, frae Sanquhar to Dumfries, and crossways between Moffat and Minnyhive, that disna ken Davie Blunt's grey naig, just as weel as the beggar kens his dish. The deil a door will he gae bye, that has gotten the semblance o' a pint stowp in the cheek o't; sae just lowp down, Linty, and weet ye're thrapple wi' twallpennyworth; he'll budge nane, I se warrant him, an' lang's ye ha'e an unstock-

en'd spark in't." Willie having no particular objections thereto, alighted from his steed, and introduced him to Dubskeeper, whilst Maggie Simpson detailed the miller's mishap, garnished with many valuable observations of her own, both critical and explanatory. On hearing the very extraordinary tale, young Linty repaired to Meg's parlour, called for a bottle of ramtam, and sat him down, being also determined to await the miller's arrival. Drumbreg having now gained his point, seated himself without delay, and discharged the best part o' a chappin, to the speedy reformation o' Willie's grey colt. He then proceeded to enquire into the state of Linty's love-affairs, sounded the young man as to his matrimonial prospects, and bewailed the *Gowdie-glen* adventure in a strain of sympathy, that never flowed from any other than a kindly heart. "It was indeed a wicked contrivance," quo' Jamie Scott; "a devilish piece o' duplicity, that may weel serve as a warning to all young men in future, and teach them to beware o' fauce-faced women. I can fancy to myself the ardour that hees'd thy heart, when clambering up the partition wa'. I can fancy to myself the turmoil o' thy hurried pulse, when sitting on the wa' head, contemplating the supposed chamber where Jenny lay, as thou thought, in breathless expectation; and I can weel conceive what were thy sensations; when, in place o' lowping saftly down beside a bonnie lass, anang the warm blankets, thou plumped into a cask o' working yill, up to the oxters. But O, Willie, how cou'd thy sensitive feelings abide the shock o' Jenny's unkindness, when the base bizzzy brough in *Josie Whauple*, and twa o' the gudewife's dochters, at her tail, to haul ye out, and then tauld her wicked accomplices to stand out o' the gate, and she wou'd wipe the barm frae her ain Willie's face wi' a carding clout?"

"When I was a young man i' the parish o' Corsephairn, continued Drumbreg, with becoming gravity, "I weel remember o' being nearly grippet in the same sort o' trap. The lassie sleep'd by herself. The doun-the-house-winnock was just sic anither as that"—pointing to

Mrs Simpson's parlour window : and here Jamie Scott made a full pause, to reconnoitre an individual who made his appearance on the turnpike-road. Far be it from me, gentle reader, to withhold the smallest morsel of information respecting any character that may happen to stumble into this work. We have hitherto jogged on very lovingly together ; we have still many dreigh pages to travel over, and on that very account do I feel myself the more inclined to be civil, and courteously keep the peace. Know then, my good fellow, that the aforesaid individual was no less a personage than *Hughie Paisley*, the famous Quarrelwood fiddler, journeying to John Dinwoodie's, and bound, by many fair promises, to Mrs P., neither to *chap nor ca'* at Maggie Simpson's ; but on nearing Toddyburn smithy, the old man's nerves gradually became unable to withstand the attraction of a foaming mug, painted on Meg's door-cheek ; and dreading the consequences, he felt himself justified in making a halt, in order to brace resolution with a solemn oath. The laudable notion was no sooner hatched in his head, than Hughie Paisley put himself in a devotional attitude, shook his fiddle three times at Meg's door, and swore by the dear *Gemma*, alias *Nelly Weems*, that neither ramtain nor cadger's comfort should ever more entice the wool from his back. But, alas ! our best resolves are too often trampled under foot, and we kick against the pricks, when striving to eradicate what's bred in the bone. "Wha the deevil's yon," quo' Jamie Scott o' Drumbreg, "standing by the road-side, just like a half-reclaimed sinner, swithering between temptation and repentance?" Lintyllin went to the window, and, by a flickering glimpse of moonlight, recognized the worthy old minstrel, whose strains had blithened many a heart, and nettled many a pair o' heels, at kirk and bridal. "Here's t'ye, auld birkie," quo' Willie Davidson, putting the mug to his lips, and almost in the same breath presenting it to the fiddler, with an air that whispered to his heart, "Come hither, Hughie, and partake hercof, without money and without price."

The temptation was too potent to be withstood, and Hughie Paisley also sat down in Maggie's parlour, to await the arrival of Miller Morrison, where we shall leave him, and his worthy friends, to their mutual enjoyment for the present, and reserve what came to pass for our next chapter.

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY
OF "ILL TAM."

No. III.

PBBLES upon the sea-beach are smoothed and polished, as is pretty generally known, by attrition. When exposed to the influence of every advancing and recoiling wave, like company at a rout or *squeeze*, they quite naturally and of necessity angle, and jostle, and elbow each other into form and polish. Sharp points and unseemly incrustations are worn off, and lines and shades of intrinsic beauty are brought out, which, but for this smoothing process, might have remained unknown and unnoticed. This analogy illustrates forcibly and appositely the education of youth. Let children by all means be placed under some superintendant moving and directing power, but leave them, whilst thus put into a state of activity, to all the freedom and advantage of mutual intercourse and influence ; permit them, under unforeseen circumstances, and amidst those companions with whom a similarity of taste, feeling, or pursuit, has associated them to revolve and tumble themselves into a state of polish. The less of art, which is used in constraining the natural growth either of mind or of body, the better ; the greater, in both cases, will be the development of strength and of proportion.

I ask your pardon, "Mrs Bodice," but can you really persuade yourself that those artificial figures, that fairy frostwork, you denominated "Bearding-school Misses," will ever pay the expence of education ? that they will ever rise in utility above the butterfly that spreads its painted wings on the primrose, or the nautilus, that, under its little mimic sail, bobs and tilts on the water ?

I am equally at variance with your plan, "Mrs Perfect ;" you may indeed preserve "your boy," as you must long continue to call him. con-

stantly under your own eye, and shut him up from all companionship with what you term "blackguards" of his own years; you may anticipate, at an early age, all the information and intelligence of a more advanced one; you may form your little "mannikin" into a mental play-thing, by to amuse and astonish hood, through all the varieties of age, consanguinity, and vacuity; but, let me apprise you of this—if, at the age of twenty, your "dear little mannie" do not cut up into a rake or a simpleton, he has the compensating power of Nature, and not your preposterous affection, to thank for his miraculous escape!

And pray, my good "Madam Delicacy," *be* seated, if you please; there is not another male creature besides myself in the apartment. And so you wish to play "Abelard" with Nature herself, in order that your daughter may be preserved pure, and white, and cold, as one of the milky icicles which hang in the back court of Diana's dairy? But you begin, my chaste madam, at the wrong end of your purpose. Nature is wide and regenerative; she will not be brought within the compass of your purifying efforts: confine, then, your attention to your daughter alone; wait upon Mr Hope, the highly-respected Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh, and, by means of retort and crucible, have your daughter's blood double distilled and refined, converting the "*quicquid terrene facis*," into the "*gravitate carentem æthera*," the clear rectified spirit of ethereal vitality and sentiment. In a world of such external and obtrusive grossièrte, where the very fish of the sea, and beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, are leagued and combined against you, nothing short of this will do; and the sooner you effect your chemical refinement the better, otherwise your daughter, in spite of all your efforts, may just do as her mother did before her—first decoy, and then marry her father's clerk, after having fairly shipwrecked her reputation with the butler!

You are quite right, "Mrs Mystical." "No Fiction*" is indeed

powerfully written. There is great knowledge of the human heart discovered in it. But *I* would not, like *you*, press it into the hands, and thrust it home upon the heart of my son. Your debauchee saints, to say the best of them, are but second-hand articles; they are the worse for the wear. Second marriages are seldom so happy and so sincere as the first. Besides, he who is led to consider a little music and harmless conversation of an evening as sinful, who falls into moral hysterics over the revolting crime of reading Shakespeare, and whistling "*Daintie Davie*," must, as a matter of necessity, live in a habitual distrust or contempt of himself. Passion - flowers blossom and are gone. Such religious Quixotism is suited only for those who, having no *real*, are compelled, for the sake of nourishing their vanity, to create and triumph over *fictitious* trials. Remember, my short-sighted Madam, that whilst one prodigal is recalled, he cannot well tell how, or whereby, fifty are hurried on, by the most distinctly-marked descent, to an abyss of ruin. I remember a pious lady once thrust, unknown to myself, a copy of the life and conversation of a "Mr Scott," I think, into my pocket. I read the book, returned it, and found, as I was not half so debauched as this distinguished saint, that I had yet a great way to advance in my sinful career before conversion!

Your very anxiety, "my good friends and neighbours all," makes you overshoot, or miss the mark you have in view. The sapling spreads its roots the firmer, and advances the faster in its growth, that the four winds of heaven have free access to it. There is a balancing tendency in Nature, by which all extremities are avoided or corrected. Poverty is the parent of industry, and that again of independence and wealth. The eye which has been overpowered by a sudden immersion into light or darkness, gradually accommodates itself to the new circumstances. The peasant, when he falls sick, cannot afford to call a physician; but then temperance and exercise render such calls less necessary. The poor boy, whom the session educates, and the kindly master, supplies with books,

* "No Fiction," a publication very much in vogue at present amongst readers and believers of a peculiar class.

whose clothing is barely, and but barely decent; and whose very playthings are all won by address, or by superior schoolship, cannot afford, it is true, to employ a private tutor to assist him in removing obstructions, answering difficulties, solving doubts, and establishing general principles; but then, he has necessity, self-reliance, and self-knowledge, to spur, guide, and advance him. He may be left at that very period of life, when the moderating influence of experience is most requisite, to graze, like a wild colt, on such pastures as accident may present, or inclination select. Into many errors he may run; and, amidst the entanglements of mischief and folly, he may rue, and regret, and resolve. But then, like the child which has actually put its finger into the flame of the candle, he will be taught "wit" by his own experience, and not by that of others; every one of his mistakes will assume the authority and the voice of admonition and correction. For my own share, if I have been enabled, hitherto, to act a part in life with promptitude, independence, and decision, as well as in the language of Florence—

"Æquam rebus in arduis

"Servare mentem, non secus in bonis

"Ab insolenti temperatam

"Lætitia,"—

I owe it, under God's Providence, to that immethodical, chancy manner, in which my early education was conducted.

The above observations will appear, in all probability, to rise in value and importance, as I proceed now to the most active, chance-directed, and *ill-deedy year* of my life, being my *ninth**, and that immediately preceding my dismissal to school. "Shakespeare" has not noticed this in his "seven ages;" nor has "Young" particularized it in his notable eras of life; but it is not the less true, that there exists such a period as that, to a history of which I am now about to proceed, and which, for the sake of

precision, as well as of originality, I shall designate

"THE ANNUS INSTABILIS,

or,

YEAR OF MISCHIEF."

When, however, I cast a general glance over that immensity of *instability* and *mischief* which this eventful year circumscribes, I feel myself reduced to the necessity of adopting the old method of division, in order to conquest—by considering the transactions and events of each season in regular succession.

I have no recollection of any amusement in which, during the earlier period of spring, I took greater delight, than in "muirburn." The mountains, which all around my native dwelling lifted their heads, and presented their shoulders to the cloudy encircling and influence of heaven, were closely habited, from top almost to bottom, in an ancient and venerable robe of brown and "blooming heather." But the spirit of innovation, under the pass-word "improvement," had pervaded the vallies beneath, and grappling with every obstacle, and triumphing in the mastery of difficulty and obstruction, she began gradually to ascend, and her path-way was marked by the lighted torch and smouldering heath. The grain farmer sought to patch the mountain with shapeless and unprofitable enclosures, and the shepherd himself, upon whose immemorial domain these encroachments were made, came at last to consider "a birny-green sward" as preferable to deep heathy jungle, though almost ever in bloom. So the burning-flow peat, and ignited tarred rope, were laid, with each returning spring, to the root of the evil.

There is something truly sublime in the aspect of "mountain muirburn" by night. The elevation not only renders the flame visible to a distance, tinged and flushing every object for miles around, but converts all the superincumbent atmosphere into one concave glare of red and flickering light, now narrowing and now extending its boundaries, as a volume of smoke, or a current of air, induces or dissipates obstruction. The flame advances in a curve, and, collecting all its strength and maddening fury into the centre, there it

* What will mammas, who hear their sons at "Qui, quæ, quod," by six, think of this? The fact is, education is now preposterously accelerated.

flashes, and crackles, and tears, and thunders along—emitting a mingled noise, resembling, from a distance, the violent rending of a sail-cloth—sometimes giving out and throwing off scaly flashes, along the rapidly-ascending smoke, and again falling back upon itself, and shortening its stretch, as if to recover breath and power, after each exhausting exertion. The rolling, too, and convolving and jetting of the smoke upwards, is a fine sight, as, in tier above tier, and swell above swell, it shoots away, under the conducting breeze, into a far, and a wide, and a fleecy projection. On a nearer approach, dark and gigantic figures pass across the flames; the black and still smoaking ground, over which the fire has passed, appears like the "Campi Phlegrei" of old, every little tuft playing the part of a burning mountain in miniature. Well do I recollect my running out, with a burning peat in one hand, and a handful of dry and withered spret in the other, dropping fire as I went along, and studding the whole hill-side with a long train of separate and distinct points of ignition. But the enjoyment I experienced, as the various points spread out into size and junction, and, like the closely-marshalled column of an army, marched forward in one combined career of irresistible destruction; as again and again I penetrated behind the flame into the dark and choking smoke, or fairly dashed through the hottest of the flame—amounted to exquisite delight. Accidents of an unpleasing nature would occasionally, however, occur; I was once carried out, quite suffocated, immediately from behind the advancing flame. My hat, at another time, left my head, and was fairly consumed to a cinder. And whilst keenly engaged, on a third occasion, in setting fire to an old heather bush, I felt a curve suddenly protrude, in cold and slimy horror, through my fingers, and come into contact with my nose. This proved to be a large muirland "adder," which was in the act of extricating himself, in this manner, from my grasp.

So soon, however, as, according to popular opinion, the "muirburn reck" has conked the air, and the

sun, after having frequently gone down with a red and angry aspect, has shrouded himself behind dark and showery clouds; so soon, in fact, as the season of "incubation," amongst the feathered tribes, has commenced, this amusement behoves to give place to that of bird-nesting, in all its fascinating varieties.

The mavis, tuning his woodland clarionet, and sunning his speckled breast on the topmost twig of the birch: the blackbird, whistling his ravelle from the thorn, and then clucking off suddenly with tidings, to his mate, of approaching danger: the linnet's little "roundelay" of harmony: the robin's smart and awakening chirn: the goldfinch's fully-inflated throttle: the tiny wren's jerking-jinking twitter: and the lark's ascending, revolving, encircling, and suddenly-suspended "chorus," in the cloud—all these indicate the season of love, and the proximity of "a nest." *There* she sits, in the very centre of that holly-bush; her eye revolving, as we cautiously and circumspectly encompass her retreat; and her smooth sloping back, erect head, and spread wings and tail, indicating a resolution to retain her position as long as possible. Now, however, the danger approaches—the outer branches of the bush are divided—a miserable countenance is discovered amidst the leaves—and she is compelled, first to stir gently, then to linger an instant upon the edge of the nest, and, latterly, to hop it reluctantly along, to the further extremity of the surrounding brush-wood. The eggs are blue, 'tis a blackbird; they are spotted white, 'tis a mavis; they are marled—they are grey—they are yellow—they are dusky red—they are composition—they are green; 'tis a linty—a shilla—a robin—a goldy—a yoldring—a "yellow yoldring," which, besides having her eggs hatched by the toad,

"Drinks nine draps o' the Diel's bluid
Every May morning!"—

Here is a nest all lined with dried mud, hardened into a paste, impenetrable to the rain. This one, which is fixed upon the cleft of the oak, is covered all over with "stone, raw, and lichen." This other, amidst the

roots of the hazel, is lined with down, and feathered up to the very edge. That little nutshell of accommodation, which hangs pendulous at the extremity of the birchen twig, is the matrimonial residence of little "tom-tit," who, secure from "Ill Tam himself," swings in the breeze, and defies approach. Beneath this hollow brow, enumbent over the stream, are snugly lodged the wren's numerous progeny, in an abode which pays no window tax. And, amidst that close and matted grass, the lark sits in her straw-built *cup*, exposed, from faithfulness of affection, to be crushed by every passing foot!

There is a pernicious tendency in boys, during the "*annus mutabilis*" in particular, to tame, or rather to torture the young of birds. From the little gaping linnets, that swallow fragments of worm at the hand, to the more robust and clamorous progeny of the "glade," no species or variety of the feathered race is safe. The truth is, a favourite has no friends; and, so soon as you take a young hawk or mavis under your patronage and protection, the whole chapter of accidents, the whole of inanimate as well as of animated nature, is up in arms against him. You have cruelly cut asunder the sympathies of kindred; you have reduced a sentient being to a dependence upon, which was formerly altogether independent of, your humanity, vigilance, and providence; and you have sent adown the wind, in poignant and clamorous lamentation, these lately-happy parents, who, in nursing and rearing their progeny, were obeying a wise and a benevolent arrangement of God. The flat-roofed turf-house, which you have erected for the accommodation of your more vigorous "pet," is accidentally converted into a scat, and the helpless inmate is crushed to death in the ruins; or it may be, that he chokes himself upon the wing of a frog, or gasps himself to death, in attempts to bolt large morsels of tough and waxy dough—or, upon the, almost incredible supposition of his surviving for a few months, he retains only a mutilated existence, being generally deprived of a wing, lame of a leg, and blind of an eye, all at the

same time. His whole aspect is the most abject and pitiable possible. His plumage is torn, and besmeared with every variety of batter; and the wicks of his bill appear as if fastened together with glue; till at last, having happily fluttered, and screamed, and torn, and lived himself out of your good graces, he is either starved to death by neglect, or suffers the martyrdom, some Saturday afternoon, of St Stephen. Suppose, however, that a young blackbird, or linnet, is the favourite, and that out of a nest of five raw-throated "gorlings," one, by some unusual chance, has survived the first three days of captivity; still, under what inauspicious circumstances does the little downy, half-naked deformity exist! All, indeed, is soft and comparatively comfortable around, above, and beneath him: like a Russian furred up against the winter, he is sunk to the chin in sheep's wool; but in admitting his food, in gobbling his worms and his doughy lumps, an unfortunate communication is established betwixt his stomach and the materials of his abode; the wool sticks and tangles in his gizzard, and he expires in convulsions. Or, grant that he survives to take possession of his newly-constructed cage, seeded drawers, and suspended glass of water,

"Improvisu Lethi,

"Vis rapuit,—"

the cat thrusts in her claw betwixt the cage-bars, extracts, and devours him!

The season, however, advances, and

"Gentle Spring and 'lamb-time' bring
"The sweets of *Summer* back again."

The lambs, which have long, with every demonstration of vivid enjoyment, pounced and tugged at their mothers' teats, are now to be "*speaned*," and thus deprived, for the future, of that rich and nutritious supply which Nature has so bountifully and wisely provided for their use: The stepdame providence of some frugal, managing, gudewife interposes her cheese-and-butter claims betwixt them and their birth-right. In the upper recess of a withdrawing glen, the weaned mourners are stationed, in perfect bewilderment of

grief, passing this way and that, across and athwart, and listening to every variety of bleat from afar, and chasing and coursing each other in the fruitless hope of a maternal recognizance. In the meanwhile, the old ewes are collected from the height; they line, and stream from the hill, like tears, coursing, in rapid and separate descent, the weather-beaten cheeks of age. They are impelled and driven from heath to spret, and thence to the green and freshening sward. In one of the sinuosities of a pure mountain stream, a stone enclosure, resembling, in intricacy and bewilderment of construction, the fabled "walls of Troy," rises into view. This is the "pen," or fold, and stands now precisely where, and under what aspect and construction, it has stood for ages past. Behind the advancing flock, all is clamour, and motion, and exertion; the shepherd, waving his plaid from his arm, projecting, in a lateral direction, his staff, and ejecting, from time to time, jets and jerks of arousing, sheep-compelling voice. The herd callan and "Ill Tam" skipping and glancing from side to side, as if playing betwixt alternating and opposite attractions. The gudeman himself "wouffing" and wearing, hurling out large fragments of inflated wrath and indistinct command, whilst tail after tail escapes, in bobbing and swirling speed, betwixt his legs, or immediately under his nose, to the hill. The shepherd curs walking up behind, talking incessantly on the top of their tongues, swinging about their shaggy tails, or necking, with the utmost precision and ease, some stirring and bounding runaway. "The milkmaids," with their petticoats carefully gathered down upon and strapped around their ankles, "cogs" in their hands, and the coronet "has-sock" on their heads, laughing, and walloping, and slaughtering on, making bad worse, and good no better, by premature mirth and ill-timed garrulity. So! So! now they are "bughted;" now the horny heads bristle all along through the wattlings; a sea of goggle, green, meaningless eyes, black faces and erect

noses, extends from end to end, from side to side. Well may it be said, in the words of Ovid:—

—— "Os ovibus sublime dedit cœlum-
que tueri

"Jussit, et erectos, ad sidera tollere vul-
tus."

The milkmaids, with the cogs jammed betwixt their knees, as if they were fixed in a smiddy vice, make a rearward advance upon the prisoners. The milky deluge pours audible and long—and if at times the weather prove a little "foul," whv; it goes all to one account; the gudewife's ewe-milk kebbcock will not relish a bit the worse for it.

Tell me not of the hilarity which obtains at routs, balls, plays, or assemblies—give me a brace of stout, ruddy-visaged "swankies" on the outside, and double that allowance of springy, gleesome milkmaids, on the inside of a sheep-bught at milking-time, and then we shall talk of real fun and convulsive merriment—of that attack and retort, sly remark, and knowing allusion, which are made and returned, in perfect good nature, yet in all the boisterous seeming of contested victory. This was an amusement in which, during my "year of mischief," I took great interest. To pin the maids' petticoats together, from behind, or to invest some of the most remote ewes with thistle cushions immediately under the tail—were every-day tricks. But to accomplish, by means of a flashy descent, rendered still more slippery by being frequently slid upon, the "downfall" of one of the "cog carriers," as she pursued her way, in unsuspecting glee and careless speed, homewards, was an achievement which not only required address in the execution, but implied some degree of danger in the aftercome.

Summer, too, was a glorious season for "bunbee-binks" and wasp nests, and butterfly pursuits. Nor did the earth only afford interest and amusement during this sunny season. I have stretched myself out supine, upon a green and sloping bank, and continued for hours, of midday-heat, looking at the clouds which floated by, and wondering, from time to time, as I saw them advance rapidly towards the sun, and then gradually melt and disappear, what could have become

* Cæsar speaks of himself in the third person—Why may not I? J. T.

of them. The chirp of the grasshopper, the buzz of the fly, and the hum of the bee, would not unfrequently lull me into that delightful stupor, amidst which the feelings, borne on the wings of Fancy, repair to flowery bowers and Arcadian streams—dwell in viewless intimacy with things unknown, and convert the scattered fragments of half-perceived realities into fairer and more fascinating forms than ever did modern kaleidoscope present to view. I would willingly exchange the whole interest of a "Monday's dinner" for one half hour of such soft and soothing deception, now.

Bathing, too, though a sublunary, was an exquisite enjoyment. I have not unfrequently bathed not less than five or six times a-day, with the view of participating the sport anew with successive companions. I remember the first *trout* I ever saw was in its passage across a deep pool, in which I was participating, with some play-mates, this cooling amusement. Some of us, in our anxiety to secure this finny inmate of the "Bumbling pool," proposed the use of lime—and no sooner said than resolved. With all possible dispatch, I made myself master of my mother's "new black and white plaid," with which, loaded with shells, I was on my way from the adjoining lime-works, when a sudden shower, accompanied by a clap of thunder, overtook me. I was in a state of the utmost consternation, having no doubt whatever of the occasion of all this disturbance of the elements. My companions forsook me and fled, and I was left under a burden, which, by a crackling noise, and a hot sulphureous smell, seemed to indicate advancing combustion. I ran with all my might, being frightened, as it were, out of fear; and I was within less than a hundred yards of the "Bumbling pool," when the plaid fairly burst, like a mealy and cracked potato—and the lime, which had been converted, by the rain, into a burning powder, descended into a spongy march at my heels. I had nothing else for it, so I immediately set about shoving, with my feet and hands armed and covered with the remains of the "plaid," the slacked lime into a dark moss-hag, filled with water, and immediately adjoining,

thrusting, at the same time, the four corners of my mother's mantle into the mouth of a "fumart"*-hole hard by. Returning next day to survey the field, I found the whole marshy sprit in a state of commotion, and at every advance I made, serpent after serpent seemed to pass its limber and startling length across my bare toes. My horror and astonishment were removed at last, by the discovery, that an innumerable assemblage of "cels," the immemorial tenants of the adjoining moss-hag, had been compelled, by the poisonous lime, to desert their retreat, and betake them to the adjoining marsh in quest of breath. Nor was this all—though I denied all knowledge of "the plaid" stoutly, and even talked of a suspicious-looking "Irish Frogger†," who, as I alleged, had been seen over-night in the neighbourhood—my misconduct and falsehood were clearly brought, in rather a strange manner, to light. The "fumart," one evening, thought proper to select the grey hen, which laid the remarkably large eggs, from the roost. Chucky screamed, and aroused Rover, who pursued, and was pursued by my mother in his turn. The robber had just entered his den, when Rover with his second, arrived, not indeed in time to save the life of "Brownie," but quite early enough to detect the burnt and tattered fragment of the plaid! After this detection, I came to a determined resolution to tell no more lies, to which, however, as the sequel will prove, I, for some time, by no means very religiously adhered.

Whoever has not known the pleasure of "nut-gathering," during harvest, has been denied one of the greatest luxuries of existence. "Life," says a celebrated author, "can afford few things better than a good fire, a couple of candles, a convenient settee, a winter evening, and a novel." But it is quite evident to me, that this unfortunate personage had never known the enjoyment I allude to. *There* they are all burnished in the sunshine, and flustering up closer and closer to the very extremity of

* Polecat.

† A vender of Irish linen in exchange for old clothes.

the topinost branch. And there is nobody at hand; and I am quite at liberty to lay down my hat leisurely, in order to heap it over with the brown and "*leaming*" fruit. These sloes are sour, and will continue so, till frost come; these brambles are tasteless and water-soaked; and these worm-eaten rasps are not worth the eating. But the hazel nuts, which fill and ripen with the "*whitening corn*," which crumble from the "*hull* *" into the hand, like ripened wheat—these are truly delicious; they figure in the fire at hallow-een, decide the fate of many an impatient lover, and assist in the passing away of many a long winter evening.

And there are a variety of ways in which the winter evenings of the Scottish peasantry¹ used, at the period I am speaking of, to be spent: I can truly say, with my great prototype "*Aeneas*," who, though fitted out, like myself, in later times, with the titles of "*Pater*" and "*Pius*," and so forth, was, after all, "*nae great shakes*,"

"*Quorum maxima pars fui*." * * *

I was brought up and educated, not only amongst, but under the heart-forming and disposing influence of the Scottish peasantry—and I may venture with confidence to exclaim, in the words of the Psalmist, "*When I forget thee, oh! Jerusalem, may cunning and skill depart from my right hand!*" The long "*fore-nights*," as they are termed, of winter, were, at the time I speak of, occupied in those innocent yet expressive games and amusements which had descended through many ages, and which, of consequence, possessed a power to please, not altogether, perhaps, intrinsic. Yet as these good old times, with the recollections thereof, are now almost entirely forgotten or overlooked, I shall endeavour to recall the events of a "*winter eve*," spent at a neighbouring farmer's fire-side, during this memorable "*year of mischief*."

A circle having been formed around the kitchen fire, and lad and lass, landlord and mistress, "*packman*" and "*herd callan*," having been fairly seated *in* for the night, various

suggestions are made, and not a little variety of opinion is expressed respecting the *games* proposed; at last, however, it is agreed to have them all in succession, and the

"WADS AND THE WIERS"

are selected, in preference, to begin with. In this game, one of the company whispers privately into the ear of another the name of some particular instrument of trade or business, upon which, if any one, in guessing, chances to stumble, he is instantly in a "*wad*," or forfeit, and is compelled to make a deposit of something, upon which he sets considerable value, into the lap of a trusty sister. "*I have been away*," said Watty Tweedy, the travelling packman, after having whispered with the farmer's buxom daughter Leczy, "*I have been away at the 'wads' and the 'wiers'* these lang seven years, and now I'm come hame, a poor broken '*tailor*,' what will ye gie me to help me to my '*trade*' again?"

"I'll gie the '*shears*,'" says the gudeman, looking knowingly at the packman's clwawd, which lay on the meal-ark lid, close by his elbow.

"Thank you," replies the petitioning tradesman, "*thank ye, gudeman, that will help, but it 'ill no do.*"

"I'll gie the '*chalk*,'" Watty, says another—and the "*bodkin*"—says a third—and the "*goose*," says a fourth—and the "*lapboard*," and the "*wax*," and the "*thread*;" but all to no purpose. Watty persists in his acknowledgments of favour conferred, still adding, however, "*that 'ill no do.*" At last, after a considerable pause, some one hits upon the "*needle*," and is nailed into a forfeit at once, with a "*needle ye wi't.*" This process having circulated round the company, and all but one or two having been compelled to lodge deposits in "*Leczie's lap*," it is resolved, by acclamation, to change the game, and Leczy Gilchrist being referred to, immediately fixes upon

"*HEY, WILLY, WINE—ANDHO, WILLY, WINE ↑.*"

Wagers and Wars.

Probably addressed to a horse.

¹ Husk.

This is a dialogue conducted in a set form of words betwixt the sexes; towards the conclusion of which, a proposal or offer of a matrimonial "companion" is made; which offer, in order to award the usual penalty of a "wad," must either be accepted or rejected in rhyme. In the present instance, "Leezy Gilchrist," and "Gibby Gemlet," were interlocutors:—

L. "Hey, Willy, wine—and ho, Willy, wine,

This night I must go home."

G. "I'll rid ye light, gif ye'll stay all night,

And I'll chuse ye a pretty *one*."

L. "Wha will ye chuse me, gif I will with ye bide?"

G. "I'll chuse ye 'Sandy Laidlaw' to lye down by your side."

L. "I'll set him up on my lum-head, I'll let win' an' reek blaw him to dead; He's for some ither, and he's no for me,

Nae thanks t'ye for your courtesy."

Or, upon the supposition of approbation and acceptance, the response is made in the following, or similar *crambo*:—

L. "Ill set him up on my pear tree,
The pear is sweet, and so is he;
He's for nae ither, but just for me,
Sae thanks t'ye for your courtesy."

Still, however, "Ill Tam" remained unpledged to "Leezy's lap;" so it was suggested by Rob Rankin, the herd, and seconded by myself, that we should exchange this stupid game for

"ROB'S DOG."

In playing this game, every individual is favoured, or rather accommodates himself with a name, comprehending as many syllables, and of as difficult utterance as possible; in order that he may have time to say, "No me," whilst the speaker who names and accuses him of theft, &c. is articulating his designation. On this occasion, "Watty Tweedy" became, by his own particular desire, "Swatter in the sweet-milk;" the gudeman rose suddenly into the "Grey gied of Glenwhargan Craig;" "Leezy," after long hesitation, sunk into "Gaup at the lairicks;" Rob Ranken became "Brattle at the barn-door;" and I endeavoured to protect myself under the portentous appella-

tion of "Jump in the gutter-dub!" the rest of the party having each assumed an appellation longer, and not less expressive, than those in which Homer's heroes are occasionally presented to us. It being agreed that Rob Ranken, the originator of this amusement, should begin, he proceeded forthwith to perform his part, in the following preambulatory profession and accusation—

"I never stealt Rob's dog,
Nor do I ever intend to do;
But well I ken wha stealt him,
And stealt him in a cleugh—
And picked his banes—
Bare—bare enough."

"Wha but! wha but!—(here a pause ensues, and all ears and eyes are open,) wha but!"—"Jump in the gutter-dub." Being off my guard, in consequence of Rob's having previously whispered me, "I'll nail Leezy!"—I was fairly taken in, and my "No me" was pronounced by all too late.

Every individual being now pledged, through "Leezy's lap" to the "loosing of the wads," "questions and commands" were, for this purpose, resorted to, under which the female part of the company were subjected to some rather posing alternatives, in the shape of questions, respecting "them they liked best;"—whilst the other sex was sentenced by the gudeman to various rather trying and humiliating exhibitions. "Watty Tweedy" was sent to the door-back, to stand in the caul' frost wind till someone of the lassies should come and conduct him ben! Gibby Gemlet had to pace the floor, riding upon a besom, with his mouth filled with water, ready to be discharged in the face of any one who should "laugh first." Rob Ranken was sentenced to "kiss Leezy;" and my destiny adjudged me to the threading of a needle, sitting with my legs plaited, and otherwise unsupported, upon a bottle laid length-ways upon the floor. * * * * *

Here my Uncle's MS. is suddenly interrupted, several pages seem to have perished, either from accident or from some after-thought of his own; and as this presents a convenient resting-place, I shall here conclude, with assuring you, that I have ac-

tually read the whole of this paper in the hearing of the "Twain Sisterhood" on the North Bridge, but without receiving any notification whatever either of approbation or dissent. Some new dresses, however, which hung suspended in the room which we occupied, from a variety of tall wooden erections, resembling crosses, were occasionally, I could perceive, regarded with interest; and whether or not, under these circumstances, one single idea was distinctly apprehended by my fair auditors, is to me, at this moment, somewhat doubtful. Be that as it may, my task is performed, and you are authorised to proceed forthwith with yours.

X.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. ADAM BLAIR, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT CROSS-MEIKLE. EDINBURGH, 1822.

THE publication whose title we have just copied, is, in a high degree, lascivious and indecent in many of its details—unfit for the perusal of the youth of either sex, whose imaginations it is calculated to inflame—and deeply injurious to our national priesthood, than whom the world does not contain a more moral, useful, zealous, and apostolic order of men. The worst of it is, that Sin is here tricked out in the habiliments of Holiness, and the disgusting slang of the tabernacle and the meeting-house applied to descriptions and facts adapted only for the meridian of the brother.

"Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, it does sugar o'er
The devil himself."

We look upon it as a gross, if not premeditated, insult to delicacy, no less than to piety; and paltry and pitiful as it is in a literary view, as catering to the worst passions of those vicious and distempered minds who receive, with as much avidity as the hungry Israelites did their manna in the wilderness, every contribution which impugns the purity of the clerical character, covers it with profane ridicule and contempt, and neutralises its usefulness. If any thing could astonish us, it is that the author of

such a work should have found a real and ostensible publisher; for it is disgraceful and disreputable in the highest degree to have one's name appear on the title-page of a book, which, whatever may have been the author's real intention and design, is more cruelly and mischievously fitted to lessen the reverence of the million, for the ministers of religion, and, by a very natural consequence, for religion itself, than any thing which has for a long time fallen under our observation, not even excepting the *Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun*. It is, however, some consolation to observe, that the book is as stupid as the scope and tendency of it is wicked and pernicious; for which reason, we shall endeavour to administer the antidote with the venom—a task, however, of the most revolting description, and one which we should most gladly have declined, had we not discovered, with sorrow and regret, that the book had been puffed off by certain Newspaper Editors, who have plainly not read what they have lent their columns to bespatter with undeserved praise. We shall therefore briefly, but we hope satisfactorily, show our readers, that our strong reprobation of this ill-starred performance is not more severe than just, and that we would have been guilty of an unpardonable dereliction of our duty, had we passed it over with the silent contempt which, in a literary view, it deserves.

Adam Blair, the youthful minister of Cross-Meikle, had just lost his young wife, who left him a widower, with a daughter, the sole remnant of four children, and whom, as in duty bound, he laments and deplores. This important fact, the author, with a laudable regard to brevity, contrives to inform the reader of in the course of three chapters and a half. While the parson was labouring under the full weight of affliction, for the premature death of his *better half*, and spending cheerless days and solitary nights, he received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"Having been for near four weeks in Scotland, you may think it very strange that I have not taken an earlier opportunity of saying, *what I hope, indeed, I need scarcely say*, that I have heard with feel-

ings of the sincerest sorrow, of the blow with which it has pleased God to visit you, (I may add myself,) and of expressing, at the same time, my hope, that you are and may be strengthened for the supporting thereof. Since we saw each other last, *many, many* things have happened which could little have been expected by either of us; and I believe I may add, that in that time I have had *my own full share* of the sorrows of this world. I trust your little dear little girl is as well as I can wish, and that she is *really* your comfort, which I am sure she must be.

"Mrs Semple has been as good as to ask me to spend *next summer* with her at Semplehaugh, and I have accepted of her *kind invitation*, although, I am sure there are many things which must render that beautiful part of the country a *melancholy quarter* for me. But Mr Campbell not being expected home for better than a twelvemonth, and some of my own friends being out of the way, I was really, till Lady Semplehaugh spoke to me, something *at a loss* where I should be during the summer season now ensuing. Dear Mr Blair, this town is full of *quietness and diversions*, from which I can scarcely keep myself quite *disengaged*, although I was never less disposed for *such things*. Now it has occurred to me, that perhaps you might bear with the company of an old and sincere friend, (though she has been much out of her duty, and is *sensible of that*, for some time past,) for the six or seven weeks that must pass before the time of Lady Semplehaugh's *removing to the country* comes round. If it be *perfectly convenient*, I shall, therefore, set out for Glasgow next *Monday*, and be with you at Cross-Meikle on the *following day*—but if there be any thing to render this visit *unacceptable* at the *present moment*, I am sure you know me too well, at least I would *firmly* hope so, to have any scruple about saying so. God bless you, dear Sir, and *yours*, says your affectionate cousin, and

"Very humble servant

"CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 3, 1758."

"P.S.—Direct to me, care of Mrs Martha Bell of Bellstown, Libberton's Wynd.

"To the Rev. Mr ADAM BLAIR,
Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle."

Of the lady who thus unceremoniously volunteers her society to the worthy divine, it is incumbent on us to say a word or two, as this reader will find that she is connected, in a very remarkable and intimate man-

ner, with "some passages of the life of Mr Adam Blair," the hero of this profligate tale.

Her maiden name, it seems, was Charlotte Bell, and she had been the early and very particular friend of the late Mrs Blair. The parson, in fact, appears to have hesitated for some time, between the incompatible claims of the lady whom he afterwards espoused, and our heroine, Charlotte, who, when Mr Adam Blair, in one of love's whimsical humours bundled in, (as the Yankees say) with her rival, Miss Isobel Gray appears to have considered herself injured by the preference given to the charms of her friend. Charlotte, however, was a lass of spirit, so she was determined to be revenged; and actuated by this highly commendable feeling, eloped with a beardless English boy, a student at the University of Edinburgh, who, to make bad worse, soon repented of his bargain, and, on Charlotte's own plea of indemnification, very coolly walked off to Paris, in the company of one of the *prima donnas* of the Opera—and quite in the bravura style! Mrs Arden (we neglected to mention that Arden was the "boy-bridegroom's" name) is accordingly left without money or resources in London, where, the author tells us, "the distressed young wife did not always sigh in solitude:" in other words, we presume, she earned her livelihood by the wages of prostitution! If we had any doubt that this is the meaning which the author intends to convey, it would be removed by a very arch and knowing addendum which he has kindly thrown in, to prevent the possibility of mistake: "the particulars of her mode of life, during the eighteen or twenty months after the disappearance of her boy-bridegroom, have never reached me!" nor are we greatly surprised that they did not. At length, however, she appeared once more on the streets of Edinburgh; and she had not long figured on this new scene of operations, before her pretty face and prettier story (for ladies of her kindley possess strong inventive power, and can always embellish a little at a push) made a conquest of a sturdy Gael of the name of Campbell, a person who had held the elevated rank of Lieutenant

in the Scots Brigade in Holland, and who having accumulated a little money, and purchased a small property, called Uigness, in MacCaillainmor's country, was designed by the courtesy of this polite and generous world—*Captain Campbell*. After her second marriage, Charlotte and her martial innamorato retired to the solitude of Uigness, dreaming of nothing but Arcadian scenes and pastoral felicity. 'Tis pity that such fine romantic feelings should be so short-lived. Charlotte soon got sick of the country, and the Captain got sick of Charlotte, and longed once more to participate in the more boisterous and less equivocal pleasures of the mess-room. Accordingly he packed up his baggage, and set off once more to join his countrymen at Dordrecht, carrying with him his beautiful and virtuous wife. But, alas! for poor frail human nature. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots; or, as Horace has it, in the words so often quoted, but still so true, *Expellus naturam furcâ tamen usque recurret!* Charlotte was soon at her old pranks again, with her husband's mess-mates; in consequence of which, and to save himself from utter shame and contempt, the rough but kind-hearted Gael was obliged to trump her off for Scotland without ceremony, and to leave her to the freedom of her own will where she could only disgrace herself. These matters, however, could not remain long a secret at Edinburgh any more than at Dordrecht; "and Charlotte, not to mince matters," says this author, "was suspected of deserving to be forgotten by her friends in Scotland." (p. 75.) With such a character, and in such circumstances, was she living in Edinburgh, when she had the impudence to address the letter, which we have already quoted, "to Mr Adam Blair, minister of the gospel at Cross-Meikle;" a letter which no decent woman would have written, had she been reduced to beggary and starvation, and the scope and drift of which must have been apparent to the arrantest simpleton that Nature, in her frolic mood, ever formed.

No matter. The parson, good, and godly, and pious, as he is represented, receives her with open arms, and she

is fairly established at Cross-Meikle, where all goes on smoothly for some time, and where the worthy and amorous parson enjoys many a charming and romantic tête-à-tête and moonlight walk, with the fascinating Mrs Campbell. But, oh! this scandalous and censorious world! Rumour spreads his wings, and flies abroad, and the most injurious surmises are every where whispered and minted respecting the curious *liaison* between the worthy divine and his fair cousin: for, to use the author's highly intelligible and elegant phraseology, "*there were folk in the world that made no bones to lightly her a little!*" The broadest hints are given to Blair himself, but—*quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*—the unhappy man clings to his witching paramour. At last a shark of an Edinburgh writer makes his appearance at the Manse of Cross-Meikle, with a commission from the husband, (got, nobody knows how, as it is a difficult matter to divine how his repose in Holland could have been disturbed by his wife's gallantries in Scotland, or what right he had to complain, seeing, that, like some great personages of our own time, he had turned his wife abroad on the world to seek happiness where she could find it,) to carry off Mrs Campbell from the Manse, and to deposit her at the place with the horrible name—Uigness! Charlotte prepares to obey the man of parchment, ycleped Strahan, who, while she is getting ready for the journey, takes occasion to taunt Blair in the coarsest and most obnoxious language, with keeping another man's wife in his house as his mistress. "Come, come, Mr Adam Blair, you entirely mistake my intentions. I see how it is, but upon my soul you are safe—perfectly safe, damme! We're all flesh and blood: a minister's but a man, after all, and Charlotte is *un peu passée*, to be sure, but a fine woman still, a very fine woman still, 'pon honour. Damme, don't be afraid, man, snug's the word with Duncan Strahan. I would not expose you, man, though you had kissed half your parish. Cheer up, Blair, we are off immediately, for Campbell gave me no law in the business: she must just put up with the old tower till

Uigness comes home; and who can tell but they may come together and be very happy again, once this *new* suspicion has got time to blow over." (p. 183.) This infamous tirade Blair listens to as a felon does to the Recorder at the Old Bailey, while pronouncing on him the last sentence of the law. Mrs Campbell and the lawyer set out, and merely, we presume, to beguile the tediousness of the journey, this hopeful scion of the Sharpitlaw stock, tries to play a little bit of undergame for himself, to which he had no doubt been tempted by the notorious character of his fellow-traveller, and makes certain very intelligible proposals to the wife of his client. But it was not to be expected that the wissened complexion, grey goggle eyes, and Sardonic phiz of the quill-driver should triumph over the rosy cheeks, soft looks, and tender embraces of the young parson of Cross-Meikle; so Sharpitlaw, (we beg his pardon, Strahan,) is nonsuited, and the lady pursues her journey in the dumps and in silence.

To any person but a man bewitched, by some ill-starred and insidious passion, the departure of such an inmate must have been regarded as a piece of no common good fortune, for which one ought to feel the most sincere "gratefulness." Not so with Blair, who appears to have got into a "most sad" predicament for a "heart-whole widower." He cannot live a moment without his *dear friend*, who was so considerate as to send him a letter from Glasgow, to explain the cause of her sudden departure, (which, however, remains still unexplained,) to console him for her absence, and to tip him the broad hint how they may once more meet and be happy. Blair is all on flame by the receipt of this kind memorial of affection, and, reckless equally of his duty to God, to his parishioners, to his youthful daughter, and to himself, sets off with all possible speed for Uigness, which he in due time reaches, and, the morning after his arrival, is caught by the housekeeper, "an old Highland crone," in bed with Mrs Campbell, being, to all human appearance, not the first liberty of the kind which he had taken with the

better half of our friend the Captain! his was a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished. The parson, alarmed, and justly, for the consequences, is first seized with the blue devils, then with a raging fever, during which he raves and blasphemes at a horrible rate; and once tries to take a Sapphic leap from the edge of a Highland promontory, but lacks courage for the attempt, and then upbraids his Maker for preventing him from committing suicide! Mrs Campbell, who appears to have been the kindest-hearted creature in the world, catches the febrile infection, and dies outright *sans ceremonie* and from pure love to her reverend, and now blaspheming paramour.

At this critical moment, who should arrive at Uigness but the injured husband, Captain Campbell! (by the way, we forgot to certifyate our readers, that the Commissary Court, that blessing and boast of auld Scotland, had annulled the first marriage with the boy Arden). We, who have known something of the Gael in our time, should have expected a devil of a racket at such a moment. No such thing, however. Not an inflammable particle disturbs the equable current of the Captain's Dutchified blood: and the prudent *Condottiere* of their High Mightinesses wears his antlered honours thick upon him, with all the patience and equanimity imaginable, giving, at the same time, strict orders that the afflicted parson, his substitute, shall want for no comfort during his convalescence.

Blair recovers somewhat from his raving and blaspheming malady, and returns to Glasgow, where the Presbytery to which he belonged had met, for the express purpose of entertaining a proposition for cashiering him—a disgrace which he wisely prevents, by an immediate tender of his resignation. His church is immediately "*preached vacant*," as the phrase goes, (by the bye, we could name more than one clergyman of our acquaintance, who are particularly dextrous and successful at "*preaching a church vacant*!") and he is succeeded in the living by a slim tutor, in the principal heritor's family, one of those slender things known by the name of "Dandy

Divines," with which the Northern Athens is so greatly infested. Blair descends to the condition of a peasant, lives in the vicinity of his own church—to be pointed at with the finger of bitter derision, as the minister who had been deposed for *adultery*—and, after doing penance for two years, is, strange to tell! re-instated in his former charge; the theological spark, who succeeded him, having been otherwise provided for! After this very wonderful, and, let us whisper in the author's left ear, impossible occurrence, Mr Adam Blair lives many long years, without furnishing his biographer with any more "passages in his life;" discharges his duty faithfully as a minister of the gospel; and never forgets, when he rebukes publicly any frail delinquent, for a certain nameless offence, to inform the audience, and the culprit before him, that he himself had been guilty of the same transgression.

Such is a faithful, but only a bird's-eye view, of the contents of this most detestable volume. We are well aware that our readers may think us highly blame-worthy for the air of levity that pervades our analysis; but it occurred to us, that had we discharged our duty in a graver manner, we should have failed to make the necessary impression on the public mind, and by no means conveyed a just idea of a book which is destined to stand on the same shelf with *Faust* and the *Memoires de M. le Duc de Lauzun*. It would, indeed, be humiliating and degrading, to descend to criticise formally such a miserable farrago of licentious badinage, couched in a vile methodistical lingo, equally alien to piety and to taste, and which has no doubt been assumed as an artifice of concealment for the poison that lurks in every page. To give the reader some idea, however, of the excessive ignorance displayed in almost every sentence, it may be proper to notice one or two circumstances.

In the *first place*, the letter that preceded and announced the arrival of Mrs. Campbell at the Manse of Cross-Meikle, is so evidently couched in the ambiguous *double entendre* of a woman of pleasure, that no man acquainted with human nature

or the world; nay, no man out of Bedlam, (we beg Mr Eben. Anderson's pardon,) and who had the smallest regard to his character and respectability, could either have been taken in with the one, or hesitated an instant in slapping his door in the face of the other. Now, if this be true, as far as the case refers to Mr Adam Blair, *a fortiori* it must be still more manifest, that an author, who had any acquaintance with life and manners in the line which he had undertaken to describe, would never have been guilty of such a *belise* as representing a man of education, refinement, and piety, as (all clergymen are, or at least ought to be) so deaf to the calls of duty, and so negligent of character, which, to a clergyman, is *omne in uno*, as utterly to disregard the most urgent and all but irresistible motives.

In the *second place*, the author gives us many remarkable examples of that rule of logic, which teaches us to explain *absurdum per absurdius*, and which but for some sentiments of "Adaptation," interspersed here and there, would lead us to suppose that he had got his education in the land of bulls and potatoes. He finds it necessary to marry his heroine to Captain Campbell; but it seems to have occurred to him, that the lady would have been liable to be indicted for bigamy; so to get out of the scrape, he takes care to tell us that the previous marriage which had been celebrated in *England*, was dissolved by the Commissary Court of *Scotland*! We are aware that there has been some clashing of jurisdiction between the Commissary Court of *Scotland*, and the *English Parliament*, on the subject of divorces; but every school-boy must surely know, that an Englishman, who marries in his own country, can only be delivered from a gallant wife, and get her divorced *a mensâ et thoro*, by an *Act of Parliament*!

In the *last place*, and to conclude with the most portentous blunder of all, the author of this "repulsive" excrescence informs us, that Mr Adam Blair was reposed to his living, after doing penance for two years, and after having been turned adrift for the crime of *adultery*, of which he had confessed himself guilty! In pity to

the gross ignorance which this statement displays, we shall mention; what is well known to every peasant in this Presbyterian country, that when a clergyman of the church of Scotland has been once deposed from his charge for the crime of *adultery*, he can never, *by the laws of that church*, resume his clerical functions; he contracts a "taint which all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten;" he goes forth from his place and station "like Ajut, never to return;" nor will the sincerity of his future repentance, nor the blamelessness of his future life so far undo the fatal error as to reverse the decree, as unalterable as those of the Medes, which goes forth against him, and which bears, that he shall never again, as a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, dispense the ordinances of our Holy Religion.

So much for the *ignorance* of the novelist. We conclude, by warning all parents and guardians of youth against putting into the hands of their children, or their wards, a book in which lurks the most insidious venom, and which can have no other effect than to shake their principles, undermine their religious and reverential feelings, and inflame their passions.

LOSS OF A SMUGGLING CUTTER ON THE COAST OF ZETLAND.

A SMUGGLING cutter, of large dimensions, was totally wrecked in the south harbour of Bigtoun, to the west side of Dunrossness, on the 7th instant. The crew, who consisted of twenty-four persons, were saved, with the exception of one, said to have been the master. As much of the scenery, where this wreck took place, has acquired an unexpected celebrity from being frequently mentioned in that most interesting performance, the "*Pirate*," I shall give a circumstantial detail of this singular and romantic occurrence.

The village, or town of Bigtoun, as it is usually denominated in the vernacular language, and which is one of the most agreeable in Zetland, is situated on the west side of Dunrossness, on a rising ground, which

slopes gradually toward the sea. St Ringan's Isle lies immediately opposite to it, in a south-west direction, and is united to the shore below the house of Bigtoun, by a sandy beach of nearly an English mile long, and from three to four hundred yards broad, and which is not overflowed by the sea, except during the prevalence of southerly and westerly gales of wind. *Iceland-head*, which derives its name from the village of Ireland, a little to the northward of Bigtoun, by projecting in a southerly direction, forms, with St Ringan's Isle, an exposed Bay or *Bight*, forming the north harbour of Bigtoun.

The coast south from Bigtoun stretches along to the sandy beach, which separates the loch of Scourburgh, or *Stourshurgh*, from the sea, and running westward, terminates in the northern extremity of Fitful-head. Between this latter and St Ringan's Isle lie the small island of Collsay, and some holms or rocks, constituting so many break-waters—and the whole forming the south harbour of Bigtoun. Thus St Ringan's Isle, by lying between these Bights, furnishes one side to each of the harbours, which are separated from each other by the sandy beach already described. This south harbour, although variously protected, has its entries or openings exposed to the full effect of the Atlantic Ocean, rolling on towards it between Orkney and Zetland; and although the force of the sea be broken by Fitful-head, and the islands just mentioned, it dashes against the adjacent shores with tremendous violence; and being repelled by them, the under draught or current produces such an irregular motion in the sea, that a vessel is subjected occasionally to sudden jerks on her cables, and, unless the stretch of the latter be so great as to enable her to swing free, after receiving such an impression, the anchor is apt to be *tript*, or taken out of the ground at each successive jerk.

The Earl Spencer had come to anchor in this south harbour on the 6th instant, with the wind from S.W., and she rode by her best bower only. It began to blow very hard about six o'clock P.M., and the gale continued with unceasing violence until nearly the same time of the follow-

ing day. She parted from her anchor at three o'clock, A. M. of the 7th, and was instantly driven on shore on the south-west end of the sandy beach, near to St Ringan's Isle; and the crew, by means of the long-boat, were providentially saved, and landed on the island. Two men, who had not had time to quit the boat, when the rest got on shore, were conveyed across the beach during the flow of the sea, and were picked up near the village of Ireland, in the bottom of the northern harbour, by a crowd of people, who having, by the light of the moon, witnessed their perilous situation, anxiously watched their approach, and drew the boat suddenly on shore, the moment it touched it, in the manner practised at Deal, on the coast of England. The upper works of the vessel soon parted from her bottom, and, together with the rigging and cargo, which consisted of twenty-three or twenty-five hundred tubs of gin, besides some tea and tobacco, were seen floating in wild disorder over the sandy beach, and in the bay of Ireland, leaving, in the short space of an hour, no vestige of a wreck near the spot where it had so recently taken place. Considerable anxiety was felt by the spectators for the uncomfortable situation of the crew, pent up, as they were, in an island, without either fire or food, and with which, during the continuance of the storm, there was but little prospect of opening any safe communication. But they bore their fate with sullen apathy, with the exception of the captain, who, tormented, perhaps, by a feeling of impatient despair, not unusual on the occurrence of so sudden, and, to him, so calamitous a reverse of fortune, resolutely determined to escape from his place of irksome confinement, or perish in the attempt. He accordingly took advantage of the retiring of the sea, and left the island; but the sand, although smooth, was unstable; his progress was slow and impeded; the waves gathered round him on every side, preventing alike either advance or retreat; and before he could reach half way across, the people on the shore saw him sink into their

The wind having abated on the 8th, the remaining part of the crew got safely out of the island on that day, and was treated with every possible kindness by Mr James Strong, who resides at Bigtoun, and is the tacksman of a considerable estate—and by the whole tenantry in that neighbourhood.

The scene here, during the 7th, was magnificent beyond description. The waves were rolling, in awful majesty, on each side of the beach, as if contending for the mastery; and when the time of their run on each side of it was equal, they covered the beach suddenly with a great flood; and their meeting in the middle was attended by a noise like a clap of thunder, raising the water, by their powerful collision, to a great perpendicular height in the air. This superb jet-d'eau, when it fell, divided itself into two parts, one part flowing towards the land, and the other to the island, as if to prepare new force for a fresh conflict.

Mr Strong had used every means in his power, on the 7th, to save as much of the cargo which had floated towards Bigtoun and Ireland as possible; and he sent a post express to Lerwick, with intelligence of the event to the Collector of Excise. All there was soon bustle and activity; and, in a short time, Excise and Custom-house officers—volunteers in their train—idlers and free-booters, were in full march for St Ringan's Isle. The parish of Koningsburgh lies about half-way between Lerwick and Bigtoun; and the *Udal* inhabitants of that compact and fertile district have been long noted for feats of daring enterprise, and a total disregard (in the case of wrecks) of the import of the words *meum* and *tuum*. As soon as the agreeable news of this wreck reached the ears of these Hialtlandian Cornwallers, they set off in a body to the scene of action, and, by a forced march, anticipated the Revenue officers. On their arrival at Bigtoun, they learned that Mr Strong and his people had been instrumental in saving, for behoof of the Revenue, between two and three hundred tubs of gin, which had been carefully covered over with a new square-sail of the vessel, which had been driven on shore; and that the

“ depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd,
and unknown.”

whole had been entrusted to the protection of a special guard. The Koenigsburghers, indignant at conduct so unworthy of the good olden time of Magnus Troil, when every wreck was deemed a gift from the sea, when neither Nantz nor Geneva was scarce, and when their acquisition was not, as in these degenerate times of modern civilization, so frequently and disagreeably interrupted by the agents of Government; after consulting together for a few minutes, gave a loud cheer, or rather yell, attacked and dispersed the guard, cut the canvas into pieces with their knives, and within a few minutes, left as slender traces of cogs on the green as there were of the ship on the sand.

When the ship-wrecked mariners had been refreshed by food and sleep, and discovered no adequate power in that quarter to interfere with the dear exercise of personal liberty, they took the road towards Sumburgh-head, and spent two days in the houses in its neighbourhood. But a report of this movement having been brought to Lerwick on the 9th, accompanied by an intimation that they intended to effect their escape from the country, a party of constables, armed in a very miscellaneous manner, was dispatched on Sunday the 10th, by order of the Justices of the Peace, to search for, and apprehend, these desperate Rovers. They surrendered themselves quietly to the constables, and were brought to Lerwick yesterday, just at the moment when a Revenue Cruiser entered Bressa Sound in quest of them. To add to the interest of the narrative, it was currently rumoured, that an individual of considerable consequence among them was missing, and that he lay concealed in some secure hiding-place, waiting an opportunity to effect his escape. These prisoners, as they passed along, excited the sympathy of numerous spectators. They were in general good-looking men, but having been much harrassed by fatigue and want of rest, and having allowed their beards to grow for some months past, they had a haggard appearance. They were all dressed much after the same fashion. Besides a red woollen shirt, waistcoat, and trowsers, each person had on a

kind of short frock, of coarse, shaggy blue cloth, technically known by the name of *fear-nought*, which reached nearly as far down as the middle of the thigh, concealing, in some instances, a leathern belt round the waist, in which, as was shrewdly suspected, the wearer carried, or might carry, a brace of pistols. Some of them wore hats, and others caps, on their heads. When examined by the Sheriff, they stated themselves to be natives of Holland, America, and other countries, pretended to speak languages which they did not understand; and, under an obviously assumed *alias*, brought strikingly to mind the Clevelands and Altamonts of other times*. They are now lodged in jail, and they will in all likelihood be transported to Leith in the Cruiser which has so opportunely come in the way.

The whole scenery in the neighbourhood of the spot where the Earl Spencer was wrecked may be termed *Piratically* classical. We have Ireland-head, and St Ringan's Isle, in which latter still stand the remains of the church built by the pious shipwrecked Dutchman, and in which the body of the late commander of the smuggler has been interred. To the eastward lies the lake of Scourburgh, or *Stoursburgh*, on the borders of which stood the mansion inhabited by the Chamberlain's factor, Mr Triptolemus Yellowley, and his sharp-nosed sister, Barbara. Further on, in the same direction, appears Sumburgh-head, and the farm-house of *Yarlshoff*, under whose humble roof the elder Mertoun was so long immured in misanthropical insensi-

* Information had been received at the Custom-house of Lerwick from the Board of Customs, stating that a vessel was loading a contraband cargo at Dunkirk, and that her destination was Zetland, long before she appeared on the coast of that country. When the crew were examined, some of them gave the vessel the name of the *Three Friends*; others called her the *Three Brothers*, and one man called her the *Thomas*. The *Three Friends* was the appellation most generally bestowed on her; and they asserted that she had been loaded at Antwerp; that her destination was Bergen in Norway; and that she had been forced on the coast of Zetland by gales of contrary wind.

bility, until roused to painful activity by the anxiety of the worthy Swertha, for the fate of Mordaunt Merton, the fond visitor at Burgh-Westra; and towards the south-west rise the stupendous cliffs of Fitfulhead, the enchanted residence of the erudite Reimkennar, Norna. The capture, too, of the smugglers—the contemporaneous appearance of a war vessel in pursuit of their sloop—their examination before Magistrates, and imprisonment—bear a very marked resemblance to those events, of which, in the work alluded to, Orkney was the theatre. Indeed, it looks as if this wreck, with all its attendant circumstances, had occurred to furnish new and unquestionable evidence of the accuracy of the characteristic delineations of the great author of the "Pirate," who, by a single glance of his eye, can see what other persons cannot comprehend during a whole lifetime, although the objects be hourly obtruded on their perceptions, and who, by the magical power of his creative fancy, can impress life and nature on every subject which comes under the review of his penetrating mind. E.

Lerwick, Zetland,
13th Feb. 1822.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH: A DRAMATIC POEM. BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN, PROFESSOR OF POETRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. LONDON. p. 168. 1822.

The Martyr of Antioch is a suitable companion to *The Fall of Jerusalem*, by the same admirable and pure-minded writer. It breathes the sublimed and etherealised spirit of the most exalted poetry, and is imbued with a tinge of classical elegance and simplicity—qualities never more rare among writers than in this age, when the Southey's are maudlin from official potations of sack, and the Shelley's and Byron's, by their ravings and blasphemies, are labouring hard to bring Atheism into vogue. A greater contrast than that which exists between the author of *Cain* and of *The Martyr of Antioch* cannot be imagined. Darkened though he be, and "shorn of his beams," the titled bard, even in the gloom of his ut-

most eclipse, flashes forth momentary corruptions of real and irrepressible power; but still, in these "lucid intervals," there is a withering and a blighting influence about him, and we feel a sort of faintness and help-sickness stealing upon us, when we read the powerful description of a shipwreck in *Don Juan*, or give our attention for a little to the monstrous blasphemies and impieties of *Cain*. We feel that we are communing with a fallen spirit, and cannot divest ourselves of a sentiment of shuddering and horror, at what he utters in the frenzy of his moods, though, at the same time, it is impossible not to be conscious of a feverish and reluctant admiration of the unnatural—we had almost said, diabolical—energy which he displays. But amid all this, there is nothing about him—at least now—on which the heart can take hold; no christianised, no humanised feeling, to which our affections can respond in sympathy, or warm in love. His heroines are harlots—his heroes a sad compound of rakes, monsters, and devils. It is his pride, his boast, his aim, and his glory, to assail the most revered creeds, and to outrage the holiest, most sacred, and most spiritualised of our aspirations and emotions. He seems to have contemplated man and his nature through the atmosphere of Pandæmonium; and, like his great prototype, sends his spirit abroad (in his works) "seeking whom he may devour." Having mischief for his mark, he seems to care little how he is occupied, provided only he has the comfortable assurance and conviction that he is labouring in his main calling, that of perverting, and, above all, dechristianising, God's creatures: whether he is merely engaged in spitting flies on a needle, like Domitian; or wishing, like Nero, that all religion, all virtue, and all morality, had only one neck, that he might try to cut it asunder, he appears to be equally satisfied!

It is soothing and consolatory to look at the other and brighter side of the picture. Mr Milman appears to be a man of the purest mind, of the most polished taste, of genuine, and deep-felt piety, of great sensibility to the unutterable beauties and sub-

limitics of the sacred volume, and of the loftiest sympathy with all that belongs to and concerns the history of those who "counted not their lives dear to them," but "resisted unto blood," striving against idolatry and corruption. His "heavenly muse" is, therefore, successful only when she sings of heavenly themes. Less energetic than the author of *Childe Harold*, he has perhaps more of the true sublime; and if his language be not so compressed, nor his cogitations so profound, he is a greater master of the heart, and infinitely more soothing and elevating. His versification is sustained and full of melody; while his spiritualised fancy scatters abroad the "thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn." He shines, not with an overpowering and consuming brightness, but with a tempered, equable, and gentle radiance. He scorns those paltry figures of rhetoric, which have such attractions for meaner minds, and is neither epigrammatic nor antithetical; but, deeply impressed with his subject, and rich in the treasures of heavenly wisdom and divine poetry, he relies on these resources, and has studied that elegance which depends for its inexpressible charm on its simplicity. But we must proceed to the Poem itself.

"This Poem," the author informs us, "is founded on the following part of the history of Saint Margaret. She was the daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who wished to marry her. The rest of the legend I have thought myself at liberty to discard, and to fill up the outline as my own imagination suggested. Gibbon has so well condensed all the information which remains to us from Strabo, Chrysostom, Sozomen, and the writings of Julian the Apostate, relative to Antioch, the Temple and Sacred Grove of Daphne, that the reader will be able to comprehend, from his florid, and too-glowing description, most of the allusions to these subjects contained in the poem. The passage occurs in his twenty-third chapter*.

"The martyrologists have dwelt almost exclusively on the outward

Gazette (Feb. 16.) very gravely tells us, "The story is in the 23d chapter of Gibbon; but our author has judiciously filled up the outline as his own imagination prompted!" Now had this writer consulted, with any decent share of attention, Mr Milman's preface, from which he inaccurately borrows, he would have found that the "story" was not taken from Gibbon, where, indeed, it is not to be found, but from the Martyrologists; and that Gibbon had only "condensed" all the information that had come down to us, relative to the Sacred Grove of Daphne and Temple of Apollo at Antioch. If we might presume so far, we would suggest to this Literary Gazetteer to peruse carefully Gibbon, vol. iv. chap. 23d., p. 98, 8vo. edition.

Like all the ancient places of worship, this Grove and Temple were prostituted to the most nefarious and unballowed rites. *Julius Capitolinus* (one of the writers of the Augustan History) says, "Verus quidem porteaquam in Syria venit, in deliciis apud Antiochiam et Daphnen vixit." This delicate expression of the Roman historian is intelligible enough, and has given occasion to Casaubon, in a very learned note, to throw together a great deal of curious information on the subject of the heathen rites celebrated in this Temple, dedicated to the worship of the Sun. "Verum dum fuit in Syria resedisse apud Daphnen, testatur et sanctissimi Abercii historia. Quod autem in Italia Baias, ad Alexandriam Canopus, id erat in Syria suburbium Antiochiæ Daphne: locus ita infamis voluptatibus, ut modestioribus ac frugi propè inaccessum scribebat Chrysostomus, sermone in Babyloniam martyrem. *Εἶδεν, inquit, το χαριον ὑπα τῆς τῶν νῆων ἀεθλῶν τρυφῶντων, καὶ κινδυνεύον ἀβρῶτον εἶναι τοῖς σεμνотеροῖς καὶ ἐπικρατοῖς βαυλομένοις βίῳν. quem locum imitans Sozomenus, τὸ πρῶτον τῇ Δαφνῇ ἐτίβανεν τοῖς ἐπικρατοῖς διακράτῳ νομιζέτο. Natum ex eo proverbium, Daphnicks moribus agere: ut Marcus Antoninus in epistola quam rescripsit Vulcatius: qui etiam narrat dictum aliquando a Cassio, Ut si quis cinctus apud Daphnen inveniretur discinctus rediret." (Casauboni Note in *Capitolinum*, Parisiis, 1720. p. 64.)*

"The vigorous youth," says Gibbon in his pompous language, "the vigorous youth pursued, like Apollo, the object of his desires; and the blushing maid was warned by the fate of Daphne, to shun the folly of unseasonable coyness." The

* In almost all the London periodicals into which we have looked, we have generally found them taking their learned quotations at second hand. The *Literary*

and bodily sufferings of the early Christians. They have described, with almost anatomical precision, the various methods of torture. The consequence has been the neglect of their writings; in perusing which, a mind of the least sensibility shrinks with such loathing and abhorrence, from the tedious detail of sufferings, as to become insensible to the calm resignation, the simple devotion, the exulting hope of the sufferer. But these writers have rarely and briefly noticed the internal and mental agonies to which the same circumstances inevitably exposed the converts. The surrender of life, when it appeared most highly gifted with the blessings of Providence; the literal abandonment of this world, when all its pleasures, its riches, and glories were in their power; the violent severing of those ties which the gentle spirit of Christianity had the more endeared; the self-denial, not of the ungodly lusts, but of the most innocent affections; that last and most awful conflict, when 'brother delivered brother unto death, and the father the child;' when 'a man's foes were those of his own household'—it was from such trials, not those of the fire and the stake alone, that the meek religion of Christ came forth triumphant. In such a situation it has been my object to represent the mind of a young and tender female; and I have opposed to Christianity the most beautiful and most natural of Heathen superstitions—the worship of the Sun. The reader, it is to be hoped, will recollect, that although the following poem is, in most part, a work of imagination, there were multitudes who really laid down their lives for the faith of Christ, under circumstances equally appalling and afflictive; for that faith, to the truth or falsehood of

which they had demonstrative evidence in their power and in their possession." (*Introduction*, p. 5-7.)

The plot, if we may so express it, of *The Martyr of Antioch*, is exceedingly simple. It opens with a chorus of youths and maidens, who sing a hymn in praise of the God of Light, in front of the Temple of Apollo, and in the Sacred Grove of Daphne, near Antioch. The anthem being finished, and the hecatomb having bled, it is discovered that Margarita, the daughter of Callias, the Priest of Apollo, and the Pythoness of the shrine of Phœbus, had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared; and

"Trampled in the dust, they found the laurel crown,
The lyre unstrung, cast down upon the pavement;
And the dishonour'd robes of Prophecy
Scattered unseemly here and there."

The absence of his daughter decomposes the aged Priest of Him of the Silver Bow; and he sternly and sarcastically upbraids Olybius, (*Alypius*, as written by the authors of the *Augustan History*.) Prefect of the East, and the declared lover of Margarita, with having "nobly dared to rend the daughter from her afflicted father." But before the Priest and the Prefect had time to come to an understanding, the discourse is interrupted by the arrival of Vopiscus, a messenger sent by Probus, at that time Sovereign of the Roman World, to upbraid Olybius with his tardiness in persecuting the daily increasing sect of the Galileans (Christians.) The Prefect bows to the imperial mandate, and promises in future to be less remiss in delivering up the disciples of the cross to the flames, the stake, and the savages of the amphitheatre. Meanwhile, it is discovered, that Margarita, the daughter of Callias, and the beautiful and accomplished Priestess of the Sun, had become a proselyte to the new and persecuted faith; and not long after, she is found in a cave, whither a party of Christians had fled to enjoy one tranquil moment, undisturbed by the fury of their persecutors, in pouring out their souls in adoration of the true God, and of the Lamb, "that was dead, and is alive again, and liveth for evermore!" They are, however, seized in the act of worship, con-

soldier and the philosopher' wisely avoided the temptation of this sensual paradise; where pleasure, assuming the character of religion, imperceptibly dissolved the firmness of manly virtue." (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 99.)

"Avidio Cassio Syriacus legiones deduxit luxuriantes et Daphnæis moribus," says the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, (*Hist. Aug.* p. 41.) in a remarkable letter, from which Gibbon has given an extract.

veyed to prison, and doomed, on the following day, to feed the wild beasts or the flames. In the interval, between the awarding of their doom and their execution, Margarita has alternate interviews with her father and the Prefect; but neither the strong and empassioned appeals of an aged parent, whom she loved better than her life, nor the fervent remonstrances of honourable love, amidst all the pomp and splendour of a Roman Prefect's palace, could shake the firm purpose and inflexible faith of the beauteous neophyte, even when almost within view of the horrid instruments of a violent death, by which her lovely limbs were so soon to be torn and mangled. The Prefect, though goaded on by the blood-thirsty Vopiscus, is determined at all hazards to save the object of his ardent, but honourable attachment, from a cruel and ignominious death; and while he hesitates what scheme he shall adopt, Macer, the Governor of the city, suggests, that, in order to subdue the female heroism of the lovely Priestess, she should be ordered to be led the last to execution; that, by witnessing the agonising death of her fellow-believers, the yearnings of nature within her might unnerve her purpose, produce immediate recantation, and thus deprive her of the crown of martyrdom. Olybius too readily lends himself to this plausible suggestion; and the Christians—and Margarita among the rest—are led forth to the place of execution. With the exception of Charinus, who, like St Peter, had been too boastful of his courage, and, afterwards, in the immediate presence of death, apostatised; like

his illustrious prototype, denying his Master, like him also, to bewail it bitterly; the Christians met death with the most heroic fortitude, scoffing at the abortive malice of their enemies, and looking forward only to the glorious reward promised to the noble army of the Martyrs. The insidious suggestion of Macer had been communicated by the Prefect to Callias, and had in some sort lulled his fears for his daughter's life. Conceive, then, the agony of the bereaved father and of the fond lover, when an officer arrives and announces, that Margarita had perished by the hand of the executioner! A shout had been raised among the assembled throng, that her father Callias was approaching, and dreading the awful conflict between filial love for her aged parent, and her heroic notions of duty to her God and Saviour, she rushed into the arms of death to avoid the last interview with the aged Priest, which she justly dreaded might have proved too much for human resolution. She is also actuated by a feeling of unspeakable tenderness for her father, and exclaims—

“I do beseech thee, slay me first, and quickly:

’Tis that my father may not see my death!”

Such is a brief outline of the exquisite poem now before us, of which we now proceed to lay before our readers a few brief specimens, having already considerably transgressed our limits.

Our first quotation shall be the “Funeral Anthem” of the Christians, chaunted on the death of a brother who had sealed his testimony with his blood:

Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burthen of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou’st travelled o’er, and borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode;
Thou’rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father’s breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou’rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,” the solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed:

But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Diodotus, a brave Roman soldier, known as such to the Prefect, had espoused the doctrines of the Cross, and was among the number doomed to the cruel vengeance of the Polytheists, whom Gibbon, the most mendacious of historians where the Gospel is concerned—following in the footsteps of his master Hume in his *Natural History of Religion*—has pronounced gentle, mild, tolerant, and by no means prone to persecution! Olybius, anxious to save his ancient companion in arms, condescends to expostulate with him on his supposed folly. The reply of the stern and unbending soldier, who afterwards met his fate with a more heroic and glorious contempt of death than even the “Roman in the Capitol,” is one of the finest passages in this beautiful poem, and which it would not be easy to surpass from the works of any poet with which we are acquainted.

Olybius.—Diodotus, thou once didst share our love;
I knew thee as a soldier, valiant; wise,
I thought thee; therefore once again I stoop
To parley with thy madness. Noble warrior!
Wouldst thou that Rome, whose Gods have raised her up
To empire, boundless as the ocean-girt
And sun-enlighten'd earth; that by the side
Of her victorious chariot still have toil'd,
While there were hosts t'enslave, or realms to conquer;
That have attended on her ranging eagles
Till the winds fail'd them in their trackless flight;—
Wouldst thou, that now, upon her power's meridian,
Ungrateful she should spurn the exhausted aid
Of her old guardian Deities, and disclaim
Her ancient worship? Did not willing Jove
His delegated sceptre o'er the world
Grant to our fathers? Did not arm'd Gradivus
His Thracian couriers urge before our van,
Strawing our foes, as the wild hurricane

The summer corn? Where shone the arms of Rome,
That our great sire, Quirinus look'd not down
Propitious from his high Olympian seat?
And shall we now forsake their hallow'd fane,
Rich with our fathers' piety; refuse
The solemn hecatomb; dismiss the flames
From his proud office; rend the purple robe
Pontifical, and leave each sumptuous shrine
A nestling place for foul unhallow'd birds?
Diodotus.—Olybius, thou wrong'st our Roman glory.
No fabled Thunderer, nor the fiery car
Of Mavors, nor long-buried Romulus,
Set up great Rome to awe the subject world:
It was her children's valour, that dared all things,
And what it dared, accomplish'd. Rome herself,
Th' Almighty willing her imperial sway,
Was her own fortune, fate, and guardian deity.
She built the all-shadowing fabric of her empire
On the strong pillars of her public virtues,
And reign'd because she was most fit to reign.
But our's, Olybius, is no earthly kingdom,
We offer not a sceptre, that proclaims
Man mightier than his brethren of the dust;
No crown that, with the lofty head that wears it,
Must make its mauling pillow in the grave.
This earth disowns our glories: but when Rome
Hath sepulchred the last of all her sons,
When Desolation walks her voiceless streets,
Ay, when this world, and all its lords and slaves,
Are swept into the ghastly gulph of ruin;
High in immortal grandeur, like the stars,
But brighter and more lasting, shall our souls
Sit in their empyrean thrones, endiadem'd
With amaranthine light. Such gifts our God
Hath promised to his faithful.

The interview between the Hesthen priest and his Christian daughter, after sentence of death had been pronounced against her, is perfectly heart-rending. This was by far the most difficult part of the poem to execute with truth and effect; and yet we think Mr Milman has been completely successful. He has studied the natural, the simple, the touching; and avoided, (which was not easy,) the hacknied, the common-place, and the vulgar. The extract is long, but we cannot refuse it a place. It reminds us of some of the finer passages of Fazio and Samor.

Margarita.—I'm safe at last: the wild and furious cries

That drove me on are dying into silence.
These cold, and damp, and gloomy prison walls,

Are my protection. A few hours ago
My presence would have made an holiday
In Antioch. As I've moved along the streets,
I've heard the mother chide her sportive child

For breaking the admiring stillness round me.

There was no work so precious or so dear
But they deserted it to gaze on me.
And now they bay'd at me, like angry dogs:

And every brow was wrinkled, every hand
Clench'd in fierce menace: from their robes they shook

The dust upon me: even more loathsome scorn

Was cast upon my path. And can it be,
Oh, Christ! that I, whose tainted hands
so late

Served at the idol's altar; on whose lips
And lyre still ring the idol's votive hymns,
Am chosen to bear thy cross, and wear
on high

The martyr's robes enwoven of golden light?

Callias, Margarita.

Margarita.—Alas! my father!

Callias.—Oh, my child! my child!
Once more I find thee. Even the savage men,

That stand with rods and axes round the gate,

Had reverence for gray hairs: they let me pass,

And with rude pity bless'd me—Thou alone

Art cold and tearless in your father's sorrows.

Margarita.—Oh say not so!

Callias.—And wilt thou touch me, then,
Polluted, as thy jealous sect proclaims,
By idols? Oh, ye unrelenting Gods!

More unrelenting daughter, not content
To make me wretched, by depriving me
Of my soul's treasure, do ye envy me
The miserable solace of her tears
Mingling with mine? She quits the world,
and me,

Rejoicing—

Margarita.—No!

Callias.—And I, whose blameless pride
Dwelt on her—even as all the land's, no more.

The sculptor wrought his Goddess by her form;

Her likeness was the stamp of its divinity.
And when I walk'd in Antioch, all men hail'd

The father of the beauteous Margarita,
And now they'll fret me with their cold compassion

Upon the childless, desolate—

Margarita.—My father,
I could have better borne thy wrath, thy curse.

Callias.—Alas! I am too wretched to feel wrath:

There is no violence in a broken spirit.
Well, I've not long to live: it matters not
Whether the old man go henceforth alone.
And if his limbs should fail him, he may seize

On some cold pillar, or some lintel post,
For that support which human hands refuse him;

Or he must hire some slave, with face and voice

Dissonant and strange; or—

Margarita.—Gracious Lord, have mercy!

For what to this to-morrow's scourge or stake?

Callias.—And he must sit the livelong day alone

In silence, in the Temple Porch. No lyre,
Or one by harsh and jarring fingers touch'd,
For that which all around distill'd a calm
More sweet than slumber. Unfamiliar hands

Must strew his pillow, and his weary eyes
By unfamiliar hands be closed at length
For their long sleep.

Margarita.—Alas! alas! my father,
Why do they rend me from thee? for what crime?

I am a Christian: will a Christian's hands
With tardier zeal perform a daughter's duty?

A Christian's heart with colder fondness tend

An aged father? What forbids me still
To lend thy feeble steps, where the warm sun

Quickens thy chill and languid blood; or where
Some shadow soothes the noontide's burning heat;

To watch thy wants, to steal about thy chamber

With foot so light as to invite the sleep
To shed its balm upon thy lids ? Dear Sir,
Our faith commands us even to love our foes—

Can it forbid to love a father ?

Callias.—Prove it,

And for thy father's love forswear this faith.

Margarita.—Forswear it !

Callias.—Or dissemble ; any thing
But die and leave me.

Margarita.—Who disown their Lord
On earth, will he disown in heaven.

Callias.—Hard heart !

Credulous of all but thy fond father's sor-
rows,

Thou wilt believe each wild and mons-
trous tale

Of this fond faith.

Margarita.—I dare not disbelieve
What the dark grave hath cast the buried
forth

To utter : to whose visible form on earth
After the cross-expiring men have written
Their witness in their blood.

Callias.—Whence learnt thou this ?

Tell me, my child ; for sorrow's wear-
iness

Is now so heavy on me, I can listen,
Nor rave. Come, sit we down on this
coarse straw,

Thy only couch—thine, that wert wont
to lie

On the soft plumage of the swan, that
shamed not

Thy spotless limbs—Come.

Margarita.—Dost thou not remember
When Decius was the Emperor, how he
came

To Antioch, and when holy Babylas
Withstood his entrance to the Christian
church,

Frantic with wrath, he bade them drag
him forth

To cruel death ? Serene the old man
walk'd

The crowded streets ; at every pause the
yell

Of the mad people made, his voice was
heard

Blessing God's bounty, or imploring par-
don

Upon the barbarous hosts that smote him
on.

Then didst thou hold me up, a laughing
child,

To gaze on that sad spectacle. He pass'd,
And look'd on me with such a gentle sor-
row ;

The pallid patience of his brow toward
me

Seem'd softening to a smile of deapest
love.

When all around me mock'd, and howl'd,
and laugh'd,

God gave me grace to weep. In after
time

That face would on my noontide dreams
return ;

And in the silence of the night I heard.
The murmur of that voice remote, and
touch'd

To an aerial sweetness, like soft music
Over a tract of waters. My young soul
Lay wrapt in wonder, how that meek old
man

Could suffer with such unrepining calm-
ness,

Till late I learnt the faith for which he
suffer'd,

And wonder'd then no more. Thou'rt
weeping too—

Oh, Jesus ! hast thou moved his heart ?

Callias.—Away !

Insatiate of thy father's misery,
Wouldst have the torturers wring the few
chill drops

Of blood that linger in these wither'd
veins ?

Margarita.—I'd have thee with me in
the changeless heavens,

Where we should part no more ; reclined
together

Far from the violence of this wretched
world ;

Emparadis'd in bliss, to which the Elysium,
Dream'd by fond poets were a barren
waste,

Callias.—They call us hence.—Ah me,
My gentle child, in vain wouldst thou
distract

My rapt attention from each well-known
note,

Once hallow'd to mine ear by thine own
voice,

Which erst made Antioch vacant, draw-
ing after thee

The thronging youth, which cluster'd all
around thee,

Like bees around their queen, the hap-
piest they

That were the nearest. Oh, my child !
my child !

Thou canst not yet be blotted from their
memory ;

And I'll go forth, and kneel at every foot,
To the stern Prefect show my hoary hair,
And sue for mercy on myself, not thee.

Margarita.—Go not, my father.

Callias.—Cling not round me thus ;
There, there, even there repose upon
straw.

Nay, let me go, or I'll—but I've no
power,

Thou heed'st not now my anger or my
love ;

So, so farewell, then, and our Gods or
thine,
Or all that have the power to bliss, be
with thee!

We would most willingly have
given some extracts from the last,
the suffering scene of the Christians,
but we must be content to close our
account of this beautiful poem, with
a portion relating solely to the death
of Margarita.

Olybius.—What means thy hurried
look? Speak—speak!

Officer.—Though thy words blast like
lightning.

Mighty Prefect,
The apostate Priestess Margarita—

Olybius.—How?

Where's Macer?

Officer.—By the dead.

Olybius.—What dead?

Officer.—Remove

Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at
my throat,

And I shall answer.

Olybius.—Speak, and instantly,
Or I will dash thee down, and trample
from thee

Thy hideous secret.

Officer.—It is nothing hideous—

'Tis but the enemy of our faith—She died
Nobly, in truth—but—

Callias.—Dead! she is not dead!

Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's
oath;

I had forgot it in my fears, but now
I well remember, that she should not die.
Faulh! who will trust in Gods and men
like these?

Olybius.—Slave! Slave! dost mock
me? Better 'twere for thee
That this be false, than if thou'dst found
a treasure

To purchase kingdoms.

Officer.—Hear me but a while.

She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And if she shudder'd, 'twas as one that
strives

With Nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to Heaven restoring all her calm-
ness;

Save when that dastard did renounce his
faith,

And she had shed tears for him. Then
led they forth

Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden
cry

Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth
she sprang,

And clasp'd the frowning headsmen's
knees, and said—

"Thou knew'st me, when thou laid'st on
thy sick bed;

"Christ sent me there to wipe thy burn-
ing brow.

"There was an infant play'd about thy
chamber,

"And thy pale cheek would smile and
weep at once,

"Gazing upon that almost orphan'd
child—

"Oh! by its dear and precious memory,
"I do beseech thee, slay me first and
quickly:

"'Tis that my father may not see my
death."

Callias.—Oh cruel kindness! and I
would have closed

Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle
pressure;

I would have smooch'd thy beauteous
limbs, and laid

My head upon thy breast, and died with
thee.

Olybius.—Good father! once I thought
to call thee so,

How do I envy thee this her last fondness!
She had no dying thought of me.—Go on.

Officer.—With that the headsmen wip-
ed from his swarth cheeks

A moisture like to tears. But she, mean-
while,

On the cold block composed her head, and
cross'd

Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce
heav'd,

She was so tranquil; cautious, lest her
garments

Should play the traitors to her modest carc.
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked

neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs/
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd

up
As softly to reproach his tardiness:

And some fell down upon their knees, some
clasp'd

Their hands, enamour'd even to adoration
Of that half-smiling face and bending

form.

Callias.—But he—but he—the savage
executioner—

Officer.—He trembled.

Callias.—Ha! God's blessing on his
head!

And the axe slid from out his palsied
hand?

Officer.—He gave it to another.

Callias.—And—

Officer.—It fell.

Callias.—I see it,

I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,
And the blood bursts—my blood!—my
daughter's blood!

Off—let me loose.

Olybius, Macer, and the Rest.

Olybius.—Macer! is this thy faithful
service?

Macer.—Ah!—So rapid—

Olybius.—Not a word! Thou think'st
I'll stoop

To dash thee to the earth—But I'm so sick
Of this accursed pomp, I will not use
Its privilege of vengeance.

Fatal trappings

Of proud authority, that, like the robe
Of Nessus, shine and burn into the en-
trails!—

Supremacy! whose great prerogative

Is to be blasted by superior misery!

No more will I possess the fatal power
Of murdering those I love. All-ruling
sceptre!

That wert mine instrument of bloodshed,
down!

Mine hand shall never grasp thee more.

Vopiscus,

Assume the vacant Prefect's seat, and be
Curs'd like myself—with sway.—I cannot
wish thee

A doom more hateful—

From the extracts which we have now given, the reader will be enabled to judge for himself. It does appear to us, and we submit it with great deference, that this exquisite poem would have lost nothing had the author abandoned the dramatic form, and given it as a regular and continuous composition. The plot, if so it may be called, is too simple, and the incidents too few to produce dramatic effect. The charm of the poem is in the portrayal of strong human feelings, and passions, and sentiments, arising in the mind, not so much from any thing actual or sensible, as from the lofty and hallowed visions of a heavenly faith, and a heavenly hope, which could endure the disruption of every human tie, and contempt the fire, the stake, the axe, and the hungry lions of the amphitheatre. Mr Milman, we think, has been singularly fortunate in making the interest of the poem to turn, not on the bodily, but on the mental agonies of the Martyr neophyte: For what is death, in its most savage forms—what are

"The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,

"Luke's iron crown, or Damien's bed of
steel,"

to the irrepressible conflict of filial, fraternal, or conjugal love, and the paramount calls of a terrible duty—
at such an hour? When the great Lord Russel had parted from his beloved and devoted wife, on the morning of the day in which he was ex-

ecuted, he exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is past!" Let the reader peruse our extract containing the interview between the Heathen priest and his Christian daughter, or turn to that between the Prefect Olybius and the object of his affectionate love, and, with all this, let him conjoin the tortures of a savage and immediate death—and he will have some idea of the contending passions that struggled for the ascendancy in the bosom of the young and tender neophyte.

But we must have done. We cannot descend from the feelings which the foregoing remarks have given birth to, and commence a regular verbal critique. Yet from the regard and the esteem we cherish for the author, we must inform him, that we think he has once and again been guilty of a considerable degree of carelessness. Who could have ever dreamed that Mr Milman would have talked of "scorn," and "beauteous ire" being steeped in ennobling fire?" Or that he would have used such a tautological absurdity as men beginning "to stoop their grovelling prayers?" Or would have suffered the worthy Editor of the Literary Gazette* to catch him tripping in grammar? These things are not well; let them therefore be corrected. They are mere spots on the sun's disk; but although they may be partially buried in the flood of circumradiant light, they ought to be removed, that even the telescopic eye of criticism may no longer discover them. But having alluded to this subject, we cannot conclude without quoting the most beautiful and touching simile that we ever recollect to have met with in the whole range of our poetical reading—and it has been pretty extensive. Olybius hears the Christians chanting their hymn of adoration as they are led to the stake, and asks,

"What sounds are these,

So melancholy, yet so full of joy,

Like songs of victory round some aged
chief,

That in the war hath lost his only son?"

* Why does Mr Dibdin suffer himself to be so wantonly and rudely assailed in this journal, without inflicting a just and severe chastisement on his assailant? Does he consider his traducer below his notice, and best answered by silent contempt? If this be his feeling, perhaps he is in the right!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Landseer is engaged on a learned historical work connected with ancient Oriental History, which will at once interest theologians and antiquaries.

A miscellaneous volume of Poetry is announced, by Barry Cornwall, containing several subjects of considerable promise.

An elegant edition of the British Poets, in one hundred volumes, royal 18mo. which has so long been in preparation at the Cheswick press of Mr Whittingham, is on the eve of being published. It includes our most celebrated poets, from Chaucer and Spenser down to Burns and Cowper, together with the standard Translations from the Classics. The Life of each author is prefixed to his works. As far as they extend, the Lives written by Dr Johnson are adopted; the remainder of the Biographical memoirs, fifty in number, are original compositions. Only five hundred copies have been printed.

The Bridal of Caſſelchairn, and other Poems, by John Hay Allan, are in the press.

A Journal of a Voyage to Greenland, in the year 1821, is announced by subscription, in one volume, royal octavo. It was undertaken by W. G. Manby, Esq. (author of the Means of Saving Persons from Shipwreck,) in the ship *Baffin*, of Liverpool, commanded by William Scoresby, jun. Esq. and is interspersed with the natural history of various animals and birds.

In the course of the present month will be published, *The Elements of Self-Improvement*; or, a Familiar View of the Intellectual Powers and Moral Characteristics of Human Nature; principally adapted for young persons entering into active life; by the Rev. Thos. Finch, of Harlow.

The History of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, comprising its ancient and modern state, with an account of St Martin's, Stamford Baron, and Great and Little Wothorpe, in Northamptonshire, will shortly be published by Mr Drakard, of Stamford. The work, although in a great measure compiled from former historians, contains many new and interesting documents, and will be embellished with a number of superior engravings.

The Orlando Innamorato of Berni, translated by Wm. Stewart Rose, Esq. is preparing for publication, and will be followed by the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

A System of Analytic Geometry, by

the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, A.M. of the University of Dublin, and Member of the Royal Irish Academy, is in the press.

Mr Chambers, author of the *Biographical Illustrations of the County of Worcester*, &c. &c. &c. has nearly ready for the press, *Collections for a Biography of English Architects*, from the Fifth to the Seventeenth Century.

Mr James Bird, author of the *Vale of Slaughden*; *Machin*; or, the *Discovery of Madeira*, &c. ; has in the press, *Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany*; a *Tragedy*, in Five Acts.

Mr William Tilleard Warn is preparing for the press, *Practical Observations on Paralytic Affections*, *St Vitus's Dance*, *Deformities of the Chest and Limbs*, illustrative of the beneficial effects of muscular action.

The author of the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, is writing a work under the title of *The Tablets of Memnon*; or, *Fragments Illustrative of the Human Character*. It will contain some very curious anecdotes, and be illustrated by the author's correspondence with St. Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, *Madame de Staël*, *Dr Percy*, late Bishop of Dromore, and several other eminent literary and political characters.

Three volumes of *Old Stories*, by Miss Spence, are in the press.

Towards the end of March, Dr Roche will publish the First Number of a New Series of *Ancient Irish Melodies*, with appropriate words, and with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte; and from the known taste of the editor, a very pleasing and popular series may be expected.

The Travels of Theodore Ducas in various Countries of Europe, at the revival of letters and art; edited by Charles Mills, author of the *History of the Crusades*. Part the First, Italy, will soon appear.

Conversations on Mineralogy, with plates engraved by Mr Lowry, will soon appear.

A third volume of the *Remains of Henry Kirke White*, of Nottingham, edited by Robert Southey, Esq. is in the press.

Evenings in Autumn: a series of Essays, Narrative and Miscellaneous, are announced, by Nathan Drake, M.D. the elegant author of *Literary Hours*, of *Essays on Periodical Literature*, of *Shakespeare and his Times*, and of *Winter Nights*.

A general Survey of the present Situation of the principal Powers of Europe ; with conjectures on their future prospects, by a Citizen of the United States, is printing in London.

Considerations on the Subject of Calvinism, and a short treatise on Regeneration ; designed for the use of such as feel interested in the enquiry, whether Calvinism be or be not the doctrine of the Bible, and of the Church of England ; are preparing, by William Bruce Knight, A.M.

A Narrative of Two Years Residence in the Settlement called the English Prairie, in the Illinois Country, United States ; with an account of its animal and vegetable productions, agriculture, &c. &c. and a description of the principal towns, villages, &c. &c. and of the habits and customs of the Back-Woodsmen ; will soon be published, by John Woods.

The editor of the Philosophical Magazine and Journal (Alex. Tilloch, LL.D.) is preparing for publication a work which is likely to engage the attention of Biblical students, namely, Dissertations Introductory to the Study and Right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse.

Lord Dillon, author of Commentaries on the Military Establishments and Defence of the British Empire ; Policy of Nations, a Translation of the Tactics of Ælian, Legitimacy ; &c. has, during a late residence at Florence, composed a work under the title of *The Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers*, an English Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century, which is now in the press.

It is proposed to publish the Architectural Antiquities of Sefton Church, near Liverpool ; consisting of views, plans, and parts of the interior ornaments, detailed at large from actual measurement, and etched in outline, by Mr R. Bridges. It will appear the first week in March.

A third edition is printing of the Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain, by Alexander de Humboldt ; with physical sections and maps ; translated by John Black, Esq.

A translation of M. Cottu's work on the Criminal Jurisprudence of the English, and on their Manners and Society, will be published early next month.

Observations on the Influence of Manners upon the Health of the Human Race ; more particularly as it regards females in the higher and middle classes of society ; will speedily appear from the pen of R. Palin, M.D. of Newport, Salop.

Speedily will be published, the Life of

John Goodwin, A.M., some time Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street, London, in the reign of Charles I. ; by Thomas Jackson.

The Works of Dr James Arminius, formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden, translated from the Latin, are in the press. To which are prefixed, the Life of the Author, extracts from his letters, and the state of religious opinions at the interesting period in which he flourished.

The author of the Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton, is about to publish a poem, in the manner of Beppo, entitled *Faliero* ; or, the Life and Adventures of a Neapolitan Libertine ; dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

A Critical and Analytical Dissertation on the Names of Persons, by John Henry Brady, Esq. will soon be published.

Mr Overton has in the press, an Inquiry into the Truth and Use of the Book of Enoch, as it respects his prophecies, visions, and account of fallen angels, such book being at length found in the Ethiopic canon, and translated into English by Dr Laurence.

The Rev. Samuel Burder, M.A. has far advanced in the press, a new work, entitled, *Oriental Literature*, applied to the illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, designed as a sequel to *Oriental Customs* : in two large volumes, 8vo.

Messrs Noel and La Place, professors in the University of Paris, having made a collection of Reading Exercises for the use of French Youth, which has been eagerly adopted in the schools of France ; a duodecimo edition of the same is printing in London, for the use of English schools.

A Compendium of the Laws of Nature and of Nations, by Mr J. P. Thomas, is in the press.

Chinzica, a Poem, in Ten Cantos, is in the press ; it is founded on that part of the history of the Pisan Republic, in which is said to have originated the celebrated Triennial Festival, called the Battle of the Bridge.

Elements of Jurisprudence, and a Systematical View of the Laws of England, as treated of in a course of Lectures read at Oxford, by Richard Wooddson, Esq. D.C.L. Vinerian Professor, &c. &c. ; the second edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous corrections and additions by the author ; and additional notes by W. M. Blythewood, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn ; are preparing for publication.

A reprint of that valuable and scarce little Manual, Francis Quarles's *Richiridion*, or Institutions Divine and Moral,

is printing in royal 18mo. with a portrait of the author.

Mr L. J. A. MacHenry, author of the improved Spanish Grammar, &c. has in the press a third edition of the Exercises on the Etymology, Syntax, Idioma, and Synonymes of the Spanish Language.

The Songs of Anacreon, of Teos, are in the press; translated into English measure, by Lord Thurlow.

Early in March will be published, *Marian De Britton*, a Novel, in 3 vols. By Capt. De Renzy.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and will be published in the course of next month, *Institutes of Theology*, or a concise view of the System of Divinity, with a reference to the Authors who have treated the several articles fully. By the Rev. Alex. Ranken, D. D. one of the Ministers of Glasgow.

Notes on the Medical Topography of the Interior of Ceylon, and on the health of the Troops employed in the Kandayan Provinces, during the years 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820, with brief remarks on the prevailing Diseases. By Henry Marshall, Surgeon to the Forces. 8vo.

Legendre's Elements of Geometry, and of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.—Edited by David Brewster, L.L.D. In one volume 8vo. with Wood Cuts.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume 12mo. *The Provost; or Memoirs of his Own Times.*—Compiled from the papers of James Paw-

kie, Esq. late Provost of Gudetown. By the Author of the *Annals of the Parish*, &c.

The Poetical Works of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, now first collected; with numerous poems not hitherto published; in 4 vols. foolscap 8vo.

In the press, *Journal of a Tour from Astrachan to the Scotch Colony, Karass, on the Russian Lines, north of the Mountains of Caucasus*, containing occasional remarks on the general appearance of the country, the manners of the inhabitants, &c.; with the substance of many conversations with Effendis Mollas, and other Mahomedans, on the questions at issue between them and Christianity, regarding the way of Salvation. By the Rev. Wm. Glen, Missionary and Minister of the Scotch Church, Astrachan.

Illustrations of British Ornithology. By P. J. Selby, Esq. No. III. Price £.1.11.6 plain. £.5.5s. coloured.

Professor Hooker's Series of Botanical Illustrations, Nos. II. and III. which completes the work. Price, each, 6s. plain, and 10s. 6d. coloured.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for the years 1819 and 1820.

Speedily will be published, a new edition of the History of the Zetland Islands, including their Civil, Political, and Natural History, Antiquities, and an Account of the State of Society and Manners. By Arthur Edmonston, M.D.—The work will be illustrated by Engravings, made from original drawings of some of the most interesting objects and scenes which the country affords.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Taylor's Builders' Price-Book, corrected for 1822. 4s.

Rural Architecture; or, a Series of Designs for Ornamental Cottages. By F. P. Robinson, Archt. No. 1., 4to. 5s.

ASTRONOMY.

Elements of Astronomy. By A. Picquot, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Jackson's Catalogue of 30,000 volumes of Rare and Scarce Books. 2s.

Pickering's Select Catalogue of Old Books, No. 2, for 1822.

Ogle, Duncan, and Co's Catalogue of Oriental Literature. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Franklin's Memoirs, Vols. V. and VI. By W. T. Franklin, Esq. 8vo. £.1.8s.

Lady Jane Grey and her Times. By Geo. Howard, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

The Life of William Hey, Esq. F.R.S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. By John Pearson, F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. 18s.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. W. Tennent, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Truttsold, New Jersey. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

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The Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern; being a continuation of Professor Tytler's work, from the deaths of Queen Anne and Louis XIV. to the demise of his late Majesty King George the Third, 1820. By E. Nares, D.D. Reg. Prof. of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Vol. III. 10s. 6d.

The Arithmetician's Guide; or, a Complete Exercise Book, for the use of public schools and private teachers. By William Taylor, Teacher of the Mathe-

matics, and Land Surveyor, author of a Complete System of Arithmetic, &c. 12mo. 3s. bound.

An Abridgement of the Youth's Spelling and Pronouncing Theological Dictionary of the New Testament, for the use of schools. By E. Dowson, dedicated by permission to the Bishop of Durham.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The last intelligence from this country is of a very alarming nature. The Paris papers of the 6th instant contain accounts of serious commotions that have lately taken place in that city, from the following cause: It appears that certain missionaries had for some time past assembled in the Church of the Petites Peres in Paris, and exhibited their relics, saints, and miracles; at the same time preaching the doctrines of divine right, unqualified submission, and blind adoration. These doctrines had been frequently alluded to with reprobation in the Chamber of Deputies; and had excited,

against the missionaries, the strongest feelings of disgust and indignation. On Sunday the 3d instant, they began to preach in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. On the Tuesday following, great crowds were collected about the church, and some disorders took place, which were quickly suppressed. On Wednesday, the Archbishop of Paris repaired to the church, to countenance the mission. The public peace was again disturbed, by the contemptuous proceedings of the crowd, who threw squibs and crackers into the church, to interrupt the religious service. The *gaps d'armes* were called to the scene of tumult, dispersed

the mob, and took several of the rioters into custody, among whom were two Deputies. Similar excesses were committed, on Thursday, at the Church des Petits Peres, where twelve persons were arrested, and conducted to the Prefecture of the Police. The spirit of disaffection seems to pervade some other public functionaries, as two Chiefs of Division in the office of the Minister of Justice have been dismissed; several changes have been made in the Prefecture of Police, and eighteen Prefects and Sub-Prefects have been discharged. The Prefect of Police has issued an order, prohibiting the assembly of people in crowds or groups, upon pain of being tried for the crime of rebellion.—Accounts are also given of plots, conspiracies, and commotions in various parts of the kingdom. Insurrections had occurred at Thénazay and Niort, and several persons had been arrested at Thouars. A party, consisting of about fifty men, headed by General Berthon, recently appeared in Saumur, where they hoisted the tri-coloured flag, and manifested the most tumultuous conduct.—They were attacked by the municipal guard, and a conflict of some obstinacy took place between them, before they could be expelled. Several of General Berthon's party were killed. Of the remainder, the greater portion were apprehended, and lodged in prison. Their leader made his escape, but almost unaccompanied. The second military council sitting at Tours, passed sentence, on the 28th of February, on the officers of the conspiracy at Saumur. Five of the persons accused are condemned to death. The *Ruche d'Aquitaine* says, that its correspondent at Grenoble states, that agents of insurrection continue to traverse the country, and to circulate the most seditious writings. The same journal adds, that two songs, which bear the stamp of revolt and crime, have been clandestinely printed and circulated at Bourdeaux, and that they are the objects of a very strict search.

Such appears to be the present internal state of France; while, in the meantime, the government appears determined to push through the legislature the obnoxious law regarding the liberty of the press. On the 15th February, this law passed in the Chamber of Deputies; the number being for it 219, against it, 191. Twenty-five members of the opposition refused to vote at all. On the 18th, it was presented to the King, and by him transmitted to the Chamber of Peers, where, by the last accounts, it was still in discussion. M. Talleyrand ably opposed the law, and said he would only consent

to adopt it with the three following modifications:—1. That the word "Constitutional" be restored to the second Article.—2. That the oral proof consecrated by the law of May 1819, be admitted against Public Functionaries, in respect of the acts of their administration.—3. That the Trial by Jury be restored, instead of the Correctional Police.

SPAIN.—The Extraordinary Cortes of Spain closed their Session on the 14th January, on which occasion the King attended in person, and delivered a speech to the Assembly, which contained a recapitulation of, and eulogium on, the several Acts of the Session, at the head of which stands that most important measure, the territorial division of Spain. The President, in his answer, begins by reminding Ferdinand of the oaths which he has taken to maintain the free constitution. He then runs rapidly over the various important objects which the Extraordinary Cortes were bound to attend to—dwells, though in general terms, on the difficulties which they had to encounter—and congratulates the King and nation on their delivery, through the courage and prudence of the Cortes, "from a dreadful crisis, into which unfortunate circumstances had conducted them." He concludes by some pointed and just remarks on the advantages of a representative as compared with an arbitrary Government; and anticipates, from the labours of the succeeding Cortes, the completion of the great structure of a free and constitutional monarchy.

ITALY.—Letters from Naples, of the 5th of February, state, that a band of conspirators, principally men known by their dishonourable life, some who had escaped from justice, and among whom a person of respectable rank in life could not be found, had, with the aid of a secret society, formed the plan of massacrings, in one night, every respectable person in Palermo holding a public situation. The 12th January was fixed for carrying the project into execution. On that night, the conspirators were to repair to the Grand Theatre, where the civil and military authorities, and all the distinguished personages of Palermo, would be assembled, to celebrate the King's birthday. After sacrificing their victims, the conspirators were to repair to the fortress, hoist the tri-coloured flag, and proclaim the American Constitution. It is said that they calculated on the assistance of the Spaniards, and particularly of such of the Italian Carbonari as had taken refuge in Spain. All the details of this conspiracy having been communicated to Cardinal Granata, Archbishop of Palermo,

by one of the conspirators, the Neapolitan Police, assisted by the Austrian military, prevented the meditated massacre. A great number of persons were arrested; some have been shot, and others sent to Naples.

RUSSIA, TURKEY, AND GREECE.—The intelligence from the North and the East of Europe is daily assuming an aspect of deeper importance. Persia has rejected the interference of Britain to bring round peace with Turkey. The Schah sanctions the conduct of his son, and hostilities are continued against the Ottoman power. On the frontiers of Besarabia, say the latest accounts, every thing is ready to commence hostilities, which are considered unavoidable. The Russian soldiers look upon the war against the Mahomedans as a sacred cause, and burn with ardour to engage in it. Two of the Grand Dukes had left Petersburg for the armies in the South, and the Emperor and all his Ministers were, at the date of the latest accounts, expected to follow immediately. The following article, from the London Courier of Friday, the 8th instant, and the manner in which it is given, is of the first importance, and sets very nearly the question at rest.

“The following is an extract of a private letter, which we have received this morning from Paris. In that capital, among the best-informed persons upon political events, the persuasion is very strong that hostilities must take place between Russia and Turkey, and that the declaration of war by the former Power,

will soon be put forth. We can add nothing to this belief, of our own knowledge, either one way or the other; but shall merely lay before our readers the facts communicated by our correspondent.”

‘*Paris, Tuesday Night.*—A commercial courier arrived here to-day, from St Petersburg, which he left on the 17th of February. It was believed, at his departure, that war was on the point of breaking out with Turkey, for orders had been sent to all the armies, and to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. The Grand Dukes were gone to the army, and the Emperor and his Ministers were expected to set off immediately.’

By accounts from Constantinople, it appears that the Janissaries, having persisted in their refusal to repair to the army, the Porte had been obliged to continue them in Constantinople, and to march off a portion of the Asiatic troops to reinforce Churschild Pacha, who has called for support, to enable him to make head against the Greeks, who are successful in Thessaly, almost the whole of which has fallen into their power. The Ottoman fleet, destined to co-operate in the expedition against the Morea, is arming with great activity. Napololi Romania has fallen into the hands of the Greeks, but the Turks still hold possession of the citadel of Athens.

The Pacha of Egypt has conquered the kingdom of Kortasan, so well known for its gold and iron mines. The Sovereign of that country fell in the field of battle.

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Feb. 11.—The Royal assent was notified by commission to the Insurrection (Ireland) Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Suspension (Ireland) Bill. The Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Viscount Melville.

26.—The Agricultural distress of the country became the subject of a lengthened discussion. The Earl of Liverpool, in moving that the Estimates of the year should be laid before their Lordships, entered into an able *expose* of the state of the country, detailed the view taken by Government of the existing difficulties under which the Agriculturists laboured, and the relief it was proposed to extend to them. The Noble Earl’s speech was, in substance, the same as that delivered by the Marquis of Londonderry, some evenings before, in the other House. He dwelt on the increase which had taken

place in the population of the country during the last twenty years, which, notwithstanding the pressure of the war, amounted to near three millions. He also drew a flattering picture of the state of the Revenue. The Noble Earl said, the arrears on the Excise Duties of last year, amounting to 27 millions, did not exceed £.5000; and even this trifling sum, it was expected, would be recovered without much difficulty. He denied that the Agricultural distress originated in taxation; and contended we were only suffering in common with the same class of persons in every part of the Continent of Europe, as well as the United States of America; and he adduced, as a proof that the country was in a flourishing state, the improved state in our commerce, and the increased consumption of articles of comfort by the great body of the people, of tea, candles, soap, bricks, &c. The jet

of his argument went to prove, that the finances and resources of the country were in a healthful state; and that the existing distresses were of a temporary nature, which the progress of time alone could remove. On the other hand, the Marquis of Lansdown and Lord Dacre contended, that relief could only be given by a reduction of taxation and a diminution of expenditure. These arguments were combated by the Duke of Buckingham, Lords Harrowby and Redesdale, and appeared so evidently to have the support of the great majority of their Lordships, that the Earl of Liverpool's motion was agreed to, without the opinions of the dissentients being marked by any division.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Feb. 7.—The Marquis of Londonderry laid before the House the new measures for the suppression of the insurrection in Ireland. They were two bills for the renewal of the Insurrection Act, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act until the first of August. His Lordship stated, that they were both recommended by the Marquis Wellesley; and, in the event of their being adopted, they might be repealed or prolonged in the present session, as circumstances may require. After a long discussion, which was followed by three divisions, both the Bills were brought in, read a first and second time, and, on the 8th, they were read a third time, passed, and sent to the House of Lords.

11.—The depression of the landed interest, and the state of the country generally, was brought under the consideration of the House by Mr Brougham, who introduced the subject in an able and elaborate speech, in which he designated excessive taxation, aggravated by a change in the currency, as the leading cause of the evil—and economy and retrenchment, in every department of the state, as the remedy. Mr Brougham moved, "that Parliament should pledge itself to obtain such a reduction of taxation as would afford effectual relief to the country."—The Marquis of Londonderry could not accede to the motion of the Hon. and Learned Gentleman. The Noble Marquis made a direct call upon the House, if it had more confidence in Mr Brougham and his party, than in his Majesty's Ministers, that it should at once declare so, coupled with the observation that in a few days the question would be brought forward, as a complete measure, by Government itself. He concluded by moving the previous question. Mr Calcraft next addressed the House in favour of the original motion; he was followed by the Marquis of Chandos, who opposed, and Mr Ricardo, who supported the motion. After

a reply from Mr Brougham, the House divided, when there appeared for the previous question 212, for the original motion 108—Majority for Ministers 104.

13.—Sir Robert Wilson brought forward the circumstances connected with his dismissal from the army in September last, and gave a minute narrative of his proceedings, from his first hearing, at Paris, of the late Queen's death, to the embarkation of her Majesty's remains at Harwich. He denied having assisted in, or connived at, the preparation of the obstacles by which the rabble tried to divert the funeral from the proper line of march; but he admitted his active interference with the military at Cumberland Gate, and the use of some very strong expressions to dissuade the soldiers from firing on the mob. Lord Palmerston and the Marquis of Londonderry resisted the motion, upon the broad ground, that any interference by the House of Commons with the King's discretion in the management of the army, would be a violation of the Constitution; his Majesty's undoubted prerogative being to dismiss any Officer, without trial or inquiry. This, the Noble Marquis said, had often been done; and there were instances in which Officers had been dismissed the service after they had been acquitted by a Court Martial. Mr Lambton, Mr Grey Bennet, Mr Hume, and Sir F. Burdett, strenuously supported the motion, which Sir John Newport condemned, as tending to render the Army independent of the Crown, and dependent upon that House, or rather upon any party it might be able to command in it—a principle pregnant with danger to the liberties of the country. The motion was negatived by a majority of 199 to 97.

15.—The plan of Ministers for the relief of Agricultural distress was brought forward this evening by the Marquis of Londonderry, and was in brief substance as follows:—The capital of the 5 per cent. Stocks, his Lordship observed, amounted to 155 millions sterling, and those of the 4 per cents. to 75 millions: it was the intention of Ministers immediately to commence a negotiation for the reduction of these funds into the 3 per cents., upon which operation he calculated that a saving would be made to the country of £1,420,000. This saving it was intended to apply to the reduction of the last duty of 1s. on the bushel of malt. The second source of relief was to advance to the agriculturists, for five or six years, a loan of 4,000,000 of money, on security of their lands, leases, &c. at 3 per cent. interest; and the principal benefit expected to be derived from this loan was, that which the farmers would find, in not

being obliged to bring their produce to a premature market. It was also proposed to modify the Corn Laws, by a species of double average, and by rendering more strict the warehousing system. With these views, it was intended to revive the Agricultural Committee. The Noble Marquis concluded his speech with a warm eulogium upon the sinking fund, upon Mr Pitt, and the system of policy pursued by himself and his colleagues, in conformity with the principles of that great Statesman.—Mr Brougham concurred in the panegyric upon Mr Pitt and his sinking fund; but maintained that the present Ministers had totally subverted, by their attack on it commenced in 1813, that monument of their great patron's talents.—The learned gentleman then went over nearly the same arguments which he had employed to introduce his motion of the Monday preceding. Mr. Huskisson replied to Mr Brougham at some length, directing his observations chiefly to the operation of Mr. Peel's bill. Mr Hume, in a short speech, argued, that nothing less than a reduction of taxation, to the amount of from 7 to 10 millions, could afford an adequate relief to the landholders. The Resolutions proposed by the Marquis of Londonderry (which were merely for laying before the House certain financial documents) were then carried without a division.

18.—A discussion of some length took place between Lord A. Hamilton and the Lord Advocate on the motion of the Noble Lord respecting the appointment of Mr. Ferrier to the office of Conservator of the privileges of Scots Burghs, and the abolition of certain offices in the Commissary Courts in Scotland, which had been denounced by different Parliamentary Reports; but, upon an assurance from the Learned Lord, that he had a Bill in preparation for the same purpose, Lord A. Hamilton withdrew his motion, and agreed to leave the affair in the hands of Government.

The Marquis of Londonderry afterwards moved the revival of the Agricultural Committee, which, after a long debate, was agreed to. In the discussion to which the motion gave rise, several Members took an opportunity to express their opinions upon the plan lately developed by his Lordship. Among these Mr Cooch and Mr Stuart Wortley considered the statement satisfactory. The Members of the Committee are the same individuals as composed that of last year.

Feb. 20.—Mr Hume presented a petition from a number of the inhabitants of Preston, complaining of the discipline to which Henry Hunt is subjected in Ilkhes-

ter jail. The Honourable Member was not sparing in his strictures upon the motives and conduct of the Somersetshire Magistrates, and spoke of some of the Learned Judges in a way that occasioned severe animadversions from the Solicitor-General, who, in his turn, received a castigation from Mr G. Bennet, but which drew from the Learned Gentleman no other explanation than a declaration, that he was prepared to justify his language, either in that House, or in any other place.

The same evening, Lord A. Hamilton moved for a Committee of the whole House to take into consideration the state of the Royal Burghs of Scotland. His Lordship dwelt at some length upon the abuses which existed in different Burghs, particularly those connected with pecuniary administration, which he considered to arise from the present forms of municipal government. He stated the chief source of these evils to be the system under which the Magistrates going out of office elect their successors; and he proposed as a remedy, the abolition of this right, and the establishment of a popular mode of election. The Lord Advocate (who has already given notice of a Bill relative to the Scotch Burghs) declared explicitly, that his plan would not extend to the innovation proposed by Lord A. Hamilton, which he objected to as a violation of chartered rights, an infringement of the Articles of Union, and an indirect mode of introducing Parliamentary Reform. Mr. Hume, indeed, openly avowed this to be his object, and adduced himself (in his capacity of Member for Montrose), as an instance of the advantages to be reaped by the country from a more open system of election in these Burghs. The motion, after a long debate, was negatived by a majority of 81 to 46.

21.—Lord Althorpe moved a Resolution, expressive of the opinion held by the House of the plan proposed by the Marquis of Londonderry for the relief of the country. The Noble Lord, in moving his Resolution, took a review of the situation of the country, and strongly urged the inefficacy of the Noble Marquis's proposed relief to effect its object. He contended, that the utmost extent of relief which the Noble Marquis's plan would give, would not amount to £.5,000,000 in five years. He therefore proposed, that, to give efficient relief, instead of keeping up a useless sinking fund, the whole excess of £.5,000,000 should at once be given, as a reduction of taxation. The Noble Lord moved a resolution to this effect, which was met by a counter-resolution proposed by Mr F. Robinson, declaratory of the wisdom and

prudence of the resolution adopted by the House on the 9th of June 1819, for establishing a sinking fund of £5,000,000, and declaring the same to be necessary for the support of public credit. The Right Hon. Gentleman also moved a resolution, stating the opinion of the House, that, as the excess of income above expenditure now exceeded £5,000,000 by £260,000, the time was arrived at which a gradual diminution of taxation might safely take place. Mr Robinson was followed by Lord J. Russell in favour of the resolution of Lord Althorpe. Mr Whitmore, Mr Price, Mr Wilmot, Mr T. Wilson, Mr Banks, and Mr Tierney, delivered their sentiments. Mr Banks argued strongly in favour of keeping up a sinking fund; while the last-named gentlemen, eulogising the plan of the sinking fund, as it had been originally proposed by Mr Pitt, charged Ministers with having abandoned the plan of that great statesman, and with having retained only the name of the sinking fund. Mr Vansittart justified the present measure, and Lord Althorpe replied, when the House divided:—for the original motion 126; for the amendment 234—majority against the original motion 108.

22.—Col. Davies called the attention of the House of Commons to a subject of considerable interest—the inaccuracy or obscurity of the accounts presented to parliament. The imperfect and unintelligible form in which the public accounts are printed, had long been a subject of mortification with those who have had occasion to consult them. And, indeed, if obscurity had been the object of the persons furnishing those documents, they could scarcely have contrived a more ingenious mode of concealing the truth. It may be a sufficient illustration of this fact to say, that in the 27 or 28 folio volumes of Parliamentary papers issued last year, there cannot be found a balance sheet of the income and expenditure of the country, nor will the most diligent search detect the materials from which a balance sheet could be compiled. The Chancellor of the Exchequer consented to the appointment of a Committee for the arrangement of the public accounts.

In the Committee of Ways and Means, Mr Hume moved to raise the pension duty from 4 to 10 shillings in the pound. His motion was deemed too comprehensive, and rejected. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved that the several acts of 1784, relating to the Five per Cents., should be read, with a view to taking the subject into consideration on Monday. On the motion that the House should resolve itself into a Committee of Supply upon

the Navy Estimates, Mr Hume moved an amendment, calling for a statement in detail of the manner in which the sum estimated for seamen's wages (£593,775) is to be expended, distinguishing seamen from marines, and the respective ranks of officers. The Hon. Member entered with great minuteness into the abuses which he alleged to exist in the department of the navy. Mr Croker replied, by stating that this particular grant had never been before made the subject of opposition or inquiry, during 170 years; that the strength and disposition of the fleet afloat had been always an object of concealment both in peace and war, and though the feeling of jealousy might be less active in peace than in war, it should never be wholly extinguished. He then replied to Mr Hume's statement, exposing what he called his blunders in a speech of great spirit and talent; but conceived in a contemptuous style, somewhat below the dignity of Parliament. Mr Gray Bennet animadverted upon Mr. Croker's wit and asperity in a short speech, and Mr Hume's amendment was rejected. Mr Hume then moved another amendment, demanding a comparative estimate of the prices of provisions in 1813, 1817, and in 1821. This amendment shared the fate of Mr Hume's former motion.

25.—Mr James, the Member for Carlisle, called the attention of the House to what he contended was a breach of privilege, committed by the Keeper of Lancaster jail, who had, on several occasions, opened letters, written by the Hon. Member to a prisoner confined in that prison. A long discussion took place on the subject; but the House decided, that the orders of the Magistrates, sanctioned by the approval of the Judges on the Circuit, were a justification of the Jailor; and that the privilege of a Member of Parliament did not exempt his letters from an inspection similar to that to which all other letters were subjected. The motion was negatived by 167 to 60.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then, pursuant to his notice, entered into an *expose* of his plan for redeeming the Five per Cents. The Right Honourable Gentleman stated, that the proprietors of this species of Stock were in number not less than 100,000; and that of that number, 50,000 held less than 1,000 each. Measures, however, he said, would be taken to enable all the proprietors with facility to signify their dissent from the terms of the proposed arrangement, and that all who did not express their dissent within a given time (proportioned to the distance of their residence—by the 16th of March, if within the kingdom,) after

the notice, should be considered as assenting to the change.—Different objections to the details of the measure were suggested by Messrs. Ellice, W. Smith, Ma-berly, &c. who, however, offered no direct opposition to it. Mr. Ricardo, on the other hand, gave the measure his full and unqualified approbation. The principal objection to the plan was urged by Mr. Ellice, and was founded on the deviation from Mr. Pelham's plan of 1749. Mr. Pelham's plan required an assent from the holders of Stock. The present plan required a dissent; and all persons not dissenting within a given time are to be considered as assenting to the proposition.

27.—A petition from Greenock, relative to the imprisonment of Henry Hunt, presented by Sir R. Wilson, gave rise to some remarks upon the state of Ilchester jail, and it was ordered that the evidence given before the Commissioners should be printed. When the House was about to resolve itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Hume moved for farther inquiry into the Navy Estimates. The Hon. Member fell again under the lash of Mr. Croker, and lost his motion by a majority of 129 to 78.

28.—The Lord Advocate obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the regulation of the accounts and the expenditure of the Royal Burghs of Scotland. The Bill, his Lordship said, would oblige Magistrates to reside in their respective Burghs, prevent all illegal contracts relative to elections to offices, and provide that the accounts be made public.—Mr. Alderman Wood moved, that the City Petition, for inquiring into the affray at Knightsbridge Barracks, should be referred to a Committee, which was resisted by Mr. Secretary Peel, on the ground that inquiry was unnecessary, the Courts of Law being open for redress: the motion was ultimately rejected by a

majority of 124 to 56.—Mr. Calcraft then moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the gradual abolition of the duties on Salt.—This motion was met by the Previous Question on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and was ultimately disposed of by a division, which ran Ministers very close, their majority being only four.

March 1.—This evening an important division took place, which left Ministers in a minority on a point which they had always firmly maintained, viz: the reduction of the Lords of the Admiralty. The House was into a Committee on the Nav, Estimates, when Sir Mat. White Ridley moved an amendment to that item of the Supply which provides for six Lords of the Admiralty, and proposed that four should be the number. Lord Londonderry insisted upon their utility.—Sir G. Cockburn asserted, that, from his official and naval experience, the six were necessary for the transaction of the business.—Sir G. Warrender stated the immensity of his toils and the sacrifice of his comforts, when he enjoyed one of the offices in question.—Sir J. Sebright, Mr. Barnall, Lord Althorpe, Mr. Gipps, Mr. Elison, Sir Christopher Cole, Mr. Littleton, and Mr. Greenfell, supported the amendment; and Mr. Gooch and Mr. Stuart Wortley were likewise opposed to Ministers on this occasion. By the various speakers on this side, it was declared to be a subject involving not so much the value of the particular saving, which was only £.2000 per annum, but the principle of reducing every office which could possibly be dispensed with in the public service. The House recognised the necessity of this principle; and the amendment was carried by 182 against 128, being a Majority against Ministers of FIFTY-FOUR.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

JANUARY.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—

Jan. 10.—John Lawson, convicted yesterday of robbing the Police Office of Edinburgh, of a bundle containing bed-curtains, &c. was sentenced to fourteen years transportation; John Connar, for house-breaking and theft, to be transported for life; and William Thomson, for shop-breaking, fourteen years.

11.—*Homicide*.—This day, William Armstrong was put to the bar, accused of murder, in having, while standing in the door of his father's house, (Francis Armstrong, farmer, at Glenziebecknows,

in the parish of Cannoby, in Dumfriesshire,) discharged a musket at William Farries, or Farish, late tenant at Waugh-slee, near Langholm, the contents of which lodged in his head, and caused his immediate death. The prisoner pleaded *not guilty*. From the evidence, as to the import of which the prosecutor and panel's counsel fully agreed, it appeared, that, on the night in question, the deceased, in a state of intoxication, with some other men, was returning homeward from a fair, and observing the panel's two servant girls standing at his door, he forced his way into the kitchen,

followed part of the way by one of his companions, who retreated, upon observing the riotous conduct of the deceased. The pannel, his aged father, and six young children, had retired to bed; but the former immediately rose, and pushed the deceased, whom he did not know, out of the house. The deceased returned, and beat the door so violently as almost to destroy the fastenings. The pannel again rose, and taking down a gun loaded with drops, proceeded towards the door. The knocking had ceased by this time; and in the course of a minute a shot was fired from the door by the pannel. The deceased's companion, at this time, who was about seventy yards in advance, observed a man running through a stream that flowed near the pannel's house; and hearing heavy groans, he returned, and found the deceased lying at the road side, about to expire. The night was very dark; and it appeared that the pannel must either have fired across the road, or over a Cow-house, which projected beyond the line of his dwelling.—That the latter was the case seemed the most probable, as the shot was scattered over the deceased's back, which proved that it must have gone a considerable distance. The jury, without retiring, found the pannel guilty of culpable homicide, but earnestly recommended him to mercy. Mr Hope, Depute-Advocate, felt himself called upon to second this recommendation. Lord Gillies proposed that the punishment of one month's imprisonment in the jail of Dumfries should be inflicted on the pannel, whose case, his Lordship observed, was attended with more alleviating circumstances than any case of the kind that he remembered. In this opinion the other judges concurred; and sentence was passed accordingly.

12.—Mary M^cFurlan, accused of reset of theft, was, on her own petition, banished from Scotland for life.—George Hardie pleaded guilty of theft, and was sentenced to fourteen years transportation.—Hugh Stennies, for reset of theft, sentenced to four month's imprisonment in Bridewell.

14.—William Innes pleaded guilty of passing forged notes, and was sentenced to transportation for seven years.—David Hodge, *alias* Lawson, Elizabeth Penny-cuik, his wife; and George Affleck, and Jane Johnstone, his wife, were placed at the bar, charged with no less than six acts of theft from dwelling-houses, and with breaking open lockfast places. All the prisoners pleaded guilty of particular charges in the indictment, and the Jury found them guilty in the several terms of their own confession. The male prison-

ers to be transported for seven years, and the female prisoners to be confined to hard labour for the period of twelve calendar months.

22.—Monday, Alexander Cunningham, Robert Robertson, and Jean Robertson, stood indicted for eleven acts of house-breaking, theft, and reset of theft, to nine of which charges Cunningham pleaded guilty, but denied being habit and repute a thief. This prisoner is only eighteen years of age. Robert Robertson, only fourteen years of age, pleaded guilty to the second, third, and fourth charges; Jane Robertson at first pleaded not guilty, but retracted her plea, and acknowledged being guilty of the ninth charge, and habit and repute a thief. A Jury having been chosen, the prisoners were found guilty; the Jury recommending Cunningham to mercy, on account of his youth. He was sentenced to be executed on the 27th February, and the Robertsons to be transported for fourteen years. (Cunningham has been since respited.)

28.—John Gilchrist, nineteen years of age, was charged with having assaulted Lieutenant Moodie of the Royal Navy, on the 7th November last, on the Calton Hill, and robbing him of his cane, pocket-book, pen-knife, three keys and ring, and a gold breast-pin.—He pleaded not guilty. Lieutenant Moodie proved the robbery, and the articles were found upon the prisoner, who was apprehended about an hour after, walking carelessly on the hill. The prisoner, in his declaration, said, that having observed a gentleman, along with a woman, on the grass in a park a little off the public walk, he went up, and demanded a penalty, when the gentleman struck him, and a scuffle ensued. He accounted for his having the articles in his possession, by saying, he had picked them up from the grass after the scuffle, supposing them to have dropt from his own pocket. Lieutenant Moodie acknowledged having met a young woman on the hill, with whom he had some conversation, and who was sitting beside him on the grass when the prisoner came up; but he positively denied that any thing criminal had passed between them.—Gilchrist's master gave him an excellent character, for honesty and industry; and said, he and his fellow-workmen had been taking a glass, after some hard work, on the day in question. It further appeared, that the prisoner made no resistance. The Jury returned a verdict of guilty, accompanied by a strong recommendation to the leniency of the Court, who sentenced him to fourteen years transportation beyond seas.

COURT OF SESSION.—Jan. 19.—Lord A. Hamilton v. Stevenson.—In this case, a petition for Mr Stevenson, printer of the late Beacon Newspaper, had been presented to the Court, reclaiming against the interlocutor of Lord Pitmilley, Ordinary, remitting the cause to the Jury Court, on the ground of the incompetency of the action as laid, which petition the Court had appointed to be answered as to the competency, all review of an interlocutor by a Lord Ordinary remitting to the Jury Court, by representation, petition, or appeal to the House of Lords, being prohibited by the Jury Court Act. The petition was answered by Lord Archibald Hamilton, under protest that his doing so should not infer his acquiescence in the competency of the petition, which, it was contended, the Court ought not to entertain even to the effect of writing upon it, should it be found to be incompetent. Their Lordships, this day, on advising the petition and answers, found unanimously, that the procedure before the Lord Ordinary complained of by the petitioner was warranted by the act of Parliament, and refused the petition as incompetent; the Lord Justice Clerk observing, that the Court could not write upon the process, as it was not regularly before them, but that there could be no objection to their Lordships writing on Mr Stevenson's petition.

JURY COURT.—Jan. 21.—Allan v. Thomson.—Apology for defamation.—This cause, which has excited considerable interest, and has been the subject of much conversation in the scientific circles for some time past, was appointed for trial this day, in consequence of which, the Court was completely filled on its opening. The grounds of action alleged by the pursuer, Thos. Allan, Esq. banker in Edinburgh, were, that the defender, Dr Thomas Thomson, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, had expressed himself to persons in that city and its vicinity, in terms which were false and injurious to the pursuer, such as, that a friend of his was about to prosecute the pursuer for appropriating to himself certain minerals, and that he had imposed upon mineral dealers. The damages were laid at £5000. Many applications were made to Mr Allan, by the friends and the Counsel of Dr Thomson, to accept an apology rather than to carry the question into Court. Mr Allan uniformly declared, that being actuated by no vindictive motives to Dr Thomson, he would not object to receive such an apology as his friend, Mr Ferguson of Bath, approved of. It was not, however, till the evening before the trial, that

the final arrangements were made, when Mr Ferguson positively refused to listen to any thing but an apology made in open Court, and on the express condition that Dr Thomson defrayed all the expences incurred. In consequence, when the cause was called, Mr Cunningham stated to the Court, that the pursuer, Mr Allan, had accepted of an apology from the defender, and that, in return, Mr Allan had agreed to give the explanation which Mr Ferguson had drawn out. The learned Gentleman then read the following apology by Dr Thomson;—"Having been led, by very false information, to accuse most unjustly Thomas Allan, Esq. Banker in Edinburgh, on a subject connected with his mineralogical pursuits, I now publicly express my sincere regret for having propagated a most groundless calumny against that gentleman, and do declare, that I now find, that so far from what was reported to me, and repeated by me, having the slightest foundation, Mr Allan, on the contrary, was the direct means of tracing and transmitting to the proper owner in London the minerals which were the subject of the charge.—I trust that Mr Allan and his friends will accept of this apology for the error I have been led into.—*Edin. 21st January 1822.*"—The following explanation was then read by Mr Cockburn;—"I accept of the apology Dr Thomson has now made, and take the opportunity which he has now afforded me, of expressing my regret for the harsh language I used towards him, which arose altogether from his repetition of injurious allegations with respect to my conduct and character."—Mr Jeffrey said he had only to regret that this accommodation had not been entered into at an earlier stage, but had been delayed till the latest moment that such a measure was practicable; he added, that as the delay was to be imputed to Dr Thomson, it was understood that gentleman should defray the whole expence incurred.—This the Counsel for Dr Thomson acquiesced in, it being stated by the Court that it was a matter of private arrangement among the parties.—The Lord Chief Commissioner felt much gratified that this Court should be instrumental in bringing about an amicable adjustment in any case, but particularly in such a case as this, where the parties were both of highly respectable character, and eminent for their scientific knowledge.

FEBRUARY.

1.—There have been some serious riots in the woollen clothing districts of Wiltshire, where great numbers of the weavers have struck work for an advance of wages,

and, congregating together in large bodies, have taken the work from the looms, and in some instances have destroyed the latter. Some of the volunteers in the neighbourhood have been called out, and about a score of the ringleaders in the disturbances have been lodged in Devizes Bridewell, happily without bloodshed.

2.—*Court of Session.*—The Hon. William Erskine having finished his trials as Lord Probationer, took the usual oaths and his seat on the Bench, by the title of Lord Kinnedder. Lord Gillies is now one of the ordinary Judges in the First Division, and is succeeded as permanent Ordinary, in the First Division, by Lord Meadowbank.—Lord Kinnedder is Ordinary on the bills. In the line of Lord Balmuto, who lately resigned his situation as one of the Lords of Session, there are only four Judges, who have sat in direct succession to each other since the Revolution, viz.—

Lord Fountainhall sat from 1689 till 1721.....	30
Succeeded by Lord Milton, who sat till 1767.....	45
Succeeded by Lord Monboddo, who sat till 1798.....	32
Succeeded by Lord Balmuto, who sat till 1822.....	25

Total.....135

4.—*Her late Majesty's will*, with three enobles, was proved in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons, by Stephen Lushington, LL.D. one of the executors; power being reserved of making like grant to Thomas Wilde, Esq. the other executor. The effects are sworn under £20,000.

5.—*The Temple of Reason Closed.*—The penalties which Carlile was sentenced to pay by the Court of King's Bench, having been estrated and returned to the Pipe Office, an extent was issued from thence directed to the Sheriffs of London, and commanding them to levy for one of these penalties to the amount of £500. At half-past three the Sheriff, accompanied by a large body of his officers, proceeded to the premises in Fleet-Street, and having ejected the swarm of persons who were engaged in making purchases of blasphemous works, they immediately seized every vestige of property on which they could lay their hands, and then shut up the house.

11.—*Chain Pier on the Forth.*—The chain-pier at Trinity has now been exposed to a winter storm, without suffering any injury whatever. The landing-place was considerably enlarged about the latter end of last summer; and it is now reported, that there is some intention of carrying the pier 200 feet farther out, for the accommodation of numerous steam-vessels which now leave the Firth. Workmen are at present employed in carrying chains,

formed of iron rods, from the piers to the centre, for the purpose of lessening the motion or spring produced by walking. Lamps are now placed above each pier—the outermost formed of green glass.

14.—*Newspapers.*—The number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom at this time is 280, of which 57 issue from the metropolis; 130 from the provinces of England and Wales; 31 from Scotland; 54 from Ireland; and eight from the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, &c. More than one-fifth of the whole emanate from London.

16.—*The Wellington Shield.*—The magnificent Wellington Shield, forming, together with the ornamental columns, one of the finest productions of modern art, was presented to the illustrious General whose name it bears. Our readers are aware, that, on the Duke of Wellington's return to England at the peace of 1814, the merchants and bankers of London, anxious to offer to his Grace a memorial of their high admiration and profound gratitude for his public services, appointed a Committee for that purpose. Messrs. Green, Ward, and Co. of Ludgate-street, were selected to execute this work; and under their direction has been wrought the splendid trophy. The death of some of the Artists employed on the work, and other incidental causes connected with its execution, having deferred its completion till very lately, the presentation could not take place earlier; but his Grace this day attended at Messrs. Green and Ward's, accompanied by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and was there met by W. Manning, Esq. M.P. the Chairman of the Committee, who delivered the shield and columns to his Grace, in the name of the merchants and bankers; and at the same time expressed to him the sentiments of respect and attachment with which they, in common with a grateful country, are animated towards his Grace's person. The illustrious Duke made an appropriate reply to this address, and testified his high admiration of the singular richness and beauty of this most valuable present. The shield is circular, and in diameter about three feet eight inches: in the centre is represented the Duke on horseback being crowned by Fame, surrounded by fourteen equestrian figures, his chief officers: on the outer border of the shield are depicted, in ten compartments, the battles and other chief events of the Duke's life up to 1814: the columns represent allegorically the fruits of the victories given on the shield.

21.—*Mr Hume.*—At a meeting of the Common Council of London, the freedom of the city was presented to Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P.

Melville Monument of Edinburgh.—This beautiful structure, which is an exact model of the column of Trajan, with the exception of fluting, in place of sculpture, excites universal admiration, and must ultimately prove highly ornamental to the metropolis of Scotland. The pillar is now seventy-two feet ten inches in height; its total altitude, exclusive of the statue, will be nearly one hundred and thirty feet. The contractor is bound to finish it by the 21st October 1822, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar.

MARCH.

IRELAND.—The Irish papers, we lament to say, still teem with accounts of

murders, of burning of houses, and almost every other description of outrage, committed chiefly in the counties of Limerick and Cork. Although in the course of last month sentence of death was pronounced against thirty-five individuals, convicted under the Whiteboy Act, several of whom have been executed, these dreadful examples appear to make no impression on the deluded and desperate peasantry. The Insurrection-Act is now also in full operation; and under it a number of individuals have been apprehended, tried, and sentenced to transportation, for being out of their houses after the hour prescribed.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Jan. 30.—The Honourable Sir Charles Paget to be groom of the bed chamber in ordinary to his Majesty.

Feb. 1.—Mr James Gibson Thomson, to be Consul at Edinburgh and Leith for the King of Prussia.

21.—The King has been pleased to nominate and appoint Dr Robert Christison, son of the late Professor Christison, to be Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Medical Police in the University of Edinburgh.

27.—The Magistrates and Council of Edinburgh elected George Joseph Bell, Esq. advocate, to be Professor of the Law of Scotland, in the room of the Hon. Mr Baron Hume.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Jan. 17.—The Rev. William Duff ordained and admitted minister of Grange, presbytery of Strath-

do.—The Rev. James Mein ordained pastor of the United Associate Congregation of Nairn.

—Mr James Thomson, preacher of the gospel under the United Associated Synod, unanimously called to be pastor of the United Associate Congregation, Glenluce.

Feb. 2.—The Rev. William Welsh ordained pastor of the Relief Congregation of Falkirk.

7.—William Anderson ordained minister of John Street Relief Congregation, Glasgow.

18.—Mr David Alison, preacher of the gospel, was unanimously called to be pastor of the first congregation in Arbroath, in connection with the United Secession Church.

19.—The United Associate Congregation of Perth, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr Arkman, voted an unanimous call to Mr James White, preacher of the gospel, to be their co-pastor.

—Mr Thomas Brown, jun. ordained assistant and successor to his father, the Rev. Mr Brown, Innerkip.

III. MILITARY.

1 Life G. Lt. Hon. A. C. Legge, to be Capt. by purch. vice Martin, 33 F. 17 Jan. 1822.

Cornet & Sub-Lt. Gore, Lt. by purch.

do. do.
Lord F. L. Gower, Cornet & Sub-Lt. by purch.

4 Dr. G. R. Bolton, Cornet by purch. vice Hunter, prom.

7 Lt. Farmer, from 91 F. Capt. by purch. vice Lovewell, ret.

9 Surg. Coleclough, from h. p. 25 Dr. Surg. vice O'Connor, h. p.

16 I. E. W. Browne, Cornet by purch. vice Cannon, enc.

Gen. G. Lt. Maj. Gunthorpe, Cap. & Lt. Col. by purch. vice Streetfield, ret.

En. & Lt. Tingling, Lt. & Capt. do. do.

Gds. Capt. Clarke, Adj. vice Gunthorpe

En. Campbell, Lt. vice W. Wetherall,

dead 31 Jan. 1822.

En. Church, from h. p. En. 23 Dec. 1821.

Lt. Pounden, from h. p. 55 F. Lt. (paying

diff.) vice Everett, 55 F. 11 Feb. 1822.

Bt. Lt. Col. Faunce, Lt. Col. vice Piper,

dead 21 Jan.

Bt. Lt. Col. Willson, Maj. do.

Serj. Maj. R. Mullaly, Quar. Mast. vice

Doran, dead 6 Dec. 1821

Genl. Cadet R. Milner, from R. Ml.

Coll. En. by purch. vice Grey, 55 F.

7 Feb. 1822.

Bt. Lt. Col. Bird, from h. p. 57 F. Maj.

vice Thorne, enc. do.

G. W. Story, En. vice Menckieffe, enc.

do. do.

Lt. Croad, from h. p. 66 F. Lt. (paying

diff.) vice Hemmas, 78 F. do.

21 Lt. Havlock, from Rifle Breg. 1st

Lt. by purch. vice Bridgeman, 28 F.

24 Oct. 1821.

En. Berridge, Lt. vice M'Dougall, dead

8 Sept. 1820.

W. O. Gunning, En. 24 Jan. 1822.

En. Grey, from 6 F. Lt. by purch. vice

Lord S. Kerr, 5 F. 24 Oct. 1821.

Lt. Everett, from 1 F. Lt. vice Pagan,

h. p. 55 F. (rec. diff.) 11 Feb. 1822

Bt. Maj. Campbell, Maj. by purch. vice

Swan, ret. 7 do.

Lt. Pearce, Capt. do. 14 do.

W. Stenhouse, En. do. vice Dawson,

9 F. 21 Jan.

Lt. Halahan, from h. p. 80 F. Quar. Mast.

vice Jones, h. p. 11 Feb.

Lt. Bartley, Capt. vice Jauncy, dead

9 Dec. 1821.

Surg. Gill, from 61 F. Surg. vice Jones,

dead 14 Feb. 1822.

Bt. Maj. Wheatstone, Maj. vice Giles,

dead 3 May 1821.

Lt. Booth, Capt. do.

J. Wheatstone, En. vice Gray, prom.

1 do.

En. Ouseley, Lt. by purch. vice Brough,

prom. 31 Jan. 1822.

D. W. Barclay, En. do. 7 Feb.

Hosp. Assist. Huey, Assist. Surg. vice

St. John, 61 F. 14 do.

En. Jones, from h. p. 62 F. En. vice

Barlow, prom. 25 Dec. 1821.

Serj. Maj. W. Ellary, Quar. Mast. vice

Franklin, dead 10 June.

Bt. Lt. Col. Walker, Lt. Col. vice M'Leod,

dead 14 Feb. 1822.

Bt. Maj. Halford, Maj. do.

Assist. Surg. St. John, from 58 F. Surg.

vice Gill, 50 F. do.

Lt. Hart, Capt. vice Moorehouse, dead

5 May 1821.

63 F. Ens. Mulkern, Lt. vice Strangeways, dead
12 Jan. 1821.
Ens. O'Donnell, Lt. vice Hart. 5 May
Ens. Almsinck, from h. p. 92 F. Ens.
25 Dec.
Ens. Foley, late of 45 F. do
69 Gent. Cadet Hon. R. Hare, from R. Mil.
Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Wetherhall,
42 F. 10 Jan. 1822.
73 Capt. Kenny, Maj. by purch. vice Hum-
phry, prom. 7 Feb.
Lt. Hay, Capt. do. do
Ens. Smith, Lt. do. do
Gent. Cadet W. Stewart, from R. Mil.
do. Coll. Ens. by purch. do
77 Ens. Russel, Adj. vice Hay do
Lt. Jones, Capt. vice Aveling, dead do
Ens. Byrne, Lt. do. do
78 Ens. Congreve, late of 2 F. Ens. 14 do
Lt. Hemmans, from 20 F. Lieut. vice
M'Rae, h. p. 68 F. (rec. diff.) 7 do
80 Serj. Maj. W. Campbell, Quar. Mast.
vice Macdougall, dead 31 Jan.
87 Ens. Spaight, Lt. vice Dunlevie, dead
25 Dec. 1821.
Ens. Mends, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Ens.
do.
Lt. Bowes, Adj. vice Carrol, prom.
19 Oct. 1820.
89 Ens. King, Lt. vice Chambers, dead
5 June.
T. Prendergast, Ens. 17 Oct.
J. P. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice De-
renzy, 11 F. 17 Jan. 1822.
93 Lt. Gen. Sir T. Hisslop, Bt. G. C. B.
Colonel, vice Gen. Wemyss, dead
8 Feb.
Rifle Brig. H. C. Daniel, 2d Lt. by purch. vice
Havlock, 21 F. 15 Nov. 1821.
1st Lt. Webb, Adj. vice Unmacke, res.
Adj. only 31 Jan. 1822.
1 Ceyl. R. Lt. Gascoyne, from 83 F. Capt. by purch.
vice Page, ret. 7 Feb.

Unattached.

Maj. Humphry, from 75 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice
Col. Hon. A. Abercromby, who retires from
the service, receiving the value of an Unattach-
ed Lt. Col. of Infantry 7 Feb. 1822.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. T. Draper, from h. p. Dep. Insp.
14 Feb. 1822.
Physician J. M'Mullen, from h. p. Physician do.
Physician E. O'Learey, from h. p. do. do.
Purveyor's Clerk, T. E. Pierce, Dep. Purveyor
17 Jan.

Royal Artillery.

Rt. Major Lane, from h. p. Capt. 21 Dec. 1821.
2d Capt. Walsh, from h. p. 2d Capt. 1 do
2d Capt. Bill, from h. p. do do
1st Lieut. Grant, do. do
1st Lieut. Pringle, 21 do
1st Lieut. Lyster, from h. p. 1st Lieut. 7 Nov.
2d Lieut. Ramsden, do. do
2d Lieut. Symons, do. 2 Dec.
1st Lieut. Cornelius, from h. p. do. do
1st Lieut. Walsh, from h. p. do. 24 do
2d Lieut. Vignoles, from h. p. 24 Dec. 1821.
2d Lieut. Benn, from h. p. 2d Lieut. 7 Nov.
2d Lieut. Deschamps, from h. p. do. 14 Dec.
Gent. Cadet G. Burroughes, do. 15 do
Gent. Cadet C. Strickland, do. 16 do
Vet. Surg. Cadoux, from h. p. Vet. Surg. vice
Stockley, h. p. 13 Dec.

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Gen. & Dep. Insp. M. Jameson, Sur.
Gen. & Insp. vice Irwin, ret. 22 Jan. 1822.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Stanhope, from Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col.
Hodge, 29 F.
Major Holgate, from 13 F. with Major Dennie,
22 F.
Capt. Byrons, from 5 Dr. G. with Capt. Wheeler,
16 Dr.
Capt. Boyd, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Keil,
h. p.

Capt. Hooper, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Rol-
land, h. p. 3 Dr. G.
Lieut. Willett, from 6 Drag. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Warrand, h. p. 22 Dr.
— M'Nair, from 10 F. with Lieut. Broom,
67 F.
— Hamilton, from 61 F. with Lieut. Demoss,
73 F.
— Francis, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Le Marchant, h. p. 10 F.
— Waters, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Mitchell, h. p. 98 F.
— Smith, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Stewart, h. p. 65 F.
— Reynolds, from Rifle Brig. with Lieut.
Brownrigg, h. p.
Ensign Campbell, from 54 F. with Ensign Malini,
h. p. 58 F.
Ensign Payne, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
Noyes, h. p. 54 F.
Paym. Grosser, from 88 F. with Paym. Robinson,
h. p. 69 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Hon. A. Abercromby, Coldest G.
Lieut. Colonel Streatfield, Gren. Gds.
Major Swain, 36 F.
Captain Lovewell, 7 Dr. G.
Surg. Gen. & Inspector, Dr. Irwin, Ordnance Med.
Dep.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Thorne, 16 F.
1st Lieut. Deare, 21 F.
2d Lieut. Daniel, 21 F.
Cornet Ld. F. L. Gower, 10 Dr.
Cornet Cannon, 16 Dr.
Ensign Moncrieffe, 17 F.

Deaths.

General Wemyss, M. P. 93 F. Wemyss Castle,
N. B. 4 Feb. 1822.
Lieut. Gen. Conyngham, East Ind. C. Serv. Bath
8 Nov. 1821.
— Kerr, do. Bath 14 do
Maj. Gen. De Bernewitz, late of Bruns. Inf. Bruns-
wick 12 Dec. 1821.
Colonel Copson, 5 F. St. Lucia 8 Jan. 1822.
Lieut. Colonel Walker, h. p. Sicilian Regt. Assist.
Qua. Mast. Gen. St. Lucia 8 Jan. 1822.
Major Masson, 50 F. Jamaica 15 Nov. 1821.
— Howard, h. p. 96 F. Sawbridgeworth
16 Dec. 1821.
— Ford. Metzner, late American Legion. East
Rourne 11 do
Captain Jauncey, 50 F. Jamaica 30 Nov.
— Aveling, 77 F. Glasgow Jan. 1822.
— Hogan, h. p. 27 F. 25 Nov. 1821.
— Daly, h. p. 55 F. Pondicherry 13 Aug.
— Dorrall, h. p. 83 F. Madeley, Shropshire 25 Dec.
— Smith, h. p. 86 F. Douglas, Isle of Man
8 Sep. 1820.
Lieut. Thomas Scott, 9 F. Trinidad 8 Dec. 1821.
— Garvey, 53 F. Poonamallee 31 July.
— O'Bre, 36 F. Corfu 13 Dec.
— Ewen Cambell, 92 F. Jamaica 16 Nov.
— Tweed, h. p. R. Eng. 5 Feb. 1822.
— Dunccombe, h. p. 36 F. Libborton, near Edin-
burgh 25 Oct. 1821.
— Kent, h. p. 60 F. 31 Dec.
— Bayly, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Dublin 16 do
— John Prendergast, h. p. 7 West Ind. Reg.
Ireland 20 Jan. 1822.
— Geyer, h. p. Bruns. Inf. Brunswick
29 Nov. 1821.
— Montgomery, h. p. York Light Inf. Vol.
28 Oct.
Ensign Lorraine, 4 F. Barbadoes 23 Dec.
— Johnstone, 51 F. Corfu 8 Nov.
— Skinner, 38 F. Jamaica 23 do
— M'Math, of late 3 Vet. Bn. Captnance
19 do
— Colket, h. p. 9 F. Norwich 20 Dec.
Adj. Lt. Schultz, h. p. Meuron's H. Canada
17 Nov.
Quar. Mast. Ryan, h. p. 28 Dr. 26 Dec.
Surg. Jones, 50 F. Jamaica 8 Dec.
Assist. Surg. M'Gregor, 13 Dr. Bangalore, Madras
16 Sept.
— Morrah, 4 F. Barbadoes 26 Dec.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon, and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Feb. 1	M. 36	29.331	M. 42		Fair day,	Feb. 15	M. 31	29.533	M. 45		
	A. 42	28.998	A. 45	W.	h. rain night.		A. 44	.570	A. 45	SW.	Dull foren.
2	M. 35	.886	M. 43				M. 50	.878	M. 41		far aftern.
	A. 42	.135	A. 40	S.	Heavy rain.	16	A. 36	.792	A. 48	SW.	Ditto.
3	M. 29	.909	M. 40				M. 51	.792	M. 47		
	A. 51	.940	A. 39	W.	Foren. fair,	17	A. 49	.748	A. 50	SW.	Fair, with
4	M. 29	29.251	M. 39		aftern. snow.		M. 40	.650	M. 49		unshine.
	A. 32	28.999	A. 39	W.	Frost, snow	18	A. 49	.745	A. 45	W.	Ditto.
5	M. 29	.669	M. 39		on ground.		M. 35	.888	M. 43		
	A. 54	29.232	A. 37	Cble.	Snow morn.	19	A. 42	.479	A. 45	NW.	Dull, but
6	M. 30	.550	M. 37		fair day,		M. 56	.563	M. 44		far.
	A. 58	.233	A. 41	SW.	Fair, with	20	A. 39	.691	A. 41	NW.	Rain morn
7	M. 35	28.968	M. 44		sunshine.		M. 29	.908	M. 40		fair day.
	A. 11	29.203	A. 41	SW.	Day fair,	21	A. 39	.968	A. 43	Cble.	Frost morn.
8	M. 32	.494	M. 40		night shower		M. 35	.691	M. 44		fair day.
	A. 54	.560	A. 39	SW.	Fair, with	22	A. 45	.657	A. 43	W.	Fair day,
9	M. 32	.114	M. 45		sunshine.		M. 51	.627	M. 40		rain night
	A. 41	.105	A. 45	SW.	Dull day,	23	A. 57	.627	A. 40	W.	Ditto.
10	M. 35	.420	M. 45		rain even.		M. 32	.313	M. 47		
	A. 41	.554	A. 42	SW.	Dull, but	24	A. 16	.575	A. 48	W.	Rain day.
11	M. 32	.005	M. 47		fair.		M. 35	.672	M. 48		
	A. 11	.667	A. 41	SW.	Frost morn.	25	A. 47	.644	A. 48	W.	Fair day.
12	M. 26	.876	M. 16		dull day.		M. 50	.467	M. 48		
	A. 58	.873	A. 41	SW.	Frost morn.	26	A. 17	.552	A. 50	W.	Dull and cold
13	M. 32	.502	M. 38		fair day.		M. 29	30.161	M. 43		with hail.
	A. 36	.618	A. 40	SW.	Fair foren.	27	A. 56	.262	A. 41	W.	Frost, snow
14	M. 50	.692	M. 39		h. rain aftern.		M. 54	.161	M. 42		on hills.
	A. 59	.568	A. 45	SW.	Fair and	28	A. 41	29.939	A. 11	SW.	Dull, but fair
					mild.						and cold

Average of Rain, 2.231 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE rain that has fallen since our last, amounts to something more than three inches, and the greater part of this has fallen since the 5th of the present month, in the shape of snow and sleet. Some beans were sown in the Carse of Gowrie about the 20th of February, and that operation was nearly over by the 4th March. Since that period, a total stop has been put to the operations of seed-time, and doubts are entertained that beans and pease in the ground may be in danger of splitting, where the land has been flooded. The soil, on low-lying, retentive lands, will not, for some time, be in proper condition for receiving bean or oat seeds. On dry bottoms, sowing may soon be resumed; and ploughs are already at work, preparing for pease, oats, &c.—The mean temperature for the last two weeks in February, was $42^{\circ}30'$; for the last thirteen days, $39^{\circ}20'$. Boisterous winds, accompanied with sleet, snow, and rain, have been frequent; and though the frost has been at no time very intense, yet the appearance of growing wheat is as unfavourable as it has been, at the same period of the season, for many years past. The mild, genial weather in the winter and spring months, brought forward a luxuriant and tender foliage on fallow wheat, which was unable to resist the action of the late squally weather: this crop, after fallow, will therefore, in numerous instances, be much thinner than was anticipated. Turnips are now nearly off the ground: those that are still in the field, are considerably run, and consequently less nutritive. Many complain of a scarcity of fodder, and lean cattle, in consequence, are offered at extremely low prices. Sheep are also selling at very inferior prices. Draught Horses are in demand, but bring lower prices than last Spring. The Fiars for Perthshire have been struck. Best wheat amounts only to 28s.; best barley to 18s.; and best oats, 15s. 3d. This may be quoted as something above the present prices for barley and wheat. The Fiar Prices in the neighbouring Counties differ little from those above quoted. Such prices are considered by the Farmer as totally inadequate to meet rent and expenses.

Perthshire. 13th March 1822.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

Date	Wheat				Barley	Oats	Pease	Oatmeal	Potatoes	1892	Oatmeal		B & P Meal
	Bolls	Price	W	pr							Bk	Peck	
Feb 15	700	210	50	29	2	17	21	140	186	136	16	6	50
20	736	250	51	28	10	17	25	140	186	136	16	6	50
27	495	250	51	28	10	17	25	140	200	136	16	6	50
March 6	475	250	52	28	4	17	25	140	200	136	16	6	50
13	617	210	51	27	11	17	20	140	200	126	15	6	50

Glasgow.

Date	Wheat 10 lbs				Oats, 261 lbs		Barley, 520 lbs		Rye & Pea		Oatmeal 140 lbs		Flour, 280 lbs	
	Dantz	For red	British		Irish	British	English	Scots	Str. Mea					
Feb 1	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
15	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
22	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
29	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
March 6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
13	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
20	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
27	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
March 6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
13	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
20	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
27	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Haddington.

Date	Wheat				Barley	Oat	Pease	Potatoes	1892	Oatmeal		Pr. Peck
	Bolls	Price	W	pr						Per BOLL		
Feb 15	700	250	52	29	2	17	21	140	186	136	16	6
20	736	250	51	28	10	17	25	140	186	136	16	6
27	495	250	51	28	10	17	25	140	200	136	16	6
March 6	475	250	52	28	4	17	25	140	200	136	16	6
13	617	210	51	27	11	17	20	140	200	126	15	6

Dunfermline.

Date	Wheat				Barley	Oat	Pease	Potatoes	1892	Oatmeal		Pr. Peck
	Bolls	Price	W	pr						Per BOLL		
Feb 15	700	250	52	29	2	17	21	140	186	136	16	6
20	736	250	51	28	10	17	25	140	186	136	16	6
27	495	250	51	28	10	17	25	140	200	136	16	6
March 6	475	250	52	28	4	17	25	140	200	136	16	6
13	617	210	51	27	11	17	20	140	200	126	15	6

London.

Date	Wheat		Rye	Barley	Oats		Beans		Pease		Flour, 50 lb		Oatmeal
	100 q	100 q			100 q	100 q	100 q	100 q	100 q	100 q	100 q	100 q	
Feb 15	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
20	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
27	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
March 6	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
13	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Liverpool.

Date	Wheat		Oats	Barley	Rye	Beans	Pease	Flour		Oatmeal	
	70 lb	40 lb						Eng 240 lb	Irish 196 lb	Eng 240 lb	Scots 240 lb
Feb 15	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
20	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
27	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
March 6	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
13	50	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

England & Wales.

1892	Wht.	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans	Pease	Oatmeal
Feb 15	50	0	1	1	1	1	1
20	50	0	1	1	1	1	1
27	50	0	1	1	1	1	1
March 6	50	0	1	1	1	1	1
13	50	0	1	1	1	1	1

PRICES CURRENT.—MARCH 9, 1822.

	LONDON.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
	@	—	@	—	@	—	@	—
TEA, Bohea, ½ lb.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Congou,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Souchong,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SUGAR, Musc. cwt.								
B. P. Dry Brown,.....	57½	60	54	58	53	56	53	60
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid.	70	82	59	68	57	75	68	71
Fine and very fine,.....	80	82	80	82	76	79	73	76
BRAND, Brown,.....	—	—	—	—	18	21	17	20
White,.....	—	—	—	—	27	38	29	35
Refined, Double Loaves,.....	130	145	—	—	—	—	106	115
Powder ditto,.....	100	110	—	—	—	—	82	98
Single ditto,.....	88	102	98	110	—	—	81	98
Small Lumps,.....	88	92	88	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,.....	82	86	80	85	—	—	77	81
Crushed Lump,.....	14	56	82	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British,.....	27	—	21	24 6	26 6	27	23	25
COFFEE, Jamaica,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	110	103	110	102	115	106	110
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	110	120	112	122	116	130	111	115
Fine, and very fine,....	—	—	—	—	132	136	116	120
Dutch, Triags & very ord.	—	—	—	—	85	105	—	—
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	—	—	106	118	—	—
St Domingo,.....	122	126	—	—	100	105	108	109
PIMENTO (in bond), lb.....	9	10	—	—	9	9½	8½	9½
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 160. P.	2s.	2 2	1 8	1 10	1 9	2	1 8	1 9
Brandy, gal.	4s. 3d.	4 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Geneva,.....	2s.	2 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES, Clar. 1st Gr. hhd.	£4.5	55	—	—	—	—	65	—
Portugal Red, pipe,....	30	42	—	—	—	—	21	45
Spanish, White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	25	60
Teneriffe, pipe,.....	30	32	—	—	—	—	12	11
Madeira,.....	55	65	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,....	7	7 7	—	—	9 10 10	10	10	11
Honduras,.....	—	—	—	—	10	10 10	10 10	11
Campeachy,.....	8	—	—	—	10 10 11	11 10	12	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica,.....	7	8	—	—	9	9 10	9	10
Cuba,.....	9	11	—	—	12 15 13 10	11	13	—
INDIGO, Caraccas, fine, lb.	9s. 6d.	11 6	—	—	9 6 10	—	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,.....	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	6	6 5
Honduras Mahogany,....	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 0
TAR, American, brl.	20	21	—	—	15	16	16	18
Archangel,.....	16	17	—	—	—	—	20	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	52	54	55	56	50	52	51	55
Home melted, cwt.	50	54	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,....	—	—	—	—	—	—	52	53
Petersburgh Clean,....	52	54	—	—	53	—	49	—
FLAX, Riga Th. & Or. Ra.	52	54	—	—	—	—	56	57
Dutch,.....	50	90	—	—	—	—	45	47
MATS, Archangel,.....	85	90	—	—	—	—	90	100
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts,....	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	14	—
ASHES, Petersburg Pearl,....	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal ditto, cwt.	46	46	46	47	15	—	—	—
Pot,.....	34	35	37	38	35	37	—	—
OIL, Whale, tun,.....	£22	23	21 10	22	—	—	23	—
Cod,.....	—	—	18	19	—	—	19 10	—
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb.	7½d.	8	7½	8	0 6	0 8	7	7½
Superior,.....	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georgia,....	—	—	0 9½	0 11	0 7½	0 10½	8½	10½
Sea Island, fine,.....	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 6	2 0	—	—
Demerara & Berbice,....	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 9½	1 0½	—	—
Pernambuco,.....	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0½	1 1
Maranham,.....	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

Course of Exchange, London, March 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 8. Ditto, at sight, 12 : 5. Rotterdam, 12 : 9. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburg, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 35. Bourdeaux, 25 : 65. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 154. Madrid, 37½. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 45. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, &c.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 u 17 s 10½. New doubloons, £3 u 13 s 9. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 20s. 0d.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. 0d.—Belfast, 20s. 0d.—Hambro', 40s. 0d.—Madeira, 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 g. to 12 g.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from February 13, to March 13, 1822.

	Feb. 13.	Feb. 20.	Feb. 27.	March 6.	March 13.
Bank Stock	213	247½	249½	—	—
3 ½ cent. reduced	78½	79½	79½	—	—
3 ½ cent. consol.	77½	78½	79	78½	78½
3 ½ cent. do.	89½	90½	90½	—	—
1 ½ cent. do.	98½	98½	98½	—	—
5 ½ cent. navy annuities	106	103½	103½	102½	102½
India Stock	241	246	247	—	—
— Bond	78 p.	64 p.	45	45	—
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	76	par. 2 p.	1 pm.	3 pm.	5 pm.
Consols for account	77½	78½	79	79½	79½
French 5 ½ cents.	49 fr. 25 c.	89 fr. 65 c.	91 fr. 45 c.	90 fr. 15 c.	88 fr. 85 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th Jan. 1822, and the 20th Feb. 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Alderson, J. Liverpool, oil merchant.
 Allsop, C. High Holborn, hatter.
 Andrews, F. W. Stamford, Lincolnshire, cabinet maker.
 Aitkenson, M. Fullbeck, Lincolnshire, servener.
 Asford, T. Abingdon, wine-merchant.
 Baker, T. Wolverhampton, mercer.
 Banting, J. Timberland street, New road, carpenter.
 Bibbrough, B. Lower Merton, cow keeper.
 Blackley, D. Cambridge, bricklayer.
 Bond, W. Houndsditch, wafer manufacturer.
 Bostock, E. Karl Shilton, Leicestershire, blacker.
 Bramwell, J. Leadenhall street, hatter.
 Buckland, J. Chard, Somerset, miller.
 Bullock, J. Leadenhall street, grocer.
 Burge, J. Mark lane, carpenter.
 Capron, J. St. Paul, hatter.
 Collins, W. Clapham road, corn merchant.
 Crambeck, R. Froome Selwood, Somerset.
 Coldman, J. Brighton place, New-kent road, builder and carpenter.
 Collins, W. K. Liverpool, tax-collector.
 Compste, H. Church street, Bethnal green, cabinet-maker.
 Cramp, J. Broad street, Wapping, victualler.
 Curling, W. Shadowll High-street, tailor and shop-seller.
 Dansey, W. Bristol, brewer.
 Decker, G. Dawlish, Devon, builder.
 Dye, R. Peckham, wheelwright.
 Edmunds, E. Newport, Monmouthshire, draper.
 Edwards, F. Brighton, merchant.
 Farmer, G. jun. Birmingham, roller of metals.
 Fell, W. Worthington, broker.
 Gallon, T. Leeds, stuff merchant.
 Gilbert, I. and F. Taylor, Bristol, commission-merchants.
 Gibb, M. Shepton, Yorkshire, haberdasher.
 Gray, C. Oxford-street, horse dealer.
 Gray, T. T. Wardour-street, coal merchant.
 Green, C. Leather-lane, victualler.
 Griffiths, T. Oxford-street, jeweller.
 Hay, S. Upper Mason street, carpenter.
 Hemmings, J. Burford, Oxfordshire, dealer.
 Herrington, J. Farnham, Hampshire, linen-draper.
 Hill, J. Regent street, Piccadilly, tailor.
 Hobson, R. Maidstone, haberdasher.
 Holmes, R. Langbourn Chambers, merchant.
 Jabert, R. Birmingham, printer.
 Jackson, W. G. and W. Hartley, Great Surrey-st. Surrey, linen-draper.
 Jarvis, P. Adderbury, Oxfordshire, fell monger.
 Johnson, W. Leeds, woollen cloth merchant.
 Joseph, J. jun. Smith's buildings, Southwark, rope-maker.
 Judd, R. R. and B. S. Fowler, Birmingham, dealers.
 Kendall, J. Mit and, cow keeper.
 King, R. Coventry-court, H. ynmarket.
 Kimbly, J. H. Lloyd's Office-house, insurance-broker.
 Knight, J. Tatnall, Stafford, draper.
 La, C. C. Chesham street, Shoepur, millster.
 Ladbetter, P. Southwick, Sussex, corn and coal merchant.
 Lacey, N. Leeds, linen manufacturer.
 Lillial, R. Pembroke, maltster.
 Manning, J. Lough-burn, Norfolk, grocer.
 Marsh, J. C. C. Southwark, Staffordshire, miller.
 Maxwell, W. Lancaster, draper.
 Milnes, J. Halifax, grocer.
 Morgan, G. M. Quornthorpe, stationer.
 Mulrenchy, G. Stand, furrier.
 Morton, J. Radcliffe-high way, victualler.
 Murrcott, A. Warwick, draper.
 Mynn, W. Thompson, Norfolk, farmer.
 Newnham, C. Brighton, dealer.
 Niblett, L. St. Mary Axe, millner.
 Parker, J. G. and J. L. and T. Roberts, Brixton lane.
 Passmore, J. Farnham, linen-draper.
 Pigram, J. and T. R. Maidstone, grocer.
 Pibbury, L. Stafford, nurseryman.
 Piltow, J. Earl's Colne, Essex, miller.
 Pooley, W. Newington-workhouse, contractor for the rope and sack-making manufacture.
 Porter, S. London, stationer.
 Pownall, J. K. Little Chelsea, money servicer.
 Price, J. Little, Malden, Wiltshire, dealer.
 Prowse, F. Chew Magna, Gloucestershire, surgeon.
 Pyne, W. H. Queen square, publisher.
 Righton, J. Chapel en le Frith, dealer.
 Ridgway, R. H. Charles-street, St. James's, wine-merchant.
 Roper, A. Gosport, brewer.
 Sampson, D. W. Giltspur-street, tea-dealer.
 Sharp, W. Coleorton, Leicestershire, butcher.
 Shurley, J. Meriton, Gloucestershire, baker.
 Small, J. Alnwick, brewer.

Smith, A. King-street, Cheapside, Scotch factor
 Smith, W. Blyth, Northumberland, dealer
 Smith, R. Humberston, Yorkshire, dealer and y
 man.
 Smith, J. Russell court, Drury lane, tavern keeper
 Small, W. Halifax, merchant
 Stevens, J. Stafford, wine merchant
 Swain, J. Wardour street, eating house-keeper
 Sylvester, I. Witney, currier
 Tanbun, I. Prince Edwards Island, N America,
 merchant
 Tainer, C. Horton, Kirby, Kent, farmer
 Taylor, J. Trant, Sussex, shop-keeper
 Thompson, C. Deans, Durham, cattle dealer
 Thompson, J. Carlisle, manufacturer
 Thornely, J. Manchester, Quater
 Threlfall, H. Blackburn, draper
 Thurbon, J. March, Ely, draper

Tomlinson, R. J. Bristol oil-of vitrol manufact
 turer
 Tubb, R. Chandos street, Covent garden, chea
 monger
 Tunson, J. Liverpool ship-chandler
 Valentine, R. Holfeld, Herts, miller
 Webster, M. Cambridge, stationer
 Watkins, J. J. Shrewell butcher
 Welch, S. George street, Commercial road, linen
 draper
 Wells, J. St Michaels Worcesterhire grocer
 White, J. Great Winchester street, stationer
 Wilson, C. Clitiff highway, brewer
 Wilson, J. Ely, draper
 Williams, W. Longbourn Chambers, merchant
 Williams, E. Liverpool, joiner
 Wilkinson, W. and J. Mincing lane, wine mer
 chants

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced February 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette

SEQUESTRATIONS

Anderson, John, grocer and spirit-dealer in St An
 drews, and Cupar Fife
 Berry John, merchant in Glasgow
 Brownlie, William, engineer smith, &c Glasgow
 Gray, John, cooper an fish-curer in Hibernia
 Hurler, Wm merchant and builder in Glasgow
 Jackson, Matthew, haberdasher in Pucley
 McGregor, Alex merchant in Dingwall
 McLeod John, and Co manufacturers in Glasgow
 McLeod, Alex, and Co gunpowder manufacturers
 near Bath, &c
 McNee, Duncan, druggist in Glasgow
 Scotland, Thomas and John linen drapers at We
 Lascar, Fife line

DIVIDENDS

Brooks and Blakie, general agents, Grangemouth
 and Wm Blackie and Co Glasgow, by Wm
 Muir merchant, Glasgow
 Donald William, merchant in Greenock by Jas
 Little residing there

Duguid, William jun merchant in Aberdeen by
 George Wilson advocate there
 Hay John, merchant and spirit dealer in L
 Walk by Alex Crimie writer in Edinburgh
 Harthill, James merchant in Aberdeen by Alex
 Webster advocate there
 Johnston R and J cattle dealers in the Stewart y
 of Kirkcudbright in William Myson's man
 ducer New Glasgow
 McNair Alex merchant in Dingwall by Junc
 Gray merchant in Inverness
 Morgan and W Duns brewer in Kildrilly by
 George Allan jun merchant there
 Muirhead Junc merchant in Glasgow by Junc
 Kerr accountant there
 Perth Dundee Company by Henry Lindsay
 merchant in Perth
 Rosburgh Andrew and John, carpet manufac
 turers in Kilmacolm by Alex Wilmers
 dinger there
 Wilson Anthony, merchant and ship owner in
 Aberdeen by Alex Webster, advocate there

Obituary.

Extraordinary circumstance.—On Friday evening, the 22d Feb., a man of the name of David Nelson died in the parish of Half-Morton, and was buried on the Saturday following, under very unusual circumstances. Although so poor as to be without even a house to put his head in, the deceased had seen better days, and in the course of a life of more than ordinary length and vicissitude, had figured as a launer, a merchant, and son—even say as a smuggler. He was a man of gigantic stature, and, in his youth, possessed such firmness of nerve, and strength of muscle, that he was supposed to be a match for at least three ordinary men. Having married early, he was the father of several children, who are now scattered over the world, and all of whom have conducted themselves respectably, excepting one daughter, who is the mother of several illegitimate children, and whose conduct latterly was the chief cause of her father's misfortunes. From the account we have heard of this person, she appears to be a perfect Meg Munnies, without even the generosity of that celebrated gipsy, and betwixt three and four years ago excited, by her misconduct, so much terror and dissatisfaction, that

the inhabitants of Half-Morton, and the adjoining parish, petitioned their landlord to banish her from his estate. To the old man himself no objection was made, but his daughter had acquired such an ascendancy over him, that neither the terrors of local banishment, nor the pressing solicitations of his other children, could ever induce him to desert her. About Whistunday 1819, therefore, this unfortunate pair, together with a little boy, were actually turned out of house and hall, and for several months might have been seen bivouacking in the open air, in the true gipsy style. As the season advanced, the worthy proprietor alluded to again took pity on these miserable outcasts, and permitted them to occupy a cottage on a vacant farmstead. Shortly after this, a tenant entered to the farm in question, whose wife one day surprised Dunc Nelson in the act of setting fire to the rafters of the cottage. Having remonstrated with her on this during out- rage, the usage flew into a violent passion, and could not accue with the most dreadful imprecation, and brandishing a long knife in a wooden handle, would have perhaps committed murder, had not the good woman made a precipitate retreat

to her own house, and closed the doors and windows. In consequence of this outrage, the parties were forced to return to their old quarters on the king's highway, where they continued to live, up to the time of the old man's death. In this dreary abode, the lee-side of a turfdike formed their chief protection against the inclemency of the weather, and their whole furniture consisted of a wooden bed, a cupboard, a table, two old chairs, and a few cooking and eating utensils. The bed, in which the father, daughter, and grandchild slept, although not free from chinks, was close on all sides excepting the front, which was covered by an old rug suspended from the top, and made fast by a few sods or stones. The position of this bed they shifted like the sails of a ship, uniformly turning its front to the lee-side of the blast. Their fire, which was also shifted as circumstances required, was plentifully supplied with fuel from a neighbouring moor, and their kettle, although not filled with "cock-purloined," might be seen suspended from "a stick transverse," in exact imitation of the gipsy manner. The singularity and simplicity of this encampment occasionally attracted the notice of the passers-by, some of whom ventured to hazard an idle joke, or ask a few civil questions; but Miss Nelson was no friend to levity, and when at home, she uniformly chased away every intruder by a single flourish of her long knife, or a single glance of her stern and savage eye. One day an amiable young lady, daughter to the proprietor already repeatedly alluded to, happened to pass by their encampment, who being much affected with the sight of such destitution, reined in her palfrey, and with the tear in her eye promised to intercede with her Papa in behalf of the parties. But the moment Dame Nelson understood who

the young lady was, she opened on her such a flood of Billingsgate, that the fair visitor was fain to scamper off, equally terrified and disgusted.

When in health, the old man went about the country collecting eggs, which his daughter took to Carlisle market. With the proceeds of these she bought tea and sugar, which Nelson again retailed to his customers; and in this way, it is probable, the parties picked up a scanty livelihood.

On Friday the 22d ult, the old man, as we have already stated, appeared to be at the point of death, when his daughter requested the attendance of some boys, in whose presence he expired. She then roused her own son, a boy about seven years of age, who lay asleep beside the corpse, and desired him to sit on the bed with a lighted candle, while she went to alarm the neighbours. When informed of the old man's death, the neighbours were anxious to convey his body to a dwelling-house; but this the daughter sternly and resolutely refused, observing with an oath, that "their doors should never be darkened with the corpse of a man they had left to die wth perfect cold." Nay, she even threatened to bury him unshrouded and uncoffined, rather than call in the assistance of the parish joiner, who had at one time sworn the peace against her. In the evening several neighbours repaired to the spot; but the night was so wet and stormy, that they all dropped off before morning, leaving only the little boy and his beldame mother to continue this solitary and singular late-wake. On Saturday, some friends arrived from a distance, who procured a coffin, and conveyed the remains of the ill-fated David Nelson to a mansion, which may be tenanted in perfect peace, and which is never exposed to the inclemency of the elements.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1821. October 8. At Bangalore, the Lady of Capt. A. E. Pattullo, 4th native cavalry, a son.
 1822. Jan. 6. At Rome, Donna Letitia Bonaparte Wyse, the Lady of Thomas Wyse, jun. Esq. of the Manor of St John, Ireland, a son and heir. The infant has received the name of Napoleon.
 18. Mrs Moncreiff, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a son.
 24. At Remahaw, the seat of Sir George Sitwell, Bart. Lady Sitwell, a daughter.
 — At Bathkeale, in the county of Limerick, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Dick, of 42d Royal Highlanders, a son.
 26. At Ruchlaw, the Lady of John Buchan Sydes, Esq. of Ruchlaw, a son.
 — At Ladyland, Mrs Cochrane, a daughter.
 Feb. 2. At Whim, the Lady of Arch. Montgomerie, Esq. a daughter.
 6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dewar, of Leppisdie, a daughter.
 — At Hutton manse, Mrs Edgar, a daughter.

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9. At Cokerhill, Mrs H. F. Cadell, a son.
 10. At Dunnikier House, Lady Oswald, of Dunnikier, a daughter.
 11. At Oldfield, Caithness, Mrs (Captain) Henderson, younger of Sumter, a daughter.
 15. At Carlton Place, Glasgow, Mr James Montgath, a daughter.
 — At Mayfield, the Lady of A. M. Guthrie, Esq. younger of Craigie, a son.
 17. The Lady of John C. y. Esq. a son.
 18. At Queensferry, Mr. Dumma, a son.
 19. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Holmes, C.B. commanding 3d dragoon guards, a son.
 20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Robt. Cadell, a daughter.
 24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Sanders, a daughter.
 26. Mrs Borthwick, Edinburgh, a son.
 Latey At Brighton, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Hamilton, a daughter.
 — At the house of Mrs Admiral Deans, St Bernard's, near Edinburgh, the Lady of Capt. Deans, R. N.'s daughter, still born.

3 G

MARRIAGES

1821. Dec. 25 At Home Capt Robert Munro, Lockwood, son of Thomas Lockwood, Esq. of Dalrymple, Dumfriesshire, to the Right Hon Lady Mary Anne, daughter of the late Lord of Aberdeen, sister of the Marquess of Aberdeen.

1822 Jan. 12 At Geveva, Wm. Gardner, M.D. of Edinburgh, to Cecilia, only daughter of the deceased John Gordon, Esq. banker in Geneva.

5 At Aberdeen, William Thomson, of Perth, Leith, Esq. M.P. to Jessie, daughter of the late James Campbell of Perth, Esq.

6 At Murray, Charles Alexander Muir, Esq. of Leith, to Henrietta, daughter of the late Robert Hay, Esq. of Drummaiden.

7 At Albu, Dumfriesshire, John Carruthers, Esq. of Brechin, to Miss Blacklock, eldest daughter of John Blacklock, Esq. Jun of Albu.

8 Feb. 4 At Edinburgh, Captain Duncan Campbell, 1st regiment, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr Lachlan Mackay, Bunness, Mull.

9 At Gallanach, in the land of Coll, the Rev Donald McLean, minister of Small Isles, to Isabella, second daughter of Charles McLean Esq.

10 At Edinburgh, the Rev Robert Carr, minister of Uss, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Mr James Lytle, Edinburgh.

7 At Morton Cottage, Perthshire, Duncan Hunter, Esq. merchant in Glasgow, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Wm Campbell of Airth, Ayrshire.

9 Alexander Sharp, Esq. Dumfriesshire, to Margaret, daughter of the late Alex Barclay, Esq. of Brechin.

11 In Upper Clovenoe Street, London, the Earl of Albemarle, to Miss Munlock, daughter of the late Mr Henry Munlock, Bart.

— At Glasgow, Wm Tre Esq. Surgeon, R.N. to Elizabeth, 17 years, youngest daughter of Mr John Skell Esq. General.

12 At the parish church of Addicks, the Hon John Henry, 2nd son of Viscount North, to the Right Hon Lady Mary Needham, youngest daughter of the Earl of Kilmorie.

13 The Hon Edward Murray second son of the late Right Hon Lord George Murray, Bishop of St David, and nephew of the Duke of Athol, to Ruperia Catherine, only child of the late Sir George Wright, Bart.

14 At Perth, Allan Stewart Esq. of Inverhurd, to Miss Harriett Newton, daughter of the late John Newton, Esq. of Urr Hill.

15 At Edinburgh, the Rev Patrick Fraser, minister of Canby, to Ann, daughter of the late Rev John Wright, minister of Stone.

— At Edinburgh, by the High Priest of the Jewish Synagogue, Mr Abraham Prince, to Miss Nancy Moses. — This is the first Jewish marriage that has taken place here, and the ceremony was performed in presence of fifty of the brethren.

21 At Edinburgh, William Simpson, Esq. of New Cause, Kilmorie, to Jane, only daughter of the late Mr James Philip.

— At Clapham, Robert Hunter, Esq. of Wallis, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Capt. Thomas, of the High Land Sea Company's service.

14 July, At Spring, Henry Gordon Motyn, Esq. Assistant Surgeon, 21st Regiment, to Cecilia, daughter of the late Douglas Forbes Esq.

At Mrs Thomas's, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Miller, to Christian, widow of the late Captain Pearson.

FUNERALS

1822 June 12 At 10 o'clock, in the First Church, Mrs Keith, widow of Captain James Keith, Assistant Commissary General.

July 12 At 10 o'clock, in the First Church, Mr John Morris, 1st Lieutenant, in the 38th year of his age.

August 4 At Brown, Charles Hay, infant son of Captain A. Campbell, Bombay artillery.

27. At Broomfield, George Charles Chapman, Judge and Magistrate.

Sept. — At Gooty Chittore Peter Bruce Esq. Sheriff of the District of the Malabar Establishment, second son of the late James Bruce (Cairns), Esq. of Kinross and Litchbury.

At Dumfries near Clackmannan, John Forrest Esq. M.D. Assistant Surgeon in the Hon the 1st Infantry Company, service second son of the late James Forrest Esq. of Deanston.

1 In the island of Jamaica, Alex. Farquharson, Esq. of Fobshall.

2 In India, Lieutenant John Hay, of his Majesty's 34th Regiment, Aide-de-camp to his Excellency Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras.

Oct. — At Virginia in the 5th year of his age, James Wilson Esq. of New Orleans, eldest son of the late Mr Alex. Wilson merchant, Inverness.

Nov 1 At Antigua, Wm. Stewart Esq. son of the late James Stewart of Antigua Esq. Esq.

16 At the island of Jamaica, second son of the late Rev John Fraser, Librarian in the shire.

— At Flamstead, near Montego Bay in Jamaica, Mr Robert Smith, Surgeon, eldest son of Mr J. Montego Bay, on the 25th November, in the 3rd year of his age.

Dec. 10 In Jamaica, Mr Elizabeth D. Crofton, wife of William Lamb Esq.

1822 Jan 1 In London, Mr John Macgregor, the celebrated Scottish piper, in consequence of having fallen down a stair in the residence of Mr John Wedderburne, in the Albany, where he had been exerting his professional talents for the entertainment of a party.

Mr Macgregor was a native of the Highlands of Perthshire, and one of the clan he him scrupulously distinguished from the numerous piper families.

His father, Peter Macgregor, who is still living at Fortingall, gained the first prize pipe ever given by the Highland Society of London, when the competition of pipes was held at Falkirk.

The deceased, while but very young accompanied his father to London, in which was his proficiency in his profession, that he was soon after appointed piper to the Highlanders Society of London, and to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

In 1812, through the intervention of his father, he was employed to give a concert, under the patronage of the Perth and the Society in the Salvation Hall, although the concert was not so successful as he had hoped, and he was advised, Mr Macgregor had a pretty good house, and who heard him were delighted with his superior execution upon the great Highland bagpipe, Union pipe, flageolet, and German flute.

18 At Pisa, in the 20th year of his age, Robert Baird, second son of Thomas Walker Baird, Esq. advocate.

21 At Paris, William Leod Macleod, the first son of Alex. Norman Macleod Esq. of Murray.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Dr John Campbell of Campbello, in the 51st year of her age.

— At her house, Young Street, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs. Orvet, Waugh, relict of Lieut. Colonel Gilbert Waugh.

27 At Edinburgh, Janet, eldest daughter of Mr Doyle, Secretary of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

28 At Kirby Mallory, Lincolnshire, the Hon Lady Noel, wife of Sir Ralph Noel Bart and sister of the late Flag Lord Viscount Westworth.

29 At Thorndon, Essex, Frances, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Pelham.

30 At Clermont, Mr Andrew Hay Robinson, youngest son of George Robinson of Clermont, 1st Viscount of the Signet.

31 At Netherplace, Mrs Campbell of Netherplace, in the 85th year of her age.

Feb 1 At Langgrove, James Lawson Esq. of Langgrove.

At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Curdner, widow of Wm. Richardson, Esq. late of Keith.

At Curox House, Makroim Durroch, Esq. younger of Crook.

At Braithford, Mrs Mrs John Orme, second daughter of James Orme Esq.

At Urring, Mr David Cookin, late accountant of the Bank of Scotland there.

At Burnside, the Rev James Wemyss.

At Plymouth, Captain Sir Thomas Lowe, K.B. commanding his Majesty's ship "Hector," of 74 guns.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF /

The Scots Magazine.

APRIL 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
May 1822.	H.	M.	H.	M.	May 1822.	H.	M.	H.	M.
W. 1	11	5	11	31	Fr. 17	11	5	11	33
Th. 2	11	55	—	—	Sa. 18	12	0	—	—
Fr. 3	0	16	0	35	Su. 19	0	28	0	54
Sa. 4	0	54	1	12	M. 20	1	21	1	46
Su. 5	1	29	1	47	Tu. 21	2	11	2	38
M. 6	2	—	2	18	W. 22	3	4	3	28
Tu. 7	2	36	2	53	Th. 23	3	52	4	17
W. 8	3	10	3	26	Fr. 24	4	42	5	7
Th. 9	3	44	4	2	Sa. 25	5	34	5	59
Fr. 10	4	20	4	39	Su. 26	6	24	6	50
Sa. 11	5	1	5	24	M. 27	7	15	7	42
Su. 12	5	46	6	14	Tu. 28	8	10	8	41
M. 13	6	43	7	14	W. 29	9	12	9	43
Tu. 14	7	48	8	22	Th. 30	10	12	10	41
W. 15	8	56	9	31	Fr. 31	11	9	11	36
Th. 16	10	2	10	34					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

Full Moon,....Mon. 6. 32 *m.* past 4 *morn.*
 Last Quarter,..Tues.14. 5 — 6 *morn.*
 New Moon,....Mon. 25. 3 — 11 *after.*
 First Quarter, Mon. 27. 1 — 6 *after.*

TERMS, &c.

May 14. Court of Session sits.
 16. General Assembly sits
 29. King Charles II. rest.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to LONGMAN and COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be particularly addressed.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

APRIL 1822.

CATILINE; A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS. BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, A.M. AUTHOR OF "PARIS IN 1815," "THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD," &c. LONDON, HURST, ROBINSON AND CO. 1822.

It, as has been alleged, the present age, so fertile in works of imagination, be remarkable for the decline, or rather, perhaps, the extinction of dramatic talent, it cannot be disputed that the attempts, in this difficult species of composition, have been neither few, nor proceeded from writers of plebeian genius or reputation. Had Lord Byron never written any thing besides the *Giaour*, *Childe Harold*, the *Corsair*, or the *Siege of Corinth*, who would not have been prompt to maintain, that the highest honours of the Tragic Muse were within his reach, and that he had only to stretch out his hand to receive the laurel crown? But experience has proved, that this, like many of those rash judgments in anticipation, which men are so apt to form when their imaginations catch fire from the scintillations of genius, would have been as erroneous as premature. Who now reads the *Doge of Venice*,—or will you find a man in a million who, though proffered the laurel and the sack as his reward, could repeat a single line of its ponderous dullness, and prosing declamation? Is not the *Two Foscari* already consigned to literary inhumation? And are not even the impieties of *Cain* become harmless—because they are forgotten? Surely, this is

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passing strange, and merits a careful and cautious investigation.

Without entering into this curious field of enquiry, and without pretending to produce any thing in the shape of an explication of this phenomenon, we may, however, be permitted to observe, that the cause of this striking anomaly appears to us to lie, not so much in the declension of the genius for dramatic composition, as in the state of the public taste, which seems to have been radically and incurably vitiated. Horace has delivered this maxim:—

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere
voces.*

Now, we may be in error, and therefore we would be understood to express ourselves with great diffidence; but it does appear to us, that the admirable maxim just quoted is not only wholly neglected by our modern poets who have attempted tragedy, but utterly contemned and despised by them. The truth seems to be, that they have all become infected with what has been called the "philosophical spirit of the age," and instead of *describing*, which is their legitimate province, they *analyse* and *expound*. In their anxiety to penetrate into the very inmost recesses of mind, they have neglected Nature, and turned Metaphysicians; they have ceased *respicere exemplar vitæ morumque*—have plunged headlong into the obscure, the mystical, the horrid, or the fanatical—and been guilty of the same sins in

3 G

poetry as the Cartesian in philosophy, who, instead of observing Nature, and tracing her laws, invented his Vortices, and then commenced torturing Nature to support and countenance his invention. In the works of no modern poets do we recognise those condensed and energetic moral truths that find an echo in every bosom; or those traits of character, which, by the powerful relief and individuality that belongs to them, take firm hold of our minds,—amalgamate with the general mass of our knowledge,—identify themselves with the legitimate furniture of our imaginations,—and become the frequent and spontaneous objects of our reminiscences and delights. On the contrary, we meet only with shreds and patches of humanity—with a severed limb, a bloodless vein, or a ruptured artery, instead of the whole form in life, and health, and motion; we are introduced into the dissecting room, instead of the painter's or the sculptor's study, and leave it with weariness and disgust, instead of having our imaginations excited by the beau ideal of beauty, and symmetry, and grace. Our modern poets seem never to have studied man but in the closet, with Malebranche, Locke, or Condillac for their guides; and hence they may analyse a passion like *Le Brun*; but they cannot group a scene, or exhibit man in situations where his passions are necessarily elicited, and where his actions form the best index to his feelings and emotions. Like the first Christian converts, our poets are spoiled through "vain philosophy;" and were it possible to spread a film over their intellectual eye, that they might, for a season at least, be blind to what has been so ostentatiously held forth as the "Philosophy of Mind," we entertain no manner of doubt that another Shakespeare might yet arise, to form the cherished glory of this age, and the wonder and delight of those that follow!

When we heard of the subject of Mr Croly's Tragedy, we were, on our general principles, prepared to expect another signal failure,—and it gives us no sort of pleasure to state that our unfavourable anticipations have been but too completely verified. Mr Croly has been highly un-

fortunate in the choice of a subject. He has necessarily followed in the wake of Crebillon, Voltaire, and Ben Jonson, the last of whom in particular, with all the faults that may be detected in his "Catiline," and they are neither few nor small, has left him nothing almost to do but to borrow with dexterity; while the facts in Catiline's history are so universally notorious, that to follow the truth of history would be injurious in point of effect; and to sacrifice it, as Mr Croly has done, must shock every one in the least acquainted with the most interesting portion of Roman History. In this situation, Mr Croly had only to encounter a choice of difficulties; and we must do him the justice to say, that he has chosen the least. To have followed the literal history, like Ben Jonson, he would have been brought into inevitable contrast with that great and original writer, inferior, as Mr Croly justly observes, to Shakespeare only as a poet, and to Milton as a scholar; and, what is, if possible, still worse, he could not have cherished the most distant hope of success, where so celebrated a writer had failed. Discarding, therefore, in a great measure, the account of Sallust, in which, to use his own bombastical phrase, "Catiline starts up at once into a vast, embodied Iniquity," he turns to the *some* what more softened portraiture of Cicero, whom, by the bye, he mistranslates, to help himself out of the difficulty a little; and concludes by informing us, that "the following pages look upon Catiline in the point of view suggested by Cicero*"; that of a man of

* The passage alluded to is as follows: "Habuit enim ille, sicuti meminisse vos arbitror, permulta maximarum, non expressa signa, sed adumbrata virtutum. Utebatur hominibus improbis multis: et quidem optimis se viris deditum esse simulabat. Erant apud illum illeceberræ libidinum multæ: erant etiam industriæ quidam stimuli ac laboris. Flagrabant vitia libidinis apud illum: vigebant etiam studia rei militaris. neque ego unquam fuisse tale monstrum in terris ullum puto, tam ex contrariis diversis inter se pugnantibus naturæ studiis cupiditatibusque, confutum. Quis clarioribus quodam tempore jucundior? quis turpioribus conjunction? quis civis meliorum partium

conscious ability and violent passions, doubly stricken down by poverty and public defeat; lingering for a while in the depression natural to a proud mind, shocked and be-

aliquando? quis tætrior hostis huic civitati? quis in voluptatibus inquinatio? quis in laboribus patientior? quis in rapacitate avarior? quis in largitione effusior? Illa vero, judices, in illo homine mirabilia fuerunt, comprehendere multos amicitia, tueri obsequio, cum omnibus communicare, quod habebat, servire temporibus suorum omnium pecunia, gratia, labore corporis, scelere etiam, si opus esset, et audacia: versare suam naturam, et regere ad tempus, atque huc et illic torquere et flectere: cum tristibus severe, cum remissis jucunde, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter, cum facinorosis audacter, cum libidinosis luxuriose vivere. Hac ille tam varia multiplicative natura, cum omnes omnibus ex terris homines improbos audacesque collegerat: tum etiam multos fortes viros et bonos specie quadam virtutis assimilare tenebat. *neque* (this Mr Croly has not translated) *unquam ex illo delendi hujus imperii tam consceleratus impetus extitisset, nisi tot vitiorum tanta immanitas quibusdam FACILITATIS et PATIENTIÆ radicibus niteretur.*" (*Pro Cælio. Ernesti, Vol. III. p. 1043—4, Oxon. 1810*). This finished piece of rhetoric, which is in fact nothing but an amplification of the expressive words of Sallust—"simulator et dissimulatores"—Mr Croly translates in the following rambling and careless manner:—"He had, as I suppose you all remember, a multitude, not so much of virtues, as of approaches to virtues. (*Do "adumbrata signa virtutum"* mean "*approaches to virtues?*") He was the most extraordinary contradiction on earth; a compound of all opposite propensities. Who could stand higher with honourable men at one time? or, at another, who was more implicated with the worst? He had a wonderful power of binding individuals to his interests; no man could exhibit more zeal; none be more liberal of his public credit, his purse, and, where darker occasions called, his whole invention in evil. Austere with the rigid, gay with the gay, grave with the grave, animated with the young, bold with the bold, and sumptuous with the prodigal: by this singular flexibility and VARIETY of powers, ("*specie quadam virtutis assimilata!*") he collected round him men of all descriptions; the daring and dissolute, and, at the same time, many of the manly and estimable. (*Preface, p. viii.*)

numbered by its fall; but gradually lifting himself into resistance, and finally girding up his strength for one grand effort of ambition and despair." (*Preface, p. xiii.*) Now, without quarreling at all with this proceeding on the part of Mr Croly, we really know no good reason why he should so earnestly attempt to invalidate the historical veracity of Sallust, and to depreciate his authority, especially when the very passage which he refers to in the *Orat. pro Cælio*, when rightly translated, coincides, in almost every point, with the picture so ably drawn by the celebrated historian upon whom, as a model, even Tacitus was proud to form himself. It seems, also, to have escaped Mr Croly's observation, that in the oration from which he derives the extract which he has made the groundwork of his piece, Cicero was defending his friend Cælius against the indirect charge of having had connection with Catiline; and, as an advocate, he would have shown little dexterity indeed, had he not attempted to inpress on the minds of the judges, that there was something in the character of that desperate conspirator to palliate, if not exculpate, such a supposed offence. He is, therefore, speaking as an advocate, not writing as an historian. Did Mr Croly find any thing in the *Catilinarians* to justify the favourable view he has taken of the conspirator's character? But this is venial, compared with the license in which Mr Croly has, in other respects, indulged himself. Sallust informs us, that the designs of the conspirators were first made fully known by Fulvia, the mistress of Quintus Curius, "*quem Censores Senatu probri gratia amoverant;*" and that this circumstance had directed the minds of men to Cicero, as the only individual properly qualified for the honors of the consulship, at such a dangerous and important crisis. By a very pardonable anachronism, Ben Jonson makes the mistress of Curius reveal the designs of Catiline and his gang to Cicero, after he had been invested with the consulship; and one of the most powerful and interesting scenes in his play, is that in which Curius, having been sent for by Cicero, meets, in the consul's palace, his mistress.

Fulvia, and is gained over to the side of patriotism and virtue, by the matchless eloquence of the first of Roman Orators, and the affectionate remonstrances of Fulvia. Mr Croly has given us the same scene, with only a change of names; but so thoroughly has he bungled the matter, that the charm of historical recollection is lost, while the substitution only shocks and disgusts us, as a very unnecessary and uncalled-for deviation from the truth. He introduces Hamilcar, a Moorish Prince, defeated and made prisoner by Catiline, in some expedition on which the Roman writers are silent, and who, after he had been brought to Rome, had been seduced by the largesses and promises of Catiline. The Numidian has a mistress called Aspasia, a Greek Priestess, or Courtesan, (for that is much the same thing,) who, startled by his sudden boasting, and his talk of regaining the sceptre of Numidia, contrives to wring from him the secret, and to disclose it to Cicero. Now we maintain that there was no occasion for this extravagant piece of gratuitous invention, as the simple historical fact, allowing for the slight anachronism we have mentioned, would have served the purpose of the poet just as well. To have retained the names and the general features of the historical occurrence, would have afforded room for the display of the author's powers of writing and fancy, while probability would not have been sacrificed in a desperate adventure after a degree of originality which was neither to be expected nor attained. In adopting this course, it is true, the author might have exposed himself to the charge of plagiarism, by making choice of a subject which had been, in a great measure, exhausted by his illustrious predecessors. But he can hardly have failed to observe and admire the fidelity with which Shakespeare, in his historical plays, adheres to the great facts and names in our national annals; nor can he be ignorant that a dramatic writer, who chuses such a subject (unless his head, like Lord Byron's, be addled by the *Unitas*), has little more to do than represent what the historian describes, and to exhibit, to our eyes, and our ears, and our understandings,

the characters, sentiments, and conduct of those very persons who figured in the real drama of life, which he thinks proper to revive, and to bring again before us, in his mimic scenes. This, we submit, is the true course he ought to have pursued in dramatising so well-known a portion of Roman story as the conspiracy of Catiline. Our author, however, has, we fear, been studying Aristotle, when he should have been examining his subject, and putting in requisition the whole stock of his knowledge of human nature, in the circumstances in which he was to represent it in action; and, in his undivided attention to the *μῦθος*, καὶ ἦθος, καὶ λέξις, καὶ διάνοια, καὶ ὅψις, καὶ μελοποιία, he has forgotten to look into the springs of human actions, and the motives that ultimately and surely influence human conduct. But if this be the case—we mean, if Mr Croly have written from a slavish adherence to rule—he has been most unfortunate, for his subject is utterly incompatible with the two great conditions of a perfect tragedy, as laid down by the Stagyræite. In the first place, there is little or no *περιπέτεια*, or change of fortune: for, from the very commencement, Catiline presents himself as “a broken man,” and as a rash and reckless ruffian, who has every chance of finishing his career on the gibbet, or, at the best, in open conflict with the regular authority of his country; and, in the second place, there is absolutely no *ἀναγνώρισις**, or discovery, for at the end of the play, Catiline is neither better nor worse than, nor different from what he was at the beginning,—only he dies in the field of battle, fighting with a courage and heroism worthy of a better cause.

We have already hinted, that Mr

* Aristotle grounds, and, as appears to us, rightly, this unqualified praise of the *Edipus Tyrannus* of *Sophocles* on its exhibiting a perfect combination of the *περιπέτεια* and the *ἀναγνώρισις*. It is remarkable that Home's *Douglas* exhibits the same combination, in the most finished and perfect form. Young Norval is both discovered to be different from what he seemed—“a peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy”—and undergoes a total *περιπέτεια*, or change of fortune. This, to a critic, is one of the many merits of this admirable and affecting tragedy.

Croly shows a remarkable predilection for his hero, whom he labours to recommend to his readers' favour, by divesting him of some of the appalling attributes bestowed on him by the pen of Sallust. This is natural, and, to a certain degree, allowable. But we doubt whether the most devoted admirer of Mr Croly's genius will justify his falsification of history in the matter of Catiline's son, who, as he represents, was slain in a scuffle with his father's creditors, and whose untimely death, according to him, served to rivet the mind of his father to his deadly and desperate purpose of overturning the commonwealth, and embroiling every thing in anarchy and bloodshed. The following appears to have been the generally-received account of the manner in which Catiline's son was disposed of, at the time when Sallust wrote. "*Postremo captus amore Aureliæ Orestillæ, cujus, præter formam, nihil unquam bonus laudavit; quod ea nubere illi dubitabat, timens privignum adulta ætate; pro certo creditur, necato filio, vacuum domum scelcstis nuptiis fecisse.*" (*Sallustii Cat. c. xv.*)

But we must now proceed to give a few specimens of Mr Croly's performance, which, in justice to him, we shall select, in a great measure, at random. The play opens with a banquet in Catiline's palace, at which Hamilcar, the Numidian Prince, had been present; but, disgusted with the boisterous revelry, he sallies out into a grove by moonlight, and thus soliloquizes:

Hamilcar.—I hate their feasting: 'twould have been my death,
To stay in that close room! This air is cool.—
I felt my spirit choak'd. Gods! was I born
To bear those drunkards' tauntings on my hue,
My garb—Numidia's garb! My native tongue—
Not tunable to their Patrician ears?
Will the blow never fall?
There's not a slave,
Not the most beggar'd, broken, creeping wretch
That lives on alms, and pillows on the ground,
But had done something before now:
and I—

A soldier, and a king; the blood of kings,
Afric's last hope;—let months and years pass by,
And still live on, a butt for ribald jests—
And more, to let Numidia's injuries sleep,
Like a chid infant's!
This is a mortal hour; the rising wind
Sounds angry, and those swift and dizzy clouds,
Made ghostly by the glances of the moon,
Seem horse and chariot for the evil shapes
That scatter ruin here.

Come from thy tombs,
Warriors of Afric!—from the desert's sands—

From the red field—the ever-surging sea,
Though ye were buried deeper than the plumb

Of seamen ever sounded.

Hamilcar—Hannibal—Jugurtha! Come,
My royal father! from the midnight den,
Where their curst Roman axes murder'd thee!

Ye shall have vengeance! Stoop upon my breast,

Clear it of man, and put therein a heart,
Like a destroying spirit's: make me fire,
The winged passions that can know no sleep,

Till vengeance has been done:—wrap up my soul

In darkness stronger than an iron mail,
Till it is subtle, deadly, deep as night,
Close as coil'd aspics, still as tigers crouch'd,

But furious as them rous'd. Let me fill Rome

With civil tumult, hate, conspiracy,
All dissolution of all holy ties,
Till she has outraged Heaven, while I, unseen,
Move like a spectre round a murderer's bed,
To start upon her dying agony.

In Act Second, Hamilcar, eager to goad on Catiline to some desperate undertaking against the commonwealth, and anxious to lead him into the toils of superstition, to the seducing influence of which even the most profligate of men frequently bow, thus indicates his pretensions to magic, and the powers of divination:

Hamilcar.—In my own land, and hunting through the hills,
I've sat, from eve to sunrise, in the caves
Of Atlas, circled by the altar fires
Of black enchanters;—men who yearly came,
By compact, to hold solemn festival:—
Some riding fiery dragons—some on shafts
Of the sunn'd topaz—some on ostrich plumes,

Or wond'rous ears, that press'd the subtle
 air
 No heavier than its clouds—some in
 swift barks,
 That lit the Libyan sea through night
 and storm,
 Like winged volcanoes. From all zones
 of the earth—
 From the mysterious fountains of the
 Nile—
 Gold-sanded Niger—India's diamond
 shore—
 From silken China—from the Spicy Isles,
 Like incense-urns set in the purple sea
 By Taprobane.

Aspasia, just before she receives
 from her lover Hamulcar the fatal
 scroll containing a list of the conspi-
 rators' names, which she almost im-
 mediately afterwards betrays to Ci-
 cero, having previously bargained for
 the safety of her lover, urges him to
 fly with her to their native Greece—
 in language which breathes the very
 soul of passion.

Aspasia.—To Greece—to Greece! We
 shall be light of heart,
 As birds in summer skies: fond, as two
 doves,
 That hath escap'd the fowler's cruel
 snare;
 Our vine and myrtle fence shall be a
 bound,
 That earth's pale vanities, its hatreds,
 fears,
 Fiery ambitions, pining discontents,
 Dare not o'erleap: and we'll have dance
 and song,
 And hymn the sun with touches of the
 lyre,
 As he sheds morning on the Athenian
 hills.
 And we will wander by the evening shore,
 And hear the mellow music of the waves,
 And read strange fortunes in the speck-
 led sands,
 And make sweet pictures in the crimson
 clouds,
 And tell the story of our travel past,
 Till the day sinks, forgotten in our talk,
 And Hesper's twinkling lamp must light
 us home.

Mr Croly's Catiline thus describes
 the task he had undertaken:—

This is the curse of all conspiracy,
 To mingle with the refuse of our kind—
 To be the task of tools, the slave of slaves,
 To patch up a quarrel:—from his
 cups
 To drag the doting drunkard:—bear the
 spite
 From the assassin's hand:—stir up the
 base

To manly thoughts; degrade the swell-
 ing heart
 To necessary villains, that the eye
 Had loath'd in day-light. Oh, Conspiracy!
 To this disgrace thou'st damn'd me;—
 ay, and all
 That ever sank to thee!—Go to your
 homes;
 Go, and be strangled! Traitors!—I'll
 die here.

Ben Jonson's Catiline speaks with
 a voice of deeper power.

What ministers men must for practice use!
 The rash, th' ambitious, needy, d'sperate,
 Foolish, and wretched, even the dreg of
 mankind,
 To whores and women! still it must be so.
 Each have their proper place, and in their
 rooms
 They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle
 fires;
 Slaves carry burdens; butchers are for
 slaughters,
 Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poisons;
 As these for me: dull, stupid Lentulus,
 My stale with whom I stalk; the rash
 Cethegus,
 My executioner; and fat Longinus,
 Statilius, Curius, Ceparius, Cumber,
 My labourers, pincers, and incendiaries:
 With these domestic traitors, bosom
 thieves,
 Whom custom hath call'd wives; the
 readiest helps
 To betray heady husbands, rob the easy,
 And lend the moneys on returns of lust.
 Shall Cathine not do now with these aids,
 So sought, so sorted, something shall be
 called
 Their labour, but his profit? and make
 Cæsar
 Repent his vent'ring counsels to a spirit
 So much his lord in mischief; when all
 these
 Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragons'
 teeth,
 Ruin each other, and he fall amongst
 them,
 With Crassus, Pompey, or who else ap-
 pears
 But like, or near a great one.—
 The cruelty I mean to act, I wish
 Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my
 name;
 Whilst after ages do toil out themselves,
 In thinking for the like, but do it less:
 And were the power of all the fiends let
 loose,
 With Fate to boot, it should be still ex-
 ample,
 When, what the Gaul or Moor could not
 effect,
 Nor emulous Carthage, with their length
 of spight,

Shall be the work of one, and that my night.

Act. III. Sc. 10.

We give the last scene entire: it is the most striking. *Catiline's* words are worthy of that Prince of Conspirators. Yet, even in this scene the author has slightly departed from the history. To the desperation with which the conspirators fought, *Salust** has borne ample testimony. But they never had even a *chance* of victory. Our author, however, makes them victorious till *Catiline* was mortally wounded. *Jonson* has merely permitted one of the characters to announce the victory of *Petreibus*, and the death of *Catiline*, without introducing him on the stage in his last moments. This was rendered necessary, by his rigid adherence to historical truth: no audience would or could have sympathised with the fate of a blood-thirsty and reckless ruffian, whose character was unrelieved even by the "signa adumbrata virtutum," if we may quote the words of *Cicero*. Our author, in conformity with his views, has judiciously followed an opposite cause. But to the scene:

Night. The interior of a Roman fortified Camp.

Hamilear.—I think those shouts are nigh the westward trench.

* "Sed, confecto prælio, tum vero cerneret, quanta audacia, quantaque animi vis fuisset in exercitu Catilinæ. Nam fere quem quisque pugnando locum ceperat, cum, amissa anima, corpore tegebat. Pauci autem, quos cohors prætoris disiecerat, paullo diversus, sed omnes tamen adversis vulneribus, conciderant. Catilina vero longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est, paululum etiam spirans, ferocemque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens. Postremo, quæ omni copia, neque in prælio, neque in fuga, quisque civis ingenuus captus: ita cuncti suæ hostiumque vitæ juxta pepercerant. Neque tamen exercitus populi Romani letam aut incruentam victoriam adeptus: nam strenuissimus quisque aut occiderat in prælio, aut graviter vulneratus discesserat. Multi autem, qui de castris visundis aut spoliandi, gratia processerant, volentes hostilia cadavera, amicum alii, pare hospitum, aut cognatum reperiebant: fuere item, qui inimicos suos cognoscerent. Ita varie per omnem exercitum lætitia, mors, luctus, atque gaudia, agitantur." (*Sall. Cat. c. lxi.*)

The Consul's weakest there. (*Officer goes.*)

And here I stand,

Leaving to others the bold outward fight,
To lurk behind a wall.—I should have faced

The proudest sword on earth—but *Catiline's*—

His eye would drink the spirit of my blood,

And make my scymitar a reed.—Who's here?

[*Shouts, "A prisoner!" Cathegus is brought in.*

Cathegus taken alive! [*In surprise.*

Cathegus (to Hamilear).—Dog of an African!

Betrayer!—perjurer!—felon! Give me breath!

Had not my charger fallen, that villain's head

Had been upon my spear.

Hamilear (anxiously).—Is *Catiline* slain?

Cathegus.—How dare you name him?

Hamilear (with haughtiness).—Is the rebel dead?

Cathegus.—Dead or alive he's glorious!
In the rout

That bore him backwards o'er the fatal trench,

I saw him fighting, with a giant's strength,
Cover'd with wounds—his corslet beaten off—

His unhelm'd brow masked with his spouting blood;—

The battle's soul—knight, spearman, general, all;—

Shouting to this man,—grasping t'other's robe—

Slaying a third—and ever turning back
To charge the cow'd pursuers—

Hamilear (to the soldiers).—Set him free.

[*Cathegus is taken out; shouts and Trumpets.*]

My mind misgives me, or the battle's turn'd!

Stand to your arms.—What ensign's in the field?

Soldier (from the walls).—The Marian Eagle—and a column comes,

Straight on the Consul's centre. Now, they charge!

The trench is taken.

Hamilear, (hastily).—To the ramparts, all!

Quick, load the engines—let the archers shoot,—

Whirl slings,—rain lances,—give them steel i' the teeth;

Fight all, as if, upon his single arm,
Each bore the whole high fortunes of the night.

[*Shouts of the Gates. Trumpets.*]

We cannot say how it was in Cicero's time, but in our day, people should be thankful who have any "brains" to be "knocked out." Lord Lauderdale holds, and we hold too, in spite of the Edinburgh Reviewers, with all their knowledge of political economy, that the value of every commodity depends upon its rarity.

But we must get on, or at this rate we shall never have done with Mr Croly. In Act II. Scene I, Catiline falls into the blue devils, and threatens to poniard himself; and, like those theatrical gentlemen who utter grievous threats, with the most honest intention in the world of never committing *felo de se*, he turns tail directly, and exclaims most morally:—

"But 'tis the coward's cure:—
And what shall heal the dearer part of me,
MY REPUTATION?"

The "reputation" of Catiline—the murderer, the adulterer, the corruptor of the youth, the filicide, the assassin, the traitor! That's a good joke! But Mr Croly can be very facetious upon occasion. Catiline proceeds,

"Dreams! dreams! my mind's
as full
Of vapourish fantasies as a sick girl's."

p. 30.

"Alas! it cried—Give me some drink,
Titinius—
As a sick girl!"—

Julius Caesar.

Catiline in the "vapours" too! It is very cruel in Mr Croly to be so comical, seeing we were taught to expect a tragedy. People don't generally hire merryandrews to frisk about, and gabol, and play antics, before a funeral procession! But he adds, for our comfort, "'twill soon be all the same!"

Catiline's mistress, Aurelia Orestilla, finds out that she is the daughter of Marius, although we have not been able to ascertain how; and then she goes on in the usual gasconading style of ladies of her kidney:—

There was not in Rome
An eye, however haughty, but would
sink
When I turn'd on it; when I pass'd the
streets
For a X.

My chariot wheels were hush'd with
host
Of your chief senators; as if the Peruvian
Beheld an empress on its path, that tremen-
An earthly providence! 'City?' Will he

Nonsense, and seriousness, that Cicero, considered as a keenly urged, suggests to him "nobler as to the fee-s" than, that of Bailly and we, being—because the former fell equivoise in "words" of Octavius and aforesaid claim the latter only under trusting our on-doing but "tremendous human and fal-nt of polity"—the guilced to be guided the Reverend George tablished by K. and preach, that the nearly as per- osion of popular frenzy ingly we do, lary madness of oppress- dam and dece- uman endurance—the question be equid rebound of the mind them!

Hamilar said it to the earth—is
than the wholesale sa-
To summon shilless millions at the in-
gave." a cold-blooded mili-

Owen Glendow did our author learn
"I can call spirits & now promulgates?
ought to have "noble
The Chorus, Pith patrician crimes
"Who stands? The recutions? Catiline
cian, and died in the
Lord Byron cæth would say, with

"It soars and m's back: a highwayman
Like that of last wgate will die as brave-
With that of him but then the latter dies
Contains the 'bramous rope, while the
y that "tremendous

And before give sword," which bears
ed tragedians k noble associations"—
world with nobles a difference, to be
parte, no mean we, on this account,
connected with xtenuate the dark and
calling, had a crimes of Catiline—and
words to M "Paris in 1815," and
the field the "merciless scaffolds," on
epithet "I and Lavoisier so pre-
stowed by the shed? This would, in-
soldiery of Franw criterion of Histori-
small difference We hate Catilines and
and Mr Croly much as the Reverend
piates the word but these "tremen-
the former gives its" are, in the hand
them—as a que sometimes converted
commas. So mu' good; holding which
tar's trade of bor any "noble associa-

How the follopy conclude in the
garian escaped th
writer, excess, all
lecture. Hanc earthquakes break not
from. "Yea, a Catiline?"

aptly rejoins, "Sometime
red years!" p. 81.
sample of Mr Croly's
we have done with his
had entered the
the which been assailed with all
The word's "Revenge"
Hamlet—Strike here, and to re-
Cailline—Die!
He lifts his sword, but turns
Hamlet starts on his feet
himself; Cailline stands
him.
Cailline (coming in).—Tri-
neral!—For the field's d
The Consul's flank is turn'd
line
Are chaf'd before the wind.
Cailline (exclaims).—Only to be genu-
Rome!
[Voices of the Captains,
without:]
"Onwards!—Onwards!—"
Cailline.—To Rome!—(T
ing.)—To Rome! I return. This—
[Aurelia and Cethegus
Where is Aurelia? Senate! I've had
I must die.—F
[He springs] blood of age,
Is there no faith in He's sinew strong as
shall come!
This brow shall wear of sorrows!—This
this eye
Make monarchs stoop.—Look to your
have a voice
Strong as the thunder; all sit, for house-
per's breath
Shall root up thrones. us!—all shames
shall be King!—
Dictator!—King of the is thirsty dagger
[He falls
We are perfectly a brother's cup;
tenor of the foregoit of your blazing
has been any thing b
and we are sorry for down on you like
think highly of Mr Cro-
In spite both of his political grave!
bestow. He has shown much
ment in avoiding the of the verses
speeches with which smaller poems
faded his play, as we ever read.
that them in the most stanza at ran-
which, to say the entitled "The
the most recent
the pass,
patriotic verses, and being hand,
has the Armistice dás,
could satisfy living's living brand.
measure for speaking
and were some thoughts, be-
the collection of our review, of in-
usually large person between Mr
him with all a man; but we
we most read.

have neither time nor inclination
to attempt it now; more especially
as we have yet a word or two to
say of the politics of the former
gentleman, which he has obtruded
in his preface, in a manner highly
unbecoming and reprehensible: so
much so, that we make no apology
whatsoever for introducing the sub-
ject in this place. "The sword,"
says the reverend gentleman, "is a
tremendous instrument of polity, but
it bears with it some NOBLE ASSO-
CIATIONS! Military revolution may
be sanguinary; but it is democratic
revolution, with its boundless mean-
nesses and perfidies, its sleepless sus-
picious and its merciless scaffolds,
that extinguishes a national mind."
(Preface, p. v.) We make no doubt,
that a gentleman of Mr Croly's chivalrous spirit would prefer being shot
by torch-light, à la Napoleon, to the
vulgar and plebeian death of suspen-
sion from a lamp-post, sheerly from
his "noble associations" with powder
and ball; but, for our own parts, we
are free to confess, that we have no
great predilection for either. Mr
Croly, however, like all fine writers,
is satisfied with having hit off, on his
literary anvil, a sparkling sentence,
and concerns himself, in no degree,
about the truth or falsehood of his
doctrines, or the dangerous conse-
quences that may, by legitimate in-
ference, be deduced from them. He
only brandishes his poetical sabre,
like a bold Manchester Yeoman—cuts
right and left amidst the innocent
crowd, who are satisfied with the
still small voice of truth and reason—
and raves about "democratic revolu-
tion," "sleepless suspicions," "mer-
ciless (in opposition, no doubt, to
merciful) scaffolds," and "NOBLE
ASSOCIATIONS!" If Mr Croly had
ever in his life been a newspaper
scribe, we should have sworn that
we had read all this before—but let
that pass. Now for a few plain facts.
Cromwell and his independents over-
turned the English monarchy, re-
volutionized the whole frame of so-
ciety, and brought the most legiti-
mate, and, certainly, not the worst of
sovereigns to the block! This they
effected by that "tremendous in-
strument of polity," the "sword;"
therefore, according to the reverend
moralist, "it bears with it some

noble associations*! Without spilling one drop of blood, and with the intrepid calmness and moderation of philosophical virtue, the patriots of 1688 expelled a legitimate tyrant, who had invaded and endangered the civil and religious liberties of these kingdoms, and placed the throne on the head of a foreigner—one of the wisest and best monarchs that ever swayed the British sceptre. This memorable event, achieved by the Commons of England, was, in the best sense of the term, a “democratic revolution;” but, unhappily for Mr Croly and his “associations,” there were no “boundless meannesses,” no “sleepless suspicions,” no “merciless scaffolds,” no “national mind” extinguished! But to be serious, we ask Mr Croly to have the condescension to inform us in what respect the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Second Triumvirate, were more “noble” in their “associations” than the butcheries perpetrated in Paris during the Reign of Terror? Does the reverend moralist consider Cortez as an inferior criminal to Aguirre? Has

he any “noble associations” with the broiling of Montezuma and the wholesale slaughters of the Peruvians—by the “sword, that tremendous instrument of polity?” Will he tell us in downright seriousness, that the murder of Cicero, considered as a crime, suggests to him “nobler associations” than, that of Bailly and Lavoisier—because the former fell under the “swords” of Octavius and Anthony, and the latter only under that business-doing but “tremendous instrument of polity”—the guillotine? Does the Reverend George Croly believe, and preach, that the transient explosion of popular frenzy—the momentary madness of oppression past all human endurance—the mere spring and rebound of the mind casting off the load of tyranny that so long weighed it to the earth—is more criminal than the wholesale sacrifice of countless millions at the infernal shrine of a cold-blooded military despotism? In what part of the New Testament did our author learn the doctrines he now promulgates? namely, that we ought to have “noble associations,” with patrician crimes and military executions? Catiline was born a patrician, and died in the field, as Macbeth would say, with harness on his back: a highwayman in front of Newgate will die as bravely as he did: but then the latter dies by an ignominious rope, while the former died by that “tremendous instrument, the sword,” which bears with it some “noble associations”—and that makes a difference, to be sure! But are we, on this account, to palliate or extenuate the dark and complicated crimes of Catiline—and only read “Paris in 1815,” and abuse the “merciless scaffolds” on which Bailly and Lavoisier so prematurely perished? This would, indeed, be a new criterion of Historical Morality. We hate Catilines and Revolutions as much as the Reverend George Croly; but these “tremendous instruments” are, in the hand of Providence, sometimes converted into ministers of good; holding which belief—without any “noble associations”—we simply conclude in the words of Pope—

* We suggest to our author’s serious consideration the following passage from Lucan. It shows abundantly what were the poet’s “associations” with “that tremendous instrument” the “sword.”

“Quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo mœnia victor
Corrupt? quantoque gradu mors sæva cucurrit?
Nobilitas cum plebe perit; lateque vagantur
Ense; et a nullo revocatum est pectore ferrum.
Stet cruor in templis: multaque rubentia cæde
Lubrica sæva madent; nulli sua profuit ætas.
Non senis extremum piguit, vergentibus annis,
Precipitasse diem; nec primo in limine vita
Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
Cumine quo parvi cadem potuere mereri?
Sed satis est, jam posse mori: trahit ipse furor
Impetus; at visum lenti, quævisse nocenti.
In numerum pars magna perit; rapuitque cruentus
Victor ab ignota vultus cervice recisos
Dum vacua pudet ire manu.”

Pharsalia, Lib. II. l. 99.

“If plagues and earthquakes break not Heaven’s design,
Why then a Borgias a Catiline?”

ODE FROM THE SPANISH OF FERDINAND DE HERRERA

FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was a Spanish Poet, who lived in the age of Charles V, and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He united in the introduction of a new style into Spanish poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images, derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture; and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified, indeed, by the nature of the subject to which some of these productions are devoted. This last characteristic is blended with a deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts, than tempers, the haughty confidence of the poet, in the high destiny of his country. Spanish history, what he tells to be heard when, beneath the shade of his palm trees, the cheerful and favoured land whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly entitled to wreak the vengeance of heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.

The impression of deep solemnity left upon the mind of the Spanish reader, by another of Herrera's lyric composition, will, it is feared, be very inadequately conveyed through the medium of the following translation.

HERRERA ODE ON THE DEFEAT OF KING SELPATIAS OF TURKEY AND HIS ARMY, IN ALGERIA

Voz de dolor, y de temor oír

A VOICE OF WOE, A MURMUR OF FEAR
A spout of deep fear in unmoored ear,
For such record the day, the day of woe
For Lusitania's bitter chieftain sent!
She who hath such her power, her fame
expire,
And mourns them in the dust, uncrown'd
and pale!

And let the awful tale
With grief and horror every realm o'er-
shade,

From Afric's burning main
to the fumes on other hues array'd,
And the red limit of the Orient's reign,
Whose nation, haughty, though subdued,
behold

Christ's glorious banner to the winds un-
fold

Alas! for those that in embattled power,
And cam' all of parrots and of ho-

Oh, desert Libya! sought thy fatal coast!
And trust not in Him, th' eternal
power

Of night and gloom, but in earthly force,
Maiming the strength of multitudes thou
host;

A flush'd and crest'd ho't,
Fate in lofty dreams of victory, trod
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquer'd

Given for the spoil, nor rais'd their eye
to God;

And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand
Their sole support!—the heavenly and
pious

They fell, the can, the teed, the re-
o'erthrown

It came, the hour of wrath—the hour
woe

Which to deep solitude and ten's consoling
The peopled realm, the realm of joy in
mirth!

A voice was in the heaven, a voice
thou I w

Announc'd the moment when'd as Na-
ture pind,

And bodim' thou chieftain'd th' un-
I am's faith,

And tirlin' the peak earth,
But un-upon the might, and the p

With vantage and
For crests th' Iternia in the
how'd,

And rus'd barbarian nations cut in
head,

The inflexible, the fierce whack n
gild,

Put vengeance on the felled
uncouth!

The was the wail to see the
murder

O the stern land's not hind
Amidst that he, the prid, the flow

the crown,
Of thy fur knighthood, and the m

the horde,
Not with thy life content ch' rum'd

Said Lusitania's chieftain's light renew
D face and tramp I down!

And broke and cutted a terror
blood,

Thy pomp of arms and funerals,—till
the winds

Became a lik of blood—thy nobl
blood!

The plura mountain of thy laughter'd
bands

Strength on thy foe, restless might
was shud,

On thy devoted son—amaze, and shame
and dread

Are these the conquerors—the chief lords
flight

The warrior-men, the invincible, the
 fan'd,
 Who shook the earth with terror and di-
 may,
 Whose spoils were empires?— They,
 that in their might,
 The haughty strength of savage nations
 tan'd,
 And gave the spacious Orient realms of
 day,
 To desolation's sway,
 Making the cities of imperial name
 E'en as the desert-place?
 Where now the fearless heart, the soul of
 flame,
 Thus hath their glory clos'd its dazzling
 race
 In one brief hour? Is this their valour's
 doom,
 On distant shores to fall, and find not
 e'en a tomb?
 Once were they, in their splendor and
 their pride,
 As an imperial cedar, on the brow
 Of the great Lebanon! it rose, array'd
 In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide,
 Majestic branches, leaving far below
 All children of the forest. To its shades
 The water-tribute peep'd,
 Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter
 there,
 Whose flight is of the loftiest through the
 sky,
 And the wild mountain-creatures made
 their lair
 Beneath: and nations, by its canopy
 Wer' 'er. Supreme it stood,
 Unalter'd

Hath ever beheld a tree so excellently
 But all elated, on its verdant stem,
 Confiding, solely in its regal height,
 It soar'd presumptuous, as for empire
 born;
 And God for this remov'd its diadem,
 And cast it from its regions of delight,
 Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn
 By the deep roots up-torn!

And lo! encumbering the proud hills
 it lay,
 Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state;
 While pile in fear, men hurried far away,
 Who in its ample shade had found so
 late,
 Their tower of rest; and Nature's savage
 race
 'Midst its great ruin, sought their dwell-
 ing place.

But thou, base Libya, thou, whose arid
 sand
 Hath been a kingdom's death-bed, where
 one fate

Clos'd her bright life and her majestic fame;
 Though to thy feeble and barbarian hand
 Hath fall'n the victory, be not thou elate!
 Boast not thyself, though thine that day
 of shame,
 Unworthy of a name!
 Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath ad-
 vanc'd,
 Arous'd to vengeance by a nation's cry,
 Picr'd by his searching lance,
 Then shalt thou expiate crime with agony,
 And thine affrighted streams, to ocean's
 flood,
 An ample tribute bear, of Afric's Paynim
 blood.

—
 ELFFIN'S CONSOLATION.
 (From the Welsh of Taliesin.)

THE poems preserved under the name
 of Taliesin, in the *Archæology of Wales*,
 are rendered extremely obscure, (even to
 those who have studied the noble relics left
 by the "Bards of the Isle of Britain*,"
 with the most diligent research,) not only
 by the difficulties of the ancient language,
 but by the references to the mystical doc-
 trines of Druidism, with which these com-
 positions abound. Many of them may
 be considered as completely the records
 of a departed and forgotten religion, as
 the Hieroglyphics, surviving all of which
 they were once the symbols, in the tem-
 ples and tombs of Egypt. The following
 specimen is selected from these interest-
 ing Bardic remains, as being free from all
 mysterious allusions, and also as com-
 memorating a remarkable incident in the
 life of the ancient British poet.

Taliesin, called, in the Welsh Triads†
 "Chief of the Bards," lived about the
 middle of the 6th century, and is said to
 have been found on the coast of Cardigan,
 exposed in a fishing-weir, belonging to
 Elffin, son of Gwyddno, a Welsh king.
 Notwithstanding the disappointment of
 Elffin, when his fishing proved unac-
 cessful, and a forsaken infant, lying in a
 coracle, was brought to him as the only
 produce of his weir, he took the little
 outcast under his protection, educated,
 and afterwards introduced him at his
 father's court. It was on this occasion
 that Taliesin, (supposed to have been still

* "Bards of the Isle of Britain," the
 title assumed by the order, which was ac-
 knowledged throughout all Britain.

† The Triads, apothymus, traditions
 &c., regularly recited at the Bardic meet-
 ings, and arranged in sentences of similar
 construction to the following. "The
 three things to which success shall not
 fail, where they shall justly be: discre-
 tion, patience, and hope."

extremely young,) presented to his patron the poem entitled "Elffin's Consolation," written in the character of a deserted orphan, found upon the sea-shore. The ideas of sanctity attached, in those days, to the pursuits and attributes of a bard, will account for Taliesin's claim to the gift of prophecy; and his prediction of the services with which he should one day recompense the cares of his protector, were amply fulfilled. Prince Elffin, being afterwards imprisoned in the Castle of Deganwy, by his uncle MacIgw, Sovereign of North Wales, was released, according to some old Welsh historians, in consequence of Taliesin's poetical intercessions.

ELFFIN'S CONSOLATION.

CHEER thee, fair Elffin! weep thou not;
Why should man murmur at his lot?
It is not that which meets his eye
Will aid him when his woes are nigh!
Bow not thy spirit to despair;
Think'st thou Heaven hears not Cynllo's*
pray'r?

Oh! He that rules on high is just,
His words deceive not mortal trust;
Ne'er was there found, in Gwyddno's weir,
A prize like that thou look'st on here.

Cheer thee, fair Elffin! from thy face
The tears which dim its beauty chase;
Yield to desponding grief no more
The soul which fearlessly should soar!
Though thou may'st think me little gain,
Yet, gentle youth, thy fears are vain.
Oh! doubt not of the power divine,
Weak though I be, high gifts are mine!
Know, from the rocky mountain-caves,
And from the troubled river's waves,
And from the depths of ocean's flood,
God sendeth treasure to the good.

Fair Elffin of the lovely mind!
Be not to feeble grief resign'd!
It is unmeet thy princely mien
Thus darkly clouded should be seen.
Oh! better far to lift thine eye
With a confiding soul on high!
Though frail and powerless I appear,
By the great ocean foaming near,
Strong though he rush in crested pride,
Yet, when the days of woe betide,
Then shall mine aid avail thee more,
Than many a draught of scaly store†.

Fair Elffin of the noble heart,
Weep not! be thine a loftier part!
Though helpless on my couch I lie,
Yet mine a voice of prophecy!

* Cynllo, a celebrated saint of South Wales.

† Literally, then three hundred salmon.

A light within my soul is shrin'd,
A spirit to my tongue assign'd,
And fear thou not distress or pain,
Prince! while beside thee I remain.
There is no power to work thee ill,
If, with a trusting fervour still,
Thy prayers rise duly to the Throne,
Where sit th' Eternal Three-in-One.

CONDUCT IS FATE. *In three volumes.*
EDINBURGH, 1822.

THIS is neither so stupid a thing as "*Wheeler*," nor so shocking to decency and good feeling as "*Seven Passages in the Life of Adam Blair*." It aspires to a rank intermediate between the blood-and-thunder romances of the *Ratcliffe School*, and the sober plebeianism of the *natural* and matter-of-fact genus of Novelists. The plot indicates considerable powers of invention and fancy, and the denouement is ultimately effected by means which, if they cannot be pronounced very natural, or very much in keeping with the general contour of the story, contain nothing absolutely immoral, revolting, or abominable, like some other productions of the same class which we could name. There is, to be sure, a little sprinkling of adultery here and there—a good deal of murder—robbery *ad libitum*—queerish doings occasionally—and peccability in all, even the most perfect of the characters; but we are fully aware that a portion of all this is allowable—that an author, whether male or female, must sacrifice a little to effect—and that

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

We think, however, that the fair author would have done well to have conned Lord Byron's *Lecture on Aristotle* and the *Unities*. The most startling demands are made on our powers of credibility.—and unless the reader possesses, or imagines he possesses a species of ubiquity, we cannot conceive how, in the course of three or four pages, he can transport himself from Poland to Italy—from Italy to Switzerland—from Switzerland to England—and from England back to Switzerland. Nor are many parts of the story a whit more probable. It is not very likely that

Miss Jean Oswald, a fine, gay, rattling, hairum-skairum Highland lass, should be so incurably smitten with the romantic mania, as to leave her friends, her country, and her all, to follow the broken fortunes of a sentimental Swiss gouvernante; nor is it a whit more natural or conceivable that Sophie de Féronce, the mistress of D'Egmont, the husband of the said gouvernante, should so far unsex herself, as to become the leader of a gang of ferocious banditti, in order the more effectually to avenge her imaginary wrongs. No *man* would have ventured on such a bold and horrifying transformation of the female character: but Miss Edgeworth's answer to all such criticisms is, "Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable;" and we leave to the fair author before us the unlimited benefit of the apothegm; only expressing our regret that she should have made Sophie stab, so unprofitably, one of her gang, whom nature had, no doubt, designed — we beg pardon, "Conduct is Fate" — to adorn that most needful of all human erections — "the gallows tree!"

But we must pull up. We have no intention so much as to attempt an analysis of the story, which those who have read these volumes would not thank us for, and which those who have not, would not probably comprehend; as we frankly confess, we have some doubts whether we ourselves comprehend what the fair author occasionally drives at, and as we are not by any means clear that the author herself "saw the end from the beginning." We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to what may be of more service to the author — a few criticisms on the style, which is singularly obnoxious to the dissecting knife, had we taken up our pen from any other than the most friendly motives. Priscian's head has seldom been so unmercifully broken; but his pate is so liable to accidents of this nature, that he lays his account with them; and, beyond the twinges arising from the primary infliction, pays little attention to them, leaving them to Time and Chance, the great physicians, to heal as they may.

But to proceed: in Vol. I. p. 50, Charlovitz asks, "Who would you go

to?" Had Priscian written in English, he would have said "*whom*." In p. 60. of the same volume, the author tells us, that Bertha determined "to suffice to herself." A very proper and intelligible resolution! When Oliver & Boyd publish a catalogue of Scotticisms, we request them to insert the following: "Well, it is very pretty; but I should not know what to do with my shawl; it would be always hanging about *among* my feet." (Vol. I. p. 99.) Now for a bit of a bull; Miss Edgeworth will have it in her eye for her new edition: "Then going up to his groom, he *left* the ladies *without waiting* for a reply." (Vol. I. p. 100.) In p. 120 of the same volume, we are told, that "there is an *intuitive* species of *vision* that conveys knowledge" — "Intuitive vision," we presume, means "*vision* *visible to itself*!" Of the two following sentences, the first is a graphical and truly picturesque description of the author's style, while the second conveys a grave and most important piece of intelligence; "*Rumble, rumble, rumble*, went the eternal spinning-wheel, and tie-a-tie, tie-a-tie, replied the knitting needles. *The cat continued to lick its paws with the same provoking gravity as before!*" Yes, from which we infer, that "*he*" was a very prudent and sagacious Tom—"cat." (Vol. I. p. 116.) Another slap at Priscian's pow! "*Who* (whom) do you expect?" (Vol. I. p. 175.) But we are omitting much that is valuable and original. "Upon the whole," says our author, (p. 92. Vol. I,) "the *first English country* which a foreigner passes from Dover to London, conveys a pretty just specimen of the character of English landscape." It would be singularly obliging, were the fair author to inform us *how many* "English countries" lie betwixt Dover and London! In the same page, the author mistaking the abstract for the concrete, employs "cultured fields" for "cultivated fields," an error which is plainly the result of affectation, not ignorance.

But (to resume the continuity of our remarks) we meet with another bull in p. 302. of Vol. I; "I was probably mistaken for some other person, and, ~~very~~ *likely*, those who attacked me, did not intend me any

personal wrong!" What! did those who "attacked" him, and beat him to a jelly, "not intend him any *personal wrong!*" This was *rather* an Irish mode of testifying that they had no "intention" to harm him.—Tautological forms of expression abound; "the *quiet* hours of loneliness," for example; which, by the bye, is one of the least exceptionable forms in which the fair author employs this insidious figure of speech. At p. 71. Vol. II, "for who" is again set down in the place of "for whom;" but this additional blow at the craniological development of Priscian; is more than compensated by the following *flowery* piece of the fair author's eloquence: "What female *heart* can *view* (have hearts eyes?) the palace of Holyrood, and not weep for the Rose of Scotland, whose dying fragrance has left a *charm* in every *pitying sense*, which throws a *veil* over her *errors*, and disarms the severer judgment of all its power to condemn!" (Vol. II. p. 180.) It would puzzle Bayes himself to equal, far less surpass, this precious *fanfaronade* and jumble of metaphors, and shreds of metaphors; in which we meet with "hearts" "viewing," and "fragrance leaving a *charm* in every *pitying sense*," (there must, of course, be more than one "pitying sense!") which "*sense*," (it *should* be,) or which "*charm*," first "throws a veil" over "*errors*," and then "disarms" the "judgment" of "*power!*" But will the fair author hold up her face and maintain, that the murder of Darnley, and the subsequent marriage of his wife with his murderer Bothwell, were merely "*errors*," and not *CRIMES* of the first magnitude—*crimes* which released the subjects from their allegiance to their beautiful but profligate queen, and dissolved the most sacred ties by which society is held together? That Queen Mary was accessory to, or, as the Scots Law has it, art and part in the murder of Darnley, is a point which we thought had been completely settled to rest: Robertson and Hume, two Tory historians, have admitted it in the most unqualified manner; and will it be maintained, at this time of day, that because *Mary* was beautiful, we are not to try her conduct by the common laws of morality, or by the

plebeian rules of the decalogue? Even suppose it were contended that she was accessory to the murder *before* the fact—will it *now* be denied that Bothwell *was* the murderer, and that the Queen subsequently, and in the teeth of all advice, and remonstrance, married the man who had *assassinated* her former husband, and who, had she not been infatuated by a brutal passion, must have been regarded by her with detestation and abhorrence, for the outrage he had committed on her own person? And after all this, forsooth, we must "weep for the Rose of Scotland," and "throw a veil over her "*errors*" and crimes! Indulgent moralist!

The mottoes to the chapters are frequently French extracts, which, whether the fault lie with the author or the printer, are often barbarously mutilated. We take an example at random, "Par une étrange fatalité, ces liaisons ne sont jamais faites à l'heure ou (ou) elles pourroient devenir *durables* (durables)—on rencontre l'ami avec qui l'on voudroit passer ses jours au moment ou (ou) le sort va le fixer," &c. But we must have done.

This is obviously "the *infant* *lisp*" of the author's "pencil," as she somewhat ludicrously calls it, and therefore entitled to considerable indulgence. If we have seemed severe, it was solely to point out the sins that most easily beset her, that in any future effort, she might guard against similar trespasses. But before parting, let us caution her against borrowing, without acknowledgment, by an immediate "note of hand." The scene in the subterranean region, with Sophie de Féronce (in breeches) and her banditti, is copied *in toto*, from "The Earthquake." Now, we warn the fair author, that we are deeply and extensively read in all the works from the masterly and inimitable pen of the illustrious author of "The Earthquake," and that any poaching on his manor will inevitably be detected, whenever it suits our indulgence and ease to institute an enquiry. We return the author thanks for the pleasure (not unalloyed) which her work has afforded us, and shall be happy to meet her soon again, the better for our good-natured strictures!

IRISH TITHES.

"*Decimæ debentur.*"

THIS subject, which is about to engage the attention of Parliament *, and of which Mr Hume has given notice by a motion, is one of deep interest to Ireland. It involves in its discussion all ranks. It takes away all *neutrality*. It enlists, on the one side or on the other, the whole mind and talent, and hopes and fears of her immense population. Mr Hume has imposed on himself a task sufficient to make the *stoutest* statesman tremble. The system he has to contend against involves in it matters of the greatest importance, and will require the concentrated wisdom of Parliament to correct its errors and reform its abuses. It embraces, not only a question of *state*, but of religion, of morals, of property, of public and of private rights, and of individual comfort and happiness. Yet great as this question is, we can trust it with safety in the hands of the Legislature. In the exercise of its enlightened functions, and of a sound and vigorous understanding, it will bring all its prudence and discretion to bear on it, and balance, with cool and impartial consideration, the relative rights of the *payers* and *receivers* of Tithes. It will weigh the good and the evil—separate the real from the fictitious—and, whilst it punishes *wrong*, it will throw the *agis* of its protection over the injured. It will probe to the bottom the origin and cause of those complaints which have deafened the nation, and find out whether they proceed from *Party* and *Faction*—from men opposed to, or tired of conforming to established *modes* and *habits*, and anxious to have them done away with, in order to substitute *new* ones of their own : or whether they arise from the friends of order and good government, who are attached to our *old* institutions, and willing only to repair what, in the lapse of time, may have decayed, or gone into disorder. To this great work, whenever it comes fairly before them, we are persuaded Parlia-

ment will give their best attention ; and, by dealing out justice with mercy, prove themselves worthy of being the guardians of the rights and the liberties of Ireland.

Under this impression, we shall throw together a few remarks on this subject of Tithes, about which we find many worthy men involved in darkness and doubt, and declaring themselves unable to form any opinion of their own respecting it. They have got an *idea* that Tithes are very bad things—that they are much talked against—that they are the cause of loud and reiterated complaints—and, therefore, without troubling themselves any farther about the matter, are willing and anxious to have them entirely abolished. There are others, of the class of *Sectarians*, who pretend to oppose them on principle, and who loudly decry them—and there is the whole body of the *Hierarchy* in Ireland, who think that Tithes belong to them of right, and would most gladly appropriate them to themselves, or to the support of their own Church. In our remarks, therefore, we shall consider the *Nature of Tithes* and the *Right* which certain persons have in them,—the *Classes* of persons who complain against this right, or the *Manner* in which it is exercised,—the *Causes* of these complaints,—their *Remedy*,—and the *Importance* to society of having a well-educated and efficient Clergy. These topics embrace the general questions which can *relevantly* enter into this discussion, and may suffice to give an outline of its various bearings upon the Agricultural interest in Ireland, and the moral and intellectual improvements of her vast population.

First, then, with regard to the *Nature of Tithes*, and the right which certain persons have in them.

Tithes, or *Tiends*, are the *tenth-part* of the produce of the ground, and of live-stock, which, in all ages, has been considered *due* to Churchmen, for performing divine service. Hence they are called the *Patrimony* of the Church ; and, as such, have come down to us from our earliest history. By some they have been called "*debita fundi*," the debt of the ground *due* to Clergymen,—and by others, "*debita fructuum*," the

* This article was written for our March Number, but the press of other matter compelled us to postpone its insertion till this month.

debts of the fruits. Tithes, though originally designed and set apart for Clergymen, were, through the plenary power of the Pope, appropriated to other ORDERS *, and were given for the support of Convents, Monasteries, and other religious houses. At the Reformation, Henry the VIII. limited them to the Clergy, and to those lay-impropriaries, whom he chose to favour, or who, through the kindness of Popes, had a *vested* right in the Tithes of their own lands, or in others particularly favoured by him. Succeeding Monarchs followed his example, and bestowed part of the Tithes on Presbyterian Churches, for the promotion of religion; while others gave grants of them to the University of Dublin, for the encouragement of literature and science. Hence, the persons who have a right to the Tithes in Ireland may be properly divided into two classes—*Clerical* and *Laical* Titulars—whose right to *draw* the full Tithes is confirmed to them by the Constitution of our Country, by innumerable Acts of Parliament, and by the OATH of the Sovereign on the day of his CORONATION. By all these, their right to the Tithes is secured; and it remains to be seen, whether a Parliament, which so lately would not *sully* its honour and pledged faith to the public creditor, will now wantonly violate the rights of the Church, and take away the *freeholds* of a body of the most learned and venerable men, who have done *no* wrong.

The Tithes are as much the property of the proprietors of them, as the land is of the landholder: and for Parliament to break down the fence which guards *real* property in the one case, is to render all property insecure. "*Nolumus mutare,*" "we are unwilling to innovate," has hitherto been held as a firm principle by administration; and how shall they depart from it, in a question, which, by abolishing Tithes in Ireland, would be equal to a *Revolution*?

"Tithes," says Lord Stair, who is looked on as the highest authority, "were at all times the property of the Church;" and he adds, "into

whatever hands they pass, they carry always along with them, as a burden affecting them, competent stipends for the Ministers, who are or who shall be elected." And the Right Honourable the present Lord, President of the Court of Session in Scotland, when interpreting these words, says, "Into whatever hands Tiends may come, they are *inherently* and *necessarily* burdened with the maintenance of the clergy!"

These opinions apply, no doubt, to the Scotch *mode* of paying stipends out of the Tiends, which has *severed* the *one-fifth* of the rental, instead of the *one-tenth* of the *produce*; but they shew clearly that, in the apprehension of those eminent persons, the Tiends, to their *whole* extent, are still liable, whenever the *present* provision shall be found inadequate.

But there is no such splitting down of the Tithes in Ireland. They are *wholly* the property of the titular; and he may either *draw* them, after they are reaped from the ground, and carry them off to his own granaries, or he may take a *composition* for them, or commute them for any other thing he chooses. He is *sole* proprietor over them, and cannot be controlled, provided he uses them without hurt or prejudice to the farmer. This use of them is perfectly consistent, and it is naturally inseparable from the absolute possession of all property, and without which it would not be enjoyed. But though his power over Tithes is thus unlimited, he is not entitled to turn it into an instrument of oppression. If he does so, then the law will interfere and punish him, and teach him that his wealth does not entitle him to be inhumane and brutal. Yet in the complaints from Ireland, instances of cruelty are adduced, which, if they can be credited, make human nature to stand aghast, and "wonder who could do them."

Secondly, Let us consider the *Classes* of persons who complain against the right of Tithes, and the *Mode* by which they are levied.

These persons belong to *two* classes—the land-owners, whether Protestant or Papist; and their farm-tenants, of all persuasions. These are filling now, and have filled Ireland for *half* a century back, with the most frightful

* These were chiefly three; the Cistercians, Hospitalers, and Templars.

descriptions of the ruin and misery produced by the Tithe-system. They paint to us the wretched inhabitants, who have fallen behind in paying the merciful, and comparatively *trifling* compositions for their Tithes, as cast out into the open fields—without a stick to warm them—without bed and blanket, or furniture, without even a pot to boil their potatoes in; and the jails, it is said, are filled with miserable wretches, *four-fifths* of whom are imprisoned for Tithes, or rendered insolvent through Tithe processes. Now, that much of all this is exaggerated, we have reason to believe; but that a good deal of it is true, there can be no doubt. Nor is it wonderful, in such a state of society, and under the system of Irish farming. For every patch of land there are many candidates. Every one is striving to lease it. In promising a high rent, they either think not of the Tithes, or if these come at all under consideration, they flatter themselves they shall be able to “*sham*” the Parson, that is, cheat him of his due, by concealment or fraud—or drive him into an advantageous composition. In this, however, they are sometimes mistaken. The *Parson*, or his *Proctor*, is upon the ground, ready to draw the Tithe,—a compromise is entered into,—the day of payment comes,—provision is not made for it, nor was ever intended,—the law takes its course,—and the little in the “*cabin*,” or “*cant*,” goes but a small way;—an example is necessary to be made;—and thus they become sufferers, from their own negligence, knavery, or dishonesty!

But all this is no more than what occasionally takes place in the payment of rent. Are there no instances in England and Scotland, where a farmer having fallen behind in his rent, was, year after year, leniently dealt with, but who, instead of making it better, made it worse; so that, after all attempts to save him, his landlord was obliged to turn him out of his farm, to pound him, or to incarcerate him for the rent? Were we so disposed, we could state instances of those who rented as much land as a *hundred* families of these Irish *tatterdemalion* farmers ever rented, who have been thrown out of their farms—stripped of every thing—

the husband cast into prison—and the wife and family left to shift for themselves in the wide world. But because landlords are sometimes obliged to seek their rents in this *manner*, and thus to treat a man who had deceived them, and imposed upon their lenity and good nature, is Parliament to interfere, and either limit the landholder in the legal exercise of his right over his rents, or to proceed, upon such instances, to abolish rents altogether? And if this would not be a *valid* reason for the Legislature to interfere in the case of rents, neither do we deem it warranted, from the conduct of refractory Tithe-payers, to alter the law of Tithes. Rents, as well as Tithes, are often *bad* things in the opinion of the poor man,—and willingly would he get quit of them, if he could; and were the smallest hope held out to him, that, by clamour, discontent, and petitioning Parliament, he could have them abolished, the table of both Houses of Parliament would groan with petitions from one end of the land unto another. Give the Irish the hint, that, by conflagrations, murders, and insurrections, they will intimidate Government, and gain their point, and these horrors will be renewed, and increase, year after year, in number and aggravation. In the midst of their keen desire to carry their point, be it Tithes, or rents, or Church-rates—Insurrection will rage, and Treason will scowl, and threats of alienation of attachment to every other interests than those of Great Britain, will be industriously circulated, in order to overawe and browbeat Government into their measures. This is the game which they have played in the Catholic question. Concession after concession was made to please them; but one concession whetted the appetite for another; and *now*, when they have got almost all that they desired on that point, Ireland is, at this moment, instead of being satisfied, the same rebellious, unruly, blood-thirsty, savage, and distracted Ireland, it was fifty years ago. Nay, if there be any difference, she is not only equally discontented and disaffected, but her Catholic population has become seemingly more embittered, desperate, and brutal. The

murder of the SHREAS will be a blot and a stain upon her memory for ever.

That the system of Tithes can be the cause of all this no man in his senses will believe, unless it be admitted that the principles of honesty, and the attributes of good sense and good faith, have forsaken that fertile country; for, in the *first place*, the landholder has *no right* to complain of Tithes, when nothing more than the Tithe is taken from him. He received his lands, with this express burden on them, and to refuse payment would be an act of direct dishonesty. It is quite the same what he is. He may be an Atheist, a Deist, a Catholic, or nothing at all; the Tithes have nothing to do with his religion—they do not compel him to attend any place of worship. The *State* has, indeed, allotted them to the Established Clergy, and for the support of that form of religion which they teach, and has, in its *paternal* care, provided churches, where religious instruction and ordinances may be received and administered, according to the forms of that church whose ecclesiastical government it recognises as most consonant and agreeable to its civil institutions; but having done this, it does no more. It says to all the lieges, “Here is *Instruction* provided for you. If you chuse to accept of it, good and well: if not, please yourselves: the money, or fund that supports that church, is *mine*, not yours; and I *wrong* you not in bestowing it on whosoever I think the most deserving, and best calculated for the promotion of order, the high interests of Government, and the true dignity, prosperity, and happiness of the people. Were the Tithes *yours*—had you, or your ancestors ever *paid* a farthing for them—had you purchased them along with your estate, or in *any* shape had an heritable and vested right in them; then, indeed, you might complain in paying them to the Protestant *Parson*, or Protestant proprietor; but as they were yours by none of these ways, but set apart for, and actually belonging to others, as much as your *rents* belong to you; it is your duty to pay them, fairly and fully, to their rightful owners: and as you cannot be relieved from them yourselves,

neither can your farm-tenants be relieved: for the Tithe of the produce of all your land belongs to the Established Church, and is its due, into whatever hands your lands may pass.”

From this view of the subject, all ground of complaint is cut off from the land-owners, when called on to pay no more than their Tithe: (and they take good care that *more* shall not be paid): and the same reasons cut off all complaint from those who farm their grounds. Farmers, in leasing their farms, know quite well that the Tithe will be demanded from them; and if they are willing and ready to pay it, they never find any trouble from *clerical* or *lay* proprietors. A man who is punctual and honest is cherished by them: and there are many such. From them the voice of complaint is not heard. It is from those *poor*, and *wretched*, and *miserable* *cabins*, to which is attached an acre and a half,—it is from persons who think it no more a *sin* to cheat the KING than to cheat the *Clergy*, from whom the voice of lamentation and wailing is heard to arise. Every art is had recourse to, in order to avoid payment. They would rather drink *five* shillings, than pay *one* as *Tithe*: and when Tithe is asked from them, they kick, and plunge, and fret, and foam, and sometimes, in their wrath, proceed to inflict personal punishment on the Parson or his Proctor. Along with want or avarice, ignorance and bigotry come to feed their rage; and while their hatred of the HERETICS conceals from them the atrocity of their conduct, it invests their indignation and outrage, in their own eyes, with something like a manly zeal for religion, and the honour of Mother Church. The plain English of the matter, however, is, that dishonesty lies at the bottom; and though their composition for Tithe be moderate, they are unwilling to part with it, if, by any possible means, they can retain it; and when they cannot retain it, or have been so foolish as spend it; and when the Parson, or his Proctor, cannot want it, and is obliged at last to have recourse to legal means to recover it,—then there is nothing heard, on all sides, but complaints, loud and deep, against the *mode* in which Tithes are levied;

and the newspapers get it,—and the poetical imaginations of political writers emblazon it ; and thus it goes through the whole world, a notable instance of the oppression and cruelty, of the Tithe-system in Ireland ! All the real facts and circumstances of the case are kept in the background ; while the strongest light is thrown on sufferings, brought by the people upon themselves, and inflicted, not *arbitrarily*—not at the will of a *despot*—but by the *legal* sentence of a judge, ever inclined to pity and to spare.

Facts and documents will bear us out in all this, and, therefore, it may be laid down as a general rule, that, in *ninety-nine* cases out of a hundred, in which oppression and cruelty have been alleged, it will appear, that oppression did not arise from the severity of the Clergy, but from the want of honesty or punctuality in the laity. Taking, then, all these things into view, it is quite certain, that the evils complained of arise, not so much from the *system* of Tithes, as from a want of the great principles of rectitude and integrity in those who are loudest against it. And are Tithes to be abolished to please such ? Are the violators and contemnners of the law to be thus rewarded ? Is insurrection to be thus put down ? If so, the next year Parliament will be called upon to abolish rents ; and, growing bolder by concession, the claimants will proceed to insist that Episcopacy be put down, and Popery erected on its ruins. Be it so—and what then ? Will the Catholics of Ireland get rid of Tithes under a Catholic establishment ? Who does not know, that no church is more severe and rigid in the *mode* of exacting Tithes ? And, from its Priesthood, there is for their disciples no escape—no concealment—no defrauding the Priest, like the Parson. The holiness and entireness of Confession, in which the whole merit of this Sacrament depends, take away all chance of saving even a single grain. The opposition to the Tithing system, in every Catholic country, is prodigious, in consequence of this. The extent of them in Spain, down to the Revolution, exceeded all belief. Mr Jacob, in his travels in Spain, in the years 1809 and 1810, tells us,

that “ the Tithes collected in Andalusia extend to *every* agricultural production, and are rigidly exacted ; not as with us, on the ground, but after it has gone through all the necessary processes to fit it for the use of man. Thus wheat and barley must not only be cut, but thrashed and winnowed, before the Tithes are taken. Olives, which form a most important article in this vicinity, when they are sold in the state in which they are grown, pay the Tithe only on the quantity carried away ; but if there be a mill, and oil-presses on the farm, one-tenth of the oil is taken by the collector. In the same manner, the Tithe upon grapes, when the grapes are sold, is paid in fruit ; but when made into wine within the district, the Church receives *one-tenth* of the liquor.

“ The principle upon which this is founded seems to be, that the Church may receive one-tenth of the produce in the *first* stage in which it becomes fit for use ; for if wine be made into brandy or vinegar, the Church receives its dues from the wine, and not from the articles into which it is afterwards converted. The more valuable productions of the field, such as liquorice, as well as the minuter articles of the garden, such as melons, pumpkins, onions, garlic, peas, and beans, all contribute an equal proportion to the support of the Ecclesiastical establishment. The right to Tithes has been lately extended to such wild fruits as can be sold, even for the smallest sums. Thus the *tunas*, or prickly pears—the figs growing on the *opuntia*, a wild fruit with which the hedges abound, and consequently of little value, have lately been subjected to the Tithing system.* One-tenth also of all the domesticated animals is delivered to the Tithe collector, as well as the wool annually shorn from the sheep.

“ There is,” adds Mr Jacob, “ an uniformity in this system, which produces effects diametrically opposite to those which are felt in England. In Spain, it is the Clergy who oppress, and the farmer who is defrauded : in England, it is the farmer who imposes, and the Clergyman who is the sufferer.” p. 99, 101. The same is the case in Ireland.

We might go to Portugal, Sicily, and the whole of Italy, for proofs of the same *masterly* system of Tithing practised in Spain: but this quotation shall suffice, and we trust that it will, as it ought at least, serve to convince the *White Boys* and Catholics of Ireland, that if *their* form of religion were established to-morrow, and the Tithes put into the possession of their *Priesthood*, as is the case in all Catholic countries, their situation, instead of being better, would be infinitely worse.

From the above facts, then, it is quite clear, that if the landlord and his tenants deal *fairly* with the proprietors of the Tithes, they have no right to complain; because the *farmer* knows that the Tithes are not, and never were his, and that his land is burdened with them *legally*; and the latter (the farmer) knows, that he leased his farm on the express, or implied condition, that the one-tenth of *all* its fruits is due to the Parson, or lay-impropriator. Where, then, it will be asked, is the justice of their complaints? Whence do they spring? What is their real cause? This forms the next branch of our inquiry.

Thirdly, The real causes, in *ninety-nine* cases out of a hundred, arise out of those circumstances to which we have already alluded; namely, to the imposition of *certain* classes of landlords and tenants upon the Clergy—to their running behind, and not paying up the trifling compositions entered into with them by the Clergy in lieu of the Tithes, and to a regular and determined plan, formed and systematized, for refusing all Tithe, if possible, to the Protestant Clergy.

But, whilst these are the *real* causes of almost all the Ecclesiastical processes that are going on in Ireland, and which stalk forth, in all their terror, to intimidate, affright, and alarm Parliament, there are others which are considered by wise men, and sagacious politicians, of a more serious nature, as affecting the rights of individuals, and the prosperity of Ireland at large. These are, *first*, preventing the possessors of the land, or their tenants, from carrying the crops off the ground, until the proprietor of the Tithes has *drawn* his Tithes: in consequence of which, whether

arising from ill-nature, indolence, or avarice, the whole crop, if not occasionally lost, is frequently injured: *secondly*, inflicting on agricultural improvements great hardships: *thirdly*, injuring the soil, by yearly *abstractions* from it of *one-tenth* of its fodder, which would have been converted into manure, and which would have enabled the farmer to bring into cultivation his poorer soils: and, *finally*, incessant interruption to that tranquillity, good neighbourhood, and friendly intercourse, which should always exist betwixt the Minister and his people; but which, in consequence of *overcharges*, and *forcing* payment of his Tithes, are entirely destroyed; and, in their stead, the most deadly rancour frequently substituted, and too often acted on.

Taking it for granted, that these are the great and important evils which can be brought forward against the Tithe system in Ireland, we shall shortly examine them.

And, with regard to the *first* of these, we boldly deny that any such evil exists. The complaints are not against *negligence*, in drawing the Tithe, but against *too great activity*! But, if the Tithe be drawn on the ground, how can the farmer complain of overcharge? Will he allow the Parson, or his Proctor, to draw more than the tenth sheaf, the tenth potatoe, or the tenth pig? Assuredly not; and if not, with what face of justice can he complain of severity, cruelty, and oppression? Complaints, in such a case, prove too much. They prove not the *oppression* of the Titheholder, but the *dishonest* disposition of the Tithe-payer, and his sad regret that he has not, like a smuggler, had time to abstract, carry off, and secret a part of his crops, before the Proctor came round.

His complaints of severity in exacting his composition, too, when composition is gone into, prove exactly the same thing; and unless the proposition be maintained, that a man is not bound to implement, faithfully, his own bargain, then, how can it be oppression for the Titheholder to ask his own; and, if necessary, to enforce, legally, the payment of it? In many cases, this must either be done, or the Clergyman, who has no other means of

support but from his Tithes, must starve. These remarks put the complaints of oppression and overcharges upon their *true* foundation; and shew clearly, that they spring from the *impositions* practised by the farmers, and not from the Tithe-holders; whilst negligence, in drawing *timeously* the Tithe, is positively denied, and we call upon the complainers to make out the charge.

The *second* objection is that of inflicting on agricultural improvements great hardships—while it involves in it a principle of *GROSS injustice and oppression*.

This is the *cream* of all the objections. In it all their strength lies; and, accordingly, to it the whole force of the Oppositionists has been directed. We readily admit, that it bears upon the face of it something like demonstration; and that, at first sight, nothing seems more conclusive. But, like many things else of a similar nature, it will not stand *close* investigation; while it is not in unison with the other arrangements of society, as to professional skill and talent, when employed and required by individuals or the State.

We affirm, then, that Tithes, and the increase of Tithes arising from agricultural improvements, do *no* injustice to the farmer, and *impose* upon him no burden of which he is ignorant.

In agriculture, as in trade and commerce, every farmer, resolved to improve his farm, sits down and counts the cost. In doing this, he takes in *all* burdens; and if he sees that he will not be able to repay himself, from his improvements, he lets them alone. If, on the other hand, he sees that he will gain, he proceeds. On this principle, which is no doubt one of speculation, all agricultural improvements are made. If the Tithes are to deter him, so may every other public burden; and, therefore, every other burden upon his farm, as rent, taxes, cess, road-money, &c. &c. &c. may, with equal propriety, be denounced, and charged with injustice and oppression, and with impeding his improvements, as well as Tithes. But, says one, If Tithes were abolished, the farmer would have a profit, after paying the other burdens: and, say

we, If taxes were taken off, the farmer would have a larger profit, after paying his Tithe. It is quite the same, from what side of the *equation* you take it—for if the objection be good against Tithes, it is equally good against all *other* burthens laid upon landed property. But the objection is more *specious* than *solid*, in another point of view; and that is, that if capital, industry, and skill, were bestowed by the Clergyman on the improvement of the lands in his parish, his usefulness, as a Clergyman, would be destroyed, and his parishioners deprived of his most valuable professional labours. According to the capital sunk, the skill exerted, and the industry bestowed; in the same proportion would his mind become anxious, agitated, or distracted. His *treasure* being on the earth, his heart would be there also. The *time* spent in attending to the improvements of a whole parish, would leave little to be spent in study: and the skill and ingenuity exercised to improve his parochial lands, would prevent the exertion of his best powers for improving the minds and bettering the hearts of his parishioners. In one word, if such services were demanded, and necessary, before improvements could or would be made in his parish, improvement would be impossible—for the sums which they would require, no Clergyman could afford; and if he could, he might be losing his fortune, instead of bettering it; or, if bettering it, providing the means for *enriching* his successors more than himself; while, to give his personal attendance and personal industry, would not only require a sort of *ubiquity*, but would entirely secularize his mind, and wholly unfit him for the conscientious discharge of his sacred duties: and, whilst it did all this, it would be leading him to a direct violation of the law of the land, which expressly forbids Clergymen, and *ties* up their hands* from following after, or engaging in, *any secular profession whatever*! Yet, on the principle of this objection, he must either break the law, and furnish his proportion of capital, industry, and skill, for these improvements, or he must remain *stationary* as to his income for ever. The whole of

this objection, however, proceeds upon a FALSE assumption. It takes for granted that the Clergyman's right lies in the "*debita fundi*," instead of the "*debita fructuum*." But the Clergyman has no business with the farmer. The proprietor may keep his ground in what state he pleases—in good or in bad condition—in pasture or in crop; with all this the Tithe-holder cannot interfere. His right is only the tenth of the fruits: and be these scanty or abundant, arising from good or bad years, from the natural richness of the soil, or from a high state of improved cultivation—the Tithe is his, and no more of it. He holds the cure, like the farmer his lands, on these terms, for better or for worse, with the exception of being denied the privilege of the farmer, to attempt personally their improvement.

But the absurdity of such an objection is still more apparent, when we consider what would be its further effects upon the Clergy; namely, "the keeping of them stationary in society."

One of the great advantages of Tithes is, that they completely preserve, at all times, the Clergy in their relative rank and situation in the State: and by placing them in a safe and happy mediocrity—removing them equally from the dangers and seductions of affluence, on the one hand, and the evils and degradations of poverty on the other—they bestow upon them an independence, which enables them to do fearlessly their duty, without being overawed by the frown of the great, or intimidated by the reproach of the people. But by making them stationary, that is, giving them none of the fruits of improvement, the greatest injury would be committed against society itself. There would be, on the one hand, every other class advancing progressively in wealth and affluence, and enjoying, with their families, all the comforts of life: and, on the other, the Clergy—who, besides an expensive education, had spent their lives in study, learning, and research, and the vigorous discharge of their professional duties—in capable, with their wives and their families, of making the same decent appearance with the families of the ordinary

farmers, shop-keepers, and manufacturers, among whom they exert themselves to maintain the respect due to religion and its sacred institutions. In such a state of things, could the Clergy be of any use? Would an order of worthy and most useful men—placed in the unfortunate situation of having a stationary income, whilst all ranks in the country were rapidly increasing theirs—be looked up to and continued? Would they not become gradually degraded from that station they now occupy, and fall into the utmost contempt? It is true, Clergymen would still be had to fill our churches; for the original Tithe, a hundred, or five hundred years back, would still be an object to some CURATES: but would our churches be filled with persons of birth, education, and talent; and who, keeping pace with the march of mind, would be qualified to edify the NOBLE and the LEARNED of our land—our judges and senators, as well as the poor and illiterate? Had such narrow principles been acted on, would they have possessed a body of Clergy, who, in every age, for virtue, learning, and piety, were, and continue unequalled by almost any other Clergy, and who have done more, by their writings, to illuminate the world, than all the other Clergy besides, the sister kingdom of England only excepted? Assuredly not. The Church of Ireland would inevitably sink; and the nobility and gentry, in that turbulent land, would soon have cause bitterly to lament the miserable parsimony and selfishness of that outrageous and discontented spirit, which took away the Tithes from their Clergy, or which settled and fixed them so, as to become, in all future time, stationary.

As there are some professional men who, nevertheless, on this head, maintain strictly the injustice and oppression of Tithes, and plead, more particularly, that the salaries of the Clergy should have been at all times "stationary," we put this case to themselves, and ask their opinion on it. Suppose the nation had fixed the fees of physicians and lawyers fifty or a hundred years ago—how would they now feel? Or suppose that the nation, or a body of men, had laid

their heads together, to fix their fees, and one of these came to them and said, "You, Mr Physician and Lawyer, must take the fees we have fixed, and which were paid to your predecessors, in the same line, a hundred and fifty years ago." What would be the reply? Would it not be, "You must pay us according to the *rate* of the times, the improvements in society, the change in the manner of living, the additional expence of education, and the time and study necessary to qualify us to be of service to you; and which you can now well afford to do, as your rents and markets have *doubled and trebled* since the time when you paid our predecessors?"

All this he would readily grant, but, turning round, and wielding your argument, he might say, "You did not assist me in my improvements: you expended on them neither capital, industry, nor skill; and, therefore, as you did none of all these, you have *no right* to share, in higher fees, *any* proportion of my improvements, which were made wholly at my own expence, and by my own industry, skill, and ingenuity."

Suppose such a harangue made to any, even the weakest of our barristers, with what ineffable contempt would he hear it! and if he deigned to return an answer, would he not say, "Very well, Mr Clodpole; since you will not remunerate us for the exercise of our professional skill, obtained through a long course of study and practice, you will have the goodness to plead your *own* cause yourself?" "But," says Sir Clodpole, "I am not able; I have not learned law; I have got no education for the bar; I am ignorant of forms, statutes, and precedents, and know not how to speak, or address a court." "Oh, very well," says our barrister, "you must then let it alone, or pay me those fees, which the improvements of society, the changes in manners, and the expensiveness of times, have rendered necessary for the support of my order."

This, or something like it, would be his answer, and its justice every barrister will admit. Apply it, then, to the Clergy, and to the plea of fixing and rendering their stipends

"STATIONARY," which giving no share in *improvements* would do, and the *fallacy* of the argument, about denying the Clergy their *due* proportion in such improvements, is instantly seen.

If landlords, farmers, and all other classes in society, were to be left to advance in wealth, importance, and influence, would not the Clergy, if left to remain stationary, lose their station in society; or, if left to the pleasure of society, either rise too high, or sink too low, just as they had address to become the idols, or the reverse, of the community, or the state?

But we apply the same argument to the *land-owners* as to the lawyers and physicians; and we put it to them, if it would be *fair*, that, while *they* are receiving a fifth part in rent, of the improvements which the farmer makes, and for which they give no capital, no industry, no skill, the Clergy should not have the increase on their *one-tenth*? And we ask them farther, what their feelings would be, were Parliament, or the Clergy, to attempt to limit their rights and advantages over their own property? Or what would they say, were their farmers to wield their own argument against them, and say, "Our leases are out—we have made your lands *five* times more productive than when we first leased them; but we give you no more rent; you are not entitled to more; for all their productiveness is the effect of our improvements, to which you contributed nothing either of capital or industry?"

Such is the FALLACY in the objection. Adopt it, and every thing becomes *stationary* but to the man who makes the improvements. The physician, lawyer, and landlord, on the principle assumed, must be served as the Clergy; and the farmer, or improver, alone be entitled to all the benefit. But continue the present system, and the *relative* proportion betwixt the Clergy and laity is preserved; the income of the one is progressive with the income of the other. The sacred institutions and ordinances of religion are maintained, and the harmony and happiness of civil society promoted. Destroy this proportion, and an Established Church

cannot exist, and the Clergy can be no longer useful to society. Change, we apprehend, would be destruction; and, where the danger is great, and the good so uncertain, we would remind all who are fond of breaking down venerable institutions, to remember the words of the poet:

“*Facilis descensus Averno;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere
ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*”

Never was there a finer, or a truer sentence; for both States and individuals find often, when it is too late, that it is easier to get into difficulties and dangers, than to extricate themselves out of them.

The *third* objection to the Tithe-system is, the “*evil* it is said to occasion, by abstracting from the soil *one-tenth* of the *fodder*, which ought to have remained with the farmer, for the improvement of his poor soils.

This argument loses all its force, from the more than abundant supply of corn in the market, and from the fact, that the *abstraction* of produce, by way of rents, cripples the farmer more, by taking capital out of his hand, than the *one-tenth* of the *fodder* does; and, therefore, this objection, *pushed* the whole length it will go, would be equally fatal against *rent*, *taxation*, and every thing else, which might make the farmer sell his straw or hay off his farm. The objection is now comparatively trifling, and, at all events, is rendered of no account, if the preceding arguments be held valid.

The *last* objection, in a moral point of view, is indeed one of far more consequence than almost any other, viz. the effect of the Tithe-system on the happiness and tranquillity of Ireland, and the hatred and contempt to which it exposes the Established Clergy.

That this contempt arises from it, we are ready to own, in so far as the whole Catholic population is concerned; but that it extends to the flocks of Protestant pastors, who *faithfully* discharge their duty, we deny. That Protestant Clergy are hated by Catholics, may be supposed. Abjectly submissive to their priests, who have still lurking within them the leaven of spiritual *Usur-*

pation and *Dominancy*, the lower orders of Irish Catholics are still unfortunately possessed by a bigotted antipathy against all Protestants. But is this a good reason for taking away *Tithes*? If the hatred of enemies, against such a venerable body of men as the Episcopalian Clergy of Ireland, be a good reason for such a measure, then a good reason will never be wanting for the adoption of any other which they may put forth. Admit its legitimacy, and in an instant, you will find the Catholic hierarchy exalted, and the dignitaries of the establishment degraded and debased. When *two-thirds*, or *four-fifths*, of a population are determined to run down the other, they can never be at a loss for means to hold up the *minority* to derision and contempt. But such attempts could not succeed. The learning and piety of the great body of the Irish Episcopalian Clergy have not only commanded the approbation of their flocks, but their works the applause of the world.

With these facts before us, let us now proceed to consider the *remedies* for the evil of the *Tithes*:

Many are the remedies which sage pontificians and men of sound understanding have proposed. Some have wished to remedy the evil, by commuting *Tithes* for a *poundage* upon the rent—others by giving an *equivalent* in land—others, by a certain *proportion* of the valued rent, as in Scotland; and others, by freeing the small tenantry altogether, and transferring the *payment* of the *Tithes* to the *rich landlords*. There have been many more schemes proposed, but these, as appears to us, are the most efficient in the opinion of their respective projectors; though all of them, in our humble apprehension, are, if not *radically* wrong, at least liable to great objections.

With regard to the *first*—“a poundage upon the rent,”—if this plan were adopted, it would open a door to the grossest frauds. Collusive bargains betwixt landlords and tenants would abound—grassums would be taken for long leases, or short ones, which would be understood as part payment, and rents merely illusory, would be fixed, in order to reduce the stipend payable to the Clergy; a system similar to that

which not a few have shamefully and dishonestly practised in Scotland, when their land was, and is still valued by them for the Tient. Their practice was, and often is, though their ground was in lease, to throw it out of lease; and thus farms, which brought them from *three to four pounds* per acre, have been valued by old men, with *old-fashioned* notions of rent, for *twenty-five shillings* an acre; or by *Sectarians*, whose opinions were, that the Clergy should have no stipend from lands, for *one pound per acre*! These things, we say, have not been unfrequent in Scotland, in kind and degree; and if a commutation of Tithes were to be put on a poundage of rent, the same things would take place in Ireland; and thus be *fatal* to the interests of the Clergy and of true religion.

Nor is the second scheme wiser, viz.—giving an *equivalent* in land for the Tithes. Such a mode would destroy the *clerical* character. It would convert the Clergy into *farmers*, and tend entirely to *secularize* their minds. Having nothing but their land to depend on for a living, then whole care and attention would be directed to its improvement and management; and their minds, during the week, frequently agitated by bad seasons, bad crops, and bad payments, would be ill qualified, on the Sunday, for their sacred and solemn public duties. But this is not all. Suppose the entrant to the living a *young* man, without capital; how is he to furnish his glebe-house, to stock his farm, and work his lands? If the former incumbent has taken all he could get out of it, and if, either by himself or his tenants, he has reduced it to a "*caput mortuum*," where is the young man to have money for putting his glebe grounds again into good heart, and a good state for cropping? Must he not borrow it? And if a few bad crops should succeed one another, or if his grain factor should become bankrupt, would not poverty be his portion, and his influence and respectability in the parish be lessened, if not destroyed? But supposing none of these things, and taking it for granted that the greatness of the *quantity* would preclude such a catastrophe, would not the scheme afflict Ireland with a most extensive *national*

entail, alike ruinous to her commerce and her agriculture? Such a commutation, therefore, is wild and visionary. It might increase the number of her gentlemen farmers, but would degrade the Clergy, and deprive the laity of their most important services.

The *third* scheme is—a certain proportion of the valued rent, as in Scotland. This would take the Tithes from the Clergy, and put it into the hands of the land-owners. Charles I., by his decrees-arbitral, commuted the Tithes for a *fifth* part of the net rental, which he fixed as the *rent*, out of which, under the controul of the Court of Tithes, the Scottish Clergy were to be paid. This procedure has been highly praised by some. But what has been its effects? It has made the Clergy in a manner dependent on the Tient Court—produced the greatest dissatisfaction, and often animosity, betwixt the Heritors and Ministers—given birth to innumerable law-suits—rendered litigation endless—kept the Clergy in the most deject state of poverty! Their condition cannot be better represented than in the words of the late Lord Thurlow, when sitting as Chancellor, on an Appeal Case that came before him from Scotland: "Were I speaking here," said his Lordship, "as a Legislator, I would say, that the well-being of Scotland was deeply concerned in making a more liberal provision for the Clergy. I would have higher promotion—higher hopes—and greater preferment. It is that alone can keep the Clergy in a situation to be of use to religion. For he must be a *wretched* indeed, whose hopes are bounded by the scanty preferment of that country."

Such are his Lordship's words in this case, where the yearly stipend was only £14:9:3⁸. Yet this parish had a rental at that time, of 150 bolls of victual, and near £5,000 sterling per annum, with a population of 681 persons. Many of the other Clergy in Scotland were no better provided for*. Of 960 pa-

* If Parliament had taken no better care of the Lords of Session than they have taken care of the Clergy, they would have been in a very different situation at this day. In 1661, the salary of a Senator

rishes, there were, in 1809, about 57 of them, the highest stipend of which was £.128:2:10d.; whilst eight of them were below £.20, and one of them was just £.3:16:2d. per annum! Yet, wonderful as all this is, the Heritors battled every augmentation, and at last became so *fretted* and *indignant* at the Clergy, for seeking a *part* of the *fifths* of their rentals, that, in 1808, they actually made a national outcry, like the Irish about Tithes, against any augmentations out of the *fifths* of the rental, and brought a bill into Parliament, to have augmentations regulated. This they obtained. The door against all augmentation for twenty years is shut against the Clergy; and no matter how *small* the augmentation be which the Court gives, in the exercise of its *sound, impartial, and equitable discretion*, the Clergyman must put up with it. For him there is no redress till twenty years shall elapse! Accordingly, in the exercise of this sound discretion, they give to some 17, 18, 20, 22, and 25 chalders, and to others only 13 and 16 chalders, though these last have *more* than double the population, and *free-tiend*, and are nearer large towns, and situated in more expensive situations than two-thirds of the others. Out of *free-tiends*, amounting yearly to above £.1600, we have known them give the paltry stipend of 16 chalders; amounting, this year, to less than £.250, and that, too, to a Clergyman who had the cure for above 6500 souls, whilst they have given exactly the same number of chalders to those around

him who had not 2350 souls in their parish.

The *whole* of the augmentations granted, by the Court of Tiends, from 1790 to 1807, amounted to £.45,000 a-year, out of the *fifths* in the Heritors' hands, and which, by law, are set aside for the Clergy. This sum was divided among 828 Clergymen *inadequately* provided for, being little more than £.54 sterling a-piece: yet, as if an injury had been done them, by taking this *slice* out of the *free-tiends* in their hands, the landowners in Scotland held county meetings—entered into resolutions—published and circulated papers—and attacked the Court of Tiends itself, as assuming an *illegal* power, and *taxing*, at their *arbitrary* pleasure, the landholders of Scotland. Nothing could exceed the cry of their grievances, arising from these augmentations!!!

In noticing such attempts, the Judges, in their opinions on that case, which called forth the Heritors' *united* resistance in 1808, very properly and dignifiedly repelled the unworthy insinuations and charges thrown out against them. These we cannot insert. We shall only quote a passage or two from the speech of the then Lord Justice Clerk, (now President of the Court of Session), whose opinion, as to the *unreasonableness* of such opposition, and the total groundlessness of all their complaints, is truly a masterly production:

"It seems rather surprising, upon the whole," says his Lordship, "that this question should now be agitated at so late a period, and that, too, by Heritors, who, in regard to their most substantial interest, that the religious establishments should be respectably supported, and in regard to the *natural* and *legal* obligation imposed on landholders to afford that support, are in this country placed in a most enviable situation. Where has there been, since the world began, such a body of Clergy? In point of virtue, learning, piety, and a faithful discharge of their parochial duties, the Clergy of Scotland, I am proud to say, have never been equalled by the Clergy of any nation upon earth. Much reason would the landholders of this country have to be contented and satisfied, though the burden of

of the College of Justice did not exceed £.100 sterling: and, at a much later period, the Lords of Justice had only £.1200 Scots each"—equal to £.100 net. Now, how is it with *her*? The President has £.1300; the Lord Justice Clerk £.1000; each of the Lords £.2000 a year; while they have left the Clergy, many of them far their superiors in literary attainment, (and we deprecate them not by saying so) at the average salary of from £.250 to £.300 sterling per annum! Now the proportion of the legal to the *ecclesiastical* stipend is as £.2000 to £.350! or six to one nearly. Would it not have been better for the Clergy to have been paid by Government?

maintaining such a body of Clergy had been ten times greater than it is. Still more reason have the Heritors of Scotland to be satisfied with their lot, when they compare their situation with that of the landed proprietors of any other country. Inasmuch as we have the most respectable body of Clergy, it is no less remarkable than true, in so much as that body of Clergy is indisputably the most *cheaply* maintained, with the additional advantage of being all obliged to constant residence within their respective parishes, and to the personal discharge of their sacred functions.

“When we look back into the history of past ages, we find that the Tithes of Scotland were at no time the property of the Heritors. From the very earliest periods to which we can trace back our history, the Tithes were the property of the State, reserved by the State, and by the State appropriated, or at least applied as a fund for the purpose of maintaining the Clergy.

“Let us consider an Heritor in the light of a purchaser of land. Did any such pay one farthing as the price of the Tithes? Certainly not. They always are, and always have been, deducted from the rental, in calculating the price of the estate. What is taken from the Tithes, for the maintenance of the Clergy, is not, therefore, taken out of the pocket of the heritor; for, merely as a proprietor of land, he can have no right to the Tithes, either by purchase or inheritance.

“Still less have titulars (lay-impropriators) any right to complain: They *sitten* themselves on the *plunder* of the Church. That plunder consisted of a subject burdened from the beginning with the maintenance of the Clergy, and continuing subject to that burden, even when squandered to individual layman, by the *inconsiderate* profusion of some of our Sovereigns.”

Such were the sentiments of the Lord Justice Clerk, and of all his brother Lords, at that time, with the exception of *three*: and they prove and establish, that whilst the system adopted in Scotland, in 1633, rendered the Clergy *stationary*, and sunk their relative importance and

influence in society, it was so far from allaying complaint, and removing contention betwixt the Heritors and Clergy, that it has, scanty as the provision is, been the fertile source of incessant litigation and heart-burnings; and, strange as it may appear to an Englishman, this complaint does not arise from the Court of Tiends taking the *whole* FIFTH of the rental, which the law has assigned as the fund for the Parochial Clergy, but is as loud, and ruinous in its consequences, when only £300 per annum are taken out of £1200 or £1600, as if the whole Tithes had been taken, and which, in these parishes, would have amounted to £2000 a-year.

If, therefore, the object of the Legislature be to *stifle* all complaints of grievances from Tithes, by adopting the *mode* of conversion practised in Scotland in 1633, these facts will convince Parliament that its object is unattainable by any such expedient. Irreligious men, Papists, and Sectarians, and, what is more, the *sets* of Heritors called MISERS and SPENDTHRIFTS, will never part with money pleasantly, for the support of a religion they love not, and do not practise, or for the maintenance of Clergy whose creed they oppose.

The next scheme is, that which proposes the taking the payment of all Tithes from the *poor* tenantry, and laying it on the rich landowner.

This *mode* of relief to the tenantry, *ruled* in the following manner, would be alike advantageous to the landowners and to the Clergy, whilst it would remove all grievances and complaints of overcharge, severe exactions, and cruel oppression, on the part of the farmers. The regulations by which it could be successfully carried through, are bottomed upon the system by which the stipends of *Scottish* Clergy are paid, and by which they were originally so fixed and settled. For the commutation, then, of Irish Tithes, we deem that something like the following would be found efficient, and easily *workable*:

1st, Let Parliament appoint a Commission, consisting of a certain number of Nobility and Clergy, who shall, on the spot, have power to call before

then all the proprietors of the Tithes, clerical and laical.

2dly, Having called the said proprietors before them, let the Commissioners next require of them to furnish, from their *Tithe-roll*, for the last seven years, the whole amount of the Tithes received by them; and if this cannot be had, then let the amount be fixed from the *quantity* of land under cultivation in each parish, during the said seven years: thus fixing the grain and potato Tithe from the average quantity which such lands, in that part of the country, usually produce: and, in like manner, proceed, by a known average rule, to fix the quantity, or number, of every other *titheable subject*.

3dly, When the *quantity* of Tithes, for the last seven years, is ascertained by the above rule, or any other better adopted, let it then be determined whether this quantity is to be paid in *land* or in *money*. If in the former, let the land-owner send it by his own servants, not by the poor tenantry; that no ill interference with them may be avoided. If it is to be paid in money, then some method, like striking the *fiars* in Scotland, may be adopted, with an improvement upon that mode, somewhat like the following: Let the Mayor, Alderman, or Chief Magistrate, in head towns; or two Justices of the Peace, in such towns or places where there shall be no Mayor, Bailiff, &c. &c. &c. cause the *respective prices* of all titheable articles to be weekly ascertained in the respective public market, or markets, of said towns or places; and the prices of such titheable articles being ascertained, *bonâ fide*, let him command them to be entered by the persons who shall certify the same, in books provided and kept by them for that purpose; and which books shall be laid, *every month*, before said Mayor, or Magistrate, or Justices of the Peace, who shall cause the certified prices, entered in said books, to be monthly, or weekly published, in the most popular newspaper of the county, or in the newspaper most generally circulated and read in that county. and, at the end of every *twelve* months, (whether May or November be the month fixed on,) let the Mayor, Bailiff, or Magistrate,

or Justice of the Peace, summon a Jury of fourteen to meet on the day of the month fixed by the bill; *seven* of which Jury shall be land-owners, and *seven* Clergymen, with the right to the Mayor, &c. &c. &c. who presides, to have the casting vote, in case of an equality. When this Jury is met and constituted, let the books, in which the weekly prices are entered, *bonâ fide*, be laid before them, and certified by the *oath* of the keepers to be a true and accurate return of the prices of all grain bought and sold in the public market or markets, of the said head town or county, for the last year. Having done this, let the *prices* for the different titheable articles be then summed up, dividing them by *twelve*, the number of months, and it will give the average prices for the whole year; which average *fiar* prices shall be the amount of stipend payable to the Clergy for the year and ending May or November 1823, or 1824, &c. And, at the end of every twenty, or thirty, or forty years, let a *new* valuation of the Tithes be made, to be constantly paid in the *same* manner.

Such is simply our scheme; and, if adopted, the most important advantages will arise from it, to all classes in Ireland who now pay and receive Tithes.

1st, By adopting it, the land-owner will be entitled to the heading of his crops home to the barn-yard whenever he pleases, and thus be put out of the reach of the negligence or avarice of the Tithe proprietor, who often leaves the crops, if it is alleged, to stand exposed and injured in the fields, to the great loss of the farmer.

2dly, By adopting this scheme, land-owners will be relieved of all overcharges, or exactions, either by the Clergy or their Proctors; and those causes of irritation being thus happily removed, the Clergy and landed proprietors will be naturally led and disposed to cultivate mutual friendship and good-will, and to promote the happiness and comfort of one another.

3dly, By adopting this scheme, the Clergy will be placed in a more dignified and comfortable situation: for whilst the fixing of the *quantum* of Tithe to be paid them at the distance of every twenty, thirty, or forty

years, will effectually preserve them from becoming *stationary*, and losing their *relative* rank in society, as is the case in Scotland; it will, at the same time, give them, with little trouble, a *fair* proportion of the Tithes; and, by allaying discontent, and promoting their respectability and peace, will enable them to be much more *useful* among their parishioners. And,

Finally, By adopting this scheme, or any one like it, the tenantry, as well as landlords, will have to themselves, for twenty, or thirty, or forty years, the *whole* profit of their agricultural improvements: their *judges* will remain entirely on the land, if they so please: and every terror will be removed from their minds of proceedings against them in the Ecclesiastical Courts—of extortions—*Tithe* *processes*—or jails, for arrears. Every feeling of this kind will cease; and when unpleasant remembrances have passed away, the Clergy and tenantry will gradually slide into friendly intercourse and good neighbourhood; and, no longer at variance in their interests, will be no longer at variance in their affections, and brotherly love, and charity.

Than the operation of some such scheme as this, conjoined with the *constant parochial residence* of the Clergy, we can conceive nothing more desirable or more necessary for Ireland: and amidst all the multiplicity of schemes, which we have seen or thought of, there is none so *plain*, simple, and *workable*, or capable of securing advantages equally great and favourable to the Clergy, the landowners, and the tenantry.

There is, indeed, another, which has been highly esteemed by the friends of Catholic Emancipation, and which is declared to be a *panacea* for all the civil and religious sores which now distress that ill-fated country. It is this, “Let the Irish Catholics have all that they have demanded: for they have asked nothing but what strict justice and good policy should concede to them. Let them not only enjoy all the civil advantages of the British Constitution, but give them a Church Establishment like Scotland; and we venture to predict, that the increasing proportion of Catholics will soon be

less perceptible, and Ireland’s complaints and grievances cease.”

This scheme we cannot examine at present, and therefore leave it to a future Number. And perhaps it is the less important, if *P. Constantism* is to be upheld in Ireland: for the above scheme, if put into operation, we consider as fully adequate for producing the most salutary and beneficial effects.

THE LIFE OF CALÉB CORNHILL.

Chapter I.

My father was a farmer—I was born
(The year I tell not, though I am not old)

About that season when the sheep are shorn,

And maids are singing at the milking-fold,

And city scribes forsake their cruel pen,
To murder moorcocks—not to ruin men!

I was a flower of summer—such a flower!

My mother thought me beautiful—no doubt—

For mothers have imaginative power
Above all mortals—it was trump’d
throughout

The vale, that I, even Caleb Cornhill,
provd

The lover, the boy that ever was belov’d.

My father eav’d not whether I was fair,
If I should prove industrious, careful,
cool,

And like himself, who would his blessings share—

As both here and hereafter, if he could;
He long’d for riches, but he wish’d to be
Not dam’d for riches everlastingly.

Is this not orthodox? it surely is,
Although the poet, in his madness,
sings

The ears of rich men, and the poor
man’s bliss—

Alas! a glittering radiance fancy flings,
Like dazzling sunshine, o’er the misery
The poet sees not—how can dreamers
see?

The poet sees not—who would trust to him

That builds his bliss upon the baseless
air,

That follows lights which o’er the moor-
lands skim,

With an uncertain and delusive glare,
That flies to regions far unlike our earth,
And lives with beings not of human
birth?

"The lover, and the lunatic, and poet,
Are of imagination all compact ;"
So Shakespeare says, and Shakespeare
sure might know it ;
And I believe the bards are often
crackt—
For who of reasonable mind would give
For life in death, each comfort while
they live ?

'Tis pleasant to be rich—" food, clothing,
fire,"
(All needful things, as Pope has summ'd
them up.)
Are bought by something different from
desire—
By heavy metal—he will sparely sip,
And sparely will be cloth'd, and sparely
warm'd,
Who lacks the charms that miser Elwes
charm'd.

'Tis pleasant to be rich—thou'rt like a
flower,
Round which the bees and summer
insects buzz,
For friends shall dance around thee every
hour
More comfortable far than they of Uzz ;
For they shall blame thee not—no—they
shall praise,
And never leave thee, in thy prosperous
days.

'Tis pleasant to be rich—it gives the
power
Of doing good ; and there are objects
found
That need thy aid, like some enfeebled
flower
Which, tempest-beaten, droops upon
the ground ;
And it is sweet—it is the first command
To aid the helpless with a brother's
hand.

Nay, riches make thee—though an idiot—
seem
(To human ignorance) great, good, and
wise ;
And it is pleasant to receive esteem,
Though given by those we cordially
despise ;
The half of men are fools—and more
than half
Worship (though sacrilege) a golden calf.
Is this not orthodox ? it well may be ;
And I believe, although I cannot act
According to the principles I see,
Might lead to riches ; but to own the
fact,
I would, like other fools, my arms extend
And catch, without the toilsome means,
the end.

The sanguine heart inevitably meets
Its disappointment in a thousand ways ;
For joy, for extacy it fondly beats,
But hath not patience for the long de-
lays
That common toil prescribes—and such
was mine,
And hence the thoughts that darken and
repine.

I was a wayward boy ; and yet I lov'd
My father, mother, brothers, sisters,
dearly,
And in repayment their affection prov'd
In all my miseries—that came full
early ;
And oh 'twas pleasant to disclose my
grief
To those that could and would afford re-
lief !

I hated learning—and the village school
Was two miles distant from my fa-
ther's cottage,
And by the way I often play'd the fool ;
But luckily the teacher was in dotage,
And never miss'd me ; but I miss'd, at
last,
Those opportunities that idly pass'd.

I hated learning—but, when twelve years
old,
A dancing-master to our village came,
And in a bark, scarce better than a fold,
Conven'd his pupils—things that scarce
would tane—
Wild as the birds that o'er their mountains
flew—
Strange, ragged imps of every form and
hue.

And there I fell in love—by Heavens ! I
did—
Young as I was, I passionately lov'd ;
And though 'twas deeply in my bosom
hid,
Ne'er have I since more thrilling trans-
ports prov'd
Than when I led my Mary down the
dances,
And press'd her hand, and caught her
meaning glances.

It was a painful pleasure, I may say,
For, if it ever came, " the consumma-
tion,
Devoutly to be wish'd," was far away ;
And 'mid my melancholy meditation,
I some years afterwards—I still was
true—
Thus sung of happiness that fancy drew :

" There is a treasure here on earth,
A sweet, an undecaying treasure,
For which alone I bliss my birth,
From which alone elicit pleasure :

It is the heart of her I love,
The heart of her that loves me dearly ;
Though fortune change, and friends re-
move,
Yet it is mine, and mine sincerely.

"O, 'tis the only treasure found !
For riches are a heap of stubble,
And friendship is an empty sound,
And fame is but a bursting bubble ;
And all the charms of flower and tree
Are changing hourly, daily, yearly ;
But death can only tear from me
The heart of her that loves me dearly."

Chapter II.

I LOVE Biography—who doth not love
To read the lives of creatures like him-
self ?

They will at least amuse—they may im-
prove ;

And I am sorry when, upon the shelf,
I see each dusty and neglected tome,
Which (though you call) is every day at
home.

Franklin—that guardian-soul of Liberty,
That favour'd son of Science—Franklin
wrote

A pleasant and instructive history
Of all he did, and many things he
thought ;

And it is charming to pursue the page
That leads from giddy youth to virtuous
age.

It is of every sight most beautiful,
A young and friendless being to behold,
Like morning beams amid the vapours
dull,

Struggling for honour, not for paltry
gold—

Struggling—and then in all his glory
rising,

Like summer's sun, the adverse clouds
despising

Rousseau has given us very sweet "Con-
fessions,"

But from what motive I can hardly
guess,

If not to beautify his own transgressions,
And make his readers, like himself,
transgress ;

But no—I may be wrong—it is a mark—
A beacon-light to guide us in the dark.

But still I wonder how a man can thus
Expose himself, although he even were
dead :

Mankind—God knows—are oft libidinous,
But will they bring disgrace upon their
head

By exposition ?—Though they go to hell,
They go unseen—and it is full as well.

VOI. X.

And Hume—that wise man in his own
concert,

And wise in the opinion, too, of many—
Hath given his readers a delicious treat,
With as much candour, I believe, as
any ;

For he hath prais'd himself—and he had
need—

Few durst applaud a man without a
creed !

I love abilities—but, on my word,
I hate to see these gifts of Heaven em-
ploy'd

In sacrificing that celestial cord
That binds society : And he destroy'd
The faith of many in religious things,
Who now shall curse him, while their
conscience stings.

And yet this man, so wonderfully wise,
Was still a fool—he built his happiness
On the applause of multitudes—a prize
Not worth possessing, though we may
possess ;

For when his first book did not give him
fame,

He vow'd to go abroad, and change his
name.

Our great Biographer—even surly Sam—
Hath writ the life of many a luckless
wight,

Nay, rather writ their death—he lov'd to
damn—

For he, you know, was an o'erwhelm-
ing light,

And 'twas not meet that stars of meaner
rays

Should dare to twinkle in his noontide
blaze.

He was the friend of Savage—savage
friend

He was indeed ! thus openly to shew
The shameful acts to which he could de-
scend—

That injur'd child of penury and woe !
A savage friend—thus from the grave to
tear

The mangled corpse, that should have
slumber'd there !

With him, even Collins was no bard—
how wrong !—

Even Gray, whose lines are written on
each heart ;

And Milton, too, though he applaud his
song,

He tries to injure in his tenderest part
His moral worth—even as a wren might
spring

To pluck a feather from the Eagle's wing.

But, thanks to Boswell—Sam is well re-
paid—

The keen dissector he hath well dis-
sected,

Though, to his shame, it may be truly
said,

Had he his idol or himself respected,
We should have wanted many a gossip
story,

That little adds to his or Johnson's glory.

Alas, for Burns!—the glory of our isle—

Who came, like Cincinnatus, from the
plough,

To shed a splendour o'er his native soil,

To bind a garland round his manly
brow,

To rear a monument that shall withstand
The withering power of Time's destruc-
tive hand!

Burns cannot be forgot—he hath be-
stow'd

A thousand blessings upon human
kind;

From him each brother of the breathing
clod—

The peer of noble birth, the low-born
bind,

May learn to feel, to think, to act as one
Favour'd of Heaven—even as immortal
man!

Alas! that Burns should fall into the
hand

Of Doctor Currie! though his friendly
heart

Betoken'd good, he chose not, to with-
stand

His wish of acting the dissector's part;
And this was wrong; yet it was scarce
transgression,

But overweening love of his profession.

Blame me not, Roscoe, though I blame
your neighbour,

Even though you wrote sweet verses for
his book;

I love, I honour, I respect your labour;—

To own the real truth, I seldom took,
In any prose effusion, greater pleasure

Than your Lorenzo—'tis a perfect trea-
sure!

And such are others, too, that I could
name—

Hail, Doctors Irvine, Anderson, M'Crie!
Of you not one I am dispos'd to blame;

No—I, for honour of humanity,
Am glad to find him, whom I thought a

beast's eye,
Not quite so bad—though he was hazy
to Mary!

But, gentle reader, I have been digressing,
And talking learn'dly, I, perchance,
suppose;

But thou may'st think that I have been
transgressing

The rules of composition, thus to lose

The thread of my discourse—but, I'm
returning

To where I left myself—in passion burn-
ing.

Burning in passion!—what a foolish
thought!—

A boy in love—and can he be sincere?
Yes—boys will feel what thou perceivest

not,

And catch at language which they
should not hear,

And notice things of which you little
dream,

When they seem blind—but are not what
they seem.

Chapter III.

BUT no—I'll not return yet to the theme
That I had promis'd—for a tale of
grief

Comes o'er my spirit, in the shadowy
dream

Of days gone by—grant me a single
leaf,

Or two, or three, or four, to lay before ye,
(Then I'll return) this little human story.

—There liv'd an old man in our neigh-
bourhood,

With whom I often met, and lov'd to
talk;

As on a mossy stone, beside the wood,
He sat to rest him in his evening walk,

On coming from the churchyard—every
day

He visited his kindred there that lay.

He inhabited a cottage by himself;
There was no wife to soothe his weary

care,

There was no son to toil for needful pelf,
No daughter kind to cook his homely

fare;

He sat alone upon his cheerless hearth,
As might the last inhabitant of earth.

One time I found him on the mossy
stone,

As I came homeward from the harvest
field,

What time the sun upon the hill-tops
shone,

And sultry hours to eve the empire
yield:

I sat me down beside him—and the man
Of solitude and sorrow thus began:—

“I almost envy thee thy youthful
strength;

It brings to mind the seasons that are
gone;

But weakness hath o'ertaken me at
length,

And sorrow too has quench'd the hopes
that shone,

Like summer suns, upon my happy head,
When friends were mine—that now are
with the dead.

"The recollections of a man like me,
Who threescore years and ten hath
fully seen,
Are doom'd to roam through former
scenes of glee,
In search of happiness that once hath
been—

But find it not—for all that smil'd around
My cottage hearth, are underneath the
ground.

"Yet oft as wildflowers, at the breath of
spring,

Start into life, in tints of living gold,
Imagination to my view doth bring

"My cottage and its 'habitants of old;
I see the faces that have moulder'd long,
And hear the lips that charm'd me with
their song.

"I had a wife—Oh she was all to me!
I married her because I lov'd her best;
Not that she was the fairest I might see,
Not that she enviable wealth possess'd;
But she was dearest—and he only proves
Domestic bliss who marries her he loves.

"My toils were nothing, while her smiles
dispell'd

The clouds of sorrow that my heart
oppress'd;

And cares were transient, while her
soothings quell'd

The wildest tumult of my troubled
breast;

And happiness by her receiv'd and given,
Made earth—with all its cares—not un-
like heaven.

"Alas! she died—I scarcely could survive
The loss of such a friend—the earth
appear'd

A fearful waste, in which no flower could
thrive;

And all that life to my lone heart en-
dear'd,

Were the two orphan children that she
left—

Now of their kindest, tenderest friend be-
ref.

"I had a son—he was a comely boy,
And duteous and affectionate to me;
And often, with inexplicable joy,
I thought how thankful would my even-
ing be;

For though my arm might fail, my hair
turn gray,

He should be near, to comfort and to stay.

"Alas! these hopes were destin'd to de-
cay;

He went to labour in the village near,
And there by comrades he was led astray,
And there I found the boy I held so dear,

By early follies, withering like a head
Of tuncipe corn—and he is with the dead!

"I had a daughter—how a father clings
To the dear image of a wife belov'd!
The kindred flower that to his memory
brings

Comfort, by absence withold and im-
prov'd

She was my all—and all I still would
have

For she was my guardian angel—and
care

Her heart was broken—she was all she
gave

That heart to one unworthy of the
trust

For he betray'd her—and no power could
save

The withering blossom from its parent
quart

I laid her ashes by her mother's side,
And wish'd to die—and yet I have not
died.

"Yes! all are vanish'd—and my blood
doth run

Not in the veins of any human form;
And I am pleas'd to see my setting sun

Descending calmly, when the fearful
storm

Of feverish life hath ceas'd—my heart's
at ease,

And I am ready, when my God shall
please."

Such was the old man's tale—he cannot
tell

That tale again in any human ear;
For he is laid by those he lov'd so well,

Beneath the branches of the yew, and near
near

The aged church-door, where his spirit
rose

To heavenly climes—where now he finds
repose!

Farewell, old man—and may thy tale of
woe

Instruct me how to sojourn through
this earth;

To cherish love—for he alone doth know
Unspotted pleasure, who enjoys the
hearth;

That he doth call his own—it is a charm
That keeps the spirit free from every harm.

May it instruct me ever more to shun
The evils of intemperance—Who can
see

An aged father weeping o'er the son,
That in affliction should his comfort be;

That should endeavour to repay the care
Which in his infancy he went to share?

May it instruct me never to beguile,
Though I have power, the simple dam-
sel's heart,

Nor with the clouds of sorrow drowns the
 That can to man his brightest hours

So pray'd I, prompted by the old man's
 And Heaven said: me, that I may not

fail!

Chapter IV.

WHEN I was nearly eighteen years of age,
 My father wish'd me sent to some pro-

But I was ever tardy to engage
 In any calling—that delicious passion

Still kept me near—although I fear'd de-
 The lovely object of my fond affection.

O Mary was a heavenly light, that shone
 To wake the best affections of the

breast
 To pure and holy feeling! and, to own

The real truth, I was supremely blest,
 To meet the maid in many a scene I

dream'd,
 When she seem'd kind—alas! she only

seem'd!

Then she indeed was folded to my breast,
 Then o'er my cheek her heart-warm

breath was stealing,
 Then I was ecstasied while I confess

The depth, the strength, the ardour of
 my feeling;

Then I was blest—and had that bliss been
 real,

I—oh, what misery! 'twas all ideal!

And yet I was not idle altogether;
 My father, as I told thee, was a farmer;

I was his deputy, in summer weather,
 To ply the task with many a moorland

charmer;
 To ply the task among the new-mown

clover,
 Where blessed hours oft bless the furti-

lover.
 I was his deputy—a faithless stay

To keep them busy—I their labour
 thwarted;

I lov'd to fill the girls among the hay;
 And they were happy things, and kind-

ly hearted,
 And I was happy too—though often blash-

ing—
 To snatch the kisses I had long been

wishing.
 But still contaminate I never was;

'Twas but a throbbing of the heart,
 then over-

And Mary—bride Mary—was the cause,
 For I was ever her devoted lover.

That kept me blameless, 'mid the storms
 of passion,

When bann'd delights might tempt me to
 transgression.

But this was trifling with my precious
 time;

'Twas all unworthy of a youth like me;
 For, though I was no genius, I could

rhyme;
 And this appear'd unto stupidity,

And human ignorance, a gift of Heaven—
 A wondrous gift—that not in vain was

given.
 "I'll be a Soldier"—I my father said to,

"And fight the battles of our noble
 King;

I love the drum, the red-coat, and cock-
 ade too;

And who can tell what honour I may
 bring

Unto myself—to all with me connected—
 Even to the land by which I'll be re-

spected."

"Fight for thy King! 'tis proper"—he
 replied—

"But, really, if thou long'st to live in
 story,

Thou lack'st, I fear, both friends and
 cash to guide,

In such a path, thy footsteps up to
 glory:

The poor man's valour, like imprison'd
 air,

Escapes from notice to—the Lord knows
 where!"

"Then I shall be a Parson"—"Nothing
 better;

Thou art ambitious of a sacred rank;
 But thou art fond of folly—it were meet

That thou should'st study for a moun-
 tebank;

There thou might'st thrive—it only needs
 grimaces,

And thou can'st mimic all thy neighbours'
 faces.

"But to be serious—could'st thou preach
 like Blair,

Perchance thou could'st not keep thy-
 self from starving;

The care of souls is not the patron's care;
 A church not always falls to the de-

serving;
 The patron needs—and is not that bene-

volent?
 For all his gifts, a secular equivalent!

"Then I shall be an Advocate"—"I
 doubt

Thou hast not splendid powers in thy
 possession,

And thou might'st pitifully pad about,
 Like many others, in the Court of Ses-

sion,

Both giddy-headed youths, and gray-hair'd
sages,
Bearing in hand unprofitable pages.

"But had'st thou all the confidence of
Murray—

Although it might be differently man'd;
Or Jeffrey's energy—though, by accident,
The words are often miserably man'd;
Or Moncrieff's wisdom—though, if I will
wot,

He speaks as some one held him by the
throat:

"Or had'st thou all the long love of Cran-
ston—

Although his words be sometimes cold
as hail—

Or Cockburn's wit—though, like a well-
worn gunstone,

'Tis now and then, not always, doom'd
to fail;

Nay, had'st thou even—thou still might'st
miss thy mark—

As sound a head, and sounder limbs than
Clerk!"

"Then I shall be a Doctor"—"Well,
thou may'st;

But in the country 'tis a shocking sla-
very;

Just on thy pillow when thy head thou
lay'st,

A call may come, and it requires some
bravery—

Even though the call be from a crying
woman—

To face the tempest and the rugged com-
mons:

"Indeed, if thou could'st mangle like
Monro,

Or tell, like Barclay, an engaging story,
Thou think'st perchance, thou then
might'st easily go,

And find the path of honour, clear be-
fore ye;

But that is doubtful—though thou might
be clever,

Or wore, like Hamilton, a three-cock's
beaver.

"But wilt thou be a Farmer?"—"Yes, I
will,

Though I must then associate with the
sheep,

And mortals very like—but I want skill
To climb ambition's high and danger-
ous steep,

And 'tis more wise the lowly stream to
quaff at,

Than tempt a fall, which brother fools
might laugh at.

"I love the innocents of rural life;
Of hill and dale, I love the airy trea-
sure;

I love domestic comfort—and a wife,
Seems unto me the crown of earthly
pleasure:

Farwell, ambition—thou'rt a faithless
sage—

"I'll yet be happy with my wife and farm."

Chapter V.

ONE night—I never shall forget that
night—

The full orb'd moon, and all her starry
train,

Even like a family of celestial light,
Threw their bright radiance over hill
and plain,

And tower and tree—and all the prospect
lay

Before me like a lovelier, gentler day.

The wind was scarcely stirring in the trees,
The clouds mov'd gently through the
clear blue sky,

Like snow-white sails upon the summer
seas,

When worn-out winds are scarcely
heard to sigh,

When slumbering billows scarcely heave
their breast,

And all the mighty ocean is at rest.

There was no bleat of lamb upon the hill,
There was no linnet's song within the
wood;

Each clamorous sound of human voice
was still,

And scarce, amid the night's deep so-
litude,

Was heard the rushing of the mountain
stream,

For all was fair and silent as a dream.

I lov'd that night, even for itself, but more
For her who then was hanging on mine
arm—

My gentle Mary—as we paced the shore
Of the calm rivulet, where every charm
Of blossom'd thorn and scented palm-tree
spreads

Their quivering, whispering shade, above
our heads.

We met that evening on a neighbour's
hearth—

A happy meeting—many a youth was
there,

And many a maid—and, in my heart's
wild mark,

I never saw my Mary look so fair,
Nor speak so sweetly—oh, I felt that she
Was all the world—nay, more than all—
to me!

And there were blooming cheeks and
brilliant eyes

And ruby lips, and heaving bosoms
white;

But Mary was so fair, I scarce could prize

The lovely beings that before my sight
Like angels mov'd—oh, Mary was so fair,
She was my hope, my fear, my bliss, my
care!

And I was happy—on the spot mine
eye

To gaze her through the vale so calm
and sweet
Where, like little nest shelter'd from
the storm,

Her father's home, so beautifully neat,
Amid the silence of the moonshine, stood
Within the shelter of its linden wood.

Our steps were tardy, for our way was
pleasant.

Along the shore, where nothing seem'd
to wake

Now, our own heads, burst from his perch,
the peasant;

And now the sand-lark rustled from
the beach;

And now the owlet from the hollow oak,
With fearful hoop, the soothing silence
broke.

We reach'd a bower within the Hawthorn
shades

Scar'd by a sudden that had lately
died;

Upon the seat I spread my shepherd-plaid,
And we sat down—and Mary sat and
sigh'd.

To think of her who rear'd that shadowy
bower,

Yet faded faster than its feeblest flower.

It was a melancholy story—she
had lov'd a youth who sought a foreign
land.

And they had pledged their vows—Alas!
but he

Refus'd not to receive the plighted hand;

It was the only hope she had;

And she grew pensive—beautifully sad.

Yet, amid the darkness of her dreary mind,
Ere one bright star that glides the mid-

night gloom.

Hope would rise—and though she was
sighing,

To hope that he was withering in his
tomb—

Hope would arise, that he might still re-
turn.

And now the spirit he had let to mourn
was gone.

And she, in vain, had sigh'd, "You
were away."

A gentle leader to his lonely path,
That path that led to where those of

the day.

It was as if her was like the vale of
the day.

But not so—she had a soft heart
that would not be so sad and dream-

When we had thought of her unhappy
fate,

And talk'd, poor girl! of all her mighty
woes.

And Mary felt the seat on which he sat,
She could not leave her swelling heart

compose.

She wept—and in that proof of sympathy,
I felt that she was nearer still to me.

"God Bless thee, Mary! thou'st a tender
heart!"

"Said I, though I had no power to
speak—"

But I knew it was the mother's part;
I kiss'd the poor child from her lovely
cheek.

And she, sweet girl! declin'd within mine
arms.

In all the beauty of unlighted charms.

"God Bless thee, Mary! thou'st a tender
heart."

And never, he, who its affection
shares,

Thus leave thee comfortless to weep apart,
And fall a victim to heart-rending
care.

But, oh, he who is worthy to receive
Thy kind affections—these he could not
leave!

"Oh, the affections of a heart like thine
Would be the sweetest treasure upon
earth;

And such a treasure none could e'er re-
sign."

For other prospects—none of human
birth!

Oh yes, my Mary, thou shalt yet be blest
With all thy heart hath wits self confess'd!"

She thank'd me for my wishes, as she
said.

Her lovely cheek, that on my shoulder
lay,

And, oh, with what delight of heart I
prais'd.

My stars, that led me down the plea-
sant way

That brought to Rachel's bower—whose
castrings prove

The death-strong snare of a woman's
love.

We reach'd her father's cottage, and we
sat.

But as we sat, her glowing lips I prest;
For when we met, we had been single
years.

And never was aught near tongue
could tell.

That night, I never shall forget that
the

light was, it now appears more
bright.

(To be continued.)

JERUSALEM DELIVERED, BOOK THE FOURTH, FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO; WITH THE SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED NEW TRANSLATION, IN ENGLISH SPANISHIAN VERSE. BY J. H. HUNT, AUTHOR OF "AGNAN HOUSE, &c." LONDON, 1821.

So far back as our Number for August 1817, we recorded our decided opinion of the utter worthlessness of Mr Hoole's spiritless translation from the great poets of Italy; and while we gave honour due to the fine old version of the *Jerusalem Delivered* by Fairfax, we admitted the propriety of our having a more faithful, more modern, and less unequal translation, of this admirable poem. Since that period, there have appeared two competitors for the honour of transplanting the noble *Epic* of Tasso into the teeming garden of English poetry—Mr J. H. Hunt, and Mr Wiffen, the author of the specimen before us. Highly as we are disposed to think of the talents of both these gentlemen, and conscious as we are of the indisputable merits of their several translations, we must freely confess, that we do not think either of them at all worthy of the appellation of the "*Tasso of the North*." They have, nevertheless, done a considerable deal towards the naturalising of this beautiful poem amongst us, and we owe them our thanks for their labours. It is indeed cheering and delightful, to those who have been toiling over the level and barren desert which Mr Hoole has spread, in dreary distance, before them, to find some traces of the rich verdure, and to catch glimpses, at least, of the golden light which adorn and illuminate the splendid scenes which Tasso has conjured up for the admiration of all time. Persons who read translations of Tasso, and prefer those which give them least trouble by their modern garb, will now have, at least a glimpse of the characteristic of his genius, than they could have from the poetry dullness and dreary platitudes which pallied upon their palates, in perusing the cuckoo strains of the tedious rhymester; and while their hearts grow warm over the love of Tancred, and the death of Clarinda—while they dream on the beauty of Erminia, as

she blows in her enchanting retirement, "making a sunshine in the shady place," and inhale "the young breath of passionate thought," which is spread like an atmosphere over the delicious gardens of Armida; they will not be so much disposed to wonder at the enthusiastic pride with which every Italian breathes the name of Tasso, and the never-ceasing delight with which he dwells on the beauties of this noblest production of his muse.

However Fairfax may have failed in presenting us with an exact likeness of his great original, there is no doubt that he has poured forth, from the rich treasures of his mind, some of the tenderest and loftiest strains of poetry of which the English tongue can boast; and, while we admit the manifold faults and imperfections of his translation, we feel assured, that it has taken its place among the works of the illustrious poets, of the brightest era of our literature; and must confess, that we have but faint hopes of seeing any new version that will display equal beauty, power, and pathos, with the finest passages of this venerable poet. Wherever he deviated from Tasso, in those stanzas of fresh and luxurious description, or of fairy and dreamlike beauty of imagery, which throw so great a charm over the *Jerusalem*, it was always in the addition of some new grace, some flower of brighter hue or sweeter perfume, which shed a still more deep-felt beauty over the original; and, while this is done, with tasteless grace, in many parts of his version, to the honour of Fairfax be it spoken, that he has interwoven these additions with so much of the taste and skill of a true poet, that they never once strike us as incongruous or uncharacteristic; but, on the contrary, his best passages seem to give us back the real beauties of Tasso, only heightened in their colour by the pencil of a still higher artist.

The great fault in the other hand, which we have to find with the modern translator, is, that while they are striving to give us the simple beauties of Tasso, they have lost the real beauties of the original, which consist in the illusion of mere words, of dis-

tort its simplicity by improper and uncharacteristic additions.

Of the two new translators, Mr Hunt is the more faithful to the meaning of the original; but he is too apt to ek out his verses with those faded flowers of speech which have languished in the pages of every rhymster for the last hundred years, and which shed an air of feebleness and insipidity over the thoughts they are intended to adorn. He often transmutes whole pages of the fresh and delicate beauties of Tasso, into those vague generalities and pointless pleonasms which leave no "buttress nor coigne of vantage" for the heart or imagination to make their "pendent bed and procreant cradle;" and heaps up *usque ad nauseam*, those common-place figures which are at the finger ends of every school-boy, and of which even magazine versifiers have of late years been ashamed. The reason of all this is sufficiently plain, namely, that Mr Hunt, though a person of considerable talents and accomplishments, is himself no poet. He does not look on the face of nature, nor probe the heart of man with the same fine eye and delicate touch that a real poet does. He does not perceive the fleeting graces, the lovely forms, and glancing lights, which flash upon that "inward eye," which constitutes the privilege and the bliss of the true sons of song. The forms of the visible universe, and the deeds and darings of men, do not make the same impression on his mind that they did on that of Tasso; and it is therefore impossible that he should give them the same, or even a kindred expression. How can we give adequate language to feelings which we have not?

"Say, can'st thou paint a sunbeam to the blind,
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?"

In reading Mr Hunt's verses, therefore, we are not seldom tempted to express our astonishment at the total want of interest we feel, in the fine chivalrous incidents and scenes of the Jerusalem Delivered; and at the flat, stale, and unprofitable aspect which presents itself to our eye, instead of the animating stir of the well-fought field—the gleam of bright

armour—the curvetting of steeds and waving of plumes—the magical grace and beauty of the damsels—the deepening gloom of forests, and the enchanting solitudes of hills and groves, which we have naturally associated with chivalrous times; and the only account of our disappointment is, that these visions have not risen up in their glowing colours to Mr Hunt's eye; and, therefore, all he could do was, to give us in English what Tasso had said in Italian, but without the fine touches and intellect which give its true and distinguishing charm to the original. The story of Mr Hunt is the same—the proper names are the same—the incidents are the same, and come in the same order; there are many of the Italian words rendered by their corresponding words in English; but the soul which bound the whole together—which shed its own beauty over every part—and breathed the spirit of life into their "disjecta membra," has fled. "We start, for soul is wanting there."

If our readers should think we are too severe on Mr Hunt, let them remember, that we leave him the full benefit of the praises of the Quarterly Review, which will doubtless enable him to look down with contempt on our strictures; and, if they have any doubt of the justice of our remarks, let them turn to the numerous quotations from Mr Hunt's work, which load the pages of the aforementioned Review, and "*taste the music of that vision pale!*" We have no wish to give pain, but we see no good reason to restrain ourselves in the expression of our genuine sentiments, and allow a work to go forth as a real picture of a great poet, which presents a lifeless, bloodless face, instead of a countenance full of living expression, and kindled with the enthusiasm of genius.

Mr Wiffen is a disciple of that amiable class of Sectarians, whose gentle, yet undaunted efforts for the good of mankind, and whose cultivation of all the purest and simplest feelings of humanity, entitle them to the deepest gratitude, from every lover of his species. We, as all others must be, are rejoiced to see, that their strenuous exertions in the cause of philanthropy are now likely to gain

additional support, from the authority which must be added to them by their connection with the literature of their country; and it is no small enhancement of our pleasure to think, that they who have done and suffered so much for others, will have their hearts soothed and delighted, and a pure and innocent pride engendered and gratified, by the very means which will render all their virtuous and generous efforts more efficacious.

While we feel it to be our duty to pay this tribute to the peaceful and amiable sect to which Mr Wiffen belongs, we must confess, that he himself displays very little of the peculiar tone of mind, of the graceful simplicity, or gentle sweetness of Quakerism. The original poems which he has published, are chiefly remarkable for a sort of cumbrous and strained phraseology, which renders it next to impossible for any one to drag out the few good thoughts and images they contain from the "tangled web" of words in which they are swaddled. The mind must be kept on a continual stretch, in labouring to trace a meaning through the never-ending intricacies of the diction; and most people, we believe, will throw down the volumes in disgust, on finding that, in most instances, their labour has been bestowed in vain. We do not mean to say that these volumes bore no marks of genius and poetical power, but merely that it betrayed a strange want of knowledge, and an evident immaturity (to call it no worse) of taste in Mr Wiffen, to suppose that he would succeed in touching the affections, or in wakening the imagination, by making his verses read like difficult conundrums.

With the knowledge we had of these poems, we confess we trembled for Tasso, when we saw this translation announced. Into what fantastic shape, thought we, will Mr Wiffen transform a poet, whose words are nearly a transparent medium to his thoughts, whose ornaments are interwoven with the most graceful delicacy, and all of whose images are saturated with the simple freshness of nature? How will he deal with those passages, which seem to spring from a heart overflowing with sweet thoughts, and whose influence steals over the

soul, calling out its most delightful feelings, as imperceptibly and as delicately as the morning dew upon the flower? Mr Hunt frequently made him talk like a merchant trying to be poetical; but Mr Wiffen will make him speak like a man trying to conceal his thoughts.

We frankly confess, that we have been somewhat agreeably mistaken in our presentiments. Mr Wiffen is much improved since we last met him, and though he has yet much to learn and unlearn, and still frequently forgets that words neither are ideas nor imply them, he has undoubtedly given us rather a striking version of that part of the Jerusalem on which he has chosen to display his powers. The pervading fault of the whole is, that he has entirely forgotten that Tasso did not live in the nineteenth century, and consequently indulges in a mode of writing which, whatever may be its own merits, is entirely at variance with the style of the original, and is indeed a direct contrast to the state of the times in which Tasso wrote. We have figures of speech, and metaphorical interpretations of visible objects, which would have astonished the Italian, and which certainly astonished ourselves, when we came to look for the ground-work. From the choice Mr Wiffen has made of the Spenserian stanza, he is not unfrequently obliged to fill up a portion of it with something of his own; and we are constrained to say, that in every instance where this is done, the additions consist either of mere words without ideas, or of thoughts and expressions which no more resemble Tasso's, than "Julia Alpinula" resembles the "Fairy Queen." And what is most provoking in this is, that Mr Wiffen has evidently been at great pains to produce this incongruous effect, and seems to think he has made a goodly piece of work, where he has succeeded. There is an evident straining throughout, to bring Tasso to the standard approved by modern verse-writers, and these certainly not the best.

Take the three first stanzas as a specimen:

Whilst thus, in fervent toil, the artisan
Gave his magnificent enquiry to rise
For instant service, the grand foe of man
Turn'd on the Christian hosts his livid eyes:

He saw them ranged in glad societies,
 Blest with success ; and, jealous of their
 good,
 Bit both his lips for rage ; in groans and
 sighs
 His grief found voice, as, in his savage
 mood,
 Pierced by some hunter, roars the bison
 of the wood.

Then having run through every mode of
 thought

To work them fiercest ills, he gave com-
 mand,

That all his angels should make swift re-
 sort

To his imperial court—a horrid band !
 As though it were a trifling thing to stand
 (Oh fool !) the antagonist of God, and
 spite

His divine will, forgetful of the hand
 Which, thundering through all space, from
 heaven's blue height,

Hurl'd him of yore down—down to Tar-
 tarus and night.

Its hoarse alarm the Stygian trumpet
 blew,

To the immortal tribes of night ; *aghast*,
 Into the boundless gloom, *roaring it flew*,
 Blind air rebellowing to the dreary blast,
 Which made all Orcus tremble ; never
 cast

The black skies so unsufferable a sound,
 When the harsh thunder's groaning car
 roll'd past ;

Nor ever in such motion rock'd the ground,
 When, in its quivering heart, conflicting
 fires were bound. p. 45—46.

Does Mr Wiffen really think this
 roaring and thundering an improve-
 ment on Tasso ? Does he think, that
 because the words are noisy and
 rumbling, the picture must be grand ?
 The original speaks of "*bellici stromen-
 ti*," which Mr Wiffen exagger-
 ates into "*magnificent enquiry*,"
 Tasso simply says,

—in oblio pone

Come di Dio la destra irata tuone.

But this is too humble for our mo-
 dern poet, who gives us this choice
morceau instead—

—forgetful of the hand

Which, *thundering through all space*, from
 heaven's blue height,
 Hurl'd him of yore down—down to Tar-
 tarus and night.

In the next stanza we hear of "*the
 harsh thunder's groaning car*," which
 is a pleasant synonyme for "*il folgor*."

But a still more strange perversion
 occurs in these three lines :

—some as the syrens fair,

Whose human faces bore the *viper's*
 tongue,
And hissing snakes for ornamental hair,
Rode forth on dragon folds, that, lash'd
 the raven air.

If Mr Wiffen will point out to us
 any one passage in Tasso which bears
 the most remote resemblance to this,
 in tone or character, we shall will-
 ingly forgive him the next stanza,
 where the want of a rhyme forces
 him to translate "*Politeni hor-
 rendi*," "*roaring Polypheme, THE*
PRIDE OF HELL !" Were it neces-
 sary, after these, to multiply instan-
 ces of this strange perversion of taste,
 we might cite them from every second
 stanza. We have the devil called a
 "*shouting giant*"—we hear of sculp-
 tures "*mocking Almighty time*"—
 of "*priest, king, page, noble, serf,*
and sage"—of "*genii of the storm*"
 moaning "*in liminary grottoes*"—of
 "*starry themes*"—of "*steeping in*
rich lunacy each frantic sense"—and
 of numberless other absurd or in-
 comprehensible things, not one ves-
 tige of which, or of any thing re-
 sembling them in the most remote
 degree, is to be found in Tasso. The
 following is a more favourable spec-
 imen :

Never did Greece or Italy behold

A form to fancy and to taste more dear !
 At times, the white veil dims her locks
 of gold ;

At times, in bright relief they re-appear :
 Thus, when the stormy skies begin to
 clear,

Now through transparent clouds the sun-
 shine gleams ;

Now, issuing from its shrine, the gor-
 geous sphere

Lights up the vales, flowers, mountains,
leas, and streams,

With a diviner day—the spirit of bright
 beams !

As a piece of modern verse-writing,
 this is very well, but it is neither in
 the taste of Tasso nor of his times. An
 English reader might peruse thou-
 sands of stanzas such as these, and at
 the end he would have no more idea
 of the genius of Tasso, than if he had
 spent an equal portion of his time
 in attempting to thread the labyrin-
 thine mazes of words, which are

spread for the feet of the unwary, in the "Aonian Hours."

We are the more angry with Mr Wiffen for this wilful marring of his author, because we think he is capable of better things; and if he would be persuaded to restrain his unfortunate tendency to absurd and unmeaning exaggeration, and put more faith in the truth and simplicity of nature, he might, we think, far outshine all his modern competitors. He possesses a good deal of fancy, and some power of expression, which, if properly managed, would carry him through a translation of the Jerusalem with far more felicity than he has ever yet attained. The four following stanzas—with the exception of the three last lines of the third, against which we protest, as taking away all meaning from the image in the second stanza, so finely brought out in the original, and as being nonsensical in themselves—are no unfavourable specimen of his powers, though their beauties are still very far from being of a congenial kind with those of Tasso :

New ringlets form the flowing winds
amid
The natural curls of her resplendent hair ;
Her blue eye, roll'd beneath its shadow-
ing lid,
Locks up its wealth with more than
miser care ;
The rival roses, upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, each other's claims
oppose ;
But, on her lips, whose breath the love-
sick air
Wooes, for its violet scent, the crimson
rose,
Its whole voluptuous bloom in crown'd
dominion throws.

Ripe as the grape just mellowing into
wine,
Her bosom swells to sight ; its lily breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster
shine,
Part bare, part hid by her embroider'd
vests,
Whose jealous fringes the greedy eye ar-
rests,
But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, like doves, in those delicious
nests,
And their most shadow'd secrecies to
see,
Peopling with beautiful dreams the lively
phantasy.

As through the waters of a crystal spring,
Blue with excessive depth, the sunbeam
darts,
Cleaving the still glass with its gorgeous
wing,
It leaves no wrinkle on the wave it parts :
So noiseless fancy dives in virgins' hearts,
Through vestures as unruffled ; to ex-
plore
Their amiable deceits, their shining arts,
And the mind's cells, where Love his
golden ore
Draws to illumine desire, and charm us
more and more.

Prais'd and admir'd, Armida pass'd amid
The wishful crowd, and did not seem
to spy
The interest rais'd, but, in her deep heart
hid,
The syren smile just darting to her eye,
In prelude of fore-tasted victory :
Whilst, in the mute suspense of troubled
pride,
She sought, with look solicitous, yet shy,
For her uncertain foot an ushering guide
To Godfrey's royal tent : young Eustace
press'd her side. *pp. 60—61.*

One more specimen, and for the
present we have done :

She ceas'd ; a generous and majestic
scorn
Fir'd all her features to a rose-like red ;
And then she made as she would have
withdrawn,
With grief and anger in her farewell tread.
Her eyes, 'twixt passion and resentment,
shed
Tears thick as summer's heat drops—
tears, that shine
With the sun's golden rays athwart them
spread,
Like falling pearls, like crystals argen-
tine,
Or sparkling opal-drops from some far
• Indian mine.

Her fresh cheeks, sprinkled with those
living showers,
Which, to her vesture's hem, down-glid-
ing cling,
Appear like jasmine and carnation flowers,
Humid with May dews, when romantic
spring,
In shadow of the green leaves, whispering,
Spreads their shut bosoms to the laugh-
ing air ;
Flowers—to which sweet Aurora oft takes
wing,
Which, with gay hand, she culls with such
forced care,
In morn's melodious prime, to bind her
vagrant hair.

But the clear drops that, thick as stars of
night,
On those fresh cheeks and that *emblem-
lish'd breast*

Sparkle, *have all the effect of fire*, and
light

A melancholy flame in every breast ;
Oh, Love ! the marvellous *rod* by thee

For ever powerful over Nature, *draws
Lightning from tears*, and gives to grief
a *rest*

Beyond the bliss of smiles ; but *nature's
laws*

*Its magic more than quells in this thy
darling's cause.*

The two first of these stanzas are beautiful, and we shall not injure their effect by pointing out their incongruities with the original. The latter part of the third stanza we cannot comprehend, and find no clue in Tasso to guide us through its broken metaphors and bad grammar.

We now take our leave of Mr Wiffen, expressing our regret, that he has forced us to speak in words of "unmeant bitterness," assuring him, that it is solely our admiration for the great poet whom he has chosen for translation, which makes us impatient of every thing that might tend to lower him in the estimation of our countrymen, and earnestly recommending to him to go over his translation very carefully, before giving more of it to the public, and resolutely purge it of the gaudy phraseology, and impertinent additions, with which he has clothed and cumbed the fine thoughts and natural images of the immortal bard,

Who pour'd his soul out o'er Jerusalem.
He has the talent, if he had the taste, to gratify the lovers of Tasso's genius with the most faithful and spirited translation of his noble epic that has yet appeared ; and if he could only be contented with the pure ore, which shines in native lustre through the sacred pages of the Jerusalem, instead of officiously and impertinently straining to carve and twist it into fantastic forms, to suit the taste of the groundlings ; he might, we really think, connect his name with this illustrious bard of Italy, and share a portion, at least, if not a half of

"The laurel that o'ershades his tomb."

JACOBITE RELICS, NOT IN MR HOGG'S COLLECTION.

UP AN' RIN AWA, GEORDIE.—A JACOBITE SONG.

Tune—"Up an' war them a', Willie."
(From Mr Bulmer's Collection.)

Up an' rin awa, Geordie ;
Up an' rin awa, Geordie ;
Fient a stand in Cumberland,
Your men can make awa, Geordie :
Your bauld militia are in qualms,
In ague fits and a', Geordie ;
And Auntie Wade, wi' pick an' spade,
Is delving through the snaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

The lads of Westmoreland came up,
And wow but they war braw, Geordie !
But took the spavie in their houghs,
And limpit fast awa, Geordie :
Oh, had ye seen them at their posts,
Wi' backs against the wa', Geordie ;
Ye wad hae thought, "It matters not !
Flee over seas awa, Geordie !"
Up an' rin awa' Geordie, &c.

These Highland dogs, wi' hose an' brogs,
They dree nae cauld at a', Geordie ;
Their hides are tann'd like Kendal bend,
And proof to frost and snaw, Geordie :
They dive like moudies in the yird ;
Like squirrels mount a wa', Geordie ;
And auld Carlisle, baith tower and pile,
Has got a waesame fa', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

Brave Sir John Pennington is fled,
And Doctor Waugh an' a', Geordie ;
And Humphrey Stenhouse he is lost,
And Aeran Bank's but raw, Geordie ;
And Andrew Pattison's laid by,
The prince o' provosts a', Geordie :
'Tis hard to thole, for gallant soul,
His frostit thumbs to blaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

Prince Charlie Stuart's ta'en the road,
As fast as he can ca', Geordie ;
The drones to drive frae out the hive,
And brinish foreign law, Geordie :
He's o'er the Mersey, horse and foot,
An' braid claymores an' a', Geordie ;
An' awsome forks, an' Highland durks,
An' thae's the warst awa' Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

I canna tell—ye ken yoursel',
Your faith, an' trust, an' a', Geordie ;
But 'tis o'er true, your cause looks blue ;
'Tis best to pack awa', Geordie.
An' ye maun take your foreign bike,
Your Turks, and queans, an' a', Geordie.
To pluff and trig your bràn new wig,
And your daft pow to claw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

There's ae thing I had maist forgot,
 Perhaps there may be twa, Geordie;
 Indite us back, when ye gang hame,
 How they receiv'd you a', Geordie:
 And tell us how the langkail thrive,
 'And how the turnips raw, Geordie;
 And how the seybos and the leeks
 Are brairdin through the snaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

That Hanover's a dainty place,
 It fits you to a flaw, Geordie;
 Where ane may tame a buxoin dame,
 And chain her to a wa', Geordie:
 And there a man may burn his cap,
 His hat, and wig, and a, Geordie;
 They're a' sae daft, your scanty wits
 Will ne'er be miss'd ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

Ye've lost the Land o' Cakes an' Weir,
 Auld Caledonia, Geordie,
 Where fient a stand in a' the land
 Your Whigs could make ava, Geordie.
 Then tak' leg-bail, and fare-ye-wel,
 Your motely mumps an' a', Geordie;
 There's mony ane may rue the day
 That ye came here ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie,
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie,
 For fient a stand in all England,
 Your Whigs dare make ava, Geordie.

NOTES.

This being a local song, like the greater part of those in Mr Bulmer's collection, the few following notices, from the journals of that day, may not be unacceptable, by way of explanation. As soon as it was known that Prince Charles and the clans were on their march southward from Edinburgh, the whole of the militia of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland were marched into Carlisle, in order to make a formidable defence there, and to prove an insuperable bar against the farther advance of the Highland army into England. The opposition did not prove so formidable as the Government expected.

It was on the 9th of November that the Highlanders first appeared before Carlisle. On that day, sixty gentlemen, all well mounted, appeared on Stanwix Bunk, a hill close to Carlisle. The castle fired on them; and after some time, they withdrew towards the vanguard of their army, but seemed entirely to disregard the firing. When it was growing late, Mr Pattison, the redoubted Mayor of Carlisle, received a message from the Commissary of the Highland army, desiring him to provide billets for 13,000 men that night, which he refused; and on the instant the city was surrounded by upwards of 9000 of them. Next

day, a body of men approached the walls, first bending towards the Irish gate, but afterwards marching round to the English gate, in order reconnoitre the place. At three, the Prince summoned the city and castle to surrender in his father's name; but to this summons the heroic Mayor returned no other answer than by firing the cannon upon him.

A close fire was kept up till after midnight; but the next morning, word having been brought to the Prince of the approach of Marshal Wade, he drew off the army, and marched forward on the road to Newcastle, to meet him half way. He stopped short at Brompton, where he remained all that night and next day, the army being quartered in the villages around, till hearing of Wade's return, he marched back to Carlisle on the 13th. On the 14th, his army broke ground within 300 yards of the citadel, at Spring Garden, near the race-ground, in the midst of the whole fire of the town and castle; and the next day the town surrendered at discretion. The excuses sent by the Mayor are really worth inserting.

"For whole seven days, (observe, whole seven days,) neither officers nor men of the garrison had ever got above an hour's rest at one time, having been so perpetually alarmed, by the vicinity of the Highland army. Besides, many were grown sick, by reason of the excessive fatigue they underwent; and these being hopeless of a speedy relief, they absolutely refused to hold out any longer. The whole of the men were so disheartened, that numbers of them went over the walls, and deserted every hour of the day, some of whom fell into the hands of the enemy. The officers of many companies were actually left, before the end, with three or four men each; so that, in spite of Colonel Durand's protestation, the Mayor and Corporation determined on hanging out the white flag on the very second day of the siege, and making the best terms they could for themselves. When the first proposals of surrendering were made, the Colonel determined on holding out the castle, and got 400 men to give their consent to join him, as well as the two companies of invalids; but before eight o'clock next morning, every one of them had changed his resolution, and left him, except about 80 invalids, therefore he was obliged to give up the castle, along with the city, after nailing up ten of the cannon."

The Mayor farther complains, that the militia were put to great and severe hardships, for that they could not, for any money, procure "a sufficient quantity of straw to make beds for themselves!"

Now this was certainly very hard! Was it any wonder that that gallant garrison, of three thousand men, gave in so soon? But what was worse, "Captain Wilson, the son of Daniel Wilson, Member of Parliament for Westmoreland, was actually obliged to pay thirty shillings for the use of a cobbler's stall under the walls!" After this, it was impossible to hold out a city and fortress, or even to think of it. Such privations as these were never before heard of!

The Duke of Perth, and his division, were the first of the Highland army that entered the city. He made all the garrison swear, never more to carry arms against the house of Stuart, and, shaking the officers by the hands, he commended them for brave fellows, and regretted that they had chosen a different cause from that which he had espoused. He took above 200 good horses, and all the arms from the militia, besides 1000 stand lodged in the castle. He found a rich booty in the castle, the people of the country round about having lodged the most valuable of their effects there for safety. The militia piled their arms in the market-place, but several of them endeavoured to escape over the walls, without being compelled to take the oaths; as did also some of Cope's men, who had made their escape from their guards. But next day, when Prince Charles arrived in the city from Brompton, he caused all the silver-plate, and other valuable effects found in the castle, to be delivered back to the owners. Besides great abundance of military stores, they found all the broad-swords that had been taken from their fathers at Preston in 1715. On Saturday, the 16th, the Prince and his father were proclaimed with all ceremony, the Provost and Magistrates walking before the Highland officers, in their robes, and bearing the mace; and, on the 18th, the army set out on their march southward, a small body of horse lodging in Penrith that night. The van of the army reached Lancaster on the 24th, and Manchester on the 28th, where they beat up for men, and enlisted a considerable number, to whom they gave white cockades, and five guineas in money. The Prince arrived there at two o'clock next day, (the 29th,) walking on foot at the head of one of the divisions of his army, splendidly dressed in the Highland Garb, and surrounded by Highland gentlemen of the clans; and the two following days

He crossed the Mersey, horse and foot,
And brand claymores an' a',
where our bard takes leave of him, and so must we, till some further opportunity.

A NEW BALLAD.

(From Mr Marshall's Collection.)

To the Tune of Lillibullero.

ARE foxes guardians for the geese?
Or rooks for squires, or wolves for sheep?
Can sparks descend? can fire freeze?
Or rakes bid girls their virtue keep?
Or Cromwell for the Martyr weep?
If so, the Whigs may guard thy throne,
And rebels may protect the state;
But, haste over, Hanover,
Fast as you can over,
Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

The mushroom vermin now at court
Have level'd monarchy with dirt,
A cutler's fry, just ooz'd from mud,
A traitor to all royal blood,
With griping hand,
Now rule our land,
'Fore George, 'tis shocking to repeat;
Then, haste over, Hanover,
Fast as you can over,
Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What men but they who'd basely sport
With kings, could so affront the court,
As to impose upon the Crown
The common foot-mats of the town,
Fenwick, Rochfort, Jeiry Man,
I blush when I this tale repeat?
Then, haste over, Hanover,
Fast as you can over,
Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

These tinsel pageants ne'er are bright,
But, like our glow-worm in the night,
When day breaks forth you'll see the cheat;
But then may call your friends too late.
Consider how they serv'd King Charles,
The just, the brave, the wise, the great;
And, haste over, Hanover,
Fast as you can over,
Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What mortal can with patience see
These dregs of Forty-One caress'd?
Roundheads insulting loyalty,
And every honest man oppress'd
By rogues, who'll lead you to the block?
May Heaven avert th' impending fate!
But, haste over, Hanover,
Fast as you can over,
Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What Briton can, with temper, see
The Dutch our primum mobile?
A King ingross'd, controll'd by knaves,
Proscribing worth, and raising slaves?
Your precious Whigs will dock your reign,
No mortal can reverse your fate;
Then, haste over, Hanover,
Fast as you can over,
Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

Poor Teagueland has a j unto got
 Of glorious patriots, God wot,
 Offspring of mists, of hogs, of brogues,
 Ordure of mankind, scum of rogues,
 Dissenting bishops, knotting thieves,
 And all the Benches filled with beeves ;
 No churchman has justice,
 Or fit for a post is ;
 The j unto to such no shelter affords ;
 All men of birth and worth are out,
 And grubs and bats compound the state :
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

A TOAST.

From the same.

HERE'S a health to the King whom the
 crown doth belong to ;
 Confusion to those who the right King
 would wrong so ;
 I do not here mention either old King or
 new King ;
 But here is a health, boys—a health to the
 true King.

Here's a health to the Clergy, true sons of
 the Church,
 Who never left King, Queen, nor Prince
 in the lurch ;
 I do not here mention either old Church
 or new Church ;
 But here is a health, boys—a health to the
 true Church.

ACCOUNT OF THE ERUPTION OF
 MOUNT VESUVIUS IN FEBRUARY
 1822, IN LETTERS FROM AN EYE-
 WITNESS.

20th February 1822.

AFTER being here four months, and the mountain having been quiet for near fifteen months, we have been so lucky as to witness a fine eruption of Vesuvius—in point of eruptions from the crater, or explosions, not great, but, in point of lava, allowed to be as beautiful as any seen from Naples ; for the lava was very considerable, and came from the summit, directly down the side towards Naples. There could not be a finer sight than on the night of the 24th, from the street on the bay called Sta Lucca ; the crater on the summit throwing up incessantly, to a great height, flame, smoke, and showers of red-hot stones ; and the

lava descending from the top to the plain on the summit of the old cone, and falling in two streams down the steep sides of the cone to the valley between it and the Hermitage. The colour was a bright red, like the melted matter of a glass-house. No smoke was seen over it, as it was a fine clear night. The reflection of it on the sea was extremely grand. I had before no idea of the deep red, and yet bright colour of such fresh lava. The great quantity of it can only be judged by one acquainted with the mountain, and by its reaching, on the night of the 23d, from the summit across the plain on the top, to exactly where you leave your asses, and begin to climb. Five hours before the lava broke out, we had dined under shelter of the hillock left by one of the two small craters that broke out in September 1820 : into the other one it was that the Frenchman threw himself. We set out at eight in the morning of the 23d, and by twelve got up to the kind of plain, on the top of the old cone, without much fatigue indeed, I may say scarce any, having been two hours on our asses from Resina, and less than an hour in climbing the steep side. We then got a full view of the crater in great activity, throwing up showers of ignited stones, or pieces of lava, to the height of 200 and 300 feet. The explosions were incessant, the quantity of stones great, and many as large as a man's body. Some were thrown to double the height mentioned : the greatest part fell back into the crater, which is three quarters of a mile in circumference : the light parts were carried away by a pretty strong north wind towards Torre del Greco. A good many large ones, red-hot, rolled down the side of the little cone, on which the crater is, towards the Hermitage, and some of them towards us. We kept on the plain about half a mile from a ridge within about 200 yards or more of the mouth of the crater. The wind carried away the smoke and light scoria from us ; some, but very few, came our way, striking against the side of the crater in coming up, or hitting against one another. One piece, as large as one's head, fell beyond us ; we run and

broke it, putting copper money in it, to take impressions. It broke some pieces that were as thick as a crown piece, and was too coarse to make right impressions: it set fire instantly to the sticks of the guides. Every three minutes, or less, the explosions were attended with a noise louder than artillery, and which we heard distinctly at the Hermitage. When I speak of the cone and plain, I must explain to you what I mean. When I was at Naples in 1785, the mountain, or highest part of Vesuvius, consisted of a truncated cone, much higher than at present, the circumference of the top of which was one mile, and formed the great crater. This cone fell in, or was blown up, in the great eruption which happened in the night of the 13th of June 1794, and the base where it fell now forms this nearly level and irregular plain, which it requires an hour's climbing to get up to from the place where the asses are left. On the south side of this plain a new cone of inferior dimensions is formed by small eruptions, particularly that of September 1820; and from its summit, of three quarters of a mile round, issued the present smoke, fire, and lava. The mountain was so quiet, that many gentlemen went down into the crater 200 feet. A good mineralogist told me, that within it, on one side, he saw great rocks and basaltic columns, exactly similar to those on Arthur's Seat, as you go to Duddingstone. The mountain was much quieter last night, the lava flowing in two streams from the top, and only reaching the plain; but a fresh crater appears to have broke out near the old one. The great beauty of this eruption is, that the lava comes from the top, and reaches down the whole cone, as far as the valley, and nearly in a line with the Hermitage; whereas the lava often breaks out in the side, and lower down. We saw numberless torches, held by people going up in the night to see the lava; but I believe, in the night of the 24th, none ventured up the mountain: we saw the effect of the whole much better from Naples. At the Observatory here they have calculated the height at which some of the

stones were thrown, at 1000 feet. This day the mountain is very active again, the great smoke obscuring the sun, like a cloud passing over Naples. The lava of last night has reached as far down as before, and so covered the face of the hill with thin smoke, that the sun looks as it appears when viewed through smoked glass.

Naples, 27th February.

LAST night, seeing the mountain very active and violent, we set off at four o'clock for Resina, six miles from hence. From that we walked in two hours to a mile beyond the Hermitage, where the road becomes bad, lying among the old lava. On this ridge is the best place for viewing the mountain. All we had seen on Saturday, the 23d of February, was trifling in comparison; and I feel it quite impossible to convey in words any thing like the impression of the scene before us, or in any way to describe it correctly. The great cone of Vesuvius was involved in dark and fiery smoke; the constant reports were louder than thunder; and every minute showers of red-hot stones were propelled through the smoke, and above it, some of them to a great height. Three streams of lava tumbled down the steep sides of the great cone, (where we went up the former day), and the valley between the Hermitage and the cone was on fire with scattered parts of the streams of lava. I only mention these circumstances; to convey an idea of their effect is impossible. There has not been such an eruption since 1810. I can only say, it brought to my mind the idea I had formed of Mount Sinai, when Moses received the law there.

THE lava makes a noise like stones sliding down, and forms, at the under part of the valley, two broad streams, about thirty yards in breadth, and perhaps eight or ten feet deep. I hear it has come upon the cultivated ground, and last night was further down than in a line with the Hermitage. The lava was to the eye clear of smoke, and all fiery. Finding its way down the valley, it is concealed in part by the old lava, the scorice on the surface of which are forced up, by its motion, into ir-

regular shapes. The evening was mild, like the summer with us. When we set out, the thermometer was at 62°; when we returned, at twelve, it was at 54°; there was no wind, and the sky quite clear, except where obscured by the smoke of the mountain. From Naples, they say it was beautiful; the reports of the explosions were loud; and ashes fell so thick as to hurt the eyes. The road all up was full of parties with torches, going up and down, on asses and a-foot; many Germans, a good many Italians, and some English. We walked both up and down. I do not believe the Neapolitans are so bad as they are called; there was not the least disturbance, incivility, or accident, in all that bustle and crowd. We were very fortunate in the time we were up, from dark till nine, which was the period of the greatest activity of the mountain; for from that time it has been comparatively quiet. The Royal Family were up on the night of the 25th, and the road was smoothed for them, as far as practicable to go in a carriage, of which we felt the advantage; the rest is rough enough in the dark. Mr —— told me, that on the 26th they heard the explosions distinctly at Caserta, sixteen miles off, although the wind was not favourable. A well-informed Englishman told me that, on the same night we were up, he went to the face of the lava, where it was advancing down the valley; that there must have been eight or nine feet thick, of fresh liquid lava; that in that part it does not glide down below, but advances only by tumbling over the sides from the top, as we saw; and that the rustling noise it makes in advancing, has, when heard near, a jingling noise, like metal.

1st March.—Yesterday and to-day Vesuvius threw up a great deal of black smoke. It is said the lava has broke out on the side towards Pompeii, which is not visible from this; but I cannot say as to the truth of that report. No lava was to be seen from this side, either last night or the night before. Visitors from Rome are hurrying in. I am told seven carriages arrived last night: a fine harvest for the innkeepers! for three indifferent rooms they are charging six dollars a-night.

THE LONDON PRESS.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power
address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the "PRESS?"
By thee, Religion, Liberty, and Laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their
cause;
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's
land befel,
Diffus'd, make earth the vestibule of
hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good
and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies:
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!
Cowper.

By that common figure which bestows the name of the whole on the principal part, the daily and weekly publications of the Metropolis have received the lofty designation of "the London Press," and often, more largely still, "the Press." So have the Scottish and Irish soldiers often been styled the English army! The London press is unquestionably the most extraordinary phenomenon which can be traced to the invention of printing. By means of it, the greatest changes are brought about in the political relations of society. The British nation are present in the Senate, in the Forum, and in the Campus Martius. They listen to every proposal, weigh every argument, reject a magistrate, or pass a law. The *plebiscitum* is not so instantaneous in ancient Rome, but it is much more sound; and, when once recognised, it becomes irreversible. The *senatusconsultum* is not, indeed, checked by Tribunes; but it is generally influenced by the popular feeling excited through the press. It is contended that the Senate has degenerated into an imperial instrument of police and taxation, and that it ought to be reformed; but with this angry topic we have nothing to do. The rapidity, fulness, and accuracy, with which reports of all proceedings, transactions, debates, trials, and occurrences, are printed and circulated, are striking illustrations of the ingenuity of man, and the improvement of society. The superiority of the London Press is so great in this respect, that the whole machinery seems an original invention, rather

than the result of gradual improvements, through successive ages. In fact, newspapers were the reverse of respectable, previously to the reign of George III. We impute not the improvement to that monarch, but, in his reign, the discussions of newspapers acquired elegance, judgment, and force. *Junius* formed a high model in this respect. Yet it was not till the nineteenth century that newspapers rose to the authentic and dignified character which now belongs to their columns. A marked advance has even been made since the last peace. Mere news, despatches of generals, and speculations of war and bloodshed, had previously occupied their columns, and interested the public. It has since been found necessary to exhibit accurate as well as copious reports of domestic proceedings; and, for this purpose, the leading Journals of the Metropolis have engaged, on liberal terms, gentlemen of classical education, good talents, and distinguished literary character.

It is unfortunate that we are supplied with so few means of ascertaining the precise sort of publicity which the Romans were able to give to their public debates. In the fourteenth book of Tacitus's *Annals*, this curious passage is found. It is one of the aggravations urged by Capito Cossutianus to the already furious Nero, against Thrasea Pothus: *Diurna populi Romani per provincias, per exercitus, curatus leguntur, ut noscatur quid Thrasea non fecerit.* The very same terms might be applied to a modern Journal, respecting a popular M. P. who treated the House of Commons and their votes with contempt. Let some learned antiquarian explain the state of the *Press* under Nero! Of most modern nations, nothing need be said; they have no press. French legislation, on the subject, is more Gothic than ever disgraced a nation. Let us not waste time in characterizing its absurdity, or predicting its results. The Great Nation have sunk into the lowest state of diseased babyism. America is too much occupied in improving her soil and commerce, to acquire either the curiosity or the acuteness of the ancient Athenians. Spain only contributes to the Pleasures of Hope. *Cetera desunt.*

The Daily Morning Papers.

The Times.—That Leviathan in point of authority, as Lord Castlereagh would say—that laboriously-conducted and widely-circulated newspaper, the *Times*, claims, of right, the first place in this first class. It has perhaps greater circulation than any two of its contemporaries. The average circulation is estimated at 7000 per day. This circulation commands an excess of advertisements, and the advertisements form the great revenue of the establishment. The great expense of the paper, exclusive of composing, and pressing by a steam-engine, is occasioned by the number of literary gentlemen employed in providing the daily literary supply. It appeared, lately, that Dr Stoddart had £.1500 a-year for writing the leading article. Besides two or three employed regularly or occasionally in what is called the conducting of the paper, there are upwards of a dozen reporters, regularly employed, at about £.300 a-year each. The great concern of the latter is the Parliamentary reports. In the Commons, the back and highest seat of the gallery, is almost entirely occupied by reporters. A door was lately opened in the middle of the passage, between the two end-doors of the Gallery, for the sole accommodation of reporters. In this station, a reporter for the *Times* takes his place sometime before four, when Mr Speaker takes the chair. As the House is generally occupied with private business till half after four, this *avant courier* of the corps keeps sentry till a quarter after five. Three quarters of an hour is thence forward the period of individual watch over the representatives of the nation. Each, as his moment comes, resigns his post to his punctual successor, and hurries on to the office near Blackfriars Bridge, where he extends in full length orthography, the hieroglyphics he had carved in the Gallery. On nights of great and protracted debates, the first, the second, and sometimes three or four of the first in order, repair to St Stephen's a second time, and repeat their toilsome labour. Some take regular short-hand, but the greater number take contracted notes. It is understood, that the reports from notes are

generally better than those from short hand; the latter being frequently extended in servile adherence to the hasty marks made at the time, without a thorough comprehension of the subject, and without relieving a prominent point, by compressing inferior details; while the former are extended by the aid of the memory and the understanding, the notes only prompting the one, and guiding the other. Three quarters of an hour of a regular speech is extended in the minion-type of the *Times* to something betwixt a column and a column and a half by the note-taker, and to two columns by the short-hand-writer. The writing out of a column requires between two and three hours. The Lords, more easy and genteel in their deliberations, seldom require more than one reporter. When they stir themselves up to a solemn debate, the gentlemen of the Commons watch their Lordships, inverting the order of succession. It should have been mentioned, that the line moves forward one step in rotation every week, so that the four o'clock *Argus* of this week takes his station last, somewhere about 10 or 11 o'clock next week. The *Times* frequently sends detachments of its reporters to all parts of the country, when any business of public interest arises. The trials at assizes in summer are pretty copiously reported—and, we believe, by means of their own reporters, the provincial papers being generally entirely unprovided with good reporters. The disgraceful events of 1819, at Manchester, were watched by the *Times* as vigilantly as if they had occurred in St George's Fields. County meetings are rendered public, by the same engine. Even foreign proceedings, of deep interest, as the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the discussions on the press in the French Chamber of Deputies, seem to have been attended by this ambitious Journal.

One word of the moral character of the *Times*. It is notorious in London, and indeed it was never questioned but for the basest purposes of malignant jealousy, that the reported statements in the *Times* are as accurate as the entire fidelity of fallible mortals can render them. We have heard of some atrocious ca-

lumnies, of fabrications and falsifications of reports, which we ascertained to be utterly groundless. It is humiliating to find men, engaged in literary pursuits, capable of inventing such foul charges. In this point of view, we consider the *Times* as faultless in the accuracy, as it is meritorious in the earliness, variety, and fullness of its reports. With respect to the editorial spirit of the paper, we are less disposed to praise or to admire it. Its politics had been ministerial, and pretty contemptuously and servilely ministerial, until sometime, we believe, in the year 1817. On the subject of the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, it opposed the views of Ministers, and since that period it has been generally and violently opposed to their measures. Yet we are not able to discover what are the real principles which it would support in the legislation and government of the country. Its principles may be liberal, just, and patriotic; but it obtrudes them not upon the public. On the military dispersion of an ignorant and ill-congregated mob—on the prosecution of an injured Queen, it boldly, strongly, and, we think, properly advocated the cause of the oppressed; but surely these are incidents which cannot lead to the true character of a Journal, or form the just foundation of its general conduct. We desiderate the guidance of a philosophic spirit, suited to the present enlightened age: we miss a living soul in this mass, with unity of design, as well as with ubiquity of vision, and energy of communication. The composition is sometimes ludicrously absurd; and the sentiments and illustrations are often fantastical and silly. Yet the *Times*, taking it altogether, is the greatest engine of public information that ever existed since the invention of speech and letters. Its power, as a medium of intelligence, is unquestionable; we are willing to believe that it is useful in promoting political reflection and public independence.

The Morning Chronicle.—This long-established paper has accumulated more character than any periodical paper ever known. This invaluable advantage it derived from the late Mr Perry, a man who, for

his public spirit and manly independence, may bear comparison with any character of his age. The principles of the *Chronicle* have always been those of Mr Fox, friendly to liberty, order, and right government. The sound discretion and fair judgment with which Mr Perry had always exercised his almost absolute power, called forth from Sir James Mackintosh, in the House of Commons, on the 23d of December 1819, the most splendid panegyric which literary integrity ever received. It was in a committee upon the abominable Libel Bill, which makes the repetition of what may be found a seditious libel, an offence punishable with banishment. The illustrious orator of moral philosophy described, with the vivid and fervid eloquence and truth, the great intellectual power which had grown up in Europe in the course of the last thirty years, and which influenced and directed public opinion and public feeling, with an authority almost despotic. As eminent in wielding this power, he portrayed the character of Mr Perry, exercising an unlimited jurisdiction over reputation and opinion, enveloped in the security of personal concealment, restrained only by his own discretion, yet never prosecuted for private libel, and never convicted of political libel. The object of the accomplished champion of the press was, to rescue, at least respectable Journalists, from the stigma of being liable to banishment. Mr Canning, then a Cabinet Minister, encountered the arguments, and the learning, and the eloquence of his honourable and learned friend. In a committee, members are not restricted to a speech and an explanation; but they may speak a second, a third, a fourth time—reply, and raise new arguments, *ad infinitum*. In this conflict, so unrestrained, Mr Canning came off defeated, but not dishonoured. A direct engagement with the literary and logical Ajax would have been instant demolition, therefore the wily Ulysses had recourse to stratagem. Intimidation was alleged to have been resorted to by Sir James, and Parliament was invoked to exercise courage, and to maintain a glorious superiority to apprehension and fear. Sir James repelled the parliamen-

tary trick, and restored his propositions and arguments to their original strength and beauty, adorning them, as he proceeded, with the finest spangles of classical illustrations, and resorting on his Right Honourable Friend with great power and elegance. Mr Canning admitted the title of Mr Perry to the praises so eloquently bestowed, but relieved his discomfiture by lively allusions, which supplied the place of argument and fact. He quoted, with great address and boundless effect, in reference to the mysterious intelligence which had been represented as despotic, by means of the public press, and shrouded in impenetrable concealment—

Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
(Quis Deus incertum est) habitat Deus.
Arcades ipsum
Credunt vidisse Jovem, cum sæpe nigramentum
Ægida conceveret dextra, nimbosque cie-
ret.

There was a species of poetical justice in thus conferring on Mr Perry, while in circumstances fully to enjoy it, the crown of laurel which his conduct and success had so justly merited, and in its being placed on his head by the hands of a countryman, the profoundest philosopher, and the finest writer of the age. Mr Perry had been active and distinguished among those who laid open the House of Commons to the public, by means of parliamentary reports. He advocated the principles of the Whigs, during their long and dreary struggles against Mr Pitt and his measures. The writer of this article heard him in 1816, surrounded by select and confidential friends, give a history of his own life, more interesting and more animating than fiction could possibly portray. It was a proud situation for a virtuous mind. But it is time to return from this digression.

Since the termination of the war, and the commencement of domestic proceedings, which deeply interested the public attention, there was a manifest inferiority in the *Morning Chronicle* to the *Times*. Of late, however, the former seems to have made more liberal exertions, for the purpose of obtaining earlier and

fuller intelligence. It is understood, that the editor is a gentleman of great enterprize, as well as of great learning and liberal views. There are as many gentlemen engaged by the *Morning Chronicle* as by the *Times*, in reporting debates and trials, and they are not considered inferior in abilities, acquirements, and character.

The Morning Post, Morning Herald, New Times, and British Press, are minor publications in every point of view. The last is professionally and odiously Whiggish. The first is notorious, and almost proverbial, for infinite anility. The *Herald* is an old paper, excessively ill conducted. The paper of Dr Stoddart is accused of a fraud in its title. The trick is utterly unworthy, surely, of a gentleman or a scholar. Provocation can never extenuate such a species of retaliation. The number of reporters engaged for this paper is considerable, but they are ill-educated and ill-paid Irishmen. The editor's province is most inelegantly and injudiciously filled up. Inflated swaggery is quite offensive on any side of politics; on the side of power, it is a combination of imbecility and insolence. The other morning papers, under this title, have few reporters, and no talent in their service.

The Public Ledger, and the Morning Advertiser, belong to particular classes. The property, management, and circulation of the *Ledger*, are vested in the shipping interest. Its reports are brief, but respectable. We believe, three reporters write out the parliamentary debates for them in the Gallery, during the heat of action. Of course it is a meagre, and often unequal abstract. One reporter supplies the *Advertiser*. This paper is the property of publicans, who supply it with abundance of advertisements, and insure a wide circulation in the trade. Its politics, if we must give it any, are popular. The *Ledger* was well edited by a gentleman, who indignantly spurned the abject principles of its managers: it is now extremely ill edited.

The Daily Evening Papers.

The Traveller, Courier, Star, Globe, &c.—The evening papers are chiefly indebted to the scissors. Their re-

ports are bad, being neither fully extended, nor judiciously extracted. Their title to attention must, therefore, depend upon their original discussions. We cannot admire much the taste or the skill with which they are conducted. The *Traveller* has lately improved its character, and elevated its tone; but it is a heavy vehicle, and rumbles roughly along. It is the evening organ of Opposition. The *Courier* is the noted organ of Ministers. There is a good deal of pert vivacity in its editorial column; but its shallowness of reason, literature, and wit, is apparent even to cockneys: it is a reproach to Ministers that they cannot hire an accomplished gentleman to advocate their politics.

The evening papers, and the several papers which are published thrice or twice in the week, have nothing peculiar or interesting in their manufacture. They are speculations in trade, almost as little connected with literary talents, or literary enterprize, as the mail-coach establishment which conveys them to the country.

Evils of the Daily Press.

"The slothful," says the wise man, "roast not that which they take in hunting." The profusion of game hunted down by daily papers, can be roasted neither by themselves nor by others. Few can read the whole of a daily paper; and the few who read them, find no definite or permanent impression made on their minds and memories. Events and opinions pass thus in rapid succession, and no comparison is suggested by them, nor can a comprehensive view be taken of our relative situation, and our course of progress. The daily papers have produced in politics the same unfortunate repletion, which printing and education have produced in literature. The profusion of the supply has annihilated property. In the golden age, when Nature, of her own accord, poured forth all that men required, there could be no such thing as property. The joys of industry, perseverance, success, and social liberality, would be unknown. When intelligence is so profusely poured forth, curiosity, inquiry, thought, and re-

flection, are quite incumbered, if not absolutely laid asleep. Weekly papers are obvious restoratives in this malady.

The Weekly Papers.

Sunday papers are but a late creation. We believe they were unknown to the eighteenth century. There have been at several periods objections alleged against their publication on the Sabbath day. There is, in fact, more of a sanctimonious plausibility in the objection, than of religion or sense. The argument was used, with the worst possible grace, by Dr Stoddart, who, in one day, profanes the Sunday more than all the Sunday papers can do in a year. But it would be unsuitable to our purpose here to discuss the question.

Cobbett.—This versatile writer publishes on Saturday, but his publication possesses no pretension to intelligence. It is a piece of vigorous and unreasoning abuse. He must be read, while any taste for bull-baiting, cock-fighting, pugilism, and Billingsgate eloquence, continue to degrade our natives. Cobbett is essentially a dealer in the passions, and not in reason. He has been an instrument only of public mischief.

The Observer is a mere mercenary vehicle of public intelligence, ill digested, and ill told. It contains not a line of comment. Coarser fare was never submitted to public curiosity.

The News is widely circulated, and contains no advertisements. The unambitious zeal and integrity of Mr Phipps give to it a personal interest, peculiar to itself. Its execution and spirit fit it exceedingly well for the lowest class of news-readers and political inquirers, among whom it must be productive of great good.

The Examiner makes great pretensions in various ways. Mr Hunt, its principal conductor, is a poet and a philosopher, *à ni generis*. We believe the public are not much indebted to his lucubrations, or much disposed to reward them. Having little to say, in favour of the work, we abstain from further criticism respecting its principles or its execution.

The Representative.—This paper is young, and therefore entitled to considerable indulgence. It professes to supply a manifest desideratum—a comprehensive selection of the Parliamentary debates, and of all public intelligence at home and abroad. The specimens already given indicate both ability and taste, in redeeming the pledge. But the condemnation of Ministers is too unqualified and contemptuous. Notwithstanding this, the paper is incomparably the best we have seen, for judgment, fidelity, and taste in the selection of interesting information.

But we must now drop the curtain upon our exhibition of the London Press, lest our readers should suspect that an Edinburgh Press, too, is overloaded with one subject.

NUGÆ CANORÆ.—PART III.

No. IX.

*Verses written in the vicinity of Ravenshough Castle, Fifeshire.**

THY ponderous walls, majestic Ravenshough ;
Thy convex front, with loop-holes grated o'er ;
Thy hoary turrets, and thy massive arches,
Which erst resounded to the warder's tramp ;
Thy gloomy vaults, pregnant with noxious damps ;
And thy tremendous fragments, scatter'd o'er
The neighbouring surface ; by the hand
Of Time
Torn from thy craggy base : These may delight
The studious, patient, plodding antiquary ;
But they delight not me. For heaven-born Freedom
Was ne'er a guest within thy ropy walls.
No ! She hath set her ban upon thy gates,

* "Near the east end of Dunnikier is the Castle of Ravenshough, on a rock stretching into the sea, the seat of the Lord Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, and of his predecessors, Earls of Orkney. William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, got from King James III. the Castle of Ravenshough, with some lands beside it, and an annual out of the burrow meals of Edinburgh, when he resigned his title of Orkney." (*Sir Robert Sibbald's History of Fife and Kinross.*)

And therefore mankind hath deserted thee ;
 And now thou'rt tennanted by owls and bats,
 And croaking reptiles, nauseous to name.
 Appall'd Humanity recoils with horror,
 And shudders at the sight. Yet thou shalt stand,
 For ages and for ages yet to come,
 Before a gazing, and a loathing world,
 A monument of ruthless tyranny !

Oft, from thy narrow lattices, have rung
 The barbarous notes of feudal revelry ;
 Oft have the enormous oaken tables
 groan'd
 Beneath a load of rare nutritious viands,
 Wrung from thy lordly owner's squalid
 vassals ;
 Whilst they, perchance, lay cowering in
 their huts,
 Expos'd to all the rigour of the season :
 Their miserable progeny, meanwhile,
 Stung by the clamorous calls of appetite,
 Lie wailing for a portion of such food
 As would disgust the inmates of a kennel.

Oh, gloomy castle, how shall I pourtray
 The horrors of thy dreadful dungeon keep !
 A pit impervious to the light of heaven,
 By savage hands scoop'd from the solid
 rock ;

Where yet the beams of yonder blessed
 sun

(Apt emblem of the glorious Deity)
 Ne'er shed a solitary ray. Yet here
 Imagination, by her heaven-lit torch,
 Descries, recumbent on his flinty couch,
 A wretched victim, groaning 'neath a
 load

Of shackles, bolts, and ignominious chains,
 And moistening his mouldy crust with
 tears.

No sounds salute his miserable ears,
 Except the creaking of his dungeon hatch,
 Or the quick throbbing of his woe-worn
 heart,

Till some high day, when congregated
 vassals

Do feudal service to their barbarous lord,
 They see their quondam fellow-serv
 pend

High (in terrorem) from the castle walls.

Wouldst know the crime the culprit had
 committed,
 That vengeance thus pursued him to the
 grave ?

Urg'd by those feelings which the God of
 nature

Had planted in his breast, he rais'd his
 arm

Against his tyrant lord, and sav'd his
 daughter

From worse than dire destruction—vio-
 lation !

Oh, hell-born Tyranny ! I deadly hate
 Thy hideous form, whatever garb thou
 tak'st ;

Whether thou'rt clothed in imperial pur-
 ple,

Or, like a stern republican, in russet—
 Whither thou'rt rob'd in lawn Episcopal,
 Or cover'd with the Presbyterian cloak :
 Still I detest thee from my inmost soul.

Oh may some dreadful, some unheard of
 curse,

Surcharged with more than common ven-
 geance, burst

Upon the heads of those devoted men
 That would accelerate their country's
 fall,

And bury glorious Freedom in its ruins !

* * * * *

V. D.

No. X.

Lines to my First Born.

(Written under circumstances of family
 distress.)

THIRICE welcome to a father's arms,
 Thou innocent and lovely blossom,
 My heart with joy and rapture warms,
 As thus I clasp thee to my bosom.
 Thy helpless form's a shield from harm,
 Thy looks are sweet as beauty's smile,
 And if thy lips breath forth a charm,
 Which might the savage heart beguile,
 What thoughts must in that bosom move,
 That loves thee with a father's love !

Though I had hopeless sunk beneath,
 The withering blast that ruin shed ;
 And though misfortune's faded wreath,
 Has twined around thy natal bed ;
 Though trusted friends forsook and fled,
 In days of darkness and of danger ;
 And though thy infant head was laid,
 Upon the bosom of the stranger,
 Yet I a faithful friend will prove,
 And love thee with a father's love !

Oh ! be thy life more bless'd than mine
 Has ever been, or seems to be !
 May brighter days upon thee shine,
 Than ever yet have dawn'd on me !
 Yes, I will hope, though clouds of woe
 Have tinged thy morn of life with sad-
 ness,

That future years with bliss may glow,
 And noonday suns yet beam with
 gladness ;

In weal or woe, thy friend I'll prove,
 And love thee with a father's love !

N.

No. XI.

Stanzas to Mrs ———

O LADY, thy form is more beauteous and fair
 Than the Heathen imagin'd a goddess possess'd !
 And thine eyes shed a radiance more dazzling by far
 Than the stars which illumin'd the bowers of their blest :

And thou hast a voice that is sweeter than ought
 That e'er fancy ascrib'd to Elysian lyres ;
 And thy smiles so seraphic, are equal'd by nought,
 Save the rapture transcendant thy presence inspires.

A truce with your roses, the simile's trite ;
 And lilies are equally heartless and faint :
 Thy Maker has made thy soul's index so bright,

It approaches the look of a glorified saint.

As the iris that glows o'er yon grain-cover'd field,

The tints of the eve with its brilliancy blends :

So thy wisdom and wit, by true modesty veil'd,

Delight and enrapture thy circle of friends.

As the scorching effulgence, that flows from the sun,

In its course through the air becomes temper'd and kind ;

So the eloquent sweetness that flows from thy tongue,

Is, with dove-like simplicity, mix'd and combin'd.

And purity's self thou hast been from thy birth,

Although thou hast oft with adversity striven ;—

But still shine in the paths of religion on earth,

And thy spirit shall shine 'midst the splendours of heaven ! V. D.

No. XII.

A Visit to a Field of Battle by night.

I SOUGHT the field, where just had been
 The devastating storm of war ;
 'Twas still, yet sadly still, I ween,
 And lighted by night's pale star.

The air breath'd thick, and deeply drench'd

Each shudd'ring step I trode on gore ;
 And still where hoofs or wheels had trench'd,

The crimson pool stood brining o'er.

No sound was there, save the low moan,
 That, worse than silence, chill'd the heart,

Or scar'd by footsteps passing on,
 The carion crow was heard depart.

The wind's low murmurs seem'd to breathe

A dirge of sorrow as they sped,
 And on the pale cold brow of death,
 The tears of night were softly shed.

And round the mangl'd ruin spread
 So thick, I scarce could hold my way.
 Whilst every step I shak with dread,
 Lest placed upon their lifeless clay.

So late had been the hour of strife,
 Their still'ning limbs were not yet cold ;
 And slowly ooz'd the stream of life,
 From hearts where such had still a hold.

And many the breast lay dead'ning there,
 That swell'd with buoyant hope that morn ;

And many the bosom breathes despair,
 For those who never can return.

Oh ! had its authors calmly view'd,
 This scene of horror as it lay !—
 The instant victims of their feud—
 The agony that's far away ;

Yet might their breasts have felt a throe
 Of pity, for the ruin wrought,—
 Man yet might cease to be man's foe,
 And fame by murder to be bought !
 W.

REMINISCENCES OF AULD LANGSYNE.

When silent time, with lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 My native vale again I sought,
 With many hopes and fears.

Miss Blamire.

HUMAN life has been compared to the revolutions of the seasons, to a voyage, to the journey of a day, and to a dream of the night, which vanishes with the morning. Some metaphysical philosophers have endeavoured to reason us into the belief, that Time, if not absolutely a non-entity, is a mode of existence, the ideal duration of which might be different in every species of animated beings, and even among individuals of the same species. Upon their principles, a man's life is long, or short, not according to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies which he may have witnessed, or the number of summers and winters through which he

may have alternately broiled and shivered; but in proportion to the number and succession of ideas which may have floated in his sensorium.

y Without entering upon an investigation of this paradoxical subject, it may be safely predicted, that he whose span of existence has extended to threescore and ten years, according to the usual mode of computing time, will, upon reflection, draw nearly a similar conclusion, although from different premises. He will look back to the period when about fifteen or twenty of these years had passed, and remember with what fondness he gazed on the half century that lay in perspective before him—seeming to form an interminable vista, the extremity of which was lost in the vast distance to which it extended. Now that it has passed, and he turns round, to take a retrospective view, he is surprised to find that the magnificent prospect has diminished to a point, or faded into a shadow. He then becomes convinced, that the long and pleasant journey which he contemplated with rapturous delight,—his fancy rioting, at the different stages, in joyous anticipation—is but a dream of the night!

It is not my present purpose to advert to the revolutions of states and empires—the rise of the mean, or the fall of the mighty; but if you, Mr Editor, can have patience with, and afford room for, the lucubrations of an old man, I shall endeavour to note a few of the many changes which I have witnessed in my narrow sphere; and bearing in mind, that old people are apt to believe that the world, and those who dwell therein, are degenerating—that the sun has less heat, and the moon has become dim with age—that the people are more wicked, and that all things are hastening to dissolution—I shall confine myself to a faithful contrast of what I have seen with what I now see; leaving you and your readers (if you shall think my senilities worthy of presenting to them) to form your own conclusions: and as my *Reminiscences* will not readily admit of classification, I shall record a few, just in the order in which they occurred.

I believe Dr Johnson has somewhere said, that that which we can do but once, is generally done; while

that which we can do at any time, is procrastinated, and very often neglected. Such was exactly the case with a visit, which I had projected every season for a dozen years past, to “the bonny glen, where curly life I sported.” And although thirty years had glided away since I had last seen it, fancy still painted it on my memory with an infinitude of endearing recollections. Whether the passion had grown stronger, or if it was the temptation of fine weather, I shall not determine; but early in last autumn, I put my long-formed resolution into effect.

Having engaged a seat in the Union Coach through Fife, I took my departure early in the morning, and leaving the smoke of Auld Reekie behind me, arrived at Newhaven, where the steam-boat was ready to sail, or rather paddle through the water, like a duck, or any other web-footed fowl. The number of passengers exceeded threescore, a medley of rank, sex, and age. “When shall we be at Pettycur?” enquired one. “In three quarters of an hour,” was the reply. This was gratifying to me; for I still recollected, that the last time I crossed, which was more than thirty years ago, we were upwards of six hours on the passage, and had the pleasure of surveying the coast on both sides alternately, for several miles, although I believe most part were too sick to derive much enjoyment from the excursion; and in that state, their best accommodation was to crawl down to a damp, dark, and dreary hold, where the different senses were assailed in a manner which had no tendency to alleviate the disorder. Anxious to discover as much as possible of this new mode of marine travelling, after having surveyed the machinery by which we were propelled, independently of wind or tide, I entered the cabin, and there beheld arrangements for convenience and amusement, as if we had been to make a voyage across the Atlantic. Here were cushioned seats, luxurious couches, mirrors, books, a chess-board, a back-gammon-table, and musical instruments. I soon began to feel, however, that, amidst all their improvements, they had not been able to abolish sea-sickness; but there was at least one comfort, it would

be of short duration. I sought the open air on deck; my squeamishness wore off, and we landed at Pettycur within the time promised. Marching up to Cameron's inn, we were conducted into a large, clean, carpeted parlour, till the coach should be ready to start. I mention this, as a contrast to the last time that I landed here with some ladies, when we were shown into a low, damp room, with a stone floor, strewn with fish bones, and other offensive offals; while every thing around us exhaled an effluvia as if the room had been fummigated with tobacco, which, with the marks upon the floor, bespoke the enjoyments of its last occupants; and we had been glad to escape into the open air, and encounter the bitings of a sharp easterly wind, for nearly an hour, till summoned to a dish of bad tea, infused in smoked water, with sour cream, stale bread, and brown sugar; after which, as all the post-chaises in Kinghorn had been engaged, we were under the necessity of wading through the mud to Kirkcaldy. But I now found that no fewer than three coaches run betwixt Forth and Tay every lawful day, exclusive of several neat post-chaises, in Cameron's stable-yard.

Now came in Mr Stewart, Guard of the Union Coach, portly in person, and nearly as elegant in apparel as if he had been a Yeoman of the King's Guard; politely touching his hat, and announcing that he was ready to start. I had taken a ticket for an inside seat, but as the morning was fine, I now preferred being on the outside, for the purpose of seeing the country. This, however, was not easy to be obtained; but the Guard, ever ready to oblige, by a little manœuvring, contrived to negotiate an exchange between a passenger and me, and I believe pleased both of us. We whirled away, and I learned that we should be in Cupar to breakfast about ten o'clock.

The ancient burgh of Kinghorn seemed very little altered in appearance; but the road between it and Kirkcaldy, as well as all the farms in view, were wonderfully improved, the fields on every side glowing with the richness of a luxuriant harvest. When we came within sight of the "Long Town," I beheld eight or ten

dense columns of smoke rising in the air, which I understood were from as many spinning-mills moved by steam. Although, to one accustomed to the high houses and fine buildings of our Metropolis, a provincial town must necessarily have a mean appearance, yet I believed that of Kirkcaldy much improved. I saw many good houses, and well-looking shops; and in glancing at the signs, discovered those of two booksellers and a printing-office. For several miles beyond this, the rapid progress of agriculture had not yet materially changed the bleak aspect of the country. Approaching the Leven, however, the scene becomes delightful. On the right wave the deep and shady woods of Balgonie; on the left, Leslie-house peeps through the trees in the valley; while the classic village of the same name crowns the precipitous bank: right before the traveller are the thick clustering groves of Balbirnie, with the village of Markinch, and its lofty church spire peeping through the trees. We reached the river, and found its banks crowded with buildings, and the stream loaded with machinery, for grinding corn, sawing timber, switching flax, spinning, bleaching, paper-making, distilling whisky, mining coal, and other purposes. The water of Leven issues from the lake of the same name. Its course, to where it mingles with the ocean, is only about eleven miles; and I was told, that, in its progress, it turns from fifty to sixty water-wheels. This shews plainly the thriving state of the country.

I had been, rather unfortunately, placed between two dandies, who affected great airs, and wished to show themselves off as men of taste and letters; but I soon discovered, that their reading had been almost confined to that supplied from the shelves of a circulating library. After much talk about novels, and these not the best of their species, they began to discuss the merits of our modern poets, and a warm dispute ensued. With one, Byron was the first of poets, and Don Juan his *chef d'œuvre*. In support of this assertion, he quoted several most objectionable passages from that ill-starred production. The other allow-

ed their excellence, but insisted upon the palm being yielded to Moore, resting his claim upon an early work of that bard's, published under an assumed name, from which we were annoyed with quotations, which, if not so disgusting as those from Don Juan, were equally licentious. I observed a young woman, of a most interesting appearance, seated close by one of them, who was evidently much distressed by their impertinence; although she turned aside her head, a deep blush suffused itself over her fine expressive features. To get as far as possible from this annoyance, when we changed horses at the New Inn, as most of the passengers went down, I took the seat next the Guard, while the girl, with a faint smile and slight blush, inquired whether I would allow her to sit beside me?

About a mile forward, we saw a porter's lodge and elegant gate-way, left unfinished, and which apparently "led to nothing." "Ah!" said I, "here has been one who began to build without counting the cost—this is Irish improvement!" We observed several populous and thriving villages on the road, and passed Crawford Priory, a most romantic-looking, half-finished design, seated in a bleak hollow. The banks of the Eden, in the vicinity of Cupar, are richly cultivated, and adorned with country seats.

We entered Cupar, and stopped at the Tontine Inn and Hotel, where Mr Macnab, the landlord, was at the coach-door, ready to hand out the passengers, or assist those who descended from the roof. He ushered us into a spacious apartment, where an elegant breakfast was laid out, the richness and variety of which were sufficient to court the most fastidious appetite; and when to this were added the invitations and cheerful attentions of the landlord, who stood, not only ready, but anxious to assist every guest to the delicacies that smiled before us, and the substantial viands which loaded the side-board, I think, had a monk of La Trappe been present, he would have infringed upon the vows of his order.

There being some appearance of rain, I took my seat inside, and

found myself in company with a lady and two gentlemen, one of whom I discovered to belong to the army, and to be lately returned from India. The conversation naturally turned upon the civilization of India, and the conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity—a subject in which I found both of them interested, and well informed of the progress made in this most important undertaking. I heard of the many different languages into which the Scriptures had been, or were in progress of being translated, and of the encouragement given by all ranks to Scramporc College, and to the native schools. The other gentleman, I found, was a landed proprietor in the West Highlands. He spoke with much feeling on the diffusion of knowledge in that quarter, by the recent establishment of Gaelic schools, and expressed his intention of liberally aiding these institutions.

We were now in sight of Dundee; and, although foreign to my subject, I cannot avoid requesting the stranger, who has never seen Dundee, should he come by this, which is termed the east, or Cupar road, to observe the *comp d'aile* which the town and harbour present before him, when they first appear in view; the town clustering deep and thick, towards the river; the suburbs extending to right and left, and surrounded behind and in flank by elegant country boxes; from the centre of the town, the long extended suburb of the Bonnet-hill rising majestically like an amphitheatre; then the precipitous Law, raising its green head, and proudly swelling in the background; the whole forming a most striking and interesting landscape.

We crossed the Tay in little more than fifteen minutes, and landed in Dundee about noon. I had some difficulty in persuading myself that it was not later, or that I was so far distant from home in so short a time. Having some acquaintances in the town, I proposed passing a night there, promising myself much enjoyment, in talking over the tales of other times, and the deeds of days long gone by.

Calling upon an old friend, whom I had seen but once since the commencement of the present century, I received a most cordial welcome,

and was invited up stairs to a lunch; but Macnab's luxurious breakfast had left me no appetite, and I wished rather he would sally forth with me to reconnoitre the town. The new harbour was the first object of attraction, and the magnitude of the plan seemed a proof of the growing trade and prosperity of the place. Instead of the old narrow and crooked passage from the High Street to the harbour, I found two spacious streets, one of which contained an elegant Episcopalian chapel, a theatre, hotel, and several spacious shops.

I dined *en famille* with my friend, and had him, with a few more, to sup with me in the hotel. Here I learned that there were eight or ten booksellers, where I had formerly known only three, and that they had two printing-offices, one of them upon an extensive scale; also two weekly newspapers, while I recollected the time that there was not a newspaper published to the north of the Forth, except one in Aberdeen! The mention of newspapers operated upon my friends like electricity, and they plunged into the gulf of borough politics. I sat a silent hearer, but many questions were put, and appeals made to me. Having long ago been sick of the subject, I replied, "Why, gentlemen, I am convinced that Borough Reform would be a good thing, and is much wanted; but the constant talk about it is become as tiresome and palling to the appetite, as the French Abbé's '*toujours perdrix*;' and let me tell you, I have enough of it at home." This remark changed the subject, and the evening passed pleasantly. I lodged with my friend, and after retiring, began to ruminate on the various incidents of the day. The diffusion of literature—two booksellers and a printing-press in Kirkcaldy, and two newspapers in Dundee, afforded room for speculation; and I dropt asleep, while endeavouring to balance a debtor and creditor account, for literature, with what I had heard on the outside and in the inside of the Union Coach.

Having hired a pony, I set forward on my journey after breakfast. The day was fine, and I rode slowly, enjoying the scene that seemed to smile on every side, "each rural sight, each rural sound." About four

o'clock, I reached the place where I had fixed to leave the pony, within about two miles of my destination, which had been the residence of my grandfather, a substantial farmer of the olden-time, and under whose roof I had passed my school-boy years. The lands were still occupied by my cousin, who was nearly a score of years my junior, and who had in early life married a lady, whose boast was, that she had got a genteel education. I proceeded on foot, with as much impatience and fond solicitude as I had felt forty years ago, when hastening to meet my Ellen in the clump of birches that flanked her paternal mansion. I climbed the ascent which was to afford me a panoramic view of the still dear and happy valley, where the first twenty years of my life had glided away, calm and unruffled as the stream that winds along the glen, bounded by shrub-clad rocks and flowery meadows. Panting and breathless, I reached the summit, and seating myself on a mossy hillock, began to contemplate the landscape which opened around me. In the Doric style of Macneil,

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
Canty har'st was just begun;
And on mountain, tree, an' water,
Glinted saft the setting sun.

The sky was cloudless and serene; but how great was my astonishment to find, that almost every object on which my fancy dwelt with delighted anticipation, had vanished! My grandfather's farm-steading had disappeared. The venerable trees, whose verdure formed a beautiful contrast to the gray spire of the church, peeping out between them, were felled—and the hoary steeple itself levelled in the dust. The clustering village, with its blue smoke curling to the clouds, was no more; the broom-clad banks and thickets of blossomed furze, where I and my school-fellows had wandered on a Saturday afternoon, a bird-nesting, were all grubbed up, and the broad open fields now intersected with hedge-rows. Had it not been for the old castle in the background, and the surrounding hills, these less mutable features of Nature's workmanship, I should have believed that I had mistaken my way. After having gazed for some time, I disco-

vered what I supposed to be the residence of my cousin, on a different part of the farm ; and I descended into the valley, with the features and costume of its inhabitants vividly and distinctly painted on the retina of my memory ; but the faces of all whom I met, young or old, were unknown to me, and their dress quite different from the images which my fancy had created.

Having by letter announced my visit, I was expected, and met with a hospitable reception from my cousin and his family. I was conducted into a carpeted parlour, with fine mahogany chairs, table, and other furniture. I thought of my grandfather's stone-floored ben-house, and his long-backed arm-chair ; but endeavoured to disguise my feelings. After supper, rum and Highland whisky were placed upon the table, and I was compelled to drink more than suited my inclination. My cousin accompanied me up stairs, to an elegant bed-room, where, after he had left me, I sat gazing around me, thinking of the wooden-bed in the little closet where I had slept half a century ago. Having retired to bed, I slept and dreamed—but why should I say what? Suffice it, that I was again a child. In the morning, I stole down stairs, walked out, and amused myself in surveying my cousin's establishment. I found his carts, ploughs, and every implement, in the most superior style ; and an elegant gig, with fine plated harness, stood in a shed, apparently built for its reception. I was puzzled with the appearance of a strange-looking thing, in the vicinity of the barn-yard, and after many conjectures, believed it to be a thrashing-machine. At breakfast, an elegant tea-urn hissed upon the table, and I was asked whether I preferred tea or coffee? I replied, In the country, I expected rural fare, and should rather chuse a basin of milk-porridge. This, however, was positively refused, and I was regaled with all the varieties of a hotel. After breakfast, I accompanied my cousin to the field where his shearers were at work ; and expressing my surprise at their number, which was at least double what I had expected to see, and also at the irregularity of their procedure, for some were ad-

vanced more than a hundred yards before the others, I enquired whether they were *kemping*? (*Anglice* striving.) “No ; we have no kemping now,” was the reply. “But you must have greatly enlarged your farm, to require so many hands?” “Not at all—you are thinking of Sixty Years ago, when our grandfather had a certain number engaged for the harvest, which he was obliged to lodge and feed, wet or dry, foul or fair. Of all these before you, not one is engaged beyond the day. I may discharge them all at night, and they may refuse to come back to-morrow ; my ripe corns will be cut down in a day or two, and I shall not have more for nearly a week.” Upon approaching the motley train, I found the far greater part to consist of the female sex ; widows with their children, maidens, and “matrons never wed.” My friend bore a machine in his hand, with which he took the dimensions of the sheaves, lest, as he said, he should be cheated, as all were paid by piece-work. We sauntered over the farm, and returned to the same field, when the reapers were at dinner. They were scattered in groups, seated on the stubble, some sitting in a state of joyless solitude, others with two or three children ; and instead of the nutritious and invigorating malt liquor, with oaten-loaf, which had formerly been the fare on the harvest field, I observed that most part had cakes and skimmed milk ; and each, as her unsocial meal was finished, rose and resumed her labours. The whole had a sombre and melancholy appearance, very different from what I had been accustomed to see in the days of Langsyne. “Ah !” said I, “this is indeed the dowie song of the Flowers of the Forest realized.

“In har'st at the shearing, nae youngsters are jeering,
The bansters are runkled, and lyart, and gray,
Nae daffin nor gabblin—”

I expected to see “the joyous band, each by the lass he loves.” “Ay !” replied my cousin, “you are still thinking of Sixty Years ago !” We went in to dinner : some neighbours had been invited, I suppose in compliment to me : the table groaned

with abundance and variety; and my cousin, in a hasty and rather irreverent manner, pronounced, "For what we are to receive, Lord make us thankful, Amen." Copious and joyous libations of rum and whisky toddy crowned the dinner, which, although some might have denied being "the feast of reason," certainly exhibited "the flow of soul." After tea, a dancing-master arrived, and the parlour was converted into a ball-room. The younger branches of the family having received their lessons, the company joined in reels, strathspeys, and country-dances, from which I found considerable difficulty in excusing myself. The cares and pleasures of the day were closed with again eating and drinking; and I retired, musing on the past and the present, and saying, as I was sinking into a slumber, "Surely life is but a dream!"

Next day was Saturday, and it rained so heavily that there was no stirring out; we were therefore confined to the parlour, talking, to beguile the "joyless day," with all the younger branches of the family present. Of these, the eldest was Sophia, a fine blooming girl of about eighteen; Peter, the eldest boy, appeared to be about fifteen. I inquired whether the boys were at school, the object of their studies, the economy of the school, and the character of their teacher? "Our school-master," said my cousin, "is a fine dashing young fellow, lately licensed to preach, very clever, and most excellent company. I hope he will be home from his vacation jaunt before you leave us. You shall see him. Respecting the methods followed in the school Peter will inform you." "Well, Peter, what does he teach?" said I. "We have, Sir, a Latin, a French, and a Geography class, besides all the lower branches of education." "Ah! these are improvements upon my school-boy days; we had Latin, to be sure; but French and Geography were unknown. You have got a new school-house too, I presume?" "O yes, Sir; would you wish to see it?" "I should have liked better to have visited the old one; although it would have grieved me to have seen another in the place of that venerable man, whom fancy still places before

me, in the act of morning or evening prayers." Here Peter stared at me, repeating the word "Prayers!" "Yes, prayers," said I; "sure your teacher prays for a blessing upon his labours?" "Perhaps he does, but it is not in our hearing—your master had been a Seceder!" "No, he was not; but I believe he was a pious man, who had the welfare of all under his charge seriously at heart." "And how often did your dominie pray in the school?" "Twice every day—morning and evening." "And were you all very devout?" "His manner commanded outward attention; but I hope many joined him in their hearts. His style and supplicating attitude made an impression on the minds of his pupils. He stood as if surrounded by his children, and the expressions of tender regard which we heard him utter made him be esteemed as a father. But how often do you repeat your Catechism?" "Sir?" said Peter, not because he did not hear, but from not understanding the question. "How often do you answer questions?" said I. "Every Geography lesson, Sir?—we are fashed with them. I have worn out a set of maps, and cannot yet answer half of them. Tam, there, is the boy for questions; he can tell you all the Kings of England, and all the battles from William the Conqueror, at the battle of Hastings, down to Bunker's-hill." "And all the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the Scripture Proofs of course?" said I. "We have no such book, Sir." "What! do you not learn the Single Catechism?" "No; I never saw it, since the time I was learning the A, B, C, at Marion Lindsay's." Here I thought Peter's father blushed a little—whether for himself or me, I could not determine. "Well, to be sure, your teacher saves himself much time and trouble, besides tear and wear of taws. When I was at school, every scholar had to learn one, two, or three questions, with the proofs, and repeat them every evening; and, on Saturday, a recapitulation of the whole took place, even to the end of the Catechism, by all who could proceed so far.—How many lessons in the Bible do you read daily?" "We have no Bibles in the school, Sir." "What

books do you read?" "Spelling-books, Collections, Grammars, books on Geography, and Histories of England, Scotland, Greece, and Rome." "And what do you learn by heart?" "Questions in Geography and History, and speeches and scenes from plays, 'to recite and act at the vacation.'" "And you have acted several characters, no doubt?" "Yes Sir; 'All the world's a stage;' and 'Man in his life plays many parts;' I have been Brutus, Douglas, Glenalvon, Sir John Brute, and Sir Charles Racket—Sophy, there, makes the best Lady Racket in the parish, and Bell a most excellent Lady 'Townly.'" "You will have fine cocks in training for your cock-fight—were you ever king?" "We have no cock-fight, Sir." "Well, I must say, that is one old custom, 'more honoured in the breach than the observance;' although the economy of a school, and the plan of education, seem sadly changed since I was a scholar." "No doubt they are," said my cousin; "but that was nearly Sixty Years ago!"

After dinner, being still prevented from walking out, we talked of old customs, and I inquired whether they had many beggars? "We have no beggars in the parish; but a great many paupers, and heavy taxes for their support," said my cousin. "How is that? When I left the parish, the poor's fund was rich, having some hundred pounds laid out at interest." "I state facts, without pretending to develop causes," replied he.

Observing me beginning to yawn, he inquired whether I would like a song, and a tune upon the piano forte? "O by all means," said I; "music is my delight; and a good song from a bonny lassie is like quaffing claret from a golden goblet." Sophia blushed slightly at the compliment; and after being formally requested, sat down to the many-stringed instrument. I do not pretend to judge what science she displayed; but she certainly exhibited execution, and rattled the keys with a dexterity which astonished, rather than delighted me. For Scots reels we had German waltzes, French quadrilles, and Fairy Dances. When I requested her to play a soft air, and accom-

pany it with her voice, instead of the *Yellow Hair'd Laddie*, or *Gala Water*, I got Italian sonatas, or some of Moore's Irish melodies; but these I knew only by the music, for although she squalled loudly, I never understood a word she uttered; and during an hour's performance, we had not one piece of national music. My ears were sometimes tickled, but my heart was never touched—no kindred chord was struck—no association of ideas kindled in my mind. Tired of this triumph of art over nature, I ventured to ask for the *Wauking of the Fauld*. She blushed and said, "I am sorry I have no set of that tune." "Well, then, let us have *Elrick Banks*, *Will ye go to the Eve-bughts*, *Marion*, or the *Birks of Invermay*." She now blushed more deeply, stretching her fingers on the keys, and, as I thought, comparing the whiteness of the one with the other. To relieve her embarrassment, her mother said, "My dear Sir, I find you are as little acquainted with the fashion in music, as with the present mode of conducting a school: the songs and tunes you mention might have been the fashion Langsyne; but they are all out now—Sophy, my dear, play the *Battle of Prague*. O, Sir, you will be enchanted; it is a combination of all that is harmonious, soft, and powerful in music; you will be delighted to hear the twang of the trumpets, the rattling of the drums, the roaring of the cannon, the galloping of horses, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying! O, Sir, you will be enraptured!" Most luckily for my ears, and probably for my nerves, the book containing this wonderful piece was lent out, and I had not the *delight* of listening to "the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying!"

Next day, Sunday, we breakfasted later than usual, and the ladies were often reminded to make haste in dressing, for that we should be too late for church. "O no," said Sophia; "singing and praying are not preaching—we shall be there in time enough." "That," said I, "is just what I have heard Sixty Years ago." However, we arrived early, and as it was not the fashion to go in till the

minister appeared, I had time to survey the church-yard, and shake hands with a few old acquaintances, who still recognized me. Of these, some attempted to turn my attention to the new church; but my thoughts were directed to those who were sleeping in silence around me. New monumental stones told of departed friends, and of those which I distinctly remembered to have seen, many were broken in pieces, and the fragments strewed above the graves of those they had been raised to commemorate: "Oh!" said I, mentally, "life is a vapour, and posthumous fame a dream!" From the dead, I turned to the living, and began to compare the crowd around me with those whom I had seen assembled in the same place, in the days of *Langsyne*, when every woman, young and old, came to church with her tartan plaid pinned over her head like a hood; whereas, now, with the exception of a few old women, all had silk, or straw bonnets, in several of which were plumes of feathers, nodding at every motion. I recollected the time when there were only three hats in the parish, and these were worn by the minister, the schoolmaster, and the laird: the two first were cocked, or, as we termed them, three-nooked hats; the last had some resemblance to those of the present day, with the addition of being braced up at the sides with silken strings. Blue worsted bonnets, with scarlet borders, and a small red knot in the centre of the crown, were then the fashion; but now, I could not discover more than half-a-dozen around me. The service began with singing, which was conducted by a few, in so fine a style, that the far greater part listened in silence. During prayers, although the most were decently attentive, there appeared little of the spirit of devotion. The first discourse was a lecture, and, in my opinion, too learned for the auditory; but it shewed the critical acumen of the orator. We then had a most excellent practical sermon, after which, prayers and singing closed the public services of the day.

"Well, what think you of our new church?" was asked, as we sat down to dinner. "Is not that a change for the better?" "Yes, I acknowledge

that white ceiling over one's head is more comfortable than naked rafters and damp slates. Instead of the hour-glass, which I used to see, standing in an iron frame on the preceptor's desk, you have got an elegant time-piece, fixed in the front of the gallery. One seat of public notoriety I am glad to find you have abolished; its absence bespeaks a refinement in taste, and an improvement in morals, which it is pleasant to contemplate."

"You mean the Black Stool," said my cousin, smiling. "The same—I suppose you have no occasion for it now." "I'll not just say that; the doctrine of Malthus has no influence here—human nature is still the same as it was Sixty Years ago; and although the French war made a considerable drain upon our population, I am of opinion, that that was supplied by the influence of French principles; for those who went into the army, generally left one, sometimes two behind, to fill their place.—But how do you like our minister?"

"Why, I have no fault to find with any thing he said, and as a man cannot say every thing in one day, I must excuse him for what he did not say; although I think he might have given you another hour of it."

"O, he knows it is harvest just now, and that the folks are tired. What thought you of the sermon?" "It was plain and practical; the doctrine he laid down evident from the text; his divisions few, and easily understood and remembered. Had my old acquaintance Mr Splittext handled the subject, he would have had six or seven distinct heads, and every one of these subdivided into at least as many more, with occasional ramifications, and then half-a-dozen of inferences by way of application. But, as I have always thought that a minister discharges only part of his duty in the pulpit, I should rather enquire how *you* like him?" "All the parish, with few exceptions, are well pleased with him; he is a sensible man, does his duty in a quiet manner, and is noways troublesome." "Is he rigid in his examinations?" "O no; he notices from the pulpit what district he wishes to attend, and he is not troubled with many; some servant lasses, and old women, are the most that attend." "But

he must take an opportunity of examination when he visits private families?" "He visits none, except at the laird's. He was never under our roof but at our christenings, and these, I believe, are all past." "Well, that is a great change indeed; when I was a youngster, Mr Splitttext had the parish divided into districts, and kept a register of every name, distinguishing parents and children from servants; and every year, when he went his rounds, the names were called over, from his old muster-roll—a new one made up, if necessary—absences marked, and expected to attend in the neighbouring district;—those who were very ignorant were marked in such a way, as he recollected next year when he inquired into their improvement. In the same manner, the children who exhibited a retentive memory were applauded and encouraged—but none was excused from appearing; and those whose infirmities prevented them from attending, were visited at their own residence." "Well, that was being too particular," said my cousin, "and must have been very troublesome." "Ay, but, my dear," replied his yoke-fellow, "that was Langsyne, and is all done away with, and quite unfashionable now!"

We had a party at tea. Among the ladies, the conversation turned upon fashions in dress, and the best methods of making jellies and marmalade. The different modes of farming, and the best breeds of black cattle, afforded ample topics for my own sex. It was late before they departed, and we went to bed soon after.

Next morning, I rose early, and walking out, saw four light ploughs, drawn by two horses each, on the same field where I had formerly seen a clumsy machine, dragged along by eight oxen, at about half the speed. Proceeding forward to the summit of the bank, that I might have a view of the trout pool, which had afforded me many an afternoon's sport, I saw a large building in the bottom of the valley, with many windows in front, and a number of contiguous cottages. Although inclined to approach it, I resolved to suppress my curiosity, and make inquiries at breakfast. "It is a

flax spinning-mill," said my cousin. "Have you ever seen the interior of one?" "Never." "Then we shall visit this in the forenoon." We did so. I never had a mechanical head, and every thing was to me cause of wonder; the complicated appearance of the machinery, and wheels revolving over my head and on all sides of me, produced an emotion which I had never felt before. The superintendent was at great pains to explain every thing; but his language was so interlarded with technical terms, that I could not have understood it, even if I had heard it distinctly; but although he bawled in my ear till my head ached, such was the incessant noise, that I lost more than half of what he said. I admired the different modes and processes of preparation for flax and tow, by cards and other machinery; but when I saw a girl attending a frame of thirty spindles, all revolving with amazing velocity, I was lost in astonishment, and left the work, with my ears buzzing, and my brain whirling. This formed a subject for conversation after dinner. "Of all the changes which I have yet seen," said I, "none appears so wonderful as this. Indeed, the whole might seem the work of magic; when I consider the immense distance, both in point of invention and performance, between the machines of which we speak, and my grandmother's mode of spinning, Sixty Years ago, when she sat in a corner, with the rock (*Anglicè*, distaff) fixed in her bosom. It is only those who are acquainted with that Auld Langsyne mode of spinning, who can understand the following stanza of our popular old song:

There was an auld wife, had a wee pickle tow,

An' she wad gae try the spinning o't;
She looted her down, an' her rock took a low,

An' that was a weary beginning o't!

"Yes, I think I still see the venerable old matron, with the rock (as I said) placed in her bosom, twirling the spindle, which danced on the floor, its motion being regulated and prolonged by a stone, or leaden whorl, (*Anglicè*, hoop), the original velocity of its motion being commu-

nicated by a dexterous twitch, termed a *snoove*, between the palm of the hand, and the outside of the operator's thigh; for which purpose, it was not uncommon with spinners to have a piece of leather, or skin, covering that part of the garment, to prevent its being fretted by the friction of the spindle. When the spindle had, by its rotatory motion, communicated sufficient twist to the new-formed thread, it was wound up, and the operation repeated. For reeling the yarn, the spindle was placed perpendicularly, in the shoe, or often between the naked toes of the operator, who held in her right hand a wooden rod, with a transverse piece fixed at each end, at right angles to each other; on these, guiding the thread with her left hand, she wound the yarn from the spindle; the motion of her hand, and also the tale of the threads, being regulated by her continued chaunt of an unmeaning jargon. That this was an early mode of spinning in Scotland, appears from the ballad of 'the Gaberlunzie-man,' written by King James V. In it, the feigned mendicant says to the girl whom he is courting,

Wi' cauk an' keel I'll win your bread,
An' spindles an' whorls for them wha
need.

"Thus we see, that this important art was long stationary, in a very rude and imperfect state; at last, we got the wheel for one hand, and afterwards that for two; and a young woman, who could spin with both hands, was reckoned uncommonly clever. Now, to shame all these, we have got a multitude of machines, such as we have seen to-day. In a short conversation with the overseer, he told me, that the number of people employed in all was under sixty; and of these, from my own observation, one third was mere children. He also informed me, that the quantity of yarn produced daily, averages three hundred spindles, which would be good constant work for six hundred women with the two-handed wheel, and it would require upwards of two thousand, with the rock and the spindle, to produce that quantity in the same time; besides, I have long understood, that the quality of mill-

spun yarn is much superior. Such are our improvements in this art, since the days of my grandmother."

We had our usual walk after tea, and our conversation still turned to the manners and customs in the days of Langsyne. I observed, that I had sometimes amused myself with the idea of our ancestors looking upon, and wondering, applauding or condemning the actions and conduct of their descendants. "Last night," continued I, "I had a strange dream, which was, no doubt, produced by what had been floating in my mind through the day. I thought I was again at my grandfather's fireside; the herds and farm-servants had all come in, and had given an account of their several employments, receiving their instructions for next day; after which, he took his place at the head of the table, in an earnest and solemn manner, imploring a blessing upon the mercies before us. Supper finished, in conformity with his nightly practice, 'the big Ha' Bible' was placed before him; but I need not describe a scene of pious and social worship, which you must have often seen, and which has been painted by Burns with such graphic fidelity and poetic beauty, that, when reading it, I have often imagined myself at my grandfather's fireside. Will you now excuse me for repeating the passage?" I then began at that stanza in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," in which the description of family worship commences, and repeated to the end. "And such," said I, "was my grandfather's practice every night and every Sunday morning; the afternoon of that day being devoted to instructing and catechising the children and servants of his household." "Ay" replied my cousin, "such, I believe, was once the practice among many; but it was Langsyne, and, you know, (if I have not forgotten my Latin), *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*. There is no psalm-singing now in the parish, except in the church; unless it be in two or three old-fashioned families, and among some Seceders, who have a pride in a tenacious adherence to the customs of their forefathers, which, whatever they might have been Sixty Years ago, are now quite exploded, and their observance would only have

the tendency to make one ridiculous, for affecting such singularity.

During a stay of three weeks, I made many other remarks, contrasting the past with the present; and I was neither hard of hearing, nor near-sighted, on my journey homewards. But garrulity is sometimes the vice, frequently one of the many frailties of age. My present observations have

extended to a greater length than I expected. In these I may have been dull; but you will not accuse me of indulging in querulousness, having confined myself to facts, 'chiefs wha winna ding, and canna be disputed.'

I am, respectfully, Sir, yours,

SENEX.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

ALTHOUGH she has been thirty, forty years,
The hated name of maiden still she bears;
You must have seen her—at each ball and rout
The gentle Miss Primrosa still turns out:
Her heart, that joy ne'er reaches, beats within
A breast of sapless ribs and shrivell'd skin;
Her old cheek-bones project above a mouth
Surrounded by a beard of perverse growth;
Her gaunt and rebel jaws she strives to train
Into some semblance of a smile in vain,
And counterfeits, with luckless brush, the glow
Of warm young blood, beneath a skin of snow:
From faded eyes she fain bright looks would dart,
To captivate that cunning thing—a heart;
Her tongue is sore at fault when she would speak;
She wills to whisper, and out comes a squeak:
She still would dance, although her limbs it pain'd,
But then her coughing will not be restrain'd;
And, as she sits alone, her envy swells
To see smart beaux go by to sprightly belles.
One, as he passes, does not call her old,
But asks her—"Miss Primrosa, how's your cold?"
The curling lip, the smile suppress'd, the sigh
Heav'd near her by some wag in mockery—
All she must bear, but must not show she feels,
That were to grant that truth the satire deals.

As at her rueful countenance he peers,
The Dandy drops his quizzing glass and sneers;
That painted pasteboard creature, passing droll,
A straddling, locomotive, full-sized doll,
That prates—"Dem'm'd pretty girl!" and struts abroad,
A parody upon the works of God.
Sweet little milk-and-water thing! its heart
Would from its tenement of whalebone start,
Did an ill-manner'd pin but draw a drop
Of its dear life-blood from its finger's top;
'Twould bathe the wound, and lie a-bed, and cry,
And die of very fear lest it should die:
Yet does that innocent heart's gall suffice
To make it, too, scorn her whom all despise.

See her beside the book-shop counter stand,
Turning fair tomes with skeletonian hand;
Some bound and gilt display their costly hoards,
More modest some—price so-and-so in boards;

Here lies a Magazine, there a Review,
 Poems and Novels numberless and new.
 "You'll not forget to send these others home,
 And I shall read this Pamphlet till they come."
 She takes it with her, and begins, indeed,
 But ceases soon; 'tis no delight to read;
 She looks again—beginning—middle—end—
 It is the dullest work that e'er was penn'd;
 So she selects the shelf that suits it best,
 Then puts it by, and—wearies for the rest.

She has her heart on some fair volume fix'd.
 And thinks to read it will give joy unmix'd.
 They come at last—with eager haste she flies,
 And almost damns the cord that keeps her from her prize.
 Scissors are sharp—it snaps, and on the floor
 They lie expos'd, a glittering, golden store.
 She snatches one, and scans the title-page—
 It has not charms her fancy to engage;
 She takes another, and is sure she'll find
 Some "good things" in it, vastly to her mind,
 And straight begins, resolv'd to read it through,
 But shortly finds she cannot do it now;
 'Tis prose—her inclination is to rhyme—
 No matter, it will serve some other time.
 The poet's "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"
 Are tried, and soon rejected in their turn.
 Men see no beauty in her wither'd looks,
 So men disgust her, and she flies to books;
 She fain would have, but has not, power to taste
 The kinder, finer feelings there express'd,
 And knowing nothing but their title-pages,
 She sets them on her shelves, to stand for ages.

Urg'd onward by an undefin'd desire,
 To grasp all knowledge she would fain aspire.
 Repeated efforts do but prove in vain—
 Schemes are contriv'd anew—and fail again—
 Hopes are indulg'd—succeeding hopes delude,
 And her soul sinks in cheerless solitude.

Poor Miss Primrosa!—All men mock at you—
 But, while I laugh, I e'en must pity too;
 If you might ever, if you would have wed,
 Rightly, you envy now the bridal bed,
 Affecting to no purpose to disdain
 That state beyond your utmost power to gain;
 If Nature gave no charms for winning man,
 You, hapless maiden! do the best you can;
 Unhappy either way! with none to share
 Your griefs, though worse than any one's to bear,
 Unblest to you, to others cause of mirth,
 Your life leads to no given good on earth!

ON MY BIRTH-PLACE.

(From the Latin of Arthur Johnston.)

HERE, traveller, a vale behold,
 As fair as Tempe's, fam'd of old,
 Beneath the northern sky.
 Here Urie, with her silver waves,
 Her banks in verdure smiling laves,
 And winding, wimples by.
 Here towering high Bennachie spreads
 Around on all his evening shades,
 When twilight gray comes on ;
 With sparkling gems the river glows,
 As precious stones the mountain shows,
 As in the East are known.
 Here Nature spreads a bosom sweet,
 And native dyes beneath the feet
 Bedeck the joyous ground :
 Sport in the liquid air the birds,
 And fishes in the stream, the herds
 In meadows wanton round.
 Here ample barn-yards still are stor'd
 With relics of last Autumn's hoard,
 And firstlings of this year :
 There waving fields of yellow corn,
 And ruddy apples, that adorn
 The bending boughs, appear.
 Beside the stream a castle proud
 Rises amid the passing cloud,
 And rules a wide domain,
 (Unequal to its lord's desert :)
 A village near, with lowlier art,
 Is built upon the plain.
 Here was I born ; o'er all the land
 Around the Johnstons bear command,
 Of high and ancient line.
 Mantua acquir'd a noted name
 As Virgil's birth-place, I my fame
 Inherit shall from mine.

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

No. IV.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE drawn in my chair, opened my portfolio, and whet my scribbling tools, for the express purpose of writing you a very long epistle ; but how it comes to pass " let Doctors tell ;" I cannot for the soul of me fall in with a single covey of ideas worthy of powder and shot.

Of a truth, I have been sorely bothered of late with Uncle's papers, particularly the autographs, many of which are scarce legible—a circumstance that may very well account for my present lassitude ; and though I have no cause to complain of phy-

sical debility, particularly at meal-time, yet do I feel the spirit begin to flag most confoundedly. In this state of mental depression, you will certainly be good enough to excuse my borrowing the usual preamble of our provincial letter-writers : " This leaves me in good health, hoping it will find you in the same," with which I beg leave to conclude for the present, always remaining,

My dear Sir,

Your's very faithfully,
 SAM'L. KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Continued.)

"Leeze me on drink, it gies us mair
Than either school or college,
It kindles wit, it waukens lair
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge."

It is really amusing to watch the play-green of life, and observe the children of men enjoying their favourite pastimes; some wrestling for dominion and power, some hunting the plack, others hunting the gowk, and a few knowing ones, apart from the Babylonish multitude, cannily munching the good things of this life in peace and quietness, whilst here and there an odd fellow may be seen strolling from group to group, like a hen seeking a nest, deriding the fooleries, and chuckling at the ideal importance of his vain-glorious play-fellows. But, independently of this general classification, there are many beings of the non-descript genus daily to be met with, whose out-o'-the-way characters are somewhat difficult to analyse; and as for tracing their motives to a rational source, the reader, if he pleases, may make the attempt, but I would by no means advise him to start on the first of April.

Let us single out, from the herd of mankind, all that class of mortals who fish for disquiet in troubled waters, and curse their evil luck, when returning home with an empty creel;—let us collect all the rods and switches, real and imaginary, cut by our own right hands, together with the whips and scorpions occasionally applied by the enemy to our shoulders, and ponder well on each particular implement of flagellation, and call to remembrance the degree of suffering we endured from their respective visitations; then do I believe we may truly sing the seventh stanza of a worthy old song, to its own proper tune—

"The right hand freely does the deed
The left full sore may rue,
And oft, alas! our bitterest mug
With our own hands we brew."

But of all the miseries incident to human frailty, those procreated by an over-seasoned imagination are by far the most severe, because our men-

tal systems are necessarily more sensitive than the bodily; and being our own tormentors, we know best where to apply the lash. This is an evil under the sun that afflicts me much—a malady that would unquestionably imbitter my cup of comfort in this world, but for an antidote equally simple as, and even more efficacious than the celebrated rattlesnake root. When I feel the disease sickening my heart, when the vibrations of my pulse tell me that the enemy has entered the citadel in good earnest, then do I, in place of consulting Buchan's Domestic Medicine, start to my legs, and whistle *Johanny's Grey Brecks*, *Athol Brose*, and *Jenny dang the Weaver*, in rapid succession, until such time as the evil spirit departs; and in order to prevent a sudden relapse, having some little knowledge of conjuration, I usually summon before me the chosen companions of my youthful days, from "a' the airts the wind can blaw," associating their ideal visitations with scenes and scenery that will never depart from my remembrance. Maggie Simpson's parlour, for example, is a great favourite of mine on these occasions; and though Andrew, and Margaret, and Sandy, are dwelling in the "narrow house," yet do they cheerfully arise and follow their wonted avocations whenever I wave the magic wand. In vain has the present incumbent, with sacrilegious hands, wiped away "Andrew Simpson, Smith and Farrier," from the wall, and expunged Maggie's brown mug from the door-cheek, and substituted, in lieu thereof, "Jonathan Macsapient, Veterinary Surgeon, Importer of and Dealer in Foreign Spirituous Liquors." The fellow may do as he pleases, but human ingenuity will never expunge the brown mug from my heart, nor wipe away the old inscription from my memory.

In like manner has the presuming man set his face against the very name of Smithy, and introduced "Veterinary College" in its room; but, like many other schemes of the new school, not a morsel of benefit will mankind ever reap from such a faldral institution. He and his new-fangled schemes may go to Banff—a journey that will never tend to advance the price of sackcloth and

ashes in Nithsdale, happen when it will ; and, if all tales be true, a journey he *must* undertake betwixt and Rood-day, either by moonlight or otherways. The wayfaring man calls not for another bottle as heretofore. The farmer shakes his head at the ugly sock, and the ill-faur'd coultter. The guidewife banns and flytes, and shrugs up her shoulders at every sheep's head the bungler sings ; and a yell of thanksgiving arises from young Gowkbiggin's dog-kennel, whenever an ailing steed passes by on his way to Jonathan's College—so much for the fellow's boasted skill in horse surgery, &c. ! Reader, seest thou a pleasant habitation arising by the Greenwoodside, and the newly awoke moon brightening its white walls, and the graves giving up their dead ? Welcome is the vision to me, and dear the recollections it brings to my remembrance, for the dwelling is Maggie Simpson's, and the semblances of men and women gliding along the paths leading thereto, are no strangers to me. I feel the spell-wizard seizing on every pass, whereby reflection can find access to the abode of my understanding. He knocks at my heart with the free rat-tat of an old acquaintance, and compels me to take the road-staff in hand. I tirl at the pin, and Maggie Simpson makes her appearance. She lifts up her hands, drops a respectful curtesy, and accosts me with her wonted affability :—" Gude be wi' us, *Maigrumbracs*, what wind has blawn you here sae late ? but I'se warrant ye've heard tell o' the miller's disaster, and are no doubt anxious to ken how it fares wi' the gudewife. What news ha'e ye brought frae hame ? Has Mr Archy gotten his kail-dibbling machine set to wark, and his grand hydraulic contrivance for milking a' the kye i' the byre at ance, ready for the Society's inspection ? and when did ye hear frae *Sam* ? Oh the dear wee fallow ! he's ay uppermost in my thoughts. May Providence watch owre him in a strange land, and guide his feet frae the paths that lead unto temptation ! A livelier laddie never ran owre a knowe, and a bonnier never blest a mither's c'e. Mony a time ha'e I clapped his wee curlie head, and said, wi' as meikle sincerity as ever fell

frae the tongue of woman, ' Oh, Sam, Sam, it's a thousand pities but thou had been a bit lassie ! ' "

Such was Mrs Simpson's salutation to me on Monday night, before I had even passed the threshold of her door ; and now that the circumstance freshens my memory, I have some recollection of replying to all her queries, particularly the first, second, and third ; but as these replies are of no material consequence, I shall abstain from even noticing their import, and proceed to state my motives for visiting Toddyburn Smithy that evening.

A rumour, some how or other, found its way to Maigrumbracs, that Miller Morrison's young wife had *ta'en the rue*, given him the slip, and committed herself to the clutches of *Jamie Reilly*, the Irish Troeggar, whose depredations on conjugal felicity are too well known ; and further, that Drumbreg, young Lintylinn, and Hughie Paisley the fiddler, were sitting in council at Meg Simpson's, devising a plan for beating up *Pat's* quarters, and restoring the deluded woman to her friends. This idle story gave me much uneasiness, though I certainly doubted its veracity, being no stranger to Mrs Morrison's private character ; yet it struck me at the time, that my good old friend the miller might possibly have got into some sort of a scrape ; and wishing to befriend him to the utmost of my power, I called for plaid and bonnet, and set off to Maggie Simpson's without delay.

The reader, no doubt, possesses bowels of compassion, and a heart that grieveth not at the good of his neighbour, and an eye that speaketh unutterable things, when an evil wind bloweth him good ; if he will, therefore, have the goodness to feel precisely as I did, on ascertaining the said report to be a base fabrication, a great deal of valuable time may be saved, and also much ink shed ; but it pains me to declare, that the whole gossip of Meg's parlour, prior to my arrival, must for ever remain a book shut, and a fountain sealed. The residue of what transpired is all that can be reasonably expected from me, and I shall not fail to give it verbatim. These are the words that met mine ear on

opening the parlour door, and be it remembered, they proceeded from the lips of Willie Dandison. "Weel," quoth I to mysel, "it's only a mile o' gate to the gudeman's; haith, I may just as weel gae there, and ha'e a forenigh's daffin wi' the lasses. Trysting time o' night's drawing near, and no doubt some o' them will be at the house-end." Sae aff gaed I, at the shepherd's trot, for Balachan Grange, jumped the burn, glowr'd owre the stack-yard dyke, and there I espied a *white mutch* and a *blue bannet* gaun owre ither, and owre ither. "Haith, Linty, that was a sight worth looking at," quo' Mrs Morrison; "I'se warrant, now, it was just as gude as siller in thy pouch." Willie Dandison smiled in the affirmative, and continued his story. "The moon," quoth he, "was playing at hide-and-seek amang a wheen dark, though comely clouds, and it was a gude blink before I cou'd tell *headum frae corsum*; but when she had done wi' her daffin, and glided awa frae 'mang them to the clear blue sky, and *bannet* cou'd be distinguished frae *mutch*, lo and behold! wha d'ye think it shou'd be but *Harmless Habbie*, as they ca' him, tousling Aggie Dinwoodie ahint the pea-stack, just as wislike as a woman cou'd wish for."

"Very likely," observed Jamie Scott o' Drumbreg; "the lad may ha'e lucid intervals. 'Transient blinks o' jocularity, and even beams o' reason, are not unfrequent where derangement is comparatively mild; and Habbie's mental faculties being scattered here and there, and wandering to and fro, like sheep without a shepherd, wha kens but the glint o' a bonny blue e'e, and the beek o' a lilly-white ham, may rally the fugitives, and even bring them back again to the bught; but that's an event more to be wished for than expected. He's owre far gane, poor fellow, ever to enjoy the comfort o' a clean hearth stane." "Conscience," quo' Hughie Paisley, setting down the mug, and wiping his lips, "I'm no at thegither sae clear about that. It strikes me that I ha'e seen this same blade, or a chiel unco like, I ken na whilk, wi' a better mawn beard, and a better kaim'd head, and a better coat on his back; but when

and where the de'il a bit o' me can tell, for this memory o' mine's just as frail as an auld fiddle-stick."

"He comes frae somewhere about Lockerby," observed Mrs Morrison; "and very likely ye may ha'e seen him, Hughie, at ane o' the merry-meetings o' that merry town; for Adam Dinwoodie, the only person o' my acquaintance wha kens aught about his parentage, tauld me at Wat-tie MacClowney's house-heating, that Habbie was a cheerfu', light-hearted lad, and, what was mair to his credit, a dear fallow amang the lasses, before the Provost's dochter herried his peace o' mind. But daft though he be," concluded Mrs Morrison, casting a sly glance at her auld gudeman, "was thy grey head happed, I'd sooner ha'e Habbie in his sark, than Aggie Dinwoodie's gouff o' a dominie, wi' a' his uncle's gear, and his ain to boot." Thirlamwhairn was a man who knew the value of a harmless joke too well to let it pass unheeded—"Thou's a lang-tongued, out-spoken cutty," quo' the miller, and pinched her ear so very good humouredly, that she actually laughed at the disagreeable sensation, by his finger and thumb; "and blithly would I put a bridle on thy lips," continued he, "was I no sae frightened for getting my fingers bitten. Hech, Sirs, how glibly the seasons glide awa! It was only the day before yesterday, figuratively speaking, that I was a spanking young fellow—a straight, weel-faur'd sappling, blest wi' abundance o' sap, and bark, and green leaves; and what am I now? just an auld frail forest trec, Tibby, gude for naething in God's world but nursing thy loveliness, thou delightful ivy, that winds about it sae green and sae gracefu'ly. Jump up, my woman, and shaw the company how lovingly thou clings to the auld stein, when we aré down the house by our twa sels." The gudewife's eye reproved him most severely for what she very justly deemed an indelicate request, as she arose, for the express purpose of shifting her quarters; and it required a whole half wink of the miller's to make her sit still. So ended the matrimonial fracas. Before we again proceed to business, perhaps it may be as well to observe,

once for all, that it is not my intention to eulogize the *report* of any particular cork, because the departing bangs of these alc-keepers are so widely different, that it would require a much lustier stock of language than my warehouse contains, to do them justice; and as for the *here's t'ye's*, and the *thank ye kindly's*, I beg leave to discard them altogether. Modesty, of course, will debar me from saying a word about my own share of the conversation; and I have fully made up my mind carefully to abstain from recording a morsel of minor discourse, such as may be supposed to have passed between Andrew Simpson and Sandy Watt, who sat at opposite sides of the fire; the former being a man who was never famed for hammering out a good marketable story in his life, and the latter never tried it; and I also have it in contemplation to spare myself the trouble of comparing Maggie's score with the empty bottles, and leave my ingenious reader to calculate the probable consumption of home-brewed at his leisure, which may be done very readily, by watching the progressive flow of animal spirits during the evening, and taking, for his intoxicating data, the soul and substance of Jamie Reilly's letter to his brother in Drogheda.

"Och, Dennis, and will you be laive it? one bottle o' Moggie's ram-tam makes two men merry, and one mortal." These plain Rules of Court I humbly propose to put on the file, being perfectly well aware, that excluding a smytie of *quoth I's* and *quoth he's*, &c. would greatly improve the tone of my narrative, and in this determination do I resume my labours once more.

Miller Morrison, having settled matters in an amicable way with the gudewife, gradually resumed his wonted serenity; and being a man who never felt himself perfectly at ease, whilst an unsolved problem remained on the list, deliberately wet the fore-finger of his right hand, in the tippie spilt on Meg Simpson's parlour table, and proceeded to delineate certain signs and figures, whose respective degrees of consanguinity, with the important matter concocting under his bonnet, would have puzzled the most experienced genealogist

to ascertain, much more the compiler of this curious memoir, who bothereth not his head with unrid-dling mysteries, and decyphering hieroglyphical conundrums. He will therefore content himself, for the present, with briefly stating, that the old man continued to figure away for a couple of minutes or so, then folded his arms, examined the evidence of his theorems with great care, and finally delivered himself of a speech, of which the following is a correct likeness: "I ha'e seen a fallow," quo' the miller, "fleeing owre the Firth o' Forth—mair's the pity, he was a papist, and I believe in wheels within wheels, though I never saw them; but de'il cadge my bouk in a midden creel to the Lady o' Babylon's bed-stock, if I can make out how a bouncing young quean, o' Aggie Dinwoodie's appearance, cou'd ever think o' throwing hersel' awa on that coof o' a dominic." "The kittlest looking pirms," observed Jamie Scott, "are affen the easiest to reel; and I believe there's a possibility of expounding the paradox, and unriddling the riddle, that has bothered mony a lang head forbye yours. Now, ye'll please to observe, that what I'm gaun to tell ye is nei-what *he said*, nor what *she said*, but a portion o' pure information, drawn frae a source that may be depended on. Gawin, ye maun ken, had thrown sheep's een at the lassie for lang and mony a day, and affen made up his mind to tell her wha he liked best; but aye when the twasome forgathered in a convenient place, the lad's heart failed, and deel be licket had he in his head but a sheep's tongue, to speer her price.

"Weel, Sir, he gae'd dangling after Aggie to the kirk and hame again, enquiring kindly for the gudeman and the gudewife, and a' the lave; but never a syllable cou'd Gawin bring to bear on the gude auld subject. He lounged on the langsettle i' the forenights, and dodged her about the house, wi' his e'e, and hunkled down beside her when the beuk was ta'en: but ne'er a strae-breadth nearer his purpose was the dominic. Ae dribble o' thy gudeman's nappy mither wit," quo' Jamie, addressing himself to Mrs Morrison, "wou'd ha'e tunc'd his

heart in a twinkling, and tauld him to sing *Lassie, will you gang wi' me?*" Thirlanwhairn's young spouse acknowledged the justice o' Drumbreg's remark with an expressive nod, and the facetious story-teller proceeded without further digression: "Weel, Sir, to shorten a lang tale, when auld *Hughie Twaddle* gae'd to his bed for gude, he called the dominie to council, and no doubt many subjects were discussed, both spiritual and temporal. Among the temporalities, it wou'd appear that Aggie Dinwoodie was mentioned, for an express was sent off to the gudeman's that very night; and, if my information may be credited, baith John Dinwoodie and Nause were at Hughie's bed-stock a gude while sooner than a couple sae far advanced in years cou'd ha'e reasonably been expected. The conversation that ensued anert our auld friend's future prospects, which, being far owre godly for yill-house clishmaclaver, I see neither beg, borrow, nor steal a morsel o't, but proceed to state, that, when spiritual matters were discussed, Hughie Twaddle lifted his head frae the bolster, put his hand under his haffet, and said, wi' a voice that seem'd not o' this world, 'Will ye ha'e the goodness, Nause, to open that bit kist?' Mrs Dinwoodie put forth her hand, turned the key, lifted the lid, and beheld what few will believe—some say a heaped sowen-kitfu' o' minted gould, and some say twa!" "Hughie was a plodding, penurious, poor body," quo' Miller Morrison, "and elauted siller out o' every sheugh merely to enjoy the glist o't; he commend me to the fallow wha gathers gear and tak's the gude o't." So saying, our philosopher sprung a cork, decanted anither bottle, and dismissed a petition of its contents "to the memory o' Lucky Lowden's auld gib cat, wha ne'er partook o' the haggis without slokening his drouth i' the kirn." Janie Scott proceeded, "When Mrs Dinwoodie had ta'en the evidence o' her senses anert the gould, 'Will ye do me the favour, gudewife,' quo' Hughie Twaddle, 'to see that a's right i' the gimal?' Nause and the gudeman accordingly set to wark, and opened an auld-fashioned oak kist, that had mair

the appearance o' a meal ark than aught else in Gude's creation, being nae less than three Scots ells lang i' the clear; and if the wee kist astonished them much, the meikle ane astonished them mair.

"Half a dizzen webs o' prime hame-made braid claith, brown, blue, and drab, parson-grey, laverock-freckle, and bottle-green; thirteen dittos o' fine burn-bleached sarkin—forty-five ells to the web; aught dittos o' maud plaide; seven pieces o' naipray, curiously hae; seven dittos o' tweel'd sheeting; three dizzen and a half o' special tuphorn-spoons, ladles, queghs, blue bonnets, and auld shoon, forbye hanks o' yarn, woollen night-caps, Sanguhar hose, and sundries in abundance, constituted the wonderfu' stock o' the most wonderfu' depository ever rummaged by human hands.

"John Dinwoodie and his wife stood perfectly like twa statues when they beheld the immensity o' valuable needfu's in a state o' positive inactivity—and what confounded them still mair, nae less than three bladders o' Glasgow particular rappae, and twa siller-mounted green-horn mulks were also i' the catalogue, whose brain-kittling contents they weel kend had never been fingered by Hughie, and must undoubtedly ha'e belonged to his great-grandfather, auld Abraham Twaddle, the only individual o' the family wha ever treated his nose to a particle o' luxury.

"When our friend jealous'd that the gudeman and his wife had satisfied their een o' the gimal, 'John Dinwoodie,' quo' the dying man, 'draw near unto me, and hearken to the haddiest words o' Hughie Twaddle:

'The eyes o' his sons and wishers ha'e beheld the abundance o' substance appertaining to the Twaddle family, that has been accumulating for many generations; and now that the last o' the race is gann the gate o' a' flesh, and about to bequeath his *all* to the last o' the Gowkspittles, what a thousand pities it wou'd be was Gavin also to be gathered to his fathers without making unto himsel' a name! He's a pious, weel-faur'd lad,' continued Hughie, 'and though a drap o' our family blude wasna in his veins, the whole o' my gudes and

gear shou'd be his portion, for a godlier-inclined young man was never seen, nor yet heard tell of; and it rins strangely in my head, gudeman, that was your Aggie and the Maister to make it up, ye understand me, there wadna be a more donee, genteel couple in a' the dale, and that's a wide word. Gawin tauld me himsel' that the lassie had smitten him, and was there a possibility o' mastering his bashfu'ness, likely enough she might incline her ear, and listen to the lad's maen. O, my gude auld friends, tak' her through hands. Gawin, poor fallow, is my right e'e, and your dochter's the left; but the sun o' life's setting on Hughie Twaddle. O, Nause Dinwoodie, ye maun exercise a mither's influence. Yoke her when ye gae hame—tell her frae me—nae denial, Nause, I douna bide it, and I winna bide it." Hughie was as gude as his word, for he departed this life before Nause had time to open her lips. There's a something," observed Jamie Scott, "i' the last words o' an auld acquaintance, however trifling they may be, that associate wi' our bettermost thoughts, and dwell ever after among our dearest remembrances.

"Hughie Twaddle's dyin' request coudna mizz waukenin' the sensibilities o' a couple whose minds were sae peculiarly liable to receive douce impressions, and the twosome pondered on what had passed a' the gae hame, and communed wi' Aggie ben the house, and plied her sae weel wi' paternal counsel, that the lassie haffins consented. Gawin was sent for i' the morning, and helped the auld folk to wheedle the poor thing out o' the ither half o' her wits." "I understand," quo' Hughie Paisley, "that her brither Adam was neither to laud nor to bind, when he heard tell o' what was brewing; but it would now appear that Adie sees the match in a more propitious point o' view; for when he ca'd at our house, and spoke to me about playing at the bridal, I never heard a young fallow joke sae funnily. 'Hughie,' quoth he, 'thou maun put Nelly Weems in her merriest mood, and bring plenty o' roset wi' ye, for there's no knowing how meikle may be wanted before we ha'e done wi' the dance that's in contemplation.

Now, ye auld devil, if ye dinna play *The rin-awa Bride*, and *Oure the Moor among the Heather*, in prime style, the morn's mornin' never mair look me i' the face. Adam's a hearty chield, and Aggie's a bonny lass, and the dominie has gotten a hantle o' lear in his head; but waes me, poor man, it's unco like Patie Halliday's pea stack—nathing but hools and strae." During the whole of Hughie's speech, and indeed towards the close of Jamie Scott's narrative, Thirlanwhairn repeatedly stroked his beard, and as repeatedly set his bonnet a-gec, right and left alternately—sure symptoms that an oration was quickening under its canopy; and so continued his manœuvres, until such time as the subject was fairly hatched, and triumphantly burst the shell.

"Fearfully and wonderfully is man made," quo' Miller Morrison o' Thirlanwhairn; "he's a phenomenon to himsel'—a conundrum that mocks a' philosophical speculation. The brute beasts ha'e their instincts in great perfection; and an equalization o' that grand substitute for reason is very observable among them; but in our species, we may just as weel look for twa faces precisely alike, as think o' clapping thrush on twa cargos o' intellect precisely o' the same quality. It appears to me, that the human mind is a kind o' hot-house, where ideas are generated, ripened, and brought to perfection, by the heat o' the imagination, in the same manner as our modern Egyptians hatch cocks and hens; and it also wou'd appear, that the quality o' the fruit in a great measure depends on the quality and temperature o' the latent warmth applied. Hence it is that we daily see young men coming hame frae Edinburgh, Glasgow, St Andrew's, and elsewhere, wi' wamefu's o' Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and so forth, that neither will nor can be expected to thrive, and a' for lack o' constitutional heat, to promote vegetation. Stagnant stuffs often fill the Professor's chair wi' spunkless stupidity, and defraud the honest plough-stilts o' mony a fine fallow. But let us ha'e done wi' far awa fowls," quo' the miller, as he shifted his chair a couple o' inches nearer the fire; "let us beel

on our ain langsettles for a character, to dissect whase physiognomy seems maist likely to afford instruction and amusement. Gawin, for example, will make a special subject—the match o' him never was streiked on a lecture-table. Poor fallow, when he met wi' his misfortune i' the linn, and auld Robin Dröddam, rest his soul! set him on his legs again, instead o' sending the callan to John Maccubbin, where he certainly wou'd ha'e learnt an honest calling, or else there's mony liars, naething wou'd gae down wi' Hughie Twaddle but the dominie trade, though I tauld him, at the time, as plain's I could speak, that there was nae mair vegetative heat in the poor thing's head, than in a glow-worm's doup; but a' my reasoning had nae mair effect than preaching to Corra Linn. The lad was accordingly packed off to Closeburn school, and a hantle o' lair stowed awa in his head, as our friend Hughie very justly observed—but for what purpose?—just to remain where it was, like tea in a canister, or higg in a knocking-stane. Hughie Twaddle, though a cunning body i' the main, cou'dna contrive how the deuce it came to pass, that the mair lingo Gawin devour'd, the duller and dafter he grew. 'Conscience,' quoth I, 'that's unco easily accounted for—the callan's digestive powers are defective'; and this observation o' mine, though silly enough, was the mither o' a' the mischief that afterwards befel him. The body recollected o' seeing a wheen unco gleg-looking things, as he ca'd them, in Simpson's Euclid—a beuk that auld Gowkbiggin's grievance slipped in his pouch by way o' joke, instead o' the Cloud o' Witnesses: and without saying anither word on the subject, thinks Hughie to himsel', cou'd we only contrive to slip twa or three gude sharp-nebbed triangles in Gawin's noddle, to wauken the sluggish lair, there's nae doubt o' his gabbling wi' the best o' them; and sae cock-sure was Fncle Hughie o' the project succeeding, that naething wou'd serve him but poor Gawin must undergo a course o' Mathematics. This happened on a Thursday afternoon, and on the Friday morning he borrowed John Dinwoodie's blind mare; the callan lap on ahin

him, and awa they rade to—what d'ye ca' him—that lang-headed fallow, at the townhead o' Dumfries; he's an Englishman, it's true, but a sounder head and a better heart never passed the border. The Mathematician received them baith wi' his usual civility; and after examining Gawin's attic, and pondering a blink on the solidity o' its dungeon-looking front, shook his head and leugh. 'Countryman,' quoth he, 'this young man has got no accommodation whatever for scientific knowledge; and it would be a very wrong thing indeed, to put valuable theorems into an apartment where the moth appears to live at heck and manger; besides, the introduction of a single problem amongst such a heterogeneous mass of school lumber, would positively derange the poor fallow's intellects. Let me therefore counsel you as a friend, to bind him over to some decent craftsman, whose business may require muscular and not mental exertion.' But Hughie was a positive sort o' a body a' his days, and stood by his purpose sac manfully, that the Mathematician consented at length to try what cou'd be done wi' him. A gudely cleekin o' verbs, baith regular and irregular, adverbs and adjectives, *et cætera*, were stowed awa in Gawin's garret, just as snugly as parts o' speech cou'd be, and a smytie o' nouns and pronouns flung in promiscuously, to fill up the crannies, just like hail-shot amang pistol bullets. A mouse's cheep cou'dna be heard i' the whole byke; but no sooner was their peacefu' habitation assailed by a parcel o' skinless, scare-crow-looking phantoms, wi' the unchristian names o' *Trapeziums*, *Rhomboids*, *Diagrams*, and so forth, writte on their foreheads, than the whole garrison o' linguists flew to arms. Had the fallow opened his galvanic battery at the mouth o' a wasp's nest, he cou'dna ha'e played a mair mischievous trick; it required the very best measures he cou'd muster to quell the tumult.

"When peace and quietness was in some measures restored, the Mathematician led Gawin awa' as cannalie as he cou'd to the *Ass's Brig**, in

* The explanatory note attached to *Ass's Brig* is nearly obliterated; but

order that nae after reflection might arise and upbraid him for leaving a single stane unturned ; but neither precept nor example cou'd induce our young dominie to put a hoof on't, sae frightened was he at the spectre-like appearance o' it's frame-wark ; and seeing nae probability o' either leading or driving him alang, the man o' science very properly dismissed the coof frae his presence wi' a suitable advice, and Gawin gaed hame again, just as wise as he came awa. I understand," continued Thirlamwhairn, "that the clink o' auld Hughie's siller has wauken'd the lad's wits, and begotten the notion o' either making a spoon, or spoiling a horn. Nae less than a braw new boarding-school i' the High Street o' Maxwelltown's in contemplation ; and I shoudna be surprised, was the speculation to prove successfu'. Aggie's a sensible, weel-handed lassie ; and if she can only contrive to cure Gawin o' his slovenly habits, and keep his back genteely theiked, there's little doubt o' their doing weel. An English claith coat, and a ruffled sark, and a pair o' glancin' shoon, ha'e great influence now-a-days."

Jamie Scott o' Drumbreg had just passed his hand over his face, in a zig-zag manner, in order to deliver a more circumstantial account of Gawin's future prospects, when Mrs Simpson opened the parlour door, exclaiming, in a tone that indicated great alarm on her part, "Oh, Sirs, will some o' ye step to the closs. There's a sad piece o' wark between *Black Will* *M'Cubbin* and *Duncan Henderson* the gauger. The reaver loon has seized poor Will's bcast, barrels, and a', and mischief will be done to a certainty, for Will's a sad rackless fallow, and Duncan's a wicked wud-spur o' a body, when his

what remains, seems to imply, that, in Uncle's younger years, a certain proposition of Euclid's was known to Mathematicians by the name of *Ass's Bridge* ; and also, that all scientific recruits, who hesitated to march along it, were placed on the *black list* ; whilst great hopes were entertained of the venturous wight who boldly passed over. What it's nick-name may be at present, I really know not.

SAMUEL KILLIGREW.

blude's up." Miller Morrison, and Jamie Scott, being two of his Majesty's liege subjects, arose with a promptitude natural to men who love their Sovereign, and called on Willie Dandison, Andrew Simpson, Sandy Watt, and Hughie Paisley the fiddler, to assist in keeping the peace—a call that was most loyally obeyed ; and out sallied Maggie Simpson's parlour guests on the beligerents, with a determination to assuage their wrath, and enforce obedience to the sixth commandment. On approaching the scene of action, they found Black Will on horseback, and the gauger hanging at his bridle, whilst the pony whereon he sat cunningly endeavoured to withdraw itself from between his legs, a fête that the poor little creature achieved with considerable address, and then lay quietly down on the turnpike road, being completely knocked up, and all in a lather of froth. Duncan, it seems, had received *private* information of Will's route, and longing mightily to clutch the fellow who had so long scouted his commission, waylaid him at the Martinton Ford, a pass of the Nith so called. The smuggler, it would also appear, had received *private* information of the enemy, and took his measures accordingly. On approaching the ford, he slackened his pace, and jogged on at a sluggish trot, merrily ranting, "*The Deil came fiddling down the burn,*" whilst Duncan sat in ambush amongst the bushes, on his well-known charger *Ben Vorlich*, ready to pounce on the prey. M'Cubbin, whose vigilant eye was ever on the look-out, espied the gauger holding himself in readiness for a bolt ; and deeming it more honourable to advance than turn tail, he pricked his steed, a humoursome, lang-legged thief, who gloried in leading an exciseman a wild-goose chase, and dashed into the water ; whilst Ben Vorlich, equally fond of scampering after a smuggler, sprung from his hiding-place, and took the river before Duncan had well raised the exciseman's hue and cry, "Stap, in te King's name !" Will Maccubbin's gelding managed matters to reach the opposite bank in perfect safety, though the water was at his saddle laps ; but it fare'd otherways with poor Ben, whose al-

titude was much too diminutive for the stream in which he had embarked; and though the brave little fellow struggled hard, yet was he at length compelled to yield, and suffer himself to be hurried away into a deep pool, where he plunged about for a handful of minutes or so, with Duncan Henderson on his back, swearing by the ghosts of his forefathers, and all the frightful names he could think of. Black Will could have sat on a couple of brandy casks with the utmost composure, and witnessed a great many excise-officers perishing one after the other, without feeling bowels of compassion agitated in the smallest degree; but, on this occasion, he was more humanely disposed, and certainly would have made a dash to rescue the gauger from a watery grave, had not Ben Vorlich spared him the trouble. That spirited little creature, on recovering the presence of mind which ponies may be supposed to possess, in common with all quadrupeds, collected the whole of his muscular forces, and bolted from the pool like a water-rat, to the great astonishment of Will Macerubbin, who could not credit the evidence of his own senses, until the gauger made a clutch at his bridle. The chase now commenced in good earnest, and Will having the lead, made choice of the roughest road, and boggiest bye-path, that he could think of, to the great hinderance of little Ben, whose legs were by no means calculated to hurry the owner over broken ground, and extricate him from the many quagmires into which he was precipitated. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, Henderson managed matters to keep the chase in view, and, after a pursuit of fifteen Scots miles, or thereabouts, turnings and doubling included, came up with the smuggler at Toddyburn Smithy, who had just concluded an idle appeal to the gauger's compassion, when Miller Morrison and his friends hove in sight. "Teela trap o' te prandy will she gie pack," quo' Duncan; "cuid truly, her nain sel hae meikle mair need o't," and, lastly, called on Maggie Simpson to bring forth a quogh, pierced a cask with his gauger gimblet, drew off a lucky half-mutchkin, and gulped it down be-

fore he had even plugged up the hole; but after making a few wry faces, "Cots pottikens, Cot tam her!" exclaimed the exciseman, and dashing Meg Simpson's cup to the ground, drew his sword, and flew with the agility of an evil spirit at the smuggler, whose oak stick felt some difficulty in beating aside the mischievous weapon, so resolutely bent was Duncan on the utter destruction of Black Will Macerubbin. But the failure of the first essay only tended to exasperate him the more. He returned to the charge with redoubled fury, and, in all probability, would have dispatched poor Will to Abraham's bosom, or elsewhere, that very night, had not Miller Morrison providentially rushed in between them, collared the gauger with his right hand, and swung him from the ground just as if he had been a child's doll. Never will I forget the august looks of that venerable man, as he held up Duncan Henderson between him and the light, and rebuked his rashness with the most Christian composure. "I shon'd hae thought," quo' Thirlamwhairn, "that a man o' your standing might hae kend better how to mak' a fool o' himself. Let me tell ye, Duncan, that a brave fellow never uses a bare sword unworthily, and also, that abusing his Majesty's authority, and abusing his Majesty's government, are synonymous terms. Packing aff poor Willie Macerubbin to kingdom come, and committing a gauger's neck to the care o' *Roger Wilson*, could hae little tendency to shed a lustre on the reign o' gude King George." So saying, he reinstated Duncan Henderson on his legs. "The de'il reign owre Geordy and yon baith," quo' Black Will, "and send the auld Stuarts back again to claim the land o' gaugers. My truly, the Hanoverian dispenses the blessings o' liberty wi' a vengeance, when a poor man canna sae meikle as cadge a drap Chamberly to the Wauk-mill, without being chaced like a land-luppen ne'er-do-weel." On uttering these words, the smuggler beseeched Duncan Henderson never more to wet his whistle without consulting his nose—paid a few well-deserved compliments to the miller and his friends for their neighbourly interposition—and finally de-

parted in peace. This unpleasant affair having terminated without the shedding of human blood, Miller Morrison and his party beheld the necessity of removing little Ben to the Smithy—a measure that was forthwith carried into effect under the auspices of Sandy Watt, who washed his legs, wiped his hide, and administered every comfort that humanity could possibly devise, whilst, on the other hand, Mrs Simpson arrayed the gauger in a full suit of Andrew's apparel, and committed his own wet vestments to three chair-backs before the kitchen fire.

So much kindness and civility, dispensed to the exciseman and his pony, had the merit of pacifying his wrath, and imbuing him with such perfect good humour, that he actually whispered in Miller Morrison's ear, "Teel tak' her, put she pe a queer chiel after a'—Cot send Plack Will pack a ain, to shake hands wi' her owre a trap *pat-ack*."

Peace being thus proclaimed, and our computators seated in Maggie Simpson's parlour, Duncan Henderson arose, and in a neat Anglo-Gaelic speech, proposed a bowl of punch in lieu of Mcg's home-brew'd; the which motion being ably seconded by Hughie Paisley, was of course carried without opposition—a circumstance that greatly tends to shorten his present chapter, and, for two substantial reasons—*viz.*—Duncan was a gentleman who craved too much partiality for his native beverage; Hughie Paisley had a most hydrophobic aversion to the cellar element. Duncan poured out the spirit, and Hughie the water; the former with a liberal, the latter with a sparing hand; so that between the two, Maggie Simpson's old china bowl, *Hooley and Fairly*, was, literally speaking, filled to the brim with malkirsen'd *Parintosh*. This powerful stimulant, as might naturally have been expected, in place of exhilarating the animal spirits, like Adam Dinwoodie's punch, had a very different effect; and sorry am I to say, that the conviviality of Maggie's parlour soon degenerated into scraps of logic, crumbs of wit, and snatches of song, blended together in Babylonish confusion! The reader will, of course, anticipate what speedily

came to pass. Mrs Morrison and her amiable hostess having very prudently declined partaking of the aforesaid bowl, were of great service in stowing away the miller, Jamie Scott, Willie Dandison, and Hughie Paisley, in Maggie's box-bed, whose sliding doors guaranteed effectually their personal safety. Four natives of the southern provinces, each capable of dispatching three dozen of penny pies, in half the number of minutes, and swallowing eighteen quarts of Thrall & Co.'s entire, together with eleven noggins of gin, by way of topper, at a down-sitting, would certainly have required roomier premises; but the miller and his friends being of very different breed, felt no inconvenience whatever. Andrew Simpson was dozing soundly in the great arm-chair, and of course allowed to enjoy his nap without molestation. Sandy Watt, being in a similar predicament, experienced the like indulgence. The two ladies retired to a certain apartment, emphatically called the *bar-acks*, and soon found themselves very comfortable, each with a couple of young Simpsons between her and the wall; and Duncan Henderson, being a hot-headed sort of a man, groped his way out of the room, altogether, sat down on the hearth-stone, and fell fast asleep.

THE
FIRST
TO THIS ACCORDANCE
SCIENTIFIC REMARKS
ON THE LITERATURE, HISTORY,
AND ETHNOLOGY OF CHINA. BY
MR. MILNE, MALACCA:
DAVID R. ANGLO-CHINESE.
1820. 8vo.

THIS is the most liberal-minded and intelligent publication which we have seen from the pen of a modern Missionary. Though by no means deficient in zeal, Mr Milne displays more worldly prudence, and a greater knowledge of mankind, than has frequently fallen to the lot of his fellow-labourers in the arduous work of christianizing the Heathen. This Retrospect we therefore consider valuable, not only on account of the somewhat new and curious information on several points which it con-

tains ; but also from the tendency of the calm and moderate views which it discloses to direct and chasten the ardour, both of Missionaries abroad and their patrons at home.

The first Protestant Missionary to China was the Rev. Dr Morrison, famous as the author of the Chinese Dictionary. For a period of about six years, he laboured alone in the Mission, frequently amid great difficulties and discouragement. On his arrival in China, in 1807, he was almost a complete stranger to the language ; and, notwithstanding his incessant and indefatigable industry, his progress at first was slow and painful. Owing to the jealousy of the Chinese, and the bigotry of the Catholic Clergy, it was necessary for him to conduct himself with much precaution ; so that, during the first season, he lodged at Canton, in a lower room, generally occupied as a cellar, which was his sole apartment. An earthen-lamp supplied him with light, a folio volume of Henry's Commentary serving as a shade to shelter the flame from the window. To facilitate his purpose, he endeavoured to imitate the dress and manners of the natives,—suffered his nails to grow,—furnished himself with a long tail, or tress of hair,—went about with a Chinese frock and shoes,—and adopted even the peculiarities of their manner of eating. These arrangements, however, were not attended with the desired advantages, and he was soon induced to lay them aside altogether. The greater portion of his time and talents was devoted to the study of the Mandarin and Canton dialects ; but, owing to the difficulties of his situation, for some time without that success which his fortitude and application would otherwise have ensured ; for so desirous was he to acquire the language, that even his secret prayers to the Almighty were offered up in broken Chinese ! While thus occupied in private study, and in the discharge of the duties of an appointment in the British Factory, which he had been induced to accept, he embraced every opportunity of conveying religious instruction to the natives, when it could with safety be done. The contrast between these scanty and secret meetings, and the

flattering anticipations of a sanguine mind, is thus drawn by Mr Milne : “ The delightful scene which the young Missionary's vivid imagination paints to itself, before he leaves his native shores, of listening throngs crowding around him—thousands of admiring Heathens hanging on his lips, and exulting at the sound of eternal life, cannot be realized in the present state of China. To address an individual or two, with fear and trembling, in an inner apartment, with the doors securely locked, is what Dr Morrison has often been obliged to do, and his colleague also.”

In the year 1810, about four years after his departure from England, Dr Morrison found his acquaintance with the Chinese language sufficient to enable him to revise and correct a translation of the Acts of the Apostles, which he had brought out along with him. The translation of the Scriptures, with a Chinese Grammar, and a few miscellaneous productions, for several years formed the chief part of his labours. The principles by which he was guided as a translator appear to have been very judicious. There are three different kinds of style employed by the writers of China ; “ a high, a low, and a middle style.” The first of these is the most classical, concise, and dignified in its nature, and has been adopted principally by their more ancient and philosophical authors. The second is the most generally admired ; it is more intelligible than the former, but still retains a portion of its dignity, and is level to the capacity of the humbler orders, without being too colloquial or vulgar, for the more refined. Mr Milne considers it as the Addisonian style of China. The third is the conversational style, and is, of course, most generally understood. Each of these presents its peculiar recommendations to the translators of Scripture. The Chinese having a high veneration for their ancient books, and believing that whatever it is necessary to know is contained in them, it seemed that a version of the Bible, in imitation of the classical style, would place it more in a level with their philosophical writings, and tend to procure for it the same influence over the public mind. To this, however, it

was objected, that the style of the ancient authors is not adapted for general usefulness; that even their learned men find considerable difficulty in perusing it; and that the sententious brevity which it requires, is unsuited to the historical character of much of the sacred writings, and unfavourable to the explicit and simple development of revealed truth. The lowest style, being the most intelligible, would seem peculiarly fitted for a work which was to be circulated through all orders of the community, were it not that its meanness, (so unsuited to the dignity of divine things), and its being chiefly employed by the Chinese in productions which they affect to despise, would lead to a less respectful reception of the truths it might contain. The middle style, uniting, in some measure, the advantages, and avoiding the more prominent defects of the other two, appears to be, on the whole, the best adapted for the purpose. In this opinion Dr Morrison, after some hesitation, acquiesced, and similar views are entertained by the writer of this memoir.

It was in July 1813 that Mr Milne, originally from the North of Scotland, joined Dr Morrison at Macao, as his assistant in the Chinese Mission. Notwithstanding the advantages he derived from the experience and writings of his colleague, he found the acquisition of the language attended with the greatest difficulties. According to the direction of Dr Morrison, he laid aside almost every other pursuit, and employed the whole strength of mind and body, and the whole day, from morning till late at night, in the prosecution of his Chinese studies. The plan which he adopted was, to attend, first, to the colloquial dialect, to commit as much as possible to memory, and to write out and analyse the character. Having, in this way, treasured up in his mind a volume of dialogues, and having transcribed this work, and a copy of the Grammar, he set out on a tour throughout the Malay Archipelago, to circulate, among the Chinese settlements, the translations which Dr Morrison had executed. Nothing particularly interesting occurred on this expedition, and it may therefore be sufficient to observe, that, from

the data collected on this journey, the chief seat of the Mission was, in the following year, established at Malacca.

The station of Malacca was selected as a central point, from which the exertions of the Missionaries might be made to bear with most effect on the neighbouring islands and mainland. A free school was opened, a printing-press set up, and a periodical publication in the Chinese language projected and commenced. This publication was intended to combine the diffusion of general knowledge with moral and religious instruction. Essays on the more popular and obvious principles of Astronomy, instructive anecdotes, extracts of an historical nature, and occasional notices of important political events, with papers illustrative of the truths and precepts of Christianity, were designed as the subjects for discussion in the Chinese Monthly Magazine. It may excite the surprise of the periodical writers of our own country to learn, that, up to the time when the "Retrospect" was written, (a period of four years,) every thing published in this work was from the pen of Mr Milne, although engaged, at the same time, in a variety of important and harassing labours. The size of the magazine was of course not very great; it was distributed gratis; and for the first three years, 500, and in the year 1819, 1000 copies were printed monthly, and circulated extensively among the surrounding countries. The account given of the manner in which Chinese books are printed is somewhat curious. The Chinese have three methods of printing. The "Moh-pan, or wooden plates," is a species of stereotype; the characters are clearly cut in blocks of wood; and, when once formed, require no additional labour to compose or distribute them. The second is called the "Läh-pan, or wax plates;" where a coat of wax is laid over a wooden frame, and the letters traced upon it with a graving tool. This method, however, is not now practised by the Chinese; but the same name is used, when, for the sake of expedition, several small slips of wood are given to a number of workmen, and joined together, when finished, by

wooden pins. The third is denominated "Hwō-pan, or living plates," from the circumstance of the characters being moveable, and formed separately, as in the European method of printing. These moveable types are commonly made of wood. The Canton daily paper, containing about 500 words, or monosyllables, is printed in this manner, but so imperfectly, as to be scarcely legible; but even when executed with greater care and skill, the impression obtained by this method is inferior to that obtained from well-cut blocks. There are six different forms of the Chinese character, each of which has a distinct name, and is employed in printing. The Sung-te corresponds to the Roman letter in Europe; and the transcribing it for the press forms of itself a particular employment in China. Their plates are cut in two different ways: in the one, the strokes which form the character are left prominent; the other parts are cut out—the raised lines receiving the ink, and forming the impression. This is denominated the *masculine letter*. In the other, which is but seldom used, the characters alone are cut, the rest of the plate remaining untouched; and when printing is executed in this way, the characters appear in white, on a black ground. This, again, is called the *feminine letter*; and the method of thus dividing their printed character is derived from the principles of a sexual system, which comprehends the whole productions both of the celestial and terrestrial regions.

We shall give the account of the process of preparing and printing with the blocks in Mr Milne's own words:

"The block, or wooden plate, ought to be of the Lee or Tesaou tree, which is of a fine grain, hard, oily, and shining; of a sourish taste, and what vermin do not soon touch. The plate is first squared to the size of the page, with the margin at top and bottom, and is in thickness generally about half-an-inch. They then smooth it on both sides with a joiner's plane. Each side contains two pages, or rather, indeed, but one page, according to the Chinese method of reckoning; for they number the leaves, not the pages of a book.

The surface is then rubbed over with rice, boiled to a paste, or some glutinous substance, which fills up any little indentments, not taken out by the plane; and softens and moistens the face of the board, so that it more easily receives the impression of the character.

"The transcriber's work is first to ascertain the exact size of the page, the number of lines and of characters in each line; and then to make what they call a *kai*, or form of lines, horizontal and perpendicular, crossing each other at right angles, and thus leaving a small square for each character: the squares for the same sort of character are all of equal sizes, whether the letter be complicated, as to strokes, or simple: a letter, or character, with fifty strokes of the pencil, has no larger space assigned to it than one with barely a single stroke. This makes the page regular and uniform in its appearance, though rather crowded, where many complicated characters follow each other in the same part of the line. The margin is commonly at the top of the page, though not always so. Marginal notes are written, as with us, in a small letter. This form of lines being regularly drawn out, is sent to the printer, who cuts out all the squares, leaving the lines prominent, and then prints off as many sheets, commonly in red ink, as are wanted. The transcriber then, with the black ink, writes in the squares from his copy, fills up the sheet, points it, and sends it to the block-cutter, who, before the glutinous matter is dried up from the board, puts the sheet on *inverted*, and rubs it with a brush and with his hand, till it sticks very close to the board. He next sets the board in the sun, or before the fire, for a little; after which he rubs off the sheet entirely with his fingers, but not before a clear impression of every character has been communicated. The graving tools are then employed, and all the white board is cut out, while the black, which shows the character, is carefully left. The block being cut with edged tools, of various kinds, the process of printing follows. The block is laid on a table, and a brush, made of hair, being dipped in ink, is lightly drawn over the

face. The sheets being already prepared, each one is laid on the block, and gently pressed down by the rubbing of a kind of brush, made of the hair of the Tsung tree. The sheet is then thrown off; one man will throw off 2,000 copies in a day. Chinese paper is very thin, and not generally printed on both sides, though, in some particular cases, that also is done. In binding, the Chinese fold up the sheet, turning inward that side on which there is no impression. On the middle of the sheet, just where it is folded, the title of the book, the number of the leaves, and of the sections, and also, sometimes, the subject treated of, are printed the same as in European books, except that, in the latter, they are at the top of the page, whereas here they are in the front-edge of the leaf, and generally cut so exactly on the place where it is folded, that one, in turning the leaves, sees one-half of each character on one side, and the other half on the other. The number of sheets destined to constitute the volume being laid down and pressed between two boards, on the upper one of which a heavy stone is laid, they are then covered with a sort of coarse paper, not with boards, as in Europe: the back is then cut, after which, the volume is stitched, not in our way, but through the whole volume at once, from side to side, a hole having been previously made through it with a small pointed iron instrument. The top and bottom are then cut, and thus the whole process of Chinese type-cutting, printing, and binding, is finished.

The "Retrospect" is professedly of a miscellaneous nature, and the views which the author gives of the peculiar character of the Chinese are often mentioned incidentally, and without much regard to the order in which they are arranged. After perusing the work, however, we rise with a pretty distinct general conception of some of the more characteristic features of that singular and extraordinary people. Most of these national peculiarities it would not be difficult to trace up to a few leading principles. Political circumstances, which, in every country, affect the moral and intellectual condition of its inhabitants, have ex-

erted a more than ordinary influence in China. Their government is in its form nearly patriarchal. That extensive empire is one wide family, yielding the most implicit obedience to its head, and each separate dwelling contains a miniature representation of the whole. The constitution under which they live is that of a despotic state, whose principle is ear. From infancy they are habituated to its influences under the paternal roof, and in after life they only transfer this child-like submission to the Emperor and his mandarins. There is, in this way, a constant uniformity of impression, moulding the character into the same ignoble and passive servility, and inducing the peculiar vices and corruptions of slavery. The national condition, which is in this way partially determined, is further formed, and rendered permanent, in regard to every succeeding generation, by other peculiarities of their government. In most countries, the manners and customs of the people are not established by law; and in this way, by gradual alterations and extraordinary occurrences, the most important changes are produced. The progress of man is towards knowledge and independence—the march of the human mind is directed to a point of high and as yet unattained excellence. But to this advancement, the most effectual obstructions have been raised among the Chinese. The same Code determines the laws, and the manners and customs of the people. Every thing is regulated by inflexible rules. The most ordinary actions of life are included in their statutes. These are taught by their learned men, and enforced by their magistrates. Their youth is spent in studying the theory, and their whole life in the practice of legislative observances. Shut out, also, from all intercourse with other nations, and exposed, for centuries, to the same changeless influences, their earliest impressions being those of fear, of which, in after-life, only the object is altered—surrounded by an accumulated mass of error and prejudice, swoln by the stagnating corruptions of ages—thus conditioned, it is natural to expect, that there would exist in their national character a spirit of exclusion

and dislike of innovation—and that it would be destitute of those generous qualities which spring from the unfettered energies of the mind.

Besides the universal influence of this form of civil and domestic government, other subordinate circumstances combine to form the same general description of character. The increase of population is so rapid, that the greater number of the inhabitants are with difficulty able to procure the necessary sustenance. In such a situation, the vices incident to a precarious mode of existence are sure to abound. Hence the practice of exposing children, and female infanticide, which are so extensively prevalent. The nature of the climate and of rice crops subjecting them to frequent famines, this occasions, in part, that prodigious activity, and excessive desire of gain, which render them the most fraudulent of traders. They are described by the older travellers as the greatest cheats upon earth; every merchant having three weights—the first loaded, for buying—the second light, for selling—and the third, the true standard weight, for persons aware of their impositions! The statements contained in the work before us are strongly corroborative of these charges. In their intercourse with strangers, every consideration is sacrificed to personal or national interest. They shew a wonderful degree of expertness in colouring and exaggerating whatever makes for their purpose—in veiling and extenuating whatever is unfavourable; so that, however crooked their conduct may have actually been, every thing is perfectly straight and square when transferred to paper. Upon whatever footing they meet with foreigners, matters are so dexterously managed, as to make all issue in promoting their own interest. From every comparison with others, their vanity derives new importance. China still occupies the whole world in their ideas, and other nations must be content to accommodate themselves as they best may, in the outskirts and corners. Connected with this excellent opinion of themselves, is the unrestrained indulgence of every mean and degrading vice. The influence of a bribe is omnipotent. Even their courts of justice are disgraced by the

grossest falsifications. They are so abject in spirit, as to submit to the utmost indignities from their superiors; and, after a liberal application of the bastinado, gratefully fall on their knees, and thank the attentive mandarin for the care which he has thus taken of their morals. So plentifully administered, and so efficacious is this mode of discipline, that, according to Father du Halde, "It is the Bamboo which governs China." In this way, the same sort of character is formed which distinguishes the inmates of a House of Correction. Their spirit is degraded as well as corrupted, and their vices want even the weak palliative of being the impulse of a bold and high-minded character. And yet were any other nation to hazard the slightest pretensions to equality, it would be regarded as a presumptuous insult offered alike to the "Great Father," Sovereign of China, and "Sole Ruler of the World,"—and his privileged children, the inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire."

Many of the more repulsive features of their character may be referred to the influence of their superstitions. Whether or not their earliest writings contain the general doctrines of Theism—a point which has often been alleged, but which our author seems inclined to question—there is no doubt that Theism forms no longer the popular creed. When we consider that Confucius himself, the chief of their sages, and to this day the pattern of their imitation, worshipped any given divinity, just as circumstances required, it is not to be expected that his followers should be more consistent or philosophical. But impure as the fountains of their native theology might have originally been, they have been subsequently farther corrupted, by an intermixture of the superstitions of India. Their successive invaders also introduced their respective national mythologies; and most of the forms of idolatry, in the ancient world, have been incorporated with their creed. They have an Elysium, decked out with all the luxuriance and splendour which Asiatic imaginations can bestow. The souls of the Blest wander amid groves of trees, mantled with foliage of gems; the

air around them is balmy with delicious odours; birds of the richest plumage pour forth strains of the sweetest melody; the brooks are filled with odoriferous waters; and even the dust on which they tread is of yellow gold! The joys and glory of this happy land are the exclusive portion of the virtuous of the rougher sex; for although such females, as have in this world led a life of becoming piety, are ultimately enabled to partake of its blessings, yet they must first be transformed into men, before they can be admitted into this Paradise of Delights. Their Tartarus is a suitable counterpart to this picture; the shades of the one being as dark as the colours of the other are brilliant. The Wicked are represented as doomed, in this Pandæmonium; to embrace red-hot pillars of iron; to be boiled in cauldrons; to endure alternately the extremes of pinching cold and devouring fire: or they are hurled, from a fearful height, against mountains bristling with knives, on the points of which they are caught, and lie weltering in gore! They are also firm believers in the doctrines of Transmigration and Fate—a belief which, as might have been expected, exerts the most injurious influence on their affections. The natural promptness of the human heart to assist a fellow-creature in suffering, is constantly checked by the fear of opposing the will of the gods, who send men back to endure misery in this, as a punishment for the crimes of a pre-existent state. They also dread lest, in this way, they should be guilty of the impiety of attempting to counteract the decrees of Fate, and will even calmly witness a fellow-creature sinking amid the waves, or consumed by the flames, without stretching out a hand to save him. They repose, also, the most credulous trust in all the dreams and fancies of Astrology. The calculation of their destiny is performed by blind musicians, who decant learnedly on the position and influence of the stars. They have recourse to the casting of lots, before engaging in any important business; and only when the result is favourable, may a journey, with propriety be undertaken, a house built, or a wife espoused. But the great suc-

cess and happiness of their lives depend on their procuring a propitious influence, or fortunate exposure, in erecting their houses and tombs. Happy is the man who has the doors of his mansion placed under the surveillance of some benignant spirit—arranged in a lucky order—or constructed in a proper form. Yet his happiness would be but short-lived, should some malicious neighbour pitch his dwelling close to his, and on a different plan; or place some ominous angle so as to cross the corner of his roof. Should all means, legal and illegal, fail to remove the hated encroachment, he has only to erect, on the top of his house, a furious dragon, of baked clay, frowning defiance and indignation on the fatal angle. Under this potent protection he may throw off his fears, and eat and slumber in security.

Their superstitions are thus picturesquely described by Mr Milne:

“China has gods celestial, terrestrial, and subterraneous—gods of the hills, of the valleys, of the woods, of the district, of the family, of the shop, and of the kitchen! She adores the gods who are supposed to preside over the thunder, the rain, the fire; over the grain, over births and deaths, and over the small-pox: she worships the host of heaven, the sun, the moon, and the stars. She also worships the geni of the mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas; together with birds, beasts, and fishes. She addresses prayers, and offers sacrifices, to the spirits of departed kings, sages, heroes, and parents, whether good or bad. Her idols are of silver and gold, wood and stone, and clay; carved or molten, the work of men's hands. Her altars are on the high hills, and in the groves under the green trees. She has set up her idols at the corners of the streets, on the sides of the highways or the banks of canals, in boats; and in ships. Astrology, Divination, Geomancy, and Necromancy, everywhere prevail. Spells and charms every one possesses. They are hung about the neck, or stitched upon one's clothes, or tied to the bed-posts, or written on the door; and few men think their persons, children, shops, boats, or goods, safe without them. The Emperors of China, her states-

men, her merchants, her people, her philosophers, also, are idolaters."

In concluding these remarks, the question seems naturally to present itself, Whether Christianity is likely to make very considerable progress, in the face of such peculiar and formidable obstacles? We are yet unfurnished with sufficient data, on which to found any thing like a satisfactory answer to this question. From the difficulties and limited success attending the first ten years of the Protestant Mission to China, it were not unreasonable to conclude, that, even with ampler means, and a more abundant supply of labourers, the beneficial effects produced will long continue to be few and insignificant. It is indeed true, that, from the commencement of the seventeenth century, Catholic Missionaries have been scattered throughout this extensive empire; but, from the exertions and character of a great portion of these, little good could have resulted, even in more favourable circumstances. They principally belonged to the order of Jesuits, whose policy led them rather to modify their religion into unison with the prejudices of men, than to attempt to conform their faith to the standard of revealed truth. Pascal, in the Provincial Letters, informs us of a fact, which shews what progress Christianity might be expected to make under such apostles. Speaking of their obliging and accommodating conduct, in framing their requirements to suit the taste of their disciples, he mentions that, in China, "they allow their Christian disciples to practise idolatry itself, by the ingenious device of making them conceal an image of Christ under their cloaks, to which they are instructed to address, *mentally*, the adorations rendered publicly to their idols." The practicability of the conversion of China is, in fact, a point which remains to be determined by experiment.

We are sorry to observe, that the efforts of the Chinese Mission are likely, for some time, to be more than usually limited; the latest advices from China stating, that the reigning Emperor has issued several edicts, to restrain and prevent the admission of those Missionaries from Europe,

who had arrived in the empire with a view to propagate the Christian Religion.

ON THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY MODERN ARTISTS.

THE Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, to which the public, as well as the artists of this country, already owe so much, has this year departed from its usual system of giving an exhibition of ancient and modern paintings alternately, and presented, a second time, the works of modern artists to the consideration of the Metropolis. From the well-known taste and judgment which characterize the gentlemen who take the lead in this Institution, we doubt not that there were good reasons for this deviation from their original design; but we hope that it will not again be repeated. No persons can see in a stronger manner than we do, the immense importance of giving to artists an opportunity of making their works known to the public; and we are well aware, that all plans for the improvement of art must be entirely nugatory, unless means are afforded them of disposing of their productions. But while we give full weight to those considerations on the one hand, we cannot shut our eyes, on the other, to the fact which experience demonstrates to be true, that the foundation of excellence, in every branch of art, must be laid in the taste of those by whom its productions are to be judged; and that, unless the expectations of the public are formed upon a very high standard, the efforts of artists are not likely to realize them. From the number of paintings, both ancient and modern, which are now purchased in this country, it is evident that an ample disposition exists to encourage the works of art; but it is by no means equally clear that the public, generally, are aware of the qualities in which its excellence consists; or that their taste is raised to that high standard which can alone lead to its ultimate perfection.

It can never be too often repeated, that it is by the constant and *habitual* study of the great works of art

that the public taste is matured ; and that any other means of developing this quality, either in an individual, or in society, are utterly chimerical. It is as impossible to suppose that a people, however well informed they may be in other respects, can at once, and without any previous study, be awakened to a sense of the beauties of art, as to suppose that a nation of savages could at once be made sensible of the excellence of Pope or Milton : and experience demonstrates, that a nation, the most intelligent in other respects, may, from never having had an opportunity of studying the great models of antiquity, be as utterly incapable of appreciating the merits of sculpture or painting, as a set of ignorant peasants would be of understanding the theorems of Newton or Laplace.

Among a people, however, trained to habits of intellectual exercise, and possessing minds cultivated by the study of literature and philosophy, it is wonderful with what rapidity taste, once cultivated, will spring up and flourish. Of the truth of this observation, the history of this country, during the last twenty years, affords the most signal proof. At the commencement of the present century, and down to the close of the war, the public taste, in architecture, was at the lowest ebb : and it was the universal observation of foreigners, that the unparalleled advantages of stone and situation were lost, in this city, by the incapacity of those who had the direction of its edifices. Since the peace, however, has given a new direction to the public mind, and the taste of so large a proportion of the higher orders has been improved by the advantages of foreign travelling, not only the buildings, but the taste of the inhabitants in regard to them, has made an advancement, which, *a priori*, we should have thought impossible in so short a period.

It unfortunately happens, that no similar *Public Exhibition* of the productions of painting and sculpture can take place to form the taste and correct the ignorance of our people upon these subjects ; and, therefore, the improvements of the national taste, in regard to these arts, must

necessarily be much slower than in regard to architecture, which, being always in the public eye, forces itself upon the observation of the most careless spectators. This, however, renders it the more important, that the few occasions on which it is possible to present an *Exhibition* of the works of great artists, for the imitation of the artists, and the instruction of the people of this country, should not be neglected.

Impressed with these ideas, we viewed, with the utmost satisfaction, Mr Williams's charming exhibition of water-colour paintings, which formed so great an object of attraction during this winter. An exhibition of correct drawings of the noble edifices which attest the genius and taste of Ancient Greece, would of itself have been a very great object. But to have these imposing ruins delineated with the eye of refined genius, and adorned with the colours of a poetical imagination, was a combination of fortunate circumstances which, at one period, we never hoped to see realized in this country, and from which we anticipate the happiest results to the future progress of art amongst us. We earnestly hope, that the signal success which has attended his first exhibition, will encourage this distinguished artist to continue and increase his exertions ; and that the Metropolis may often have to boast of similar collections, at once so gratifying to its pride, and so beneficial to its improvement.

The *Exhibition* of the works of Modern Artists, which immediately succeeded that of Mr Williams's paintings, displayed, of course, a greater variety of talent, and a less pleasing uniformity of taste. Without imputing any improper lenity to the Committee of Management, and without meaning to throw the slightest damp on the efforts of rising genius, we must observe, that a great number of pictures were then admitted, which were not calculated either to do any service to the artists, or promote, in the smallest degree, the progress of art. We regret this the more, because some of these paintings occupied conspicuous places in the collection, and because their number was so considerable, as to produce,

upon a careless spectator, the impression that it contained much less talent than it really possessed. It was not till a second or third visit that we ourselves became sensible of its merits; and very possibly, from this cause, we may not yet be qualified to do it full justice.

The department in which we observed the most remarkable improvement over the productions of last year, was in the *SCULPTURE*. There are many circumstances which render it probable, that this is the first of the arts of imitation which will rise to eminence in this country, and certainly there is none in which a nobler field is opened to the efforts of genius. It is with the utmost satisfaction, therefore, that we have to record the rising talents of a sculptor, whose busts we hesitate not to place beside those of Chantry, or of any artists in that department, in ancient or modern times. We allude to Mr Joseph, and he will believe that we speak with sincerity, when we praise his productions, because we hesitated not to censure freely what we conceived to be his defects in the Exhibition of last season.

The improvement of this artist since that period is extremely remarkable. While his works continue to exhibit the strong resemblance which, from the first, distinguished them, the defects which were visible in his early productions have almost entirely disappeared. The appearance of *stone* is no longer visible in his heads; the details are finished with the truth of nature; and his draperies are thrown with the ease and dignity of true genius. In the head of Dr Gregory, these merits are particularly conspicuous. The talent and force of mind which characterized that memorable man, are pourtrayed in the most pleasing manner, and softened by an expression which his countenance bore in its happiest moments. We consider this bust as the finest in the Exhibition, without even excepting that of Sir Walter Scott by Chantry. Nothing, indeed, can be more powerful than the conception and execution of that admirable head, in which the artist seems to have endeavoured to throw into his marble the genius and mental vigour which has so long en-

chanted the civilized world. So successful has he been in this respect, that one is almost tempted to believe that the marble will speak, and involuntarily led to anticipate the brilliant anecdote or humorous story which is to follow the smile which plays round the lips. But it is for the very reason that it *wants* that expression that Mr Joseph's bust of Dr Gregory appears to us to be more permanently pleasing. The one exhibits a momentary expression, the other the *permanent character* of the countenance. Great as is the talent displayed in Sir Walter Scott's head, it exhibits the *fleeting expression* arising from a momentary *sally* only; while that of Dr Gregory is *expressive of the lasting impression* which the mental character has imprinted on the countenance. The latter approaches more nearly to the standard which the ancient sculptors fixed for themselves, while, in the former, the artist has endeavoured to express, on pale and lifeless marble, the fire and animation which modern painting, with the aid of light, and colouring, has been so successful in representing.

The bust of Mr Matthews, by Joseph, is also an admirable piece of art; and that of Mr Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*, presents one of the finest specimens of mental vigour which is anywhere to be met with. But, unfortunately, it is placed in a situation where its merits are much concealed, and a painful feeling is connected with a countenance, which none who knew it will ever recollect without gratitude and affection.

Having said thus much in praise of the great talents of Mr Joseph, we must observe, in justice to Mr Chantry, who has honoured the Exhibition by contributing to its support, that he has had the merit alone, of all modern artists since the time of Michael Angelo, of extending the boundaries of the art, and opening, to the genius of future times, a wide and hitherto untouched field for exertion. The artists of antiquity, and their imitators, Canova and Thorwaldson, have confined themselves to the expression of character in their single figures, and of passion on anatomical skill in their group of comba-

tants. It is Chantry alone who has conceived the possibility of expressing the PATHETIC in statuary; and the magic of his compositions consists chiefly in the admirable use which he has made of that powerful engine. With the exception of the Dying Gladiator and the Medicean Venus, we know of no ancient sculpture in which the expression of pathetic feeling is attempted; but the astonishing effect with which Chantry has portrayed it, has opened a new era in the history of the art. His figures of the sleeping children in Litchfield Cathedral—of the family of Mr Watt receiving his last benediction—and of the numerous death-bed scenes which he has represented, touch the heart in a way which hardly any of the great models of antiquity have effected. The perfection of the art is doubtless greater in these ancient statues, and the delineation of character more exalted; but to a being touched with the weaknesses, and subject to the sorrows of life, the representation of the emotions in which we all participate, is more affecting. In the Apollo, or the Venus, we admire the perfection of the human form, and the expression of a mental character above the reach of mortality; but in Chantry's pathetic groups, we see the representation of feeling which we have ourselves experienced, and feel as when we hear the sound of an air which was familiar to our youth; the heart is again wrung by those strong emotions, which repose during the business of ordinary life; and are aroused only, at long intervals, to remind us of the spiritual destination of our being.

Mr Scouler has furnished several busts, and some compositions, for this Exhibition; and we are happy to say, that a very considerable improvement is visible in his works. He has the merit, and it is no inconsiderable one, of attempting something eminent, and of being at least aware of the capabilities and ultimate perfection of his art. We would recommend him to continue the study of Basso-Relievos; a branch of art, in which, as the Elgin Marbles and Thorwaldson's Triumph of Alexander demonstrate, there is ample room for the greatest display of genius,

and in which little has hitherto been done in this country.

We wish we could say that as great progress is observable in the paintings as the sculpture exhibits. With some brilliant exceptions, however, we must admit, that the Exhibition is not superior to what it was last year. The artists have maintained their former reputation; but they have done little to encrease it.

In portrait painting, Mr Raeburn, as usual, decidedly takes the lead. His portrait of Sir John Hay, of Mr Pillans, and of Mr Williams, are not only admirable likenesses of these gentlemen, but highly valuable as works of art. We regret that there are not in the Exhibition more of the productions of an artist who has never ceased, during a long and honourable career, to exhibit works eminently distinguished by force and talent, and who of late years has been roused, by the rising talent which was growing around him, to a degree of perfection far surpassing the productions of his earlier years. In the works of so distinguished an artist, and to whom the country is under such deep obligations, it would be envious to attempt to discover defects, and, in truth, none are to be found but such as arise necessarily from the circumstances in which he is placed. His works will always be held in high estimation as characteristic, vigorous, and pleasing likenesses; and the future historian of Scottish art will not forget that he began his career when taste had made no progress in this country, and that he first taught the capabilities of art, and spread a taste for its beauties, among a people to whom both the one and the other were unknown.

The portraits by the two Watsons also possess, in the most part, very considerable merits; but there is something in the coarseness with which the details of their paintings are finished, for which we can find no sufficient apology. It may be very true, that they are pressed for time, and that they consider their object accomplished if they have made a good likeness; but it will hardly be said that they are more pressed than Titian, or Vandyke, or Velasquez, or Raphael was, who yet finished all parts of their portraits

with such care, that long after the value of the likeness is forgotten, they are admired and sought after as splendid specimens of art. Our artists may be assured, that they will never become truly eminent till they proceed on the principle of finishing their portraits with the care which those great masters bestowed on their compositions, and till every one considers his reputation at stake, if any part of the painting is done with less care than the countenance. We would not address such observations to these gentlemen, did we not entertain a high opinion of their talents, and were we not convinced that they are capable of producing pictures free from all the blemishes we at present regret to find in them.

The picture of Mr Calcraft, in the character of Carwin, by Miss Patrickson, is finished with the happiest effect. The light and shadow remind us of the old paintings of the Italian and Flemish schools.

Some of Mr Thomson's miniatures are extremely beautiful; but there is a most extraordinary inequality in the merit of his productions. His head of one of his own daughters is a model of grace and elegance; but in some of the adjoining groups, there is a degree of confusion, and a want of the proper balance of light and shade, which destroys the effect the figures, taken singly, would produce.

Mr Allan's picture of Sir Walter Scott's son, in an Hussar uniform, though by no means destitute of merit, is unworthy of the reputation which he has so justly established, and the talents which he unquestionably possesses. The details both of the countenance and figure are finished with truth and with great taste, on the part of the artist; but there is a want of strength, and effect of light and shade, which is an irreparable defect in a painting of such magnitude. We have heard that this gentleman, after having arranged the composition of his figures, models them in clay, and arranges them so as to ascertain, by actual experiment, how the shadows will fall, and that his picture is formed on that basis. Such an attempt shews a most praise-worthy diligence, and a strong desire to

copy the actual appearance of nature; but we doubt extremely whether it is the way to form a great painting. If we look at the old pictures of the Italian or Flemish school, we perceive effects of light and shade, such as never, or very rarely, occur in real life. The shade in which great part of their figures are enveloped, is altogether inconsistent with the brilliant light which is thrown on those which occupy the most conspicuous situations. Yet no one can doubt that these great masters understood the true secret of their art; and that if they deviated from the natural light, it was because they found that it could not be imitated on canvass, or that the object of painting was not the actual copy of the appearances which she presents.

In truth, the slightest consideration, both of the limits of painting, and of the end to which it is directed, must convince us that their principles, in this respect, were well founded. The beautiful in nature is a totally different thing from the beautiful in art. The charm which we feel in beholding a beautiful landscape, is composed of many different emotions, *only one* of which can be awakened by the representation of the painter. Nothing can be more magnificent than the brilliancy and *universality* of the light which characterises the blaze of noon; but if a painter were to attempt to represent it, he would fail in producing the slightest emotion. There is an *unity of effect*, which is not less essential in painting than in the drama; and, with a view to the production of it, all the subordinate parts of the picture must be thrown into shade. This is to be done, not because such shades are ever seen in nature, but because the singleness of emotion which the art requires, can be produced only by their interposition. The flood of varied feelings, which rush on the mind upon contemplating the beauty of nature, can never be awakened by the painter, because the greater part of them cannot be expressed by his pencil. He must supply the defect, by increasing the intensity of the emotion which he can awaken; and this requires that the objects which are to produce it, should be brought pro-

minently forward, by the obscurity of those which surround them.

There is another reason why the shadows of painting must be totally different from those which nature exhibits. The brilliancy of the light of the sun is altogether beyond the imitation of the artist. Since he cannot represent the light which nature throws, he must encrease the magnitude and the depth of his shade. If any one, accordingly, will study the drawings in the *Liber Veritatis*, in which the wonderful knowledge which Claude Lorraine possessed of light and shadow is displayed, he will find that the secret, both of the unity of effect which he produces, and of the enchanting light which he exhibits, is to be found in the small number of objects which are strongly illuminated, and the multitude of *intermediate* shades by which that light is softened in the remainder of the picture. The same will be found to be the case with the great paintings of Raphael, the Carracci, Dominichino, and Correggio. Had these artists copied the light and shade which they actually observed in nature, they would never have succeeded in producing the matchless specimens which they have left. It is the more singular that Mr Allan should have fallen into this error, as the first painting which he executed in this country, that of the Circassian Captives, exhibits such masterly management of light and shadow. Had the picture of the Press-Gang and of the Death of Archbishop Sharpe displayed the unity of effect which is so conspicuous in this admirable picture, they would have established, beyond the possibility of dispute, the high reputation which, we rejoice to hear, the exhibition of the last of these pictures acquired for Mr Allan in London, last summer.

There are some specimens in the Exhibition, by Mr Fraser, which sustain the well-earned character which he acquired by his earlier productions. The pictures of the larder, of a figure with still life, and of a view near Liverpool, with fishing-boats, are admirable performances, both in respect of design and of execution. The delicacy, taste, and fidelity, with which the plumage of

the birds is finished, is worthy of the best paintings of the Flemish school. We anxiously wish to recommend this most promising young artist to the encouragement of the public, and, we are confident, that if he meet with the reward which he deserves, he will prove both an ornament and an honour to the art in this country.

Notwithstanding the greatest disadvantages, the genius of Mr Geikie again appears to have assigned him an honourable place in this Exhibition. His talent in the delineation of low characters, and of humorous expression, and the uniform correctness of his drawing, are very remarkable. The picture of a scene in the Grass-market of Edinburgh possesses very great merits, and will, we hope, bring him the encouragement which his great and persevering merits so well entitle him to expect.

The collection of LANDSCAPES is, we think, upon the whole, decidedly superior to that of Figures. In the first rank of excellence, in this beautiful branch of the art, we must place Mr Thomson, a gentleman whose genius seems to be daily developing itself more vigorously, and whose conceptions are fraught with the highest marks of original and profound feeling. The two upright landscapes, by this master, remind us of the best designs by Poussin: his view of Dunbar Castle, and the Bay of Aberlady, prove that he has the eye of Vernet for marine scenery; while his view in the park of Duddingston approaches to the glow and the colouring of Claude. But the great merit of his paintings consists in their compositions, in the management of light and shade, and in the great knowledge which he exhibits of the combination and the power of colouring. It is to be regretted, that the details of the objects which he so skilfully throws together, are not finished in a manner at all suitable to the magnificence of their conception. His trees, at a distance, remind the spectator of the beautiful masses of foliage by which Claude brought out the effect of his evening skies; but if you approach the painting, you look in vain for that richness and *truth* of finishing, which lies veiled under the glow of magical co-

louring. Mr Thomson appears to paint always with a broad brush, and to apprehend that minute finishing of the details of a landscape may hurt the general effect, forgetting that it is in the combination of truth, and minuteness of finishing, with breadth and generality of effect, that the perfection of the art consists. It may be doubted, too, whether he always gives the effect to a scene which its character requires. No one, for example, will dispute the admirable colouring of the view of Aberlady Bay. But surely that scene, in which the fore-ground is nothing, and which possesses no charm but the variety and interest of the objects in the distance, might have been represented in a more suitable light, than with an east wind, and a troubled sea, and a back-ground hardly distinguishable through the mist: a calm sea, and a summer sunset, are requisite to unfold the beauty of that scene; and such an effect, brought out by Mr Thomson's colouring, would have been an object worthy of his genius.

The landscapes of Mr Naysmith, and of some of his family, exhibit the usual merits and defects of their school. There are few better pictures in the Collection than the view of Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket: and the painting of the Lake of Lucerne is executed with delicacy and taste. But this picture exhibits, in a striking manner, the defects of his style of painting. There is nothing characteristic in it. The spectator should be able to say at once, from the appearance of a landscape, whether it is taken from the Highlands of Scotland, from the Italian Lakes, or from the Swiss Country. Each of these districts has a character peculiarly its own, and which painting can easily imitate. But no one could say, from looking at this picture, whether it was a scene in Scotland, in Switzerland, or in Italy. While, therefore, we give full merit to the delicacy of this artist's colouring, the freedom of his touch, and the beauty of his shades, we much regret that he has formed for himself and his school a peculiar manner, which, however beautiful in itself, does not seem capable of adapting itself to the varied forms and ap-

pearances of nature. But making these observations, we must beg leave, in the strongest manner, to express our sense of the great merits of this artist, who has been truly called the Father of Landscape Painting, in this country.

Mr Wilson has adorned the Exhibition by one landscape of uncommon beauty—the view of Evening in the Bay of Genoa. Nothing can be finer than the light on the water, or the glow which is thrown over the wooded hill, on the right hand of the picture. The character of that hill, too, is truly Italian; and no one can mistake the beautiful combination of numerous buildings, with rich foliage, which forms the grand characteristic of Appennine scenery. If there is any fault in this picture, it is to be found in the feebleness of the tree in the fore-ground. To bring out the bright illumination of the sky and the water, and to force a balance to the weight of objects on the other side, a large mass of dark foliage was requisite. The tree which Mr Wilson has introduced is too light and too flimsy for this purpose; in consequence of which, the picture has an appearance of feebleness, which deceives those who do not attend to its real beauties. If we could combine the illuminated sky, beautiful execution, and Italian imagination of Mr Wilson, with the vigorous conception and powerful pencil of Mr Thomson, we would produce a painter whom we would not hesitate to call the Claude of the North of Europe.

Among the excellent pictures of this Exhibition, we must not omit to mention the view of the Red-Head, in Angushire, by J. F. Williams. The rocks, the sky, and the waves, are there painted with a vigour and truth worthy of Vernot himself. This is by far the best picture we have ever seen by this artist; and the defects which were conspicuous in his view of Heidelberg Castle, last year, seem in it, at least, to be corrected. The colouring is chaste, powerful, and yet delicately finished; the light and shade are thrown in large imposing masses; and the conception of the whole is entirely suitable to the character of the objects which were to be represented. We

congratulate the public on the signal improvement which this artist has exhibited during the last year, and hope it is but the prelude to still greater exertions, and more perfect success.

There is a small landscape by one artist which we have heard praised with the utmost enthusiasm, by some very competent judges, and which must not be passed over without special notice: we allude to the view, after a shower, in North Wales, by W. Linnell. No one can feel more strongly than we do the brilliancy of the colouring in this little picture, or the strong observation of nature which the sky, and the distant mountain, exhibit. They have all the freshness of reality, in the moment which the artist has selected for the imitation. But, on the other hand, the fore-ground, and the middle of the piece, appear to be altogether unworthy of such accompaniments. They have neither beauty, sublimity, nor any interesting quality to recommend them.—We presume they are the objects which were actually before the artist's eye when he saw the gleam which he has so well portrayed. But does Mr Linnell really imagine that the art of painting consists in nothing but going out on the high-road, and copying whatever he sees before him, without any regard to whether it be *in itself* beautiful or not? Must not, the artist select such scenes in nature for his imitation as are really beautiful—and, when selected, combine them with a fore-ground suited to their character—and manage the colouring and shade so as to develop the emotion he wishes to produce? And how does he accomplish these, the acknowledged ends of his art, if he merely paints whatever comes in his way, without any regard to the scenes which are the fit objects of painting, or the accompaniments by which their effect is best to be displayed? Mr Linnell's colouring displays a freshness and brilliancy peculiarly his own; we hope he will attend to the principles of composition, and there can be no doubt he

will rise to great eminence in his profession.

We are happy to observe a great improvement in the landscapes of Mr P. Gibson. His view between the Trossachs and Callendar possesses considerable merits: the trees are touched with vigour and truth, and the composition arranged by a skilful hand. The colouring, however, is too cold and grave; and the purple colour of the stubble flower does not appear to be introduced with a very happy effect.

The large painting, in the style of Claude, by a gentleman from London, is a composition in which there is much to admire. The artist seems imbued with the style of the great masters of antiquity; and the depth of his shades, as well as the style of his composition, proves that he is desirous of imitating them. The effect of the trees in the centre is extremely good, and the beauty of the picture altogether such as to entitle the artist to the warmest thanks of the Institution and the public.

We have heard that it is in agitation to build a suit of rooms, in the new edifices projected on the Mound, for the accommodation of this most useful Institution; and that, when this is done, it will be in the power of the managers to have an Exhibition of the works of ancient and modern masters at the same time. We earnestly hope that this report is well founded. Nothing would contribute so much to the improvement of the public taste, as such a combination of the great works of antiquity, with the efforts of modern genius. And we are convinced that its result would be eminently beneficial to the artists themselves; for though it would unquestionably demonstrate the great exertions which they require to make, in order to rival the masters of antiquity, yet it would rouse the spirit of emulation, which is most likely to secure such an object: and if it would lower the vanity of some amongst them, it would do so only in order to fit them to receive higher honours than have yet been awarded to the professors of art in this country.

THE MONTROSE BEACON *.

IT is nothing marvellous that a human being should suffer the last sentence of the law, and die an ignominious death. But such a catastrophe, however familiar to our senses, becomes somewhat more awful when, as in the case before us, the criminal, a woman, is executed for the murder of her husband. If, therefore, in treating of the precious morsel of Newgate biography, whose title is appended, we happen to indulge in a little pleasantry, we trust our readers will remember that it is far from our desire to treat with unbecoming levity either the crime, the criminal, or the punishment. Our object is to examine the Memoir, less in reference to its subject, than to its literary merits; and to adduce a specimen of that singular talent for writing, which, we fear, too often slumbers in provincial obscurity, until some occasion of strong excitement, or of sheer necessity, awaken and call it forth.

From its situation, the town of Montrose is peculiarly fitted to aid the sublimated aspirations of ardent and poetic minds. Often have we stood upon its bridge, before "the morning sun had climbed the empyreal vault," sometimes spouting Lord Byron's Address to the Ocean, that "glorious mirror of the Almighty's form,"—at other times, thinking of the glorious scene in the Vision of Mirza, as we beheld at the flowing of the tide, the waters of the ocean rushing impetuously through three or four narrow arches beneath our feet, and all at once calmly expanding into and filling the beautiful basin, or ocean-lake, of at least seven miles in circumference. He who can stand upon that bridge, and gaze upon the magnificence of the scene before him without feeling emotions somewhat different from those excited in the bustle of crowded streets, has indeed little music in his soul. But what

has all this to do with the Memoirs of Mrs Shuttleworth? It is this—we infer, that the frequent contemplation of such a scene must have tamed the mind of the author to, its amplest measure of expansion, with those sublime specimens of the bathos which abound in every page of his little book. Had Mr Hume (the member for Montrose) visited, and mused upon this scene; nay, could he even do it yet, with his mind unfettered and untrammelled by the jarring of borough politics, and the manœuvrings of borough delegates, instead of shining in our Senate as a first-rate matter-of-fact man,—losing himself in the labyrinthine mazes of estimates, —or counting millions, with Mr Croker at his elbow to check his additions, his powers of oratory might have partaken of a more poetical and sublimated character, and rivalled those sallies of wit and bursts of eloquence which characterize the more splendid efforts of Burke, of Sheridan, of Canning,—and of the Biographer of Mrs Shuttleworth!

The case of this unfortunate woman was remarkable enough, but not singular. She was condemned upon circumstantial evidence; (so were the Ashcrofts, John Holmsby, and many others), and to the last protested her innocence*.

* This was just what any body but the author of a Newgate Calendar might have *a priori* predicted. The woman Shuttleworth was almost continually in a state of intoxication, during which her passions were usually wrought up to frenzy; and, in that state, it was proved that she had committed the dreadful deed that brought her to an untimely end. In her Bacchanalian orgiasts, she had frequently threatened her husband's life; and so convinced was the unhappy man of his danger, that a little before the fatal catastrophe, he had announced his intention of leaving Montrose; and constantly refused to take any friend to his house, alleging the danger to which they were exposed by the fury of his beastly spouse. That Mrs S. should have a very imperfect, or perhaps no recollection of the commission of the criminal act, was, therefore, what any one but the author of her life would have naturally expected in such circumstances.

* Memoirs of the Life of Mrs Shuttleworth, executed at Montrose, on the 7th December 1821, for the Murder of her husband. With an Account of her Trial. Second Edition, pp. 72. Montrose, J. Smith; price 1s. 6d.

The publication before us is a piece of provincial special pleading in behalf of the criminal; and some dark insinuations of another, and real, but nameless perpetrator of the crime, are held forth; but no ulterior object, on the part of such, is made evident; and a respite of five or six weeks, from the Secretary of State, led to no discovery calculated to strengthen such an insinuation, or to elicit a single circumstance in favour of the criminal. Taking, therefore, into view all the circumstances connected with the proceedings in this woman's case—the *honest*-respectable jury who pronounced a unanimous verdict—that hallucination of mind, and destruction of memory, which habitual and copious potations of ardent spirits, operating on the brain*, produce in some constitutions—the *malice prepense* proved beyond a shadow of doubt—and the total absence of one solitary circumstance to establish even a suspicion as to another perpetrator of the crime; we think her condemnation an act of public, and of indispensable justice.

In the memoir of Mrs Shuttleworth's life, there is nothing besides the last act to give her a deathless name upon cream-coloured, blue, and yellow paper. Had she formed one of those unhappy beings sacrificed in front of Newgate, her name would have been washed to oblivion with the morning's dose of beef-steaks and porter, bolted by the handful of cocknies who had looked on her exit. But in a place where such a scene is of rare, perhaps of unprecedented occurrence, it was calculated to produce a more striking and lasting impression, and our author's attempts to keep alive that impression—whether for fame, for profit, or for both—and to hold out the case as a

"Beacon," to enable his townsmen to avoid those "juggling fiends," who would tempt them into the currents which hurried along this unhappy woman to perdition, cannot fail to be considered extremely laudable; and as "little things are great to little men," we feel anxious to communicate to our readers the pleasure we have derived from observing his success.

To facilitate this grand consummation, we now proceed shortly to speak of its merits as a literary production, and to endeavour to throw its circulation into a wider range than it could ever have secured for itself. To effect this, we might only inform our readers, that it contains samples of minuteness of detail, and nicety of description, which they may search for in vain in the pages of Hume, of Gibbon, or of Robertson. We must, however, as in duty bound, present them with a few of these:—and, first, the history and analysis of that horrible last instrument, the rope, as given by our author in three lines, is, in our opinion, quite satisfactory.

"The cord was in all five fathoms in length. It was manufactured in Montrose, of the best hemp, and contained thirty threads or strands in its compositions"!!! p. 36.

Next, as to the unity of time and place.

"Wherever time is mentioned, this day, it was taken from a watch adjusted to the *striking*, or steeple clock. It is necessary to mention this, as the clock in the New Buildings, as is not unfrequently the case, did not nearly correspond."

p. 38.

Thus, "even panting time toils after him in vain." Perhaps our author intended, in this paragraph, to convey, by a side wind, an admonition to the Dean of Guild in Montrose, who, for the benefit of the lieges, ought certainly to see that all the clocks perform their *striking*-offices. Besides minuteness of detail, and a sample of pathos, which we have yet, to exhibit, our author has also made some attempts, (bating the horrors of his subject,) to excel in wit and humour. Thus, in speaking of the embarkment of the corpse from Dundee—

* The Biographer concludes with the following sentence, termed "a peep into the dissecting room:" "Our readers will not be disgusted with the horrid details of the dissection. Suffice it to say, that the only peculiarity worth noticing was the soft composition of the brain. It was so much so, that it was impossible to demonstrate its parts to the pupils of the Anatomical School!" *The aid of Phrenologists ought to have been called in!* Ed.

"On Sunday morning, the body was shipped, under the care of the Superintendent. It is understood that the boatmen were aware of the contents, as they required the extra fare of one shilling, which they consider their perquisite by prescription, whether they carry *parties newly married*, or a *corpse*!" p. 48.

So, then, it appears, the sagacious and experienced Dundee boatmen couple marriage and a corpse, as a philosopher would combine cause and effect. The boatmen, however, might not be so far in the wrong, were every benedict buckled to a Mrs Shuttleworth! We sincerely hope, this will never be the case with our worthy Biographer, nor with any other town-officer in Montrose; for we are informed, that, upon the departure of the executioner for Aberdeen,

"A town officer accompanied him to St Cyrus, not at his request, but as a *friendly walk with him*!" p. 47.

So much for specimens of minuteness of detail and of humour! but the bathos must not be lost sight of. We have only room for one specimen, and when we read it,

"His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd our breast."

Le voilà.

"At these words, the handkerchief was dropt; the executioner, in readiness, cut the cord supporting the beam, with an axe, and
" *Pause, reader—ponder and pause—who knows what thine own end may be?*" p. 46.

VERY TRUE! But we have done, being anxious not to weaken the effect of this decorous appeal, by any further remarks of our own. We have only to add, that if either our readers or our author think that this performance has not been treated, on our part, with "even-handed justice," we beg, in exculpation, to quote the words of his own advertisement; and Messrs Ruthven are hereby requested to set the adage in letters as conspicuous as their columns will admit.

"TO SAY THAT THIS PUBLICATION HAS ITS ERRORS AND IMPERFECTIONS, IS TO SAY, THAT IT IS THE WORK OF A MORTAL;—No

MAN IS PERFECT; ALL ARE LIABLE TO ERR."

Yes! We know that it is "the work of a MORTAL;" that that "*mortal*" is a Montrosian Bibliopole; that "no man is perfect," not excepting the Biographer of Mrs Shuttleworth; and that "all men"—and some *few* women too—"are apt to ERR"!!!

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA, UNDERTAKEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY; BEING A NARRATIVE OF A SECOND JOURNEY IN THE INTERIOR OF THAT COUNTRY. BY THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL; WITH A MAP AND COLOURED PLATES. 2 VOLS. 8vo. LONDON. WESTLEY.

TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF SOUTHERN AFRICA. BY WILLIAM J. BURCHELL, ESQ. VOL. I.; WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW MAP, AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS. 4to. LONDON. LONGMAN AND CO.

WE do not know any spot in the world which has been so fortunate in travellers as Southern Africa. The lively Vaillant, the learned Sparrman, the observant and accurate Barrow, have made it the theatre of their peregrinations. This good fortune, too, does not seem founded upon any peculiar merit, since there scarcely exists on the surface of the globe a more naked and uninviting track. Sterile and dreary plains—naked rocks, whose pinnacles are covered with snow—the human race sunk in the lowest degradation, without any of the grandeur or energy of savage life; these are all the objects that meet the eye of the observer. The mineral, indeed, and, still more, the vegetable system, presents objects of some interest; yet these do not seem sufficient to account for its preference over others which combine the same, with many additional attractions.

We do not mean to compare Mr Campbell with these great men, as to extent of knowledge, or power of observation; but the ardour inspired by the benevolent object in view has enabled him to penetrate far beyond them, and to open a new vein of discovery. It had already been

known, through the journey of Messrs Trotter and Somerville, in 1801, that, beyond the Orange River, and the dreary boundaries of the Colony, lay a track of much more fertile territory, occupied by a more improved race than in any of the already known districts. The most flattering accounts were brought of the town of Leetakoo, or Lattakoo, and of the civilized and polished character of its inhabitants. These discoveries were afterwards familiarized to the public, by the first journey of Mr Campbell, and by the copious and elaborate description of Lichtenstein. As yet, however, no European had penetrated, or at least returned, from beyond Lattakoo; for the expedition sent by Lord Caledon, under Cowan and Denovan, was entirely cut off by a treacherous attack of the natives. Mr Campbell, however, in the present journey, has made a great addition to our former stock of information. He has penetrated more than two degrees northward from Lattakoo, and has discovered several large towns, one of which may be called a city, and much exceeds any yet known in Southern Africa. An abstract of his information, therefore, may, we conceive, be acceptable.

On Mr Campbell's arrival at Lattakoo, he found there Kossie, the king of Mashow, a town to the north, from whom he obtained a somewhat cold permission to visit him, accompanied with a warning, that every thing must be done through the kings, and not through the people. The country being peaceable, and one of the party being well acquainted with the natives, the opportunity was considered favourable. He set out, therefore, and in two days reached Old Lattakoo, situated upwards of thirty miles to the north of what is called New Lattakoo, which last was founded in consequence of a schism in the tribe. This old town is nearly the size of the new, and built in exactly the same manner. Even Old Lattakoo, however, is not the town originally visited by Europeans, which stood about six miles to the eastward. Mr Campbell visited the spot, and saw a striking example of the speedy desolation which overtakes an African city. The valley which the original Lattakoo had

covered with its houses and population, presented no longer the vestige of a habitation, nor of a human being. A few birds and lizards were the only living creatures to be seen. The spot was covered with numerous bushes, which were in progress to become an impenetrable forest.

After a few days' stay at Old Lattakoo, Mr Campbell proceeded to the south. The country now presented a different aspect from any he had yet seen in Southern Africa, where it is generally naked, or, if covered with trees, presents, as in Albany, the seat of the New Colony, an impenetrable forest. Here the trees were scattered, or in clumps, amid plains of luxuriant grass. They appeared to the traveller like a forest which he never reached, but which separated as he approached. There is no population, excepting a few wandering hordes of Bushmen, in the intervals between the towns; for these, in the divided and hostile state of the tribes, afford the only places of security. After a week's travelling, they came to Meribohwey, the chief place of the tribe called Tammahas, yet not containing above six or seven hundred people. As they approached the eminence on which it stood, groups of women and children ran to meet them; soon after which, the warriors rushed down, painted red, and brandishing furiously their spears and battle-axes. This exhibition, which at first inspired no agreeable sensation, was found to be merely intended as a compliment. They were very well received, and were the objects of much curiosity, though disappointment was felt at their not having beads to exchange, nor any *quochas* to give them to eat.

From Meribohwey the party proceeded to Mashow, which they found situated in a beautiful valley, about five miles broad, and surrounded by picturesque hills. Like all other towns in this part of Africa, it is seated on an eminence, destitute of tree or bush, that there may be nothing to obstruct the view of approaching enemies. The population is reckoned at 10 or 12,000; a circuit of about twenty miles is laid out in corn fields, while, beyond it, are the stations for the cattle. The general manners of the people were si-

milar to those of the Matchappecs, or inhabitants of Lattakoo. Mr Campbell gives the following picture of one of the leading Mashow chiefs:

Mungallee came into the tent, while we were at supper, and looked at every thing on the table as a child might have been expected to do: On giving him bread and cheese, he held them on the palm of his hand, till he asked childishly if he might first take a bit of the one, and then a bit of the other. On being answered Yes, he instantly put down his head, and devoured them with the rapidity of a wild beast. His fine figure and savage manners exhibited an affecting contrast. The crown of his head was covered with wool; a circle was next closely shaved; then a ring of wool, about an inch broad, extended round the head; the rest was also closely shaved. The woolly part was ornamented with some kind of powder, possessing a blue shining appearance, mixed with fat, and plastered on. It very much resembled that of a cast-metal stove. His body was slightly painted with red ochre, united with grease to make it stick. He wore two gilt buttons in each ear, which I had given to him.

After leaving Mashow, the party ascended into a mountainous country, and soon found themselves on the highest ground in this part of Africa. They passed several streams, one of which was understood to swell to a large river, and probably empty itself into the Indian ocean. The rains now fell copiously, sometimes for several days together, whereas, in the interior parts of the Cape territory, they seldom continue more than two or three hours.

A journey of eight days brought the travellers to Kurrecehane, capital of the Marootzees, a very large town, supposed to contain about 16,000 souls. It is situated, like all the others, on a considerable eminence, for the purpose of security, though considerable inconvenience is thus incurred in regard to the supply of water. The houses are well built, some plastered in the outside, painted red and yellow, and each surrounded, at a convenient distance, by a circular stone wall. The inclosure is covered with soft wrought clay, made perfectly smooth, by rolling hard clay vessels over it, and kept very clean. Each family has

also a store-house for grain, which is kept in clay vessels, neatly manufactured, and arranged in rows. The interior of the houses is often adorned with pillars and ornaments of clay, painted with various colours. They smelt both iron and copper. The furnaces are built of clay, almost-equal in hardness to stone. The dressing of skins for cloaks is the other principal manufacture. Cattle, however, form the commodity most highly valued, and abound greatly. When the herds were called home in the evening, the roads, for two miles, appeared entirely covered. Beads, an article in universal demand, are the money of the Marootzees, and carefully hoarded up as such. Hence beads of glass, or other slight substance, are little valued; they must be of solid and durable materials. Though the Missionaries were well received in other respects, yet the bringing no beads to exchange was a severe disappointment. Beads and cattle, our author laments, engross their whole souls.

The government of the Marootzees appears, by the imperfect hints here given, to be a monarchy, with considerable power in the hands of the warlike chiefs. The government was then held by a Regent, Liqueeling, uncle to Moolway, the king, a minor. The proceedings of the *peetso*, or public council, afford a very picturesque and lively image of the Boshuana manners.

About eleven A. M. companies of twenty or thirty men began to arrive in the public inclosure where the waggons stood, marching two and two, as regularly as any trained regiment. Most of them were armed with four assegais, or spears, and had also battle-axes, and shields made of the hide of an ox. On entering the gate, they immediately began to exhibit their war manœuvres in a terrific manner, now advancing, then retreating, and suddenly returning to the attack; sometimes also imitating the stabbing of an enemy. The height of their leaps into the air was surprising. Each company, after performing these evolutions, retired from the square, and paraded through the town.

At length the Regent entered at the head of a large party, who, after going through their evolutions, sat down towards the eastern corner of the square, after which, the other companies soon entered, and took their stations in regular rows, with their faces towards the Regent,

who presided on the occasion. The party that came with him sat, like himself, facing the meeting. Between three and four hundred persons might compose the *peetso*.

The meeting commenced by the whole company joining in singing a song; after which, a chief captain rose, and commanded silence. He then gave three howls, and, resting upon his *assagais*, asked if they would hear him? This was followed by a hum, expressive of their assent. He then asked if they would give attention to what he said? The sign was repeated.

After he had made his speech,

Moelway was called upon to dance before them, that they might have an opportunity of cheering him. He is a fine-looking young man, about six feet high. He wore the red night-cap I had given him, tied round with gilt tinsel lace, which looked extremely well, amid so motley a group. The Regent wore, as a breast-plate, a very large lacerated bed-nail cover, which I had sent him in the morning, with some other things, in consequence of his sending me a second elephant's tusk. He wore, sometimes before and sometimes behind, one of the handsomest tiger-skins I had seen, and was loaded with beads. As Moelway was returning to his seat from the dance, he was excessively applauded by all, beating their shields, and shaking their *assagais*, accompanied with as much noise as they could make with their tongues.

Pelangye, the Matchappee captain who travelled with us, rose next, and commenced by giving three howls, pausing about half a minute between each. These Matchappee howls being somewhat different from those of Kurreechane, approaching nearer to yells or shrieks, highly diverted the female spectators, who burst into immoderate fits of laughter. After the howls, three or four of Pelangye's men rushed forth, and danced for a few minutes in front of the assembly. One of these, when imitating an attack upon an enemy, fell flat on the ground, which raised a universal roar of laughter. Pelangye then addressed the meeting, first by taking credit to himself for having brought white men to them; he said we were men of peace, and hated theft.

As soon as Pelangye had concluded, the leader of the singing began a song, in which the whole assembly joined. Their singing between the speeches may be designed to give time for another speaker to come forward. While they were singing, Munameets, our guide, rose with his usual gravity, wearing one of my pocket

handkerchiefs on his head. He began by giving three barks like a young dog, when four of his men burst forth from the ranks, and danced lustily; some of them being old, they were rather stiff in their movements, which afforded great amusement. After these had danced a few minutes, and exhibited their mode of attacking an enemy, old Munameets, and Pelangye, a man about six feet two or three inches high, stepped out, and danced a little, on which Munameets proceeded to his speech.

When he had concluded, Sinosee, two of whose daughters were married to the Regent, rose and gave three shrieks, on which many of his people ran from the ranks, and danced, &c. for some time, after which, he made a most warlike speech, urging them to go quickly against the nation that had stolen their cattle. I was afraid he would propose that we should accompany them with our muskets.

Another captain said, they had no King, (alluding to the government by a Regent,) to protect the cattle. He did not like to see young kings with thick legs and corpulent bodies; they ought to be kept thin, by watching and defending the cattle.

A chief from another town, who was very black, and wore a large hairy cap, made a long speech, warmly exhorting them to take vengeance on the Boquains. A blind chief, when exhorting to war, was cheered; on which he remarked, that what they had given was a weak cheer; they must clear their throats, and cheer such things with more force and heart. He laughed while he said this.

Another chief said, they could come to the *peetso* all well powdered; and they could talk much about commandoes; but it was all show, they did nothing. In his young days, the captains were men of far more courage and resolution than they were now.

The Regent Liqueeling then rose, which caused considerable stir. He remarked, that much had been said about expeditions against those who had stolen their cattle. Though he was not a tall man, yet he considered himself a match for any who had stolen the cattle, and was not afraid of them; but he had his reasons for not attacking them at present. "You come before me," said he, "powdered and dressed, and boast about commandoes, but I believe you are unwilling to go on them; you can talk bravely before the women, but I know you too well to take you against those nations." He added, that he had had various conversations with the strangers, and there was

no occasion to fear, and to run from them. They loved peace, he said, and came to make known to them the true God, and his Son, who had come into the world. He then explained the reason why we had no heads, which had caused so much dissatisfaction.

His brother concluded the meeting by a long speech, at one part of which both the Regent and Moelway, followed by many, ran forward, and danced for some time. On returning to their seats, he proceeded in his speech; and the instant he concluded, the whole meeting rose as one man, with tumultuous noise, and departed with such speed, that in one minute the square was cleared. The meeting lasted about four hours.

There were a great diversity of dresses at the meeting. They all resembled each other, however, in having their bodies painted with pipe-clay from head to foot, and in wearing a kind of white turban, made from the skin of the wild hog, the bristles of which are as white as the whitest horse-hair. Many wore tigerskins, and several were ornamented with eight or ten coverings resembling fur tip-pets, hanging from their shoulders, and others wore them depending from the middle of their bodies. There were a great variety of skin cloaks, without the hair. Yet, notwithstanding all this finery, few scenes could be conceived more completely savage, almost bordering on the frightful; but the tones of voice, and the actions of most of the speakers, were oratorical and graceful; and they possessed great fluency of utterance. None seemed to have the smallest timidity, nor were they reluctant to express their minds with freedom. In fact, they exhibited a singular compound of barbarism and civilization. The utmost latitude of speech seems to be allowed on such occasions. The women, who stood about twenty yards distant from the assembly, sometimes cheered, by pronouncing the letter *r* in a loud musical tone. An elderly woman was very frequently applauded in that way, while the Regent was speaking; I concluded she was his mother, or sister.

We have already hinted, that the amiable and friendly character ascribed to the Boshuanias by their first visitors, has been found liable to much deduction. Mr Campbell clearly marks it as a *land of strife and blood*. The habits of life seem a good deal to resemble those of early Greece, or of border Scotland, during the feudal ages. The *commando*, a term synonymous with foray, seems the grand object of national enterprise. In

stealing cattle, and recovering those stolen, all their glory is centered. The mind of Mr Campbell's guides appeared to be perpetually haunted by the image of cows which they had carried off from their lawful owners, and by the dread of the latter approaching to take vengeance. Mr Campbell preached diligently the doctrine of his Master—*peace*; and the chiefs declared their approbation, saying they were peaceable men, and only obliged to resist and punish the rapacity of their neighbours; but there seemed fair grounds to doubt the sincerity of these professions. Without the sluggishness which characterizes the Hottentot, the Boshuanias tribes seem to have the same indiscriminate voracity for animal food. This is accompanied, among the lower classes, at least, with no foresight; "eat they will, while they have it;" so that they are often reduced to extreme straits. Although they did not seem to want affection for their children, yet offers were made, on more than one occasion, to sell them for a large supply of rhinoceros' flesh.

A good deal of interest seems to attach to African discovery in this direction. A number of hills were pointed out, to the east and south, on which large towns were situate. In proportion as the traveller advances northwards, he seems to come to tribes more populous, and more improved in all the arts of life. From this point, to the banks of the Niger, stretches a region of almost illimitable extent, and of the contents of which we have not the smallest idea. The first object, however, would be, to connect the country of the Boshuanias, with Mosambique on the east, and Congo on the west. The Missionaries perhaps would be the best discoverers. Their quiet demeanour, the intelligible and benevolent object in view, and a certain sacred character attached to them, impose upon barbarians, and enable them to go where others could not safely adventure. But we cannot expect these worthy persons to go out of their way for the promotion of worldly science, and must thankfully receive such contributions as they can throw into it, in the course of pursuing their appropriate objects. That any other person could traverse

with safety these barbarous regions, is what, after the catastrophe of Cowan and Denovan, we cannot venture to assert.

Mr Campbell does not hold out a very flattering view of the prospects as to conversion. They were indeed well received; the people shewed an extreme and friendly curiosity, and there seemed no indisposition on the part of the chiefs to allow them to settle. They expressed pleasure at hearing so many new things, but seemed to have little interest in, or comprehension of, the doctrines inculcated. It is lamented, that three times the number assembled, ⁴⁸ see them dine, as to hear them preach. It seems to have been a subject of considerable speculation to the party, whether the Boshuanas had a soul; but the argument in the negative, drawn from the fact, that they had no terms to express it, except those which signified also air or breath, appears to have no force; for this is the case in all languages, with the words which originally express mind. Mr Campbell seems to consider the chiefs as strongly attached to old customs, and not likely to tolerate any innovation so serious as that of a change of worship. The object then would seem to be, to gain the heads of the nation, even though it should be by somewhat worldly means. In considering, too, why the Missionary system in South Africa has not produced the same great effects as in some other regions, we incline to doubt whether sufficient care has been taken to combine with it the communication of European arts and knowledge. This much seems clear, that, without somewhat more civilized habits and intellectual cultivation, these African tribes are not likely to become Christians worthy of the name.

We cannot follow Mr Campbell in the details of his journey homeward; but a diversion to the westward from Lattakoo gave him an opportunity of throwing some important light on the geography of this part of Africa. In this direction he found Patannce, a small town, which, with its neighbouring districts, might contain upwards of 1600 inhabitants, and subject to Laheisey, chief of Turrechey, who is himself a feudal dependant

on the chief of Lattakoo. On coming to Turrechey, he found himself on the borders of an immense desert, stretching to the west and north, and of whose termination nothing could be learned. This grand feature in African geography extends from east to west, from four to five hundred miles, being bounded on the south by the Orange River. To the north, it is supposed by our traveller to extend at least 1000 miles, and very probably to the equator, which would make it the most extensive desert on the globe. This conclusion, however, appears to us to rest on very slender data. A party from Lattakoo, in an expedition to plunder cattle, spent two months of constant travelling, in going to Mampoor, situated at the opposite extremity of this desert. But, besides the uncertainty of the measure, it is clear that this course was to a great degree westward; for Mampoor was found situated on the ocean; and there is no ocean less than nine or ten degrees west of Turrechey. We conceive it to be probably in the country of the Damaras, and certainly to the south of Congo. Without saying, therefore, how far north this desert *may* extend, there is no proof that it *does* extend more than a few hundred miles. Indeed the mighty rivers, which water both Congo and Mosambique, militate quite against the supposition of the intervening region being composed of a waste of sand.

The work of Mr Burchell is of a different character, and has different recommendations. It cannot cope with Mr Campbell's work in respect of discovery. The present volume, indeed, does not reach beyond Klaarwater, considerably short of Lattakoo. It appears even by the map on which he had sketched the whole line of his travels, that he never reached so far north as Mr Campbell, his farthest point appearing to be nearly on a line with Mashow. His route from Lattakoo was in a more westerly direction, and along the borders of the great desert, so that it may be productive of interesting novelties. At the same time, looking to the magnitude and cost of the present quarto, and judging, by an inspection of the route, that it can-

not be above one of four, we question if Mr Burchell will not be thought to be laying too heavy a tax on the patience and purse of the public. The pomp and expense of such a work seem a good deal disproportioned to the degree of novelty and interest which the subject possesses. Having said this, we have stated our chief objection to the book, which we have perused with pleasure. Mr Burchell is an intelligent and agreeable traveller. His impressions from external objects are lively and distinct; and his style, though somewhat rude, forcibly communicates them. The view excites a vein of sturdy, independent, philosophical thinking, seasoned by a sort of genuine, plain philanthropy. There is an animation in the narrative which stamps an interest even on common incidents. Great care has also been taken in delineating a variety of natural objects, particularly plants; and this may be considered as a prominent feature of the journal. Several of the plates are executed with great spirit; those, in particular, which exhibit Hottentot figures, give a livelier idea of these intermediate forms between the man and the brutes, than any we have yet seen. Although, therefore, the book be too large, those into whose hands it may come will find, we think, both pleasure and edification in the perusal. The present volume, however, containing nothing which can be called discovery, and interesting chiefly by the lively manner in which the succession of events is painted, does not admit of condensation or analysis. We shall, therefore, select a few passages, which may be gratifying to those into whose hands the book itself may not fall. The first relates to the Moravian establishment at Genadenthal.

My curiosity was much gratified, on viewing the place by day-light. Its secluded situation, in a pleasant valley, surrounded by bold and lofty mountains, perfectly accorded with the purpose for which it was chosen. At the head of the valley were erected all the principal buildings. At one end of a small green stood the *Church*, built in 1797, and which, by its height, was the most conspicuous object in the settlement. It was a plain, oblong, white building, covered with a thatched roof of a very sharp pitch, but

without a steeple. On both sides were four large glazed windows, and at each end two. Its interior was plain and neat; the walls were white-washed, and the ceiling was supported by two strong, though rather clumsy pillars of masonry.

On one side of the green, a shady grove of oaks, regularly planted, surrounded and half concealed the different dwellings of the Missionaries, together with the knife-manufactory, the blacksmith's shop, the water-mill and wine-press, the tobacco-house and cellar, the poultry-house, the cow-house, and store-rooms. The whole of these buildings, the work of the Missionaries and their Hottentots, is substantially and neatly built in the Dutch style, and covered with thatch. Contiguous to the church and dwelling-houses was an excellent garden, stocked with a variety of fruits and vegetables, and beyond this a vineyard. In the garden, a large pear-tree, planted by the founder of the establishment, Schmidt, was pointed out to me with all that pleasure and satisfaction which the respect they bore towards his memory so naturally awakened. Beyond the vineyard there was a large burying-ground, regularly divided into compartments, in which the graves were dug in a regular and successive order; each being numbered, to correspond with a register of the burials. Two or three graves of the Missionaries and their wives were distinguished by broad flat tombstones, bearing a plain inscription.

A constant stream of water is supplied by a small rivulet, called Bavarian's River, issuing from the mountains of the Kloof, and which, after meandering through the whole length of the valley, joins the river Zondereinde. This valley is divided into a great number of small gardens, portioned out among those Hottentot families who are disposed to submit to all the regulations of the settlement, and take up their abode under its protection. By the rules of the institution, these gardens and advantages become forfeited as soon as they cease to conduct themselves with industry and morality. This simple and just law is one of the secrets by which the Moravians here have been enabled to maintain that good order and decorum which are among the best practical results of missionary labours. Interspersed between the gardens, but without much regularity, are the huts of the Hottentots; and besides these, a few more are scattered about in the adjoining valleys.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the bell summoned the Hottentot congregation to church; and soon were seen, coming from all quarters, men and women,

who, to the number of about seven hundred, assembled and took their seats in a very orderly manner. Several of the men still wore the Hottentot sheep-skin cloak, or *kaross*; but none were without growlers: the rest were clothed in woolen jackets, with shirts, hats, and shoes. All the women were remarkably clean, and neatly dressed in European costume; and the majority even wore stockings. The whole appeared very attentive to the service, performed in the Dutch language, and which consisted in reading that part of the New Testament relating to the Crucifixion, and in singing psalms at intervals. This latter part of the ceremony was exceedingly interesting, and even gratifying, by the exactness with which the whole congregation kept time, and by the perfect unison they preserved throughout. From amongst the women, I could distinguish some good voices; and the service of the day sufficed to prove to me, that Nature has certainly not denied to Hottentots a musical ear.

To every philanthropist it could not fail to be a treat of the purest kind, to witness a despised and degraded portion of his fellow-creatures taken under the kind protection of those who have had the more fortunate lot of being born to the improvements of European knowledge; to behold them thus reclaimed from disgusting filthiness, to a decent cleanliness; from a wild irregular life, to order and social rules; from un instructed stupidity, to a knowledge and practice of morality and the useful arts of civilized man; in fine, from a gross ignorance of the Supreme Being, to a due sense of the superintending goodness of the Great Creator of the universe. When missionary labours produce effects such as these, every well-wisher of mankind will view them with respect. Such, at least, are the professed objects of this institution; and if some instances are to be found, which shew that they have not in every case been attained, and that seed sown on a sterile soil has been unproductive, we are not on that account to shut our eyes against the many proofs of the utility of such an establishment as Genadendal. Every one acquainted with human nature will be ready to acknowledge, that many difficulties must be overcome in the course of such an attempt. To inculcate the necessity of honest industry, as a chief moral duty, is in effect cutting off the root of, at least, half the miseries of the Hottentot race, and tends to make these people a more valuable part of the population of the colony. Their general quiet and harmless character gives them a superior claim to en-

couragement, and renders them friendly to the existing government. By persuading or compelling them to the observance of the precepts of morality, and by drawing them under the influence of religion, their vices, which commonly are not of the most atrocious kind, may be repressed probably with less difficulty than would be met with in many other uncivilized nations. But such a desirable end is not to be accomplished by the ignorant enthusiast: it is the man of genuine morality and humble piety, who, gifted by nature with the talents of a teacher, improved by education, and warmed by the spirit of pure philanthropy, seeks not to gratify his vanity by public approbation, but considers it a sufficient reward for his persevering labours, to behold the temporal and religious improvement of those whom, with affectionate humanity, he has taken under his care and guidance. A solitude for the welfare of our fellow-creatures can proceed from nought but the best feelings of the heart; and it is this which constitutes the essence of a true missionary: but a blind desire to infuse his own peculiar religious doctrines, and a disregard to the worldly improvement of his followers, are the distinguishing marks of an opposite character, and can only exist in a mind altogether unfit for the undertaking. The harm such men do in the cause is seldom to be remedied. The savage witnesses the superiority of civilized men, and longs to be taught those arts which have created that superiority; but if, instead of gratifying so natural a wish, his teacher will inform him of nothing but the incomprehensible mysteries of religion, he is disappointed, perhaps disgusted, and resolves to shut his ears to further instruction. Would the Missionary content himself, in the outset, with teaching them such useful arts as would add to their daily comfort, he would gain their esteem and respect, most likely their gratitude; and having thus secured their confidence, would find their minds and hearts in a state better fitted to listen to his precepts, and to receive the lessons of religion.

We are sorry to say he does not give so favourable an account of the establishment in the interior, at Klaarwater.

The following picture, though of so much less pleasing a nature, is exceedingly striking:

In this vicinity we discovered a krael of *Bushmen*. Their numbers did not exceed twenty, and their abode was merely a cavern in the side of the mountain, sheltered by huge impending crags. They

had no earthly possessions whatever, excepting the miserable bit of dirty skin which hung round them; their bows and arrows, a few hassagaya, a knife, and two or three ostrich egg-shells. They had not even a hut, or a few mats, like most of their countrymen. Neither beads, nor any thing intended as ornament, were to be seen upon them: their persons, meagre and filthy, too plainly bespoke that hunger had often been their lot. Except when any game was caught in their pitfalls, which, they complained, seldom happened, the only procurable support of life was the wild roots which they daily dug up in the plains, and these not found but by long and wearisome search: the eggs of ants, the bodies of snakes or lizards, a tortoise, or an ostrich egg, met with accidentally, formed the only variety in their wretched food. Their life, and that of the wild beasts, their fellow inhabitants of the land, were the same. Of both, the only care seemed to be that of feeding themselves, and of bringing up their young. The four men who visited us to-day, exhibited their lank, shrivelled bodies, and dry parched arms and legs, to convince us how much they needed provisions, and how long they had been without grease or animal food. They looked first wishfully at our pots which stood on the fire, and then submissively at us. Truly, these were the most destitute of beings, and the lowest in the scale of man. Their miserable poverty-stricken appearance excited the greatest compassion; and as they stood before me, this wretched picture of human nature created a train of reflections perfectly new to my mind. What I had as yet seen of man in a wild state, had amused, while it interested and instructed me; but this sad resemblance, in outward shape, to those great intellectual and elevated characters, whose genius and talents have made their names immortal among us, distressed me to melancholy; and while my eyes were fixed in painful observation on their vacant countenances, I asked myself, What is man? and had almost said, Surely all the inhabitants of the globe never sprung from the same origin! These men seemed, indeed, the outcast of the Bushman race. Yet, not to be unjust to them, I must own that I have seen many like them; but not, however, till a later period of my travels. I have now, I think, beheld and known the lowest of the human species; and it has taught me a lesson of humility and gratitude: it has rendered still greater my admiration and respect for men of intellect and cultivated minds; it has also taught me to be thankful to the industri-

ous workman; to feel kind compassion for the uneducated and the uncivilized; and to despise the idle, the arrogant, and vain.

To feed the hungry is one of the pleasures of the philanthropist; but that pleasure was here somewhat alloyed by the dog-like voracity with which they ate the meat we gave them, and their selfishness in not saving any of it to take home to their families. To this repast we added some pipes of tobacco, which raised their enjoyment to its highest. They squatted on the ground by the fire, with the rest of our people; and remained till late in the evening before they thought of returning home to their kraal. I took my seat also amongst them, that I might the better watch their manners; but finding at last that their smoking absorbed all their thoughts, and created an incapacity, as well as a disinclination, for conversation, I retired to my waggon, to try if the sound of my flute would have any effect upon them. With this they expressed themselves pleased; and even took the trouble of coming to the waggon, to see by what means, and in what manner, the music was produced: but the airs, though some of the liveliest, inspired on visible gaiety; nor was the least demonstration of keeping time, by any motion of the body, observable. Yet they certainly felt some gratification; especially an old man, their chief, who was considered a good performer on the *Condi*, an instrument of the greatest antiquity, of all those who are now to be found in the hands of any tribe of the Hottentot race. Curious to see and to hear a genuine Hottentot musical instrument, I gave him to understand, that I wished him to bring it on the morrow, and give me a specimen of his playing; to which he readily agreed.

Our female visitors, who were past the middle age, were extremely filthy and ugly; their small blinking eyes seemed as if nearly closed, or sunk into their head; wrinkles, filled with dirt, covered their faces and body; their hair was clotted together in large lumps, with the accumulated grease and dust of years, perhaps of their whole lives; and the odor with which they tainted the air, kept me at a distance of a couple of yards, the nearest at which a person having any delicacy of smell could endure their presence. A wooden bowl, in which was left a quantity of liquid Hippopotamus grease, was eagerly seized upon, and its contents drunk off, with an avidity most nauseous and disgusting to behold; while that which still adhered to the bowl, they carefully scraped out with their hands, and smeared upon their bodies.

These observations establish but too fully the low place which these unfortunate creatures hold in the scale of being. Yet we cannot think the want of an answer to the above question as very wonderful, or so clear a proof of what Mr Burchell seems disposed to infer, the ignorance of all distinction between good and evil. He asked "what they considered to be good actions, and what bad?" This is a very vague question, to which higher intellects than those of the poor Bushmen might find it difficult to give an appropriate answer. It could only be replied to by a general discourse on ethics, which would in no reason be expected from such a quarter. The only effectual mode of sounding them on this subject, would have been by specifying certain very simple outward acts, and asking whether they considered these as good or bad? We shall not introduce the painful anecdote by which he seeks to support his theory, because he himself expresses great doubt as to the correctness of the manner in which it was reported to him.

Mr Burchell spent his time at Klaarwater, in making preparations for a journey northwards, towards the interior. He met with considerable difficulty, and was even unable to assemble all the means which he considered desirable. At length he determined, with such resources as he possessed, to proceed, and announces his views in terms, which, though somewhat tinged with self-complacency, breathe a fine tone of feeling and philosophy.

As I could not hope to obtain a body of men strong enough to render our safety from attacks of the natives certain, I contented myself with a number which would answer all my views in other respects, and be sufficient for our protection and defence in ordinary cases, trusting to prudence and watchfulness in circumstances of greater danger, and relying on the Providence of that Great Being whose works and whose wisdom in this remote corner of the creation, I was desirous of studying and making the objects of my meditation.

To view the admirable perfection of *Nature* in a new light, and not less beautiful in the wilds of Africa, was the irresistible motive which led me on:

while the charms which novelty of scenery, heightened by the interesting consideration of human nature under forms perfectly new to me, and a philosophical contemplation of the various objects which in these untrodden regions incessantly present themselves, have for a mind constituted to feel them, inspire an enthusiasm which none can know but those who have been placed under these circumstances. How pitiable are those cold-hearted beings, whose amusements and views, whose whole life, and even thoughts, are artificial! Doomed to breathe the thick air of insensibility; to feed on the gross food, and wallow in the mire of sensuality and selfishness; greedy of every thing which, among men, passes by the name of enjoyment, they never dream of the genuine pleasure which Nature bestows only on those who view, with a broad admiring eye, the beauty and perfection of all her works, equally stupendous in the smallest insect, and the glorious picture of the starry heavens.

It must not be supposed that these charms are produced by the mere discovery of new objects: it is the harmony with which they have been adapted by the Creator to each other, and to the situations in which they are found, which delights the observer in countries where Art has not yet introduced her discords. To him who is satisfied with amusing collections of curious objects, simply for the pleasure of possessing them, such objects can afford, at best, but a childish gratification, faint and fleeting; while he who extends his view beyond the narrow field of nomenclature, beholds a boundless expanse, the exploring of which is worthy of the philosopher, and of the best talents of a reasonable being.

To the second volume of this work we look forward with considerable interest, as promising to introduce us to spots not yet visited by any other traveller, and to a people who have not yet been described by one so lively and intelligent; for in both these respects we give Mr Burchell the preference over Lichtenstein. We only hope, that he will cease his train of invective against his illustrious predecessor, Mr Barrow, founded, as it evidently is, upon personal feelings, excited by an article in the Quarterly Review, supposed to have come from the pen of that writer. We do not mean to enter into the question whether or not Mr Burchell's plan of emigration may have been too hardly dealt with; but we do not apprehend

the public will sympathize in so virulent a retort, which loses all authority, in consequence of the too evident personal motive by which it is prompted.

LORD FOUNTAINHALL'S DIARY *.

THE public, we think, are greatly indebted to the Editor (Sir Walter Scott, Bart.) for these "Chronological Notes," illustrative of the history of a most interesting period—that which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1688. They are published from "a small duodecimo manuscript volume, preserved in the Advocates' Library, and commonly called "Lord Fountainhall's Diary;" and they are enriched and illustrated by very valuable notes from the pen of the Editor, who, of all men living, is perhaps the most profoundly read in the history of his native country. Lord Fountainhall was created a Judge in the year succeeding the Revolution, and died in 1724. He appears to have been a man of indefatigable application, as well as a shrewd and attentive observer of the events of his own time. The printed decisions of this learned lawyer, in two closely-printed folio volumes, are too well known to make any observation necessary; and as they "are but an imperfect extract" of his "voluminous collection" of reported decisions in manuscript, prove him to have been a man of the most studious and persevering habits; while the volume now before us shows, that he was "in the constant custom of registering, in his note-books, the events of his time."

This Diary, however, appears to have shared the fate of many of the manuscript relics of great men. By some accident, after the death of Lord Fountainhall, it fell into the hands of a frantic Jacobite, called Milne, a writer in Edinburgh, who immediately commenced operations on this valuable memorial of the learned Judge, crasing some passages, inserting others, and interpolating the whole. So successful has he been in his purpose, that it is now no longer possible to determine the

respective shares of Lord Fountainhall, and the mischievous scribe,—so closely and inseparably have the corruptions been interwoven with the text. Sir Walter, however, says, "it is but fair to state, that he (Milne) appears to have had no purpose of passing his alterations for a part of the original text, but only that of correcting and adding to it in his own name. His remarks are sometimes both shrewd and sarcastic; and though they may be considered as impairing the historical authenticity of the work, they rather add to than diminish its interest as a picture of the times. But we must proceed to the work itself."

The following is Lord Fountainhall's character of the Duke of Lauderdale, notorious equally for his treachery in betraying the Presbyterian cause, and for the relentless cruelty with which he persecuted its adherents after he had apostatised:

The Duke of Lauderdale dyed 24th August, 1682, at Tunbridge Wells, the learnedest and most powerful minister of state in his age; discontent and age were the chief ingredients of his death, if his dutchess and phisitions wer fric of it; for she abused him most grossly, and had gotten all from him she could expect, and was glad to be quyt of him. Duke of York and he differed, and the King cast down his countenance at him for voeing Vis. of Stafford guilty of the pretendit Popish Plot, for which he was most unjustile execute, tho innocent; yet he waited on the King to and from the Oxford parliament, when his majestie was in great straits by his rebellious parliament. The Duke of York was not grateful to him, for he advised to bring him from Mlanders, in October 1679, which contributed much to the Duke's advantage. It's true, Lauderdale's main aime, (and so is all great men's designs, to uphold themselves,) was to preserve himself; for the Duke of Monmouth (who then ruled all) and Duke of Hamilton were combining to break him, and he saw the only way to disappoint them was to bring home York; and again, when England was too hot for York, he advised the King to send him to Scotland, where his party made the great interest he got there; yet, after all, he deserted his brother, Lord Halton, and let him fall a sacrifice to his enemies, such as the Erle of Aberdeen, Chancellor Queensberry, Lord Dundee, anent the mint Assier; albeit Halton was the most fixt loyalist

* Edinburgh, Constable & Co. 1822.

that ever was in [of] his name. But the Duke of L. was hated for ruining the memory of his own family, and giving Dudington to his dutchess, and Ledington to his son, Lord Huntingtoun (thought by some to be his own son.) The last Ledington was not lawfully purchast, for it belonged to the grand children of Wm. Maitland, secretary to Queen Mary, his grand uncle, who lived in Rowen, in France, to whom the Duke payed a small yearly pension. His place of Knight of the Garter was given to his greatest enemy, Duke of Hamilton; and that of secretary to Erle of Middleton, whose father Lauderdale diseased. His corps to Scotland, October 1681, put in Inveresk kirk, fra thence transported to Dudington, where he was interred 5th Aprile, 1683. Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, preached his funeral sermon (one of his creatures, but follows all courts,) at Inveresk, on Corinthians xv. 55, "O Death! where is thy sting!" who ascribed any errors he committed in the end of his days to his dutchess and brother Hatton. At the distribution of the charitie at his death, one of the beggars, called Bell, stabbed another beggar, for which he was hanged.

The following will amuse some of our readers, both clerical and laical, of the present day :

Mr John McQueen, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in December, 1683, having by traspase got a petticoat of Euphane Scott's, (after Lady Fymouth, and spouse to Wynnan of Fymouth, who is now broken, and she dead,) with whom he was deadly in love, tho she hated him; he made thereof a wastecost and drawers, for which he was suspended; but the Bishop of Edinburgh, Paterson, reponed him in February, 1684*.

* There is, amongst the Editor's collection of libels and lampoons of this period, one which is entitled, "Ane Apologetical Letter from Mr John Macqueen, second minister of the College Kirk of Edinburgh, to his Ordinary, John Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh." The following lines refer to the passage in the text :

"I then indeed fell on a fancie,
Which reaches nigh to nigromancie.
Into this town ther lives a matron,
Who, 'tis said, takes Circé for her patron :
It was the councill of this Sophie,
I would get clothes worn by Edie,
The which, if I obtained and put on,
Of the chief part of this love-sik matron,
'Twould instantly, in spite of fate,
Cause her love the whom she did hate.

We quote the next paragraph, merely that we may insert the Editor's very interesting note :

Joseph Johnston of Hilton was stabbed by Mr William, brother to Charles, Earle of Hume, at Hilton. Hilton being of a lofty temper, had given Mr Hume bad words in his own house of Hilton, and a box on the ear. This fell out on the same day twelvemonth that Mr Home took Alexander Home, formerly mentioned, and execute in December, 1682; and William Home made his escape to England on Hilton's horse; he was after [killed] himself in the wars abroad*. See Nisbet's Collections.

Fountainhall's character of Charles II, which we next insert, is much too favourable, and, as appears to us, irreconcilable with what the Editor states of Lord Fountainhall's being "a sincere friend to the principles that brought about that great event" the Revolution; a statement, by the way, which seems at variance with the fact, that he fell "under

This course I took, and forthwith gott
With great difficulty a coatt,
Termitt pettie, as the vulgar speech is,
Or ye may call them fancele breeches," &c.

* I have heard it related as a circumstance arising out of this tragic story, that the son of the slaughtered Johnston was many years afterwards, while at a public assembly, called out to speak with a person, who, it was said, brought him some particular news from abroad. The stranger met him at the head of the staircase, in a sort of lobby, which led into the apartment where the company were dancing. He told young Johnson of Hilton, that the man who had slain his father was on his death-bed, and had sent him to request his forgiveness before he died. Before granting his request, Johnston asked the stranger one or two questions, and observing that he faulted in his answers, he suddenly exclaimed, "You yourself are my father's murderer;" and drew his sword to stab him. Hume, for it was the homicide himself, threw himself over the balustrade of the staircase, and made his escape. Indeed he had taken this mode of endeavouring to ascertain whether he might venture to return to Scotland, without exposing himself to the vengeance of the friends of the man whom he had murdered. This interesting circumstance is given on the authority of the late excellent and accomplished Mrs Anne Murray Keith.

the suspicion of the higher powers" about the time of the Revolution; that both his servants (or clerks) were arrested; and that, in consequence, he discontinued his Diary. The truth seems to be, that, at present, he would be regarded as a thorough-going Tory, a legitimacy-defender, and a Holy-Alliance man; but amidst the convulsions, storms, and misrule, that preceded the Revolution, he was considered, and justly, as a man of singular moderation, and probably suspected of some secret bias to Whiggery, from his aversion to the bloody and arbitrary measures then resorted to on every emergency.

King Charles the Second dyed peaceable on Fryday, at twelve o'clock of the day, 6th February, 1685, having taken the sacrament before from Doctor Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wcles. On the 2d February he had a strong fitt of convulsion, but afterward, being recovered a little, he called his brother, and craved him pardon, if ever he had offended him; and recommended him the care of his Queen and children, and delivered him some papers, and intreated him to maintain the Protestant religion. The Queen being unwell, was not able to attend him, but sent to ask his pardon wherein she had ever offended him? He said, Ah, poor Kat, many a time have I wronged her, but she never did me any. He dyed most composedly, regretting the trouble his friends had been at in attending him. He was certainly a prince, whose only weak side was to be carried away with woman, which had wastal his body, being only fifty-five years old when he dyed), indued with many royal qualities, of whom the Divine Providence had taken a speciale care; witness his miraculous escape at Worcester Battle, his treatment in the Royal Oak, when thousands were rummaging the fields in quest of him; his restauration being without one drop of bloodshed, so that the Turkish Emperor said, that if he were to change his religion, he would only do it for that of the King of Brittain's God, who had done such wonderful things for him. His clemencie was admirable; witness his sparing two of Chamwell's sons, one of whom had usurped his throne. His firmness in religion was evident, for, in his banishment, great offers were made to restore him, if he would turn Papist, which he altogether slighted. A star appeared at noon on his birthday. He was a great mathematician, chemist, and me-

chanick, and wrought often in the laboratories himself; and he had ane natural mildness and command over his anger, which never transported him beyond ane innocent puff and spitting, and was soon over, and yet commanded more deference from his people than if he had expressed it more severly: So great respect, had all persons to him. He was buried 14th September, 1685, privatelie in King Henry the Seventh his chapell, Westminster, the Prince of Denmark being chiefe mourner, having desired to be buried privatelie.

When we consider him as a sovereign,* says Hume*, "his character, though not altogether destitute of virtue, was, in the main, dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures, though he appeared but in sport, to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign conquest."

Our next quotation will be seasoned by the gall distilled from the pen of Mr Milne. The commencement is surely not Lord Fountainhall's.

James Stenart, that arrant rogue, (after Advocate to Queen Ann,) son of that nefarious villan, Sir James Stuart, sometime Provost in Edinburgh, a bitter enemy, (in conjunction with the Marquis of Argyle,) said this Argyle would ruine all in his going to the Highlands, with his ships and forces, whereas he should have landit in Galloway. Stewart wes to come with him, but when he understood he wes to land in the Highlands, he refused to accompanie him. The Council having mett 25th June, 1685, at Edinburgh, in obedience to the King's letter, ordaining thim to execute the sentence of death against him within three dayes after receipt of the letter. And they ordain him only to be headit, and his head affixt on Edinburgh Tolbooth; which was done 30th June, 1685.

The insinuation against the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III, contained in the following passage, is the sole reason for our extracting it, and accounts sufficiently to us for the suspicions entertained of Lord

* Vol. X. p. 135. 4th Edition.

Fountainhall subsequent to the Revolution. We presume we need hardly add, that it is as false as it is malicious, as has been most satisfactorily disproved by the whole tenor of the Shrewsbury Correspondence. It gives an account of the last moments of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

By Monmouth's letter to his Majesty, he would have redeemed his life with the lowest submissions, and said he could discover to him that which would make his reigne happie. But his life being denied, he turned obstinate. The clergy who assisted him urged him, ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} knowing Lady Hendreta Wentworth, who had born him several children; but he could not be convinced his converse with her was any sin, for both of them had often prayed to God to reveal it to them, and they had still peace; and that his father, in his younger years, had chosen the Lady Burclough to be his wife, but Henretta was wife of his affection.— And all the length they could get him to say, If it was a sin to keep her, he prayed God's pardon ther for: and so denied him absolution or the Lord's Supper; but prayed God to accept of his general and imperfect repentance. His lady, at her first visiting him in the Tower, threw herself at his feet, and obtested him to declare, if ever she had been uneasy to him except in the affair of this woman, and disobeying his father; and if she knew any thing of his designs, as to his rebellion, he did, with a groan, purge her thereof. *The Prince of Orange prompted him to come over, that he might fill in the expedition, and thereby make way to his usurpation, of the crown of England, which he knew he could never obtain while he lived.* See Bloodie Assizes of Whiggs, part 3d, page 168, letter U. page 168, in letter W, 5th stripe.

We now proceed to the second part of these "Notes" extracted from another manuscript of the learned Judge, beginning five years before the Revolution. Almost at the very commencement we meet with the following entry: "Sir William Scott of Harden, fined in 1500 lb. Sterling, for his lady's being at a conventicle, and being at one himself. It was said the King's advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, got a *previous* gift of this fine for journeys to London, 17th November 1683," p. 70. This, and many other facts of the same description, prove sufficiently the *purity* and *disinterested impar-*

tiality with which justice was administered at that unhappy period. A few pages thereafter we have another example to the same tune. "The King approves of fining; Sir William Scott in 27,000 merks for his wife's being at conventicles. Earl of Perth went to court, and got the same done in order to turn out Earl of Aberdeen Chancellor, who was against the same, as was also Earl of Halifax in England, and his party," (p. 78.) On this passage there is the following note by the Editor: "Sir William Scott of Harden was forced to compromise and pay (what in those days was an enormous sum) £.1500 Sterling. As he was only fined for his wife's delinquencies, he proposed to the Privy Council, to relieve him of that responsibility in future. But the Privy Council held that husbands were to be esteemed masters of their wives *de jure*, whatever might be the case *de facto*."

The account of the capture of Captain Paton of Meadowhead, with his previous rencontre with General Dalzell, extracted from the Editor's note, cannot fail to be highly interesting. It is very characteristic of all the parties.

Captain John Paton of Meadowhead was an old Covenanter, who had been engaged in many of the battles in the Great Civil War, as well as at Pentland and Drunclog. He was redoubted for his gallantry and presence of mind, and evinced both at Pentland, particularly when attacked personally by old Tom Dalzell, whom all the world believed to be proof against leaden bullets. "Dalzell knowing him in former wars, advancing upon him himself, thinking to take him prisoner. Upon his approach each presented their pistols. Upon the first discharge, Captain Paton preceiving the pistol-ball to hoop down upon Dalzell's boots, and knowing what was the cause, (he having proof,) put his hand to his pocket for some small pieces of silver, there for the purpose, and put one of them into his pistol. But Dalzell, having his eye upon him in the meanwhile, retreated behind his own man, who by that means was slain." *Vide Biog. Scot. p. 418. Glasgow, 1797.* After many hairbreadth escapes, Paton was at last taken, and General Dalzell seems to have behaved to him more courteously than could have been expected from the circumstances of their last meeting. "It is reported as a fact, that General Dalzell met him here.

and took him in his arms, saying, 'John, I am both glad and sorry to see you. If I had met you on the way, before you came, I should have set you at liberty; but now it is too late. Be not afraid. I will write to his Majesty for your life.' The captain replied, 'You will not be heard.' Dalzell said, 'Will I not? If he does not grant me the life of one man, I shall never draw a sword for him again.' And it is said, that, having spoken sometime together, a man came and said to the captain, 'You are a rebel to the King.' To whom he replied, 'Friend, I have done more for the King than perhaps thou hast done.' Dalzell said, 'Yes, John, that is true,' (perhaps he meant at Worcester.) And he struck the man on the head with his cane till he staggered, saying he would learn him other manners than to use such a prisoner so. After this and more reasoning, the captain thanked him for his courtesy, and they parted." *Vide Biog. Scot. p. 424.*

We find the following entry, bearing date the 9th May 1684—only four years, the reader will be pleased to remember, prior to our glorious Revolution. "Captain Paton was hanged in the Grass-mercat. He was willing to have taken the test, but a quorum of the Privy Council could not be had to reprove him, (p. 92.) We cannot withhold the indignant commentary of the Editor on this fact. "This was brutal enough, especially as a quorum would have been easily collected for the purpose of hanging him. An old judge, Lord Nairne, was dragged out of Court to vote for Argyle's condemnation in 1682." (*Ibid.*)

The frequent use of torture, in various forms, at this period, is sufficiently notorious. Argyle's servant, Mr William Spence, was tortured, first by the boots, and afterwards by the thumbikins, with such persevering brutality, that nature could no longer support the infliction, and he at last agreed to decypher the correspondence of his much-venerated and beloved master. We quote the following instance, in which this latter instrument of torture was applied to a man of piety, learning, and reputation:

Mr William Carstairs, son of Mr John Carstairs, minister at Glasgow, brought before the Secret Committee of Council, and tortured with the thumbikins *;

* Afterwards Principal (or, as he was peculiarly called, Cardinal) Carstairs. The

whereon he confessed, there had been a current plot in Scotland for ten years, and that some were for rising in rebellion, others for associating with the English for keeping out [the] Duke of York, and to preserve [the] Protestant religion. He particularized Earl of Tarras, Cessnocks, elder and younger, Philiphaugh, Murray, Homes of Polwart and Bassinden, Mr Gilbert Elliot, Scott of Gallowshiels, Hay of Park, Sir James Dalrymple of Stairs, Mr Robert Martine, Hamilton of Aikenhead; and some gave out the Dutchess of Lauderdale, as a recruiter of Argyle since his forfeiture, and furnishing him with money. Some wrongously named Ker of Chiffertrees, Campbell of Calder, Carnegie of Bonymoon, the Laird of Grant and Brodie, Crawford of Ardmillen, Eliot of Stobs, Morray of Spot. Such of them as could be got were put in close prison; and thereafter Commissioner Monro, Major Monro, and Philiphaugh are first examined, and being threatened with the boots, confess their accession, which so confounded Commissioner Monro to discover others, that he desperately offered money to the goold-mun of the Tolbooth's men to run him through with a sword, and roared, saying he knew he behoved to do some base thing before he dyed, regretting he had denied it before the King, by saying so obstinatie, and been instrumental in drawing so many upon that which would stand them both lives and fortunes; and he behoved to be a drudge and a witness against them, 6th September, 1684.—Philiphaugh cast himself on the Treasurer (Queenberry's) protection.

The following account of the trial and execution of Rumbold, the proprietor of the Rye-house in which

Magistrates, after the Revolution, made him a present of the instrument with which he had been tortured, of which there is a print in *CONSTABLE'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for August 1817.* Tradition says, that Carstairs exhibited this engine to King William, who requested to experience its power. The divine turned the screw with the delicacy that might be expected when a clergyman squeezes the thumbs of a monarch. William, feeling no great pain, upbraided the Principal with pusillanimity in giving way under such a slight compul-sor; when Carstairs, giving the screw an effectual turn, compelled the King to roar for mercy, and to confess, that under such an infliction a man might confess any thing. I have a fac-simile of this diabolical implement.

Charles and his brother were to have been attacked in 1683, and who, before his capture, had made a remarkably desperate resistance, cannot fail to be interesting. From the loss of an eye, and his bold and daring spirit, he was nick-named Hannibal among his associates, and is branded by Dryden in one of his Masques as the Holy Cyclops. "He was a republican in principle," says Sir Walter, "the very model of one of Cromwell's old troopers, bold, inflexible, and fanatical. He had been in most of the distinguished actions of the Great Civil War. Although attacked by a large party, they could not secure him until a peasant came behind him with a pitchfork, and turned his steel-cap off his head; on which the old soldier exclaimed, 'O cruel countrymen, to use me thus when my face was to mine enemy!'" It has long been the fashion to ridicule these bold and fearless men who first sowed the seeds of civil and religious liberty in England.—But we are forgetting the extract.

Physicians having given in their verdict, that Mr Rundold was in hazard of death by his wounds, the Council ordered the Justice Court to sit on him to-morrow, 25th June, 1685; and 26th he was tried, and charged with a design to murder the late King at Rybous, in April, 1683, which he positively denied that [was] sworn against him in England; yet the Advocate persisted that, least it should have disparaged the credit of the English Plot; and insisted on his associating with Argyle, and invading Scotland; and that he was with Campbell of Ardlough against the Athol men, where two or three of them were killed; which he confessed. And being asked if he was one of the masked executioners that were on the scaffold at the murder of King Charles the First, denied it; but that he was one of Cromwell's regiment then, and was on horseback at Whitehall that day, as one of guard about the scaffold. And that he was at Dunbar, Worcester, and Tandee, a lieutenant in Cromwell's army. He said Sir James Stewart, Advocate, told them all would be ruined by Argyle's lingering in the Highlands, and not marching presently to Galloway, &c. And being asked, if he owned his Majesty's authority, he craved leave to be excused, seeing he needed neither, and then nor quote his own conscience, for they had enough to take his life; besides, his rooted opinion was for a Republic

against Monarchie; to pull down which he thought it a duty, and no sin; and on the scaffold began to pray for that party, but was interrupted; and said, if every hair in his head were a man, he would venture them all in the quarrell; he otherways behaved descreetly enough, and heard the ministers, but took none of them to the scaffold. He was drawn in a hurdle thereto, thence hoysed up a little in the gallows by a pully, and hanged a while, and let down not fullie dead, his breast ript up and his heart pulled out and thrown in the fire; then his head was struck off, and his body cutt in four quarters, and ordered to be affixed att Glasgow, Dumfreis, New Galloway, and Jedburgh, and his head to be affixt on the West Port of Edinburgh; but thereafter wter, by order from the King, sent to England, to be affixt at London, wher he was best known. The order came to Scotland 3d August, 1685. *Nota*, He was tryed 25th, and executed 26th June, 1685.

In p. 159, we meet with an amusing instance of the imperfect information at that time possessed in reference to continental names and transactions. "Queensberry, to BLOW THE COALS, in adium of the Chancellor, said it was like *Machiavelloes rising*." The Neapolitan Lazarone Massaniello is meant, although the name used by the learned Judge looks as if it were akin to that of the celebrated Florentine Secretary (*Machiavelli*). Lord Fountainhall's Latin is little better than his Italian. He does not appear from this Diary to have been at all acquainted with the classics. The few words in that language, which he uses, are part of that miserable doggerel current in the Scotch law-books and Courts. Hence he spells after his models: *jure corone*, for example! It is right to mention, however, that on the occasion of the death of his wife! he both writes and spells better. Her death he calls *charissima mea conjugis amarissima et infortunatissima*; and he writes on the margin, *Nota, non obliviscenda!*

The infatuation, that seemed to have entered, in the shape of some evil spirit, into the Councils of King James VII., is remarkably manifested in the following occurrence:

A letter from the King in favour of the Papists, taking them under his laws and protection, and thereby gives them the

private exercise of their religion, with a chapel in Holyroodhouse Abbey; commanding his Council, and all his Judges and Magistrates, to maintain them in the rights and privileges, and indemnified them against all the penal laws. There were two draughts of an answer; the one drawn by Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, and the other by Tarbat. Against the last, Duke Hamilton excepted, that it called the King's prerogative a legal security and warrant for introducing this ease and favour to the Papists. He said, a thing might be a security, and yet not legal; and a protection against a caption secures the debtor, yet it could not be termed legal. And the Chancellor asked briskly, Who would question his Majesty's power to relax the laws? So Duke Hamilton retiring, said he was not doubting the King's prerogative; but what needed the Privy Council declare it to be law? Sir George Lockhart, President, sat mute; but privately whispered, he would quite his hand, or he signed it so. Thus the word legal was put out, and sufficient put in its place. Their answer ran in general terms, acknowledging the King to be an absolute Sovereign, and unaccountable to any but God, and that they acquiesced in his pleasure, which not coming up to the full length, did not absolutely please. However, the Chancellor would not sign alone, as head of the Court; but got all the Councillors' hands to it, on the 16th September, 1686; and it was sent up. Thus the Council granted what the Parliament had refused. The Bishop of Edinburgh, Paterson, in a speech he had made this day, insinuated as much as the last Parliament was but a seditious meeting.

But we have exceeded our limits, and must conclude. Our object, in this article, was not to obtrude any remarks of our own, but to exhibit as much as possible of the highly curious and interesting volume, for which, we repeat it, the public are under the greatest obligations to the antiquarian zeal of the eminent in-

dividual who has taken upon him the office of Editor. It is also a matter of congratulation, that we have yet more to expect from the indefatigable pen of the learned Judge; for we are informed that he "kept such notes beside him, as enabled him to draw up a curious account of that remarkable transaction (the Revolution) which is now in the Advocates' collection, and which the Editor may one day give to the public, unless it be presented to them by some abler hand." (*Preface*, p. viii.) We have no doubt the public will look anxiously for the redemption of this pledge. Notwithstanding the Marlborough and Shrewsbury Correspondence, much yet remains to be learned respecting the motives and conduct of the leading men of both parties, during that agitated but important period of our history. But if this remark be true of England, it is still more so respecting our native country, which, in the ominous contest between parties, both before and after the Revolution, appears to have been wholly overlooked, although it was chiefly in this country that any thing like a well-principled and persevering opposition was offered to the arbitrary measures of King James. The blood of those illustrious men, who counted not their lives dear to them, was not shed in vain. The march of mind was even more apparent in Scotland, at that period, than in England; and it cannot fail to be highly interesting, as well as instructive, to observe the principles of civil and religious liberty first taking firm root in our native soil, under the benign auspices of our Illustrious Deliverer, a name hallowed by the blessings of a grateful people, liberated, by his exertions, at once from spiritual and temporal thralldom.

POPULATION OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH,

1821.

We consider the following a valuable document, and highly worthy of being recorded in our National Register. Had our limits permitted, we would have been happy to have given the whole details. This being impossible, we confine ourselves to the General Abstracts, only remarking, that we have seldom met with any document of similar importance so distinguished for clear and distinct arrangement.

Population of the City of Edinburgh,
1821.

1821.

MALES In the Parishes of														FEMALES In the Parishes of														Total of Males.		Total of Females.		Total of Persons.
Under 5 years of age.	Between 5 and 10.	Between 10 and 15.	Between 15 and 20.	Between 20 and 30.	Between 30 and 40.	Between 40 and 50.	Between 50 and 60.	Between 60 and 70.	Between 70 and 80.	Between 80 and 90.	Between 90 and 100.	100 and upwards.	Total of Males.	Under 5 years of age.	Between 5 and 10.	Between 10 and 15.	Between 15 and 20.	Between 20 and 30.	Between 30 and 40.	Between 40 and 50.	Between 50 and 60.	Between 60 and 70.	Between 70 and 80.	Between 80 and 90.	Between 90 and 100.	100 and upwards.	Total of Females.					
1 New North Church.....	171	111	115	98	171	133	126	50	38	10	5	1054	1 New North Church.....	178	111	114	104	208	165	119	78	47	22	5	1	1147	2181					
2 Old Church.....	220	162	159	121	175	156	175	107	62	19	9	1522	2 Old Church.....	180	173	115	162	319	193	161	115	73	29	4	1	1566	2928					
3 Tron Church.....	230	215	157	110	213	201	174	116	76	18	11	1535	3 Tron Church.....	201	155	170	155	315	269	202	125	80	28	6	1	1535	3558					
4 Tolbooth Church.....	217	165	156	149	240	158	185	86	45	20	3	1158	4 Tolbooth Church.....	221	178	154	175	340	220	151	100	60	36	7	—	1631	3142					
5 High Church.....	173	134	145	111	170	152	121	71	44	9	2	1140	5 High Church.....	155	142	131	205	290	187	116	75	48	17	4	—	1125	2563					
6 College Church.....	306	256	198	198	301	265	175	121	41	22	15	1906	6 College Church.....	271	218	239	299	371	506	210	116	68	53	11	1	2079	3985					
7 Lady Yester's Church.....	157	125	96	118	187	161	118	67	41	15	9	1069	7 Lady Yester's Church.....	150	121	115	155	289	163	136	92	52	14	5	—	1504	2353					
8 Old Greyfriars' Church.....	410	292	225	165	282	244	204	131	72	36	9	2261	8 Old Greyfriars' Church.....	515	275	254	229	465	561	278	150	91	35	7	—	2464	4728					
9 New Greyfriars' Church.....	282	265	348	164	281	267	197	111	64	17	5	1604	9 New Greyfriars' Church.....	362	254	167	224	329	535	160	157	68	25	4	1	2084	4652					
10 St Andrew's Church.....	794	768	675	747	1462	954	596	376	175	55	6	5565	10 St Andrew's Church.....	817	757	768	516	2003	1306	746	408	181	69	23	2	9285	15,948					
11 St George's Church.....	327	214	202	275	600	571	223	117	51	20	4	5238	11 St George's Church.....	294	250	211	450	1215	556	345	177	81	41	11	3	3672	6070					
• Add Charity-workhouse Thus making the total of New Greyfriars' 2185.												1829	• Add Charity-workhouse Thus making the total of New Greyfriars' 2112.													2084	4652					
Totals.....	3265	2757	2155	2297	4067	3193	2557	1247	718	235	64	20,964	Totals.....	3119	2463	2125	3562	7171	4082	2035	1569	850	365	54	10	28,566	51,728					

Comparative View of Population in 1811 and 1821.

No.	PARISHES.	MALES.				FEMALES.			
		1811.	1821.	Increase.	Decrease.	1811.	1821.	Increase.	Decrease.
1	New North Church...	917	1034	117	"	1240	1147	"	93
2	Old Church.....	912	1362	450	"	1212	1566	354	"
3	Tron Church.....	1043	1523	480	"	1392	1835	443	"
4	Tolbooth Church.....	984	1458	474	"	1439	1684	245	"
5	High Church.....	784	1140	356	"	1246	1423	177	"
6	College Church.....	1293	1906	613	"	1668	2079	411	"
7	Lady Yester's Church,	672	1069	397	"	861	1264	403	"
8	Old Greyfriars' Church	1633	2264	631	"	2013	2464	451	"
9	New Greyfriars' Church	1766	2183	417	"	2019	2449	430	"
10	St Andrew's Church }	4870	{ 6565 }	4093	"	7971	{ 9283 }	4984	"
11	St George's Church, }								
	Sum							7868	"
	Ded. decr. on No. 1...							93	"
	Antient & Extended } Royalty..... }	14,874	22,902	8028	"	21,091	28,866	7775	"
1	Canongate	3386	4503	1117	"	4306	5367	1061	"
2	St Cuthbert's.....	16,873	22,453	5580	"	21,800	28,144	6344	"
3	North Leith.....	2008	3216	1208	"	2867	3809	942	"
4	South Leith.....	6699	9025	2326	"	8789	9950	1161	"
	Four Parishes in the } County..... }	28,966	39,197	10,231	"	37,762	47,270	9508	"
	Add Royalty, as above	14,874	22,902	8028	"	21,091	28,866	7775	"
	TOTAL	43,840	62,099,	18,259	"	58,853	76,136	17,283	

Comparative View of Population in 1811 and 1821.

No.	PARISHES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.			
		1811.	1821.	Increase.	Decrease.
1	New North Church.....	2157	2181	24	"
2	Old Church.....	2124	2928	804	"
3	Tron Church.....	2435	3358	923	"
4	Tolbooth Church.....	2423	3142	719	"
5	High Church.....	2030	2563	533	"
6	College Church.....	2961	3985	1024	"
7	Lady Yester's Church.....	1533	2333	800	"
8	Old Greyfriars' Church.....	3646	4728	1082	"
9	New Greyfriars' Church.....	3815	4632	817	"
10	St Andrew's Church.....	12,841	{ 15,848 6070 }	9077	"
11	St George's Church.....				
	Antient and Extended Royalty.....	35,965	51,768	15,803	"
1	Canongate.....	7692	9870	2178	"
2	St Cuthbert's.....	38,673	50,597	11,924	"
3	North Leith.....	4875	7025	2150	"
4	South Leith.....	15,488	18,975	3487	"
	Four Parishes in the County.....	66,728	86,467	19,739	"
	Add Royalty, as above.....	35,965	51,768	15,803	"
	TOTAL.....	102,693	138,235	35,542	"

**View of Accommodation in Parish Churches,
1821.**

<i>No.</i>	PARISHES.	<i>Total Population 1821.</i>	<i>Persons Accommodated.</i>	<i>Deficiency.</i>
1	New North Church.....	2181	799	1382
2	Old Church.....	2928	707	2221
3	Tron Church.....	3358	798	2560
4	Tollbooth Church.....	3142	767	2375
5	High Church.....	2563	1232	1331
6	College Church.....	3985	874	3111
7	Lady Yester's Church.....	2333	1114	1219
8	Old Greyfriars' Church.....	4728	975	3753
9	New Greyfriars' Church.....	4632	1250	3382
10	St Andrew's Church.....	15,818	1066	14,782
11	St George's Church.....	6070	1692	4378
	Antient and Extended Royalty...	51,768	11,274	40,494
1	Canongate.....	9870	1100	8470
2	St Cuthbert's.....	50,597	2800	47,797
3	North Leith.....	7025	1800	5225
4	South Leith.....	18,975	2500	16,475
	Four Parishes in the County....	86,467	8500	77,967
	Add Royalty, as above.....	51,768	11,274	40,494
	TOTAL.....	138,235	19,774	118,461

View of Accommodation in all other Places of Worship,
1821.

No.	Names of Chapels, or where situated.	Names of Clergymen.	Persons Accommodated.
I. CHAPELS OF EASE.			
1	Lady Glenorchy's.....	Dr JONES.....	1500
2	St Cuthbert's.....	Mr GORDON.....	1360
3	Canongate.....	Mr DUN.....	1100
4	Leith Wynd.....	Mr THOMSON.....	1200
5	Gaelic.....	Mr MUNRO.....	1200
6	Leith.....	Dr COLQUHOUN.....	1400
		TOTAL.....	7760
II. EPISCOPAL COMMUNION.			
1	St John's, Princes-Street.....	BISHOP SANDFORD.....	700
2	St Paul's, York Place.....	Mr ALISON.....	1070
3	St Peter's, Roxburgh Place.....	Mr WALKER.....	450
4	St Paul's, Carruber's Close.....	Mr TERBOTT.....	400
5	St George's, York Place.....	Mr SHANNON.....	650
6	St James's, Broughton Place.....	Mr CRAIG.....	850
7	St James's, Leith.....	Dr RUSSELL.....	400
		TOTAL.....	4520
III. ASSOCIATE SYNOD.			
1	Chapel, Castle-wynd.....	Mr PAXTON.....	900
IV. ORIGINAL BURGHIERS.			
1	Chapel, South Gray's Close.....	Mr WATSON.....	550
V. ORIGINAL ANTIBURGHIERS.			
1	Chapel, West Richmond Street.....	Dr M'CRIE.....	780

#	Names of Chapels, or where situated.	Names of Clergymen.	Persons Accommodated.
VI. UNITED ASSOCIATE SYNOD.			
1	Nicolson Street.....	Dr JAMESON	1200
2	Broughton Place.....	Dr HALL.....	1550
3	Bristo Street.....	Dr PEDDIE.....	2000
4	Vennal.....	Mr LOTHIAN.....	1000
5	Potter-row	Mr SIMPSON.....	1400
6	Rose Street.....	Vacant.....	1300
7	Kirkgate.....	Mr AITCHISON.....	1500
8	St Andrew Street.....	Mr CUTHBERTSON.....	900
9	Bridge Street.....	Mr HARPER.....	1250
		TOTAL.....	12,100
VII. RELIEF SYNOD.			
1	College Street.....	Mr LIMONT.....	1600
2	St James's Place.....	Mr KIRKWOOD.....	1800
3	Roxburgh Place.....	Mr JOHNSTON.....	900
4	Cowgate.....	Mr SCOTT	2000
		TOTAL.....	6300
VIII. INDEPENDENTS.			
1	North College Street.....	Mr AIKMAN	1400
2	Albany Street.....	Mr PAYNE.....	900
3	Niddry Street.....	Mr SPRY.....	600
4	Leith.....	Mr HENRY.....	450
		TOTAL.....	3350
IX. BAPTISTS.			
1	Elder Street.....	Mr INNES.....	500
2	Pleasance.....	Mr BRAIDWOOD.....	800
3	Rose Street.....	Mr ANDERSON.....	900
4	Richmond Court.....	Mr ANDERSON.....	500
5	Leith Walk.....	Mr HALDANE.....	1200
		TOTAL.....	3900
X. METHODISTS.			
1	Nicolson Square.....	1800
2	Foot of Leith Walk.....	600
		TOTAL.....	2400

No.	Names of Chapels, or where situated.		Names of Clergymen.		Persons Accommodated
XI. ROMAN CATHOLICS.					
1	Head of Leith Walk.....		BISHOP CAMERON.....		1500
XII. CAMERONIANS.					
1	Lady Lawson's Wynd... ..		Mr GOOLD.....		1200
XIII. VARIOUS.					
1	Glassites, Chalmers' Close.....				300
2	Friends, Pleasance.....				400
3	Bereans, Cowgatehead.....				120
4	Unitarians, Carrubber's Close.....				400
5	New Jerusalem Temple, Potter-row...				180
6	Jews' Synagogue, Richmond Street...				40
7	Old North Leith Church.....		Mr GRIERSON.....		1000
TOTAL.....					2410
Abstract.					
I.	Chapels of Ease.....	6	Chapels.....	7760	
II.	Episcopal Communion.....	7	4520		
III.	Associate Synod.....	1	900		
IV.	Original Burghers.....	1	550		
V.	Original Antiburghers.....	1	780		
VI.	United Associate Synod.....	9	12,100		
VII.	Relief Synod.....	4	6300		
VIII.	Independents.....	4	3350		
IX.	Baptists.....	5	3900		
X.	Methodists.....	2	2400		
XI.	Roman Catholics.....	1	1500		
XII.	Cameronians.....	1	1200		
XIII.	Various.....	7	2100		
		49	Chapels.....	47,700	
Population of Fifteen Parishes,.....					138,235
Accommodation in.....		15	Parish Churches,.....	19,774	
Ditto in.....		49	Chapels.....	47,700	
					67,474
		64	DEFICIENCY.....		70,761

View of Collections in the Eleven Parish Churches
For One Year, ending 20th June 1821.

No	PARISH CHURCHES.	Persons Accommodated.	Sums collected.		
			£.	s.	d.
I.	St George's.....	1692	584	8	3½
II.	St Andrew's.....	1066	411	9	11½
III.	Tolbooth	767	161	"	11½
IV.	High	1232	155	15	11½
V.	New North.....	799	153	19	½
VI.	Lady Yester's.....	1114	139	19	5½
VII.	Tron.....	798	128	11	10½
VIII.	Old Greyfriars'.....	975	96	9	2
IX.	Old.....	707	78	7	6½
X.	New Greyfriars'.....	1250	65	3	5
XI.	College.....	874	52	1	½
	TOTAL.....	11,274	2027	6	8½

N.B.—The Collections of the Eleven Parish Churches amount, in one year, to £.2027 6 8½, which, divided by 11,274, being the number of persons accommodated, is 3s. 1d. and two-fifths of a farthing each person, per annum. This is on the supposition that the Churches are filled; but, taking it at 7516, which is two-thirds of the number, it makes 5s. 4¾d. each person, per annum, on an average.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Towards the end of April, or early in May, will be published in royal 4to., (illustrated by twenty-four engravings), *The Fossils of the South Downs, or Illustrations of the Geology of Sussex*. By Gideon Mantell, F.L.S. member of the Geological Society, &c.

Sacred Lyrics; by James Edmeston, Vol. III. will shortly appear.

The Account is printing of a Journey, undertaken in the year 1820, into the Oasis of Siwah, with maps, plans, and views of all the most interesting objects that are found in that district, principally with a view to ascertaining the Site of the Temple of Ammon. By A. Linant. To this will be added, views and particulars collected in the Desert of Mount Sinai; including details of some considerable Egyptian remains found there, and many hieroglyphical inscriptions, now brought thence for the first time, being the result of a journey made through that country, by the same traveller.

The Life and Correspondence of Bishop Horsley is preparing for publication, by his son, in an octavo volume.

The biography of *Public Men of all Nations Living* in 1822, will appear in April, and be embellished with 150 engraved portraits, in 3 vols.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a new edition of Mr Hall's *Apolo- gy for the Freedom of the Press*.

Speedily will be published, an Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, with etchings. By John Hughes, Esq. A.M. of Oriel College, Oxford.

Dr Carey has in the press a small edition of *Quintilian, de Institutione Oratoriâ*, as a part of the Regent's Pocket Classics.

A work on the Statute and Criminal Law of England, is preparing, by John Miller, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo.

Cataline, a Tragedy in five acts, with other Poems, will be published in a few days, by the Rev. G. Croly, A.M. author of *Paris* in 1815, *Angel of the World*, &c. &c.

Mr John Wainwright, of Sheffield, is preparing for publication, in two quarto volumes, an Historical and Topographical View of the Wapentake of Strafford and Tickhill, in Yorkshire.

John Gage, Esq. is preparing the History and Antiquities of Hengrave, in Suffolk, in a royal quarto volume, with portraits, and other engravings.

Mr Dawson Turner is preparing a splendid work, containing fac-similes of the hand-writing of one thousand of the
VOL. X.

most eminent characters in England, from an early period, with short biographical notices, and some portraits.

The first part of the Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London will appear in a few weeks.

Wm. Wordsworth, Esq. has a poetical work in the press: the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*.

The Rev. J. Taylor will soon publish, in a duodecimo volume, *Scenes in England*, illustrated by 84 engravings.

Sermons and Miscellaneous Pieces, by the Rev. Robt. Wynnell Mayow, with a memoir, will soon appear.

A translation of Abbe de Pradt's work on Europe and America in 1821, will be published in a few weeks.

Mr Farmer has in the press, a new edition of his work on *Head-aches and Indigestion*, with considerable additions and improvements.

William Lilly's *Memoirs* of his own Life and Times, illustrated with numerous portraits of eminent Astrologers, &c. are reprinting.

A work, called *Revolutionary Causes*, with a brief notice of some late publications, and a Postscript containing Strictures on Cain, will soon appear.

Mr Thomas Tredgold, the Author of a useful treatise on carpentry, timber, the dry rot, &c. &c. has now in the press a small work, intended to supply to engineers, mechanics, and builders, a great desideratum, viz. easy rules and tables, for computing the requisite dimensions, and the strength of cast-iron, when applied in beams, columns, pipes, &c. &c.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes octavo, a Poetical Translation of Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans*, being the first time it has appeared in English metre. This arduous undertaking is illustrated by copious Notes of the translator, Mr W. H. Ireland, Member of the Athenæum at Paris.

In the press, the fifth, being the concluding part of a series of Views in Savoy and Switzerland, and on the Rhine; engraved in mezzotinto, from drawings made on the spot, by John Dennis, and accompanied with letter-press.

Messrs T. Keyworth and Dr. Jones are preparing a second edition of *Principia Hebraica*, in two pocket volumes, to be sold separately. One volume to contain the grammar revised—the other volume to comprise a grammatical analysis of three hundred verses, taken from the Psalms, together with a selection of single words, classed according to their forms

and containing every common root not in the three hundred verses.

The Rev. N. J. Hollingsworth will speedily publish a new and enlarged edition of his *Defence of the Doctrine and Worship of the Church of England*, in a Series of Letters addressed to the Rev. John Lingard.

The Rev. R. W. Bamford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, late superintendent of the Blue-coat Hospital at Liverpool, has in the press, a work entitled *Essays on the Discipline of Children*, particularly as regards their education.

Proposals have been circulated in London for publishing, by subscription, an Historical, Chronological, and Geographical American Atlas, containing Maps of North and South America, with all their divisions into states, kingdoms, &c., on the plan of Le Sage; intended as a companion to Lavoisne's Atlas. It will contain fifty-three maps, all of which will be well executed, from the best and most recent authorities.

Shortly will be published, *Popery the Mystery of Babylon, or the Abomination of the Church of Rome*. By a benedicted Clergyman of the Church of England.

Collections towards a History of ancient Institutions, Customs, discoveries in Science, and Mechanical inventions, selected and abridged from the *Beytrage zur Geschichte der Erfindungen* of Professor Beckmann, of the University of Gottingen, with various important additions, are printing in London.

In a few days will be published, the *Pharmaceutical Guide*, containing a Latin Grammar, in which all the rules are illustrated by examples, selected from the *London Pharmacopœia*; and an interlinear translation of such formulæ in the *Pharmacopœia* as have been found difficult to be comprehended by some young medical students: to which is affixed, a collection of words and phrases most frequently employed in prescriptions.

Charles and Eugenia, or the Paternal Benediction, translated from the French of Madame de Renneville, will shortly be published.

Shortly will be published, in three volumes, *Pargas, a Tale of Spain*.

Cœur de Lion, or the Third Crusade, a Poem, in sixteen Books, by Miss Eleanor Anne Porden, author of the *Veils, the Arctic Expeditions*, &c. is in the press.

EDINBURGH.

Pen Owen, handsomely printed in 3 vols. post octavo.

On the first of May, beautifully printed in post octavo, *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; a selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin, Student of Divinity.

On the first of May, in royal octavo, *Part I.* with twenty plates, of the *Exotic Flora*; containing Figures and Descriptions of new, rare, or little-known Exotic Plants, principally designed from such as are cultivated in the Royal Botanic Garden of Glasgow. By W. J. Hooker, L.L.D. &c. Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow.

Early in May, in a pocket volume, the *Seasons Contemplated in the Spirit of the Gospel*. Six Sermons. By the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, Minister of Cults.

The Youth of Reginald Dalton. By the Author of "Some Passages in the Life of Adam Blair."

The Triumphs of Genius, an Essay. By Alexander Paton.

Early in April will be published, in one volume octavo, *Annals*, including the Life of the Right Honourable Wilhelmina, Viscountess Glenorchy, collected from her Diary and Correspondence. By Thomas Snell Jones, D.D. Minister of her Chapel, Edinburgh.

By the 1st of May will be published, *Delineations Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive*, of the Watering and Sea-Bathing Places of Scotland; including a concise Topography of the Navigable Parts of the Rivers Forth, Clyde, and Tay; together with a Description of the Trossachs, Loch-Katrine, and the Vale of Monteith. By the Rev. W. M. Wade, Author of *Walks in Oxford*—"A Tour of Modern, and Peep into Ancient Glasgow," &c.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ASTRONOMY.

Vol. I. of *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London*. 4to. £.1.1s.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Description of the Antiquities and

other Curiosities of Ancient Rome. By the Rev. Edward Burton. 8vo. 15s.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Memoir of the Life and Trial of James Mackoull, or Moffat, who died in the county jail of Edinburgh, on the 22d of December 1820. 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.

CLASSICS.

Æschyli Prometheus; with a liberal translation. 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

DRAMA.

The Weird Wanderer of Jutland, a Tragedy; *Julia Montalban, a Tale*. By the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Herbert. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The Comedies of Aristophanes, the second volume, translated from the Greek. By T. Mitchell, A.M. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

A French Dictionary, square 12mo. By Pierre Dacier. 5s.

Frank: being the Sequel to *Frank*, in *Easy Lessons*. By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. 9s.

Rosamond: being the Sequel to *Rosamond*, in *Easy Lessons*. By the same author, 2 vols. 5s.

A Sure Guide to the Knowledge of the Principles of the French Language. By M. Maillard.

The Conversational Preceptor, in French and English, consisting of useful phrases, arranged under distinct heads, on a new and more simple plan than any hitherto attempted. By J. L. Mabine: to which are added, Amusing Dialogues on various subjects of general interest. By M. Leblanc. Neat pocket volume. 6s. 6d. half bound.

Moral Discipline; or Elements of Self Improvement, comprising a familiar View of the Intellectual Powers and Moral Characteristics of Human Nature, principally adapted for young Persons entering into active life. By the Rev. Thos. Finch, of Harlow. 1 vol. 12mo. 6s. bds.

Advice to Young Ladies on the Conduct of Life, and the Improvement of the Mind. By the Rev. T. Broadhurst. Post 8vo. 6s.

No. 1. of the *Sunday School Biography*; containing Memoirs of Adkins Lancaster. 4d.

The Parish Apprentice; or the History of Sarah Lock. By J. Bruce. 6d.

The Power of Grace, exemplified in the Memoirs of ———

FINE ARTS.

Part 5. of a Series of Portraits of Eminent Historical Characters, introduced in the Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*, accompanied with Biographical Notices.

A Print of the Chain or Suspension Bridge, erected over the Tweed, near Berwick. By Capt. Brown. 5s.

GEOGRAPHY.

An Atlas of Ancient Geography, comprising 20 coloured maps. By Samuel Butler, D.D. 12s. half bound.

HISTORY.

The History of France, Civil and Military, Ecclesiastical, Literary, Commercial, &c. from the time of its conquest by Clovis, to the death of Louis XVI. By the Rev. Alexander Rannet. Vol. 9. 8vo. 9s. bds.

Memoirs of his Own Times. By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, from the Original MSS. found in the chest left by his Lordship's will, to be opened by the first Earl of Waldegrave who should attain his twenty-first year after 1800. 2 vols, royal 4to. £5.5s.

The History of the Town and County of Galway. By J. Hardiman, Esq. 4to. £2. bds.

Monarchy Revived: being the Personal History of Charles II. with 14 portraits; demy 8vo. 16s., royal 28s.

MEDICINE.

Remarks on Cutaneous Diseases. By T. H. Wilkinson. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

An Essay on Cancer. By W. Farr, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 5s. 6d.

Cases illustrative of the Treatment of Diseases of the Ear. By J. H. Curtis. 3s. 6d.

A Chart of Pharmaceutical Chemistry, exhibiting the names of the various articles of the London Pharmacopœia, in contrast with those with which they are incompatible. By Rees Price, M.D. 2s.

A Treatise on Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, with observations on Hypochondriacs and Hysteria. By J. Woodford, M.D. 5s. bds.

Practical Observations on the Treatment of Strictures in the Urethra, and in the Œsophagus. By Sir Everard Home, 3 vols. 8vo. £1.10.6d.

Observations on Cancer, connected with histories of the disease. By the same author. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Practical Observations on the Treatment of the Diseases of the Prostrate Glands. By the same. 2 vols. 8vo. £1.10.6s.

Lectures on comparative Anatomy, illustrated by engravings. By the same. 2 vols. Royal 4to. £10.10s., demy, £7.7s.

Further Observations on Strictures of the Rectum. By W. White, member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

An Historical Sketch of the opinions entertained by Medical Men, respecting the Varieties and Secondary Occurrence of Small Pox. By J. Thomson. M.D. 8vo. 12s.

The Medical Practitioner's Pocket Companion: or, a Key to the Knowledge of Diseases, and of the appearances that denote Recovery or Danger; being an alpha-

hetical arrangement of Symptoms, with their various indications. 3s.

No. XIII. of the Quarterly Journal of Foreign Medicine and Surgery, and of the sciences connected with them; with Reviews (now added) of British Medical Science, and Original Cases and Communications. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Practical Rules for the Restoration and Preservation of Health, and the best means for Invigorating and Prolonging Life. By the late George Cheyne, M.D. F.R.S. To which is added, the Symptoms and best mode of Treating some of the most prevalent Disorders.

MISCELLANIES.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1818. £1.1s. bds.

An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian people in the Interior of South America, translated from the Original Latin of Martin Dobrieffer, twenty-two years a Missionary in Paraguay. 3 vols. 8vo. £1.16s.

The Retrospective Review, No. IX. 5s.

An Inaugural Lecture, delivered in the Common Hall of the University of Glasgow, Nov. 5, 1821. By D. K. Sandford, Esq. 2s. 6d.

Part XXXVIII. of the Percy Anecdotes. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The First Number of the Album, a new Quarterly publication, exclusively devoted to elegant Literature, to the total exclusion of Politics. 5s.

A Letter to Philoquantus; by Eubulus: being a Sequel to a Pamphlet, entitled Thoughts on the Present System of Academic Education in the University of Cambridge.

A Letter to the Burgesses of Colchester, containing a plain Statement of the Proceedings before the Benches of the Inner Temple, upon his Application to be called to the Bar, and upon his Appeal to the Judges. By D. W. Harvey, Esq. 1s. 6d.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

A System of Mechanical Philosophy. By the late John Robinson, LL.D.: edited by David Brewster, LL.D. 4 vols. 8vo. £4.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The French Protestant: a Tale. By the author of the Italian Convert, 12mo. 3s.

The Spy: a Tale of the Neutral Ground, referring to some particular occurrences during the American War. By the author of Precaution. 3 vols. 12mo. £1.1s.

Stories after Nature, foolscap 8vo. 6s.

Legends of Scotland (first series), containing Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, and

Roslin Castle. By Ronald M'Chronicle Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

Fanny Fairfield, the Farmer's Daughter; a Juvenile Tale. 12mo. 5s.

Singularity: a Tale. By Jane Harvey, author of Brougham Castle, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

POETRY.

Napoleon, and other Poems. By Bernard Barton. 8vo. 12s. bds.

Holkham: dedicated, without permission, to Joseph Hume, Esq.

Sir Marmaduke Maxwell: a Dramatic Poem; the Mermaid of Galloway; the Legend of Richard Fambler, and twenty Scottish Songs. By Allan Cunningham. 7s.

The Spirit of the Lakes; or Mucross Abbey: a Poem in three Cantos. By Miss Luby, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Retrospection, and other Poems. By Arthur Brooke. Foolscap 8vo. 6s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A View of the History and Actual State of the Military Force of Great Britain. By Charles Dupin, Member of the French Institute, translated, with Notes. By an Officer. 2 vols. £1.1s.

The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, vols. XIII. and XIV. 8vo. £1.1s.

Europe; or, a General Survey of the Present Situation of the Principal Powers. By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo. 12s.

An Appeal to the King, on the Present State of Ireland. 2s.

The Claims of the Agriculturists considered, in reference to the recent Developments of our Money System. By W. T. Comber. 2s. 6d.

Thoughts on the Expediency of a Relaxation of the Corn Laws. 2s.

Observations on the Peace Establishment of the Army. 2s.

A correct Statement of the Public Revenue and Expenditure of Great Britain and Ireland, for the year ending 5th Jan. 1822. 1s.

On our Commercial System, shewing the Cause of the Present Fall of Prices. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Letters addressed to William Wilberforce, M.P. recommending the encouragement of the Cultivation of Sugar in our Dominions in the East Indies, as the Natural and Certain Means of effecting the total and general Abolition of the Slave Trade. By James Cropper.

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THEOLOGY.

A Sermon Preached at the Consecration of the King's Chapel, annexed to the Pavilion at Brighton. By the Rev. Hugh Pearson, D.D. 1s. 6d.

Contemplations on the last Discourses of our Blessed Saviour. By the Rev. J. Brewster, M.A. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Objections to the Doctrine of the Trinity stated. By Thomas Rees, L.L.D. 18mo. 1s.

Grotius de Verit. Relig. Christ. with English notes. 6s. bound.

EDINBURGH.

Outlines of Persian Grammar, with Extracts, for the use of the Students in the University of Edinburgh. Price 5s. boards.

A Journey from Merut in India, to London, through Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Georgia, Russia, Austria, Switzerland, and France, during the years 1819 and 1820, with a map and itinerary of the route. By Lieutenant Thomas Lumsden, of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Sermons, Doctrinal, Practical, and Occasional. By the Rev. William Kell, B.D. Minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Kelso. 8vo. 8s. boards.

An Account of the Life and Writings of John Home, Esq. By Henry Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S.E. &c. &c. 8vo. with portrait.

Institutes of Theology; or, a concise System of Divinity. With a reference under each article to some of the principal authors who have treated of the subjects particularly and fully. By Alexander Ranken, D.D. one of the Ministers of Glasgow. One thick volume 8vo. 14s. boards.

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and an easy, certain, and economical Process for preparing Pickles. In one volume 12mo. Price 9s. boards.

The Receipts added to this edition may be had gratis by the former purchasers of the work.

W. and D. Laing's Sale Catalogue for 1822, containing a very large collection of Books.

The Fairy Minstrel, and other Poems. By Wm. Millar. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Memoirs of the Life and Character of the late James Harvey, A.M. with a facsimile of his Hand-writing; compiled by John Brown, Minister of the Gospel, Whitburn. Third edition, with large additions. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Comfort for the Mourner, or Faith's View of Afflictions, exhibited in various letters, chiefly consolatory. Written by Hervey, Newton, Cowper, Cadogan, Balfour, Dickson, &c. 18mo. with frontispiece. 1s. 6d.

Hints on Missions. By James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers. 12mo.

The Sermon and Address, delivered on occasion of the Ordination of the Rev. Archibald Macarthur, as Missionary Minister to Van Diemen's Land. By the Rev. James Harper of Leith, and the Rev. James Simpson of Edinburgh. 1s. 6d.

The Peculiar Nature of the Church of Scotland, and the Effects of that Establishment on the Character of the People: a Sermon, preached January 28th 1822, before the Society, incorporated by Royal Charter, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, Minister of Ruthwell.

The Imitation of Christ; in Three Books. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated from the Latin, by John Payne. With a Recommendatory Preface, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow.

Dr Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, No. XI. On Pauperism. Price 1s. Published Quarterly. This Number is the Second of the Series of Essays, by Dr Chalmers, on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Although tranquillity appears to have been restored to the capital, seditious movements still take place in various parts of France, and numerous arrests have been made. Marshal Victor, the Minister of War, has declared that an officer, whose political opinions are against the Administration, will be called upon for his resignation. One of General Berthon's associates has been apprehended at Calais; but the General himself is still at large, and, it is said, lately appeared at a fair near Rochelle. He is supposed to have been concerned in the recent plot at that place. Bodin, one of the officers apprehended there, was formerly aid-de-camp to Berthon.

The debates in the Chamber of Deputies are conducted with as much animosity as ever by the *Ultras* of both parties. The *Liberals* have particularly directed their attacks against the increase of the *gendarmerie*, which at present far exceeds the force employed by Bonaparte at a time when the French frontiers included Piedmont, and when 200,000 conscripts were to be dragged to their regiments. A duel has been fought between Generals Semele and Lafont, in consequence of the former thus addressing the latter, in the Chamber:—"You are a vile being—it is I who tell you so." Three shots were fired without effect, and the affair was then adjusted.

In one of the debates, M. B. Constant took occasion warily to censure the conduct of the Ministers, and to reprobate the employment of *gendarmerie* in the recent disturbances. His speech was frequently interrupted, and when he afterwards ascended the tribune to speak to a particular point, the whole right side of the Chamber rose simultaneously, exclaiming—"We have heard enough: you are a rebel, an abettor of sedition, an inciter of disturbances, the friend of General Berthon, the apostle of the revolutionists of all countries!" The tumult and confusion became excessive, and the President at length adjourned the debate to the following day.

This is but a trifling sample of the violence and personal animosity which mark the discussions in the French legislative assemblies.

SPAIN.—The sitting of the Ordinary Spanish Cortes has been opened by the

King in person. The celebrated General Riego was previously chosen President. The nomination of this remarkable person to an office so important, seems to prove a strong preponderancy of the Liberal interest in the new legislature of Spain.—A new ministry has been formed by M. Martinez, from the moderate party in the Cortes. He has himself accepted the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. The following are the names of the other Ministers:—Minister of Interior—D. Joseph Aliamira, Gentleman of the King's Chamber.—Minister of the Colonies—D. Manuel de la Bodega, Ex-Deputy of Lima.—Minister of Finance—D. Felipe de Sierra Pambley, Intendant of Finance.—Minister of War—Brigadier Balanzat.—Minister of Marine—Brigadier Romarote.—Minister of Grace and Justice—D. Nicholas Gareli, Ex-Deputy Canon of Valencia.

On the 19th March, the anniversary of the publication of the Constitution, there was a fatal affray in Pampeluna. Some military at a tavern sung songs, and used expressions insulting to the people of Navarre, and a tumult was the consequence; the Magistrate endeavouring to quell it, was insulted, and some students setting up the cry of "Death to Riego," the officers in the coffee-house immediately sallied out, sabering all they met. Many peasants and militia-men being scattered about the streets, a brisk fire of musketry took place, and the conflict was not terminated till fifteen were killed and forty wounded. At Burgos, on the same day, the 19th, there was a disturbance somewhat similar. On the troops giving *vivas* for Riego, the other party, in derision, shouted, "Long live the Emperor Riego!" No lives, however, were lost. These affairs were brought before the Cortes on the 24th, when a Deputy stated, that some ill-disposed Spaniards at Bayonne had engaged in a conspiracy organised by the French Government, and that many Spaniards at Madrid were implicated. The President of the Cortes, Riego, in the course of the discussion, said the country was in imminent danger.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.—The mediation of England and Austria, to restore a good understanding between these two powers, has failed; the Turkish Divan has rejected the Russian ultimatum;—and there appears now no alternative but an

appeal to the sword. The Divan solemnly assembled on the 26th of February, to take into consideration a note from the Ambassadors of the mediating powers. The result of this conference was a reply transmitted to the Ambassadors, which was not so favourable to peace as was expected. The reply was discussed in a grand Divan, or Council of State, at which were present, the Viziers, the Cadis of Rumelia and Anatolia, the Commandants of the Janissary Corps, the Learned Doctors, and the Muftis. "The assembly unanimously resolved," say advices from Constantinople of the 6th March, "that the propositions contained in the Russian ultimatum, were of a nature which never could be accepted. In consequence, the Reis Effendi went to take the orders of the Sultan on the mode in which a notification should be made to the Ambassadors of England and Austria, of the inutility of continuing to importune his Highness with propositions, which the dignitaries of the empire, and the Monarch himself, deemed inadmissible." Repeated interviews took place between Lord Strangford and the Reis Effendi, which terminated abruptly; and on the 3d of March, a note was delivered to the English and Austrian Ambassadors, in Turkish manuscript, with a French translation, of which the following has been given as the substance:—

"The Divan witnesses with pleasure the efforts which its friends, the Ambassador of England and the Austrian Intercuncio, make to adjust the differences which have arisen between the Sublime Porte and the Czar of the Moscovites; but the Divan views, as useless to the proposed object, all further discussion of the propositions contained in the Russian ultimatum—propositions which are incompatible with the sovereignty of his Highness.—(Here follows an enumeration of the subjects of complaint which the Porte has against the Moscovites.)—Finally, it is not for the Porte to send Commissioners to the frontiers to negotiate peace—she is not at war with Russia, notwithstanding all the provocations—and if the Muscovite armies shall begin hostilities, she has taken measures to repel them."

"I can assure you," adds a private letter, "that on receiving this note, M. de Lutzow let it fall from his hands, so incredible did its contents and tone appear. He could not believe his eyes, and re-perused it several times previously to despatching it for Vienna. It is also said, that Lord Strangford endeavoured to de-

lay the courier, with the hope of obtaining some modification of its character."

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—On the 8th of March, the President transmitted a Message to Congress, recommending the recognition of the independence of South America. The message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Trade, and ordered to be printed. The presentation of this document, it appears, gave offence to the Spanish Minister, who had expressed his intention of retiring to Philadelphia, and there await the orders of his Government.

From a document on the subject of the Commerce of the Union, it appears that the imports have amounted to 62,586,724 dollars, of which 58,025,899 dollars were imported in American vessels, and 4,559,825 dollars in foreign vessels. That the exports have amounted to 64,974,382 dollars, of which 43,671,894 dollars were domestic, and 20,710,700 dollars foreign articles. That 34,465,272 dollars were exported in American, and 9,206,622 dollars in foreign vessels. That 765,998 American tonnage entered the ports of the United States, and 804,947 cleared from them; and that 81,526 foreign tonnage entered, and 83,073 cleared from the ports of the United States.

BRAZIL.—By advices from Pernambuco to the 12th February, and from Rio Janeiro to the 19th January, it appears that these colonies have resolved on a complete separation from the mother country. The order from the Cortes recalling the Prince Regent to Portugal was the signal for a general movement among the inhabitants of Rio Janeiro, who presented a remonstrance to him, conjuring him to remain in Brazil. The Prince assented, and, in consequence, great rejoicings took place. In the midst of this, however, a movement of 2000 Portuguese troops, who took possession of a strong fort, excited general apprehension. Several Brazilian regiments immediately collected, and a battle was expected. At length a negotiation took place, by which it was agreed that the Portuguese troops should be embarked for Europe, and by this means peace was restored. A similar course of proceeding had been adopted at Pernambuco. A meeting of the chiefs of the army, the clergy, and principal inhabitants, had been convened, in which it was resolved that the presence of the Portuguese troops was no longer required.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS, March 15.—The important subject of Irish Tithes was introduced this evening by the Duke of Devonshire, who presented a petition from the city of Waterford, entreating the Parliament would take some measures to prevent the irritation arising from the present system of collection. The Earl of Liverpool, in his reply, declared himself inclined to favour a plan for commutation, and admitted that the present disturbances were not necessarily a bar to the consideration of this subject, or to the adoption of such measures connected with it as might be deemed advisable.

26.—Lord King brought forward his promised motion for a further reduction of the Civil List. His Lordship spoke in terms of approbation of his Majesty's princely sacrifice to the distresses of the country; but he contended that, in the diplomatic department of the Civil List, there still remained a wide field for retrenchment. In proof of this assertion, he brought forward a comparative statement of the diplomatic expence of the country in 1791 and 1821, from which it appeared, that the nation paid to Ambassadors of various Orders, about £58,000 more in the latter than in the former year; and this, notwithstanding that the number of these had been diminished by two. Lord King adverted particularly to the appointment of Lord Clancarty, and in conclusion observed, that the vast expenditure in this department was employed merely as a source of Parliamentary influence. Lord Liverpool replied, in the first place, that the expenditure of the Civil List was no proper subject of parliamentary investigation, so long as the Government confined it within the limits fixed by Parliament. The increased allowances to Foreign Ministers, he justified upon the grounds of the increased expence of living abroad, and the necessity of employing ambassadors of the highest rank and talents, which arose out of the present relative condition of Great Britain with the states of Europe; the appointment of Lord Clancarty, he explained to have become necessary, from the altered condition of Holland and Flanders. Lord Holland supported the motion, but ~~admitted~~ ^{admitted} the propriety of an Ambassador at the Belgian Court; and Lord Ellenborough opposed it, on the ground that great part of the allowance to Ambassadors was but an expenditure of secret service money.—The motion was rejected.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 4.—The chief topic introduced this evening arose from the Army Estimates. Colonel Davies moved for a reduction of the Military Force of the Kingdom to the amount of 5000 men; Lord Palmerston, in reply, pointed out the inconsistent line of conduct pursued by the Hon. Member and his friends, by reminding the House, that last year, upon the same item, he only proposed a reduction of 10,000 men, and that although Government had reduced upwards of 12,000, and of expenditure upwards of £500,000, he called for a still farther diminution. The Noble Lord added, that it was thought better to preserve more regiments, and to reduce two troops, or companies, of those retained, rather than to keep up fewer regiments with more men in each; for, by the former system, a nucleus would be preserved, around which an efficient force could, in case of necessity, be the most easily collected. Mr Hume and Mr Bennet opposed the proposition, contending, that not only 20,000 men should be reduced, but also that the reduction made was effected in the worst manner. The House, however, thought otherwise, and Lord Palmerston's motion was carried by a Majority of 196 to 51.

5.—Mr Kennedy obtained leave again to bring in his Bill for altering the mode of choosing Criminal Juries in Scotland. The Lord Advocate also obtained leave to bring in a Bill to continue a former Act for preventing the naturalization of Aliens; the Bill more particularly applies to the purchasers of shares in the Bank of Scotland.

6.—The Hon. H. G. Bennet brought forward a motion on the subject of the late Queen's funeral; and in doing so, went into a history of her case from the period of her return to England to that of her decease. His motion was, "that it is the opinion of this House, the respect and solemnity, by ancient custom reserved for the funerals of the Queens of England, have been, at the funeral of her late Majesty Queen Caroline, unnecessarily and indecorously violated." The charges against Government, advanced by the Honourable Member, were answered by Mr Peel; and with the exception of those Members who spoke to the fact of the case, scarcely one took a share in the debate. The motion was negatived without a division, Mr Bennet not pressing for one, on perceiving the feelings of the House on the subject. Of what was the

three-inch wheels, and equal to the conveyance of three tons and a half, with a general effect on the House by the revival of this case, says an opposition paper, "the best illustration is perhaps afforded by the circumstance, that the appearance of Mr M. A. Taylor walking up the House at the moment Mr Hobhouse pronounced the word *tailor*, threw the great body of Members into an almost convulsive laugh!"

March 7.—Mr Wm. Dundas presented a petition from certain individuals, praying to be heard by Counsel against several clauses in the Edinburgh Police Bill. The Lord Advocate brought in his Bill respecting the revenues of the Royal Burghs of Scotland, which was read, and ordered for the second reading on Friday the 22.

8.—The early part of this evening the House was occupied in a debate of some length on various petitions against the Edinburgh Police Bill introduced by Mr W. Dundas. The House then went into discussion on the Navy Five per Cent. Reduction Bill, which went through the Committee, and the third reading was ordered for last night. The Bill was strictly canvassed by Mr Tierney, who, at the same time, disclaimed any objection to its principle, but disapproved of the short time allowed for dissenting. The Right Hon. Gentleman thought that a delay should be afforded till some certain conclusion could be formed with respect to the issue of the disputes between Russia and Turkey. The Marquis of Londonderry, in reply, clearly demonstrated this proposition to be unreasonable, but at the same time his Lordship cautiously abstained from the slightest allusion as to what may be the issue of the negotiations between those Powers. Mr Denman moved the Bill should be extended from the 16th to the 30th of March, but the motion was negatived by a large majority.

11.—The Bill for reducing the Navy Five per Cents. was read a third time, and passed. No farther time was granted to Trustees within the kingdom.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer made his promised exposition respecting the extent and character of the system of retrenchment upon which the Ministers of the Crown acted during the last recess of Parliament, in pursuance of the votes of both Houses. The operation of the proposed measure will be to relieve the country from one-half of the expense hitherto incurred under the head of the Superannuation Act, by deducting five per cent. from all salaries exceeding £100 per ann. and two and a-half per cent. from those which do not reach that sum. The scale

of the superannuation allowances is to be one-twelfth of the salary for every five years' service. The Right Honourable Gentleman then proceeded to state the reductions. From the Civil List, he said, a reduction had been made to the amount of no less than £75,000 a-year. Of this his Majesty has nobly granted £30,000 a-year from that portion of the Civil List which relates more immediately to his own personal expenses: £20,000 have been conceded from the salaries of the principal Officers of State, and £25,000 from the appointments of the Officers of the Household. The reduction in the public Offices of State is estimated at £12,000, and in the department of the revenue at £66,000; and a farther gradual reduction, estimated for the present year at £15,000, is to be accomplished by a diminution of the salaries of office as the present incumbents retire, and new officers succeed to the situations. The whole immediate benefit of the proposed plan will be a saving of £200,000, and the expected increase, when it shall get into full operation, will make it amount to £400,000.

12.—Mr John Smith presented a petition from the Chamber of Commerce against the Edinburgh Police Bill introduced by Mr W. Dundas. Colonel Davis then moved several resolutions, animadverting on abuses supposed to prevail in the collection of the Revenue; declaring that an increase of 1½ per cent. had taken place in the expense of this service, between the years 1812 and 1820; complaining that large sums were applied in this department without any account being rendered; and demanding that, for the future, a prospective estimate of the disbursements for the year, under this head, should be laid before Parliament, in order that they might examine into, and control the proposed expenditure. Mr Lushington, in reply, charged the Gallant Colonel with mistakes in his calculations, to the amount of eight millions, and maintained that, instead of an increase taking place of 1½ per cent. in the collection of the Revenue between 1812 and 1820, the advance had only been one-twelfth per cent. All the Resolutions were negatived without a division, except that relating to the prospective Estimates, upon which the Previous Question was put, and carried by 93 votes to 25.

13.—Lord Normanby brought forward a motion for abolishing the office of Joint Post-master General, and establishing a single Post-master. The Noble Lord opened the subject with much ingenuity and force, and made out a *prima facie* case, shewing that the second Post-mas-

ter General was wholly unnecessary, and might, without injury or inconvenience to the public service, be done away, and a saving thereby effected of £.2500 a-year. He was replied to by Mr Robinson, Lord Londonderry, and Mr C. Wynn. Ministers on this occasion did not attempt to defend the appointment on the ground of the office being necessary for the public service; but they boldly avowed, that the office was retained as essential towards keeping up the influence of the Crown, which had been diminished to a degree tending to endanger the equilibrium so necessary for the safety of the Constitution. After a debate of some length, Lord Normanby's motion was lost, on a division, by 184 to 159. The business of the Postmasters General is not, however, terminated. From the notice of a motion given next night by Mr Calcraft, it was learned that Lord Clancarty was absent for two years out of the kingdom, and engaged in totally different business, whilst he was receiving pay as one of the Joint Postmasters General; and if he had been absent 200 years, his services at the office would never have been wanted. Lord Londonderry compared this absence of the Noble Postmaster on other business, to his own absence at Vienna and Paris on the business of his own office.

14.—Mr Creevy brought forward his motion on the subject of the Board of Controll; which establishment, he contended, if it could not be entirely dispensed with, and the duties performed by one of the Secretaries of State, might be very much reduced. Mr Canning made an able defence of the Board, and contended, that the duties of it were most important, responsible, and laborious; and that any interference with the form of the establishment, or any reduction of it, would be most injurious to the public service. The motion was lost, on a division, by a large majority, the numbers being—for the motion 88—against it 273.

15.—The Malt Duty Repeal Bill was passed; a vague discussion then took place upon a communication, which, it seems, Mr Arbuthnot had sent to some Members of that House, respecting Lord Normanby's motion. The Hon. Secretary admitted his having written letters of the nature alleged to several Members, but declared them to have been merely private communications, addressed to individuals with whom he was personally intimate. He disclaimed the intention of giving offence in any quarter, and Lord J. Russell declared himself satisfied with the Hon. Secretary's explanation. The following is a copy of the letter alluded to:

(PRIVATE.)

"*Dowling-street, March 8, 1822.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—On Wednesday next, the 13th inst. a motion is to be made by Lord Normanby, to abolish the office of one of the Postmasters General; and on the 14th, the day following, Mr Creevy makes a similar motion against the Board of Controll.

"In this manner the just and necessary influence of the Crown is, from day to day, attacked; and as other motions, of a similar nature, are to be made by Lord Althorpe, &c. it will be quite impossible for any set of men to conduct the Government of this country, unless practices of this kind shall be successfully resisted.

"It seems as if the Opposition, in despair of coming into office, had determined to break down the means of administering the affairs of the country; and as this subject is become most serious, I have no scruple of apprising you of what is now passing, with the hope and expectation that you will think it necessary to attend, and thus to lend your aid in stemming the torrent of such dangerous innovation.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. ARBUTHNOT."

18.—On the bringing up of the Report of the Bill for reducing the Duty on Malt eight shillings per quarter, Mr Huskisson announced, that if the price of beer should not be lowered in a fair proportion, he would propose that a duty should be levied on the stock of the brewers, in order to prevent the repeal of the tax from operating as a bonus to them, to the injury of the public. The House was chiefly occupied in discussing the Navy Estimates. In the Committee of Supply, a sum of £.2,700,000 was voted for the purpose of paying off the proprietors of the Navy Five per Cents. who had dissented from the new arrangement: this sum includes the interest.

20.—On the motion of Mr J. H. Blair, a Committee was appointed to take into consideration the state of the Turnpike and Highway Laws in Scotland. In order that the Bill should be rendered as complete as possible, the Hon. Member proposed, that it should be circulated in Scotland during the Recess, and passed into a law next Session. The Bill is not intended to interfere with any existing local Acts.—The Malt Duty Repeal Bill went through its last stage, without any thing farther being urged on the subject of the Brewers' profits.—Mr Curwen brought forward his promised motion for laying a duty on imported tallow, and removing the tax on candles. His object, he said, was to afford farther relief to the Agricul-

tural interest, by increasing the value of cattle. Mr Robinson, in reply, contended that the effect of this measure to the consumer would be to raise the duty on the ton of candles from £12:10s., its present rate, to £20; and as to the farmer, he would not benefit by it more than three shillings in the value of an ox. It was before known that Ministers did not approve the plan, which met with so little encouragement from the House, that the question did not go to a division.—The House then proceeded with the Army Estimates; Mr Hume proposed various reductions, on one of which, the salary of the Judge-Advocate-General, only *seventeen* Members voted with that Gentleman.

22.—Mr Lambton presented a petition from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, praying a remission of Henry Hunt's punishment, but which was so indecorously worded, that it was rejected by a majority of 123 to 22. The House then proceeded to finish the Army Estimates, in the discussion on which, a very remarkable fact was brought to light by Sir H. Hardinge, relative to an erroneous statement formerly, and repeatedly, made by Mr Hume, on the subject of new commissions, the number of which that Gentleman had stated as high as 2553 in five years, while they were actually no more than 663 in that period; thus making an over-statement of 1890 in the number, and £1,800,000 in the amount of the saving that he said might be effected, taking the interest at 12 per cent. Mr Hume said he had discovered his mistake two months ago, and had mentioned it to his friend Mr Bennett, who advised him to take an early opportunity of correcting it in the House.

25.—Lord J. Russell brought forward the case of Capt. Romeo, an Italian Gentleman, who claims remuneration for services rendered to the British Army in Sicily in 1808, for which he was subsequently expatriated, and otherwise ill-treated, by the Sicilian Government. An annuity of £50 had been granted to him, which, at his own request, had been commuted for £300; the present object appears to be the re-granting of the annuity, and the restoration of the £300, for the re-payment of which Mr Forbes pledged himself. The petition was ordered to be printed.—The Ordnance Estimates occupied the House till 12 o'clock. On the grant of £36,843 for the Ordnance offices at the Tower and Pall Mall, Mr Hume moved a reduction of £10,000, which was negatived by a considerable majority.

27.—Mr Home Drummond presented a petition from Mr Dunlop of Glasgow, praying that the English market might

be thrown open to the Scotch distillers. Mr Wortley thought the measure would afford much relief to the barley-growers in Scotland. The petition was referred to the Agricultural Committee.

April 1.—The necessity of repealing the Salt Tax was again urged this evening—a measure on which the Agricultural Members appear to be unanimous. Mr Calcraft gave notice, that if Ministers did not propose some extensive and effectual measure of relief, he should even in this Session move for its repeal.—Some discussion took place relative to the present state of the Agricultural interest, which deserves to be particularly noticed. Mr Stuart Wortley, in presenting a petition from certain Owners and Occupiers of Land in Linlithgow, praying that a million of money might be expended in relieving their existing distresses, specially called the attention of the House to one paragraph in it, which was rather of a remarkable character. The paragraph in question considered the utmost reduction of taxation to be totally inadequate to afford the Agriculturists any relief; and, on the contrary, deprecated such a step as injurious to the best interests of the country. The Hon. Member declared himself much disposed to the same opinion as the petitioners had thus expressed, and availed himself of the opportunity to arraign the conduct of the Bank of England, in not lowering the rate of its discounts, as had been generally expected, and thereby assisting the Agricultural classes in raising money to alleviate their distress, at a reduced rate of interest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated, that it was the intention of Government to allow the transfer of mortgages by indorsation, thereby saving additional stamps. The same evening, the report of the Agricultural Committee was laid upon the table of the House. This document was ordered to be printed immediately, and the Marquis of Londonderry gave notice, that, on the 22d of this month, he would move for a Committee of the whole House, to take the Report into its consideration, with a view to the adoption of some measure which he should then propose for the relief of the Agricultural interests.—Mr Robinson submitted his promised motion to the House relative to the trade of the West-India Colonies, and obtained leave to bring in a Bill for opening a direct communication between certain ports in our West Indian Colonies, and the Continents of Europe and America. Several Members connected with commerce expressed their approbation of the measure.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

FEBRUARY.

Members of Parliament, it was lately decided in the Court of King's Bench, cannot be bail, because their persons are protected from arrest by their parliamentary privilege.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY, Feb. 11.—Joseph M'Farlan and Margaret Brown, or Palmer, were put to the bar, accused of two acts of theft, from the shops of Mr Spittal and Mr Mawson, merchants, South Bridge, in August last. The pannels pleaded Not Guilty. After the examination of witnesses, the jury found the pannels Guilty of both the charges libelled. M'Farlan was sentenced to 14 years transportation; but sentence was delayed as to the other prisoner, in consequence of ill health.

18.—John Douglas and Mathew Adie, found guilty on the 13th July, last year, of robbery on the high-way, were brought up for judgment. Sentence in this case was delayed, on account of an objection taken to the regularity of the verdict, (see page 84, vol. ix. new series,) on which their Lordships delivered their opinions on the 4th instant, repelling the objection. The prisoners now received sentence of transportation for seven years. William Muir, found guilty of shop-breaking in Leith, was sentenced to transportation for life; and his brother, John Muir, for robbing the till of a merchant's shop in Kirkcaldy, for 14 years. The latter culprit was only 10 years of age.

25.—Daniel Ross, a young boy, pleaded Guilty of robbing various gentlemen's lobbies of great-coats, &c., and was sentenced to seven years transportation.

MARCH.

1.—*Old Bailey*.—Pamplew, one of Carlile's shopmen, was indicted at the instance of the Constitutional Society, for publishing a pamphlet, which, Mr Adolphus said, contained nine or ten gross libels on the King and Constitution. After the evidence, the prisoner entered in to a long defence, in which he was frequently interrupted by the Common Sergeant, for his irregularity in reflecting on the Agents of the Society, on the Members of the Royal Family, and the laws, in condemning Carlile, whose conduct he attempted to justify. At half past twelve the Jury retired, and, at one o'clock on Saturday morning, returned a verdict of Guilty; and the Common Sergeant sentenced him to two years imprisonment in Giltspur Street Compter, and, at the expiration of that term, to enter into his own recognizance for £500 for his good

behaviour during the term of his natural life.

4.—John Barclay, another of Carlile's shopmen, was found Guilty, and sentenced to six months imprisonment in the House of Correction; and, on the 5th, another, William Holmes, was sentenced to two years imprisonment. A third, whose name was unknown, was arraigned, and pleaded Not Guilty, but persisting in his refusal to enter his name, he was sent back to jail.

6.—*Phænomenon*.—A very extraordinary phenomenon was caused to-day in the river Thames, by a gale of wind. As it blew from the S. W., and with extreme violence, the entrance of the tide was interrupted for several hours. About one was the time of flood, by the table, but at ten in the morning, the tide was still ebbing with great rapidity at London Bridge. In consequence of this, the water in the river sunk so low as to render it fordable in several places. Many persons were seen walking across, and as the bed of the river was exposed in large tracks, valuable articles, which had lain there for a long period, were picked up. This was the case as far out as Gravesend. The water has not been known so low for many years by several feet. Ships were seen aground in all parts of the river below London Bridge. About twelve o'clock the tide began to return, and with a rapidity proportioned to the check it had experienced, the wind having acted as a temporary dam to its progress. Such was the force of the current, that barges and small craft in great numbers were driven against each other, and sunk, or otherways much injured. The time of high water did not take place till after three o'clock.

Steam Carriages 1.—A patent has been recently secured by Mr Griffith, of Brompton, a gentleman not unknown in the literary world, by his travels in Asia Minor, and other works. Mr Griffith, in connection with a professor of Mechanics on the Continent, has at length solved the long-considered problem of propelling, by steam, carriages capable of transporting merchandise, and also passengers, upon common roads, without the aid of horses. The actual construction of such a carriage is now proceeding at the manufactory of Messrs Bramah. The power to be applied in this machine is equal to that of six horses, and the carriage altogether will be 28 feet in length, running upon velocity of from three to seven miles per hour, varied at pleasure. The vast im-

portance, in a political and social sense, of the introduction of such machines, on all our great roads, must be evident. The saving in carriage of goods will be 50 per cent.; and for passengers, inside fares will be taken at the outside prices. The universal importance of this great triumph of the mechanical arts, has led Mr Griffith to take out patents in Austria and France: one carriage has actually been launched at Vienna, and operates with success. By availing himself of various improvements, in the transfer, regulation, and economy of force, all the usual objections are removed, such as the ascent of hills, securing a supply of fuel and water; and, in fine, the danger of explosion is prevented, not only by the safety valve, but by the distribution of the steam into tubes, so as to render any possible explosion wholly unimportant. Every carriage will be provided with a director of the fore wheels sitting in front, and with a director of the steam apparatus sitting in the rear, and the body of the vehicle will be situated between the fore-wheels and the machinery.

19.—*Seamen's Wages*.—A very important decision, as it regards seamen and owners of vessels, was made this day in the Court of Admiralty, London. The case arose out of the loss of the *Juliana* East Indiaman, wrecked on her home passage, a short time since, on the Kenish Knock. The suit commenced in a claim for wages, made by one of the two seamen who were saved. The claim of wages, which was made for intermediate freights earned by the vessel, was resisted by the owners, on the ground of articles executed between them, which stipulated that the sailors should not demand wages, or be entitled to any part thereof, until after the ship arrived in the port of London: and having been lost, it was contended the wages were forfeited. Lord Stowell, in giving judgment, said, that these articles were, entered into, for most part, by men who, from their situation and habits, were totally ignorant of their consequences; the law, therefore, must protect their interests from fraud. The Learned Judge entered at great length into the question, and concluded by saying, that he would permit the seamen to maintain their demand, notwithstanding these instruments of stipulation to the contrary: and with respect to the next of kin, of the rest of the crew who perished, being equally entitled to come upon the owners for wages, he should not be alarmed at the arguments of counsel, with respect to letting in their claim likewise. The Court, therefore, decided, that such bonds or ar-

ticles, in law, could not be maintained against the seamen's claim of wages.

21.—*Watson's Fund*.—We observe the requisite Parliamentary notice is now given by the Keepers and Commissioners of the Signet, of an application for leave to bring in a bill for altering the destination of this extensive fund, and applying it to charitable uses in this city. This fund, it will be recollected, was some years ago brought under public notice by an active citizen: it originated from the residue of the effects of a Mr John Watson, W. S. who died in November 1762. These effects were vested in trustees, to apply them to such charitable uses in Edinburgh as they should think proper. The trustees declared by a deed, that a Foundling Hospital should be instituted, being the alleged intention of the testator, and that at their demise the charity should come under the management of the Keepers, &c. of the Signet. These official gentlemen assumed the charge in consequence in 1781, and such was the effect of their management, that a sum, at that time small, had, six years ago, accumulated to £60,000, and now, we believe, amounts to something more than £80,000, a sum which, properly applied, as we have no doubt it will now be, must prove of incalculable benefit to the city.

22.—*Five per Cent. Stock*.—The books for entering the dissentients to the proposed transfer of the Navy Five per Cents. were closed on Saturday at the Bank. The capital of the stock which is claimed in money by the residents in Great Britain (the great bulk of the holders) is £2,600,000. Thus may the measure be said to have completely answered; for the foreign holders, or those who may be abroad, can scarcely be expected to double the sum. On Monday, Mr Haase, from the Bank of England, by order of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Liverpool, communicated to the Stock Exchange, that all the holders of the Navy Five per Cents. who required their money, would be paid on the 5th of April, with the quarter's interest. The amount of stock held by dissentients being so small, Government are enabled to pay it without having recourse to any loan, which has accordingly tended to raise the Funds.

30.—*Fatal Duel*.—It is with deep concern we state, that a meeting took place near Auchtertool, in Fife, on Tuesday morning the 26th instant, about eleven o'clock, between Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, attended by the Hon. John Douglas, brother to the Marquis of Queensberry, and James Stuart, Esq. younger of Duncarn, attended by

the Earl of Rosslyn, which proved fatal to Sir Alexander. It is said the parties were bound over to keep the peace, by the Sheriff of Edinburgh, on Monday night, in consequence of which they set off for life early on Tuesday morning, attended by their seconds and two surgeons. They met near Auchtertool about eleven o'clock, and stood at twelve paces distance. The Earl of Rosslyn gave the word, and the parties fired, when Sir Alexander received Mr Stuart's ball in the right shoulder, which broke the clavicle of the bone, and injured the spine. Sir Alexander immediately fell, and was carried to Balmuto House, the seat of his relative, Lord Balmuto, where every assistance was rendered by Dr Wood and Mr Liston, and afterwards by Dr John Thomson, who was sent for by express to Edinburgh; but the unfortunate Baronet died on Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock. The quarrel which gave rise to this fatal and lamented rencontre originated from certain articles inserted in a Glasgow newspaper called the Sentinel, in which Mr Stuart conceived himself to be unjustly attacked. An action was raised by Mr Stuart against Messrs Borthwick and Alexander, proprietors of that paper. Borthwick was lying in Glasgow jail for a small debt, when his agent, it appears, expressed to Mr Stuart his great desire to have the action settled, and asked if he (Mr Stuart) was willing to do so? Mr Stuart replied, that it would depend on the communications which Borthwick would make to him. Borthwick being afterwards liberated from prison by the payment of his debt, brought Mr Stuart the papers and MSS. which led him to fix on Sir Alexander Boswell as the author of the articles which had offended him. Mr Stuart left the field after the duel, and was in Edinburgh at one o'clock of the same day, but left it again immediately for the south.

The foregoing is the substance of what has appeared in the Journals of the day; no statement has as yet appeared from the friends of either party.

APRIL.

IRELAND.—By the intelligence from this country, is it painfully evident, that the furious and tumultuary spirit of the peasantry, notwithstanding the rigid enforcement of the Insurrection-act in the disturbed counties, remains unsubdued. The following extract from the Charge of the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland to the Grand Jury of Kilkenny, gives a frightful picture of the state of society in that quarter:

At present, the south of Ireland is such, and is so overwhelmed with cala-

mity, as would scarcely be credited by any other part of the world. When last in Limerick, I saw, as you must have seen, the statements in the public papers as to the state of that county, and the proceedings of the insensate people; but I assure you these accounts were a very feeble representation of the state of things. The peasantry of that district were completely in arms—they were literally in possession of the county. Society was dissolved, and the repetition of outrages, in consequence, was daily—murder, robbery, the violation of women, human torture—in short, every crime that disgraces human nature was there to be found. In the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, from whence I have just come, the quantity of arms that are in possession of the common people could hardly be believed. There was scarce a conviction in either county but arose out of the fact of the person's having arms; every crime being perpetrated by the peasantry fully armed."

After all that we have heard (says the *Dublin Evening Post*;) this is a picture for which we were not prepared; but the high character of the Chief Justice must silence any doubt as to its fidelity.

6.—Late Duel.—Among the indictments issued from the Crown Office, Edinburgh, against individuals to stand their trials at the approaching Circuit Court to be held in this city, is one against William M. Borthwick, who was some time in the Sentinel Office, "for theft, by breaking open lockfast places in the Sentinel Newspaper Office, Glasgow," and which, it is understood, led to the late fatal duel.—*Glasgow Courier*.

Mr Borthwick, of the Glasgow Sentinel, was apprehended at Dundee on Thursday, and carried to Edinburgh next morning, by Mr Patrick Mackay, messenger at arms, on a Justiciary warrant, charging him with having abstracted several letters and other manuscripts from the printing-office of that paper. The legality of Mr Borthwick's conduct, we understand, is involved in a question still pending, as to whether, at the time of his taking the papers, he was or was not a proprietor? His statement is, that he was so: That he had agreed, in 1840, to sell his interest in the concern to his partner Alexander; but that the latter not having fulfilled the conditions of the bargain, Borthwick had obtained a judgment of the Magistrates of Glasgow, reinstating him in the possession; that he had accordingly resumed possession, before witnesses; but was immediately thrown into prison on an old caption for debt; that he was liberated by his agent

on the evening of Sunday the 10th March; that about seven o'clock next morning, he went to the office, and took from one of the desks, which was open, and from another, of which he still retained the key, the manuscripts in question; that he conceived himself entitled to do this; and that he had a strong inducement to it, namely, to save himself from the consequences of prosecutions brought against him through the acts of his partner. A young man, who had been a compositor in the Sentinel office, and who, it is said, was employed by Borthwick to carry the papers to the Fontine, has also been committed on a Justiciary Warrant as his master's accomplice.—*Dundee Advertiser*, April 1.

Discovery in Mechanics.—Patents have been obtained by Mr John Ruthven, of this city, for a "New Method of procuring Mechanical Power," which promises to be of considerable importance from its simplicity and general application. As it has no analogy to any of the mechanical powers hitherto known, we can hardly convey an idea of it to our readers; but so far as we can form an opinion, it appears to be a power that accumulates in a ratio to the resistance, and on that account will be valuable for compressing or elevating, and may supersede the screw for those purposes; as the immense loss of power, arising from the box in which the screw turns, renders the desired force from it in a great degree abortive.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

March 1.—Dr. Francis Nicol, Principal of the United College, elected Rector of the University of St Andrews.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Feb. 27.—The United Associate Congregation of Dalreoch gave an unanimous call to the Rev. Mr Clark, formerly a preacher under the General Associate Synod, now a member of the United Synod of Ireland.

—The Congregation of Dalreoch, in connection with the United Associate Synod of the Secession Church, gave an unanimous call to the Rev. Mr Clark, late a preacher of the General Associate Synod.

March 6.—Mr James Renwick, preacher of the gospel, ordained to the office of the ministry and pastoral charge of the Associate Congregation of Murlton, Kirkcaldyshire.

7.—The Rev. James Anderson ordained and admitted Assistant and Successor to the Rev. Wm. Anderson, Minister of St Fergus.

—The Presbytery of Hamilton ordained Mr J. Black, preacher of the gospel, to be Minister of the church and parish of Bertalan, Shotts, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr Froudfoot to Strathaven.

11.—The Rev. David Carment, late of Glasgow, was admitted Assistant and Successor to the Minister of Roskeen.

20.—Mr Hugh Young was ordained to the pastoral charge of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation of Lauriston, near Falkirk.

21.—The Rev. Alexander Clark ordained and admitted to the third charge in the parish of Inverness.

—Mr D. Dow, preacher of the gospel, to be Assistant and Successor to the Rev. Dr. Dow, his father, Minister of the parish of Irongray.

—The Rev. Dr. Lee of St Andrews was admitted first Minister of the Congregate Church, in the room of the Rev. Dr Stewart, deceased.

—The Rev. Alexander Clark, ordained and admitted one of the Ministers of Inverness.

28.—The Congregation of the United Secession Church in Queen Ann's Street, Dumfermline, gave a harmonious call to Mr James Whyte to be their Minister. This is now the eleventh call made out for Mr Whyte.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Lt. Col. W. Count Linsingen, Col. on Continent of Europe 28 Feb. 1822.
12 Lt. Dr. Cornet & Adj. Sulley, rank of Lt. 21 do.
J. G. Faercl, Cornet by purch. vice Daubuz, 10 Dr. 11 do.
Lt. Vanleleux, Capt. do. vice Wallace, 1st. 24 do

12 Lt. Dr. Cornet Weight, Lt. do. 28 Feb. 1822.
J. C. Lett, Cornet do. do.
Lt. Mon. G. R. Abercomby, from 5 Dr. G. Capt. by purch. vice Eskine, prom. 11 March

13 Assist. Surg. Shean, from 51 F. Assist. Surg. vice McGregor, dead 28 Feb. Gren. Gds. W. O. Stanley, Ens. & Lieut. by purch. vice Tingling, prom. 11 do.

Lieut. & Capt. Thorolton, Capt. & Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Hodge, ret. 28 do. Ens. & Lieut. Greville, Lieut. & Capt. by purch. do.

Ens. Vice. Chetwynd, from 52 F. Ens. & Lieut. by purch. do. 1 F. Lieut. Blake, from h. p. 5; F. Paynt. vice Daniel, dismissed do.

Lieut. Nunn, Adj. vice Hunt, res. Adj. only 21 do. W. W. Barrow, Ens. vice Louaine, dead 28 do.

Hosp. Assist. Parry, Assist. Surg. vice Morrall, dead, 7 March. Bt. Maj. Cullev, Maj. vice Col. Copson, dead 9 Jan.

Lieut. O'Dell, Capt. do. do. Ens. Wyatt, Lieut. do.

R. Kelly, Ens. by purch. vice Le Marchant, prom. 7 March. Lieut. Urquhart, from h. p. Rifle Brig.

Lieut. vice Sutherland, 32 F. 21 Feb. Lieut. Kyle, Capt. by purch. vice Brooks, do.

29 Capt. Barclay Maj. do. vice Lieut. Col. Ross, ret. 7 March. Lieut. Hill, Capt. do. do.

Ens. Browne, Lieut. do. do. R. Gibson, Ens. do. do.

Lieut. Tompison, from h. p. 20 F. Lieut. vice Sutherland, 41 F. 26 Feb. Lieut. Huddleston, Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Fauconet, ret. do.

Hosp. Assist. Teetan, Assist. Surg. vice Shean, 15 Dr. 28 do. Cornet & Sub-Lieut. Locke, from 1 Life Gds. Lt. by purch. vice Huddleston 7 March.

Ens. Grahay, Lt. by purch. vice Peacocke, prom. 28 Feb. T. Alecock, Ens. do. do.

Capt. Valliant, Maj. do. vice Barwick, ret. 21 Oct. 1821. Lieut. Hay, from 12 Dr. Capt. by purch. do.

38 Assist. Surg. Thomson, from h. p. 60 F. Assist. Surg. vice Shanks, 82 F. 7 March 1822.

41 Lieut. Col. Smeit, 2 Ceylon R. Lieut. Col. do. 25 Feb. Fm. Armstrong, Lieut. do.

- 41 F. Lieut. Briscoe, from h. p. 96 F. Lieut. 26 Feb. 1822.
Lieut. Sutherland, from 30 F. do. do.
Lieut. Waters, from h. p. 39 F. do. do.
Lieut. Norman, from h. p. 2 F. do. do.
Lieut. Gray, from h. p. 104 F. do. do.
Lieut. Hume, from h. p. 100 F. do. do.
Lieut. Ferrar, from h. p. 60 F. do. do.
Lieut. Vineet, from h. p. 37 F. do. do.
Lieut. Russel, from h. p. 48 F. do. do.
H. E. Copson, Ena. vice Armstrong 28 do.
Assist. Surg. Perrot, from h. p. 3 Vet. do.
Bn. Assist. Surg. do.
62 R. D. King, Ena. by pur. vice Viscount do.
Chetwynd, Gren. Gds. do.
55 2d Lieut. Daniell, from h. p. Rifle Brig. do.
Paym. vice Fisher, superseded 14 March.
57 Paym. Green, from h. p. late Corsican Rang. Paym. vice Shafter, h. p. 25 Dec. 1821.
59 Lieut. Penefather, Capt. vice Halford, prom. 7 March 1822.
Ena. Chichester, Lieut. do.
J. M. Drummond, Ena. do.
60 Serj. Maj. Wolff, Adj. and Ena. vice Adams, dead 25 Dec. 1821.
66 Lieut. Kingsmill, Capt. by purch. vice Jordan, ret. 21 Feb. 1822.
Ena. Wardell, Lieut. by purch. do.
T. H. Johnson, Ena. by purch. do.
73 Ena. and Adj. Russell, Rank of Lieut. 28 do.
75 Gent. Cadet R. B. Phillipson, from H. Mil. Coll. Ena. by purch. vice Hepburn, 85 F. 21 do.
Quar. Mast. Serj. Dandy, Quar. Mast. vice Mth Phil, dead 7 March.
79 Ena. A. Cameron, Lieut. vice E. Cameron, dead, do.
Ena. Boates, from h. p. Ena. do.
82 Assist. Surg. Shanks, from 38 F. Assist. Surg. vice Milligan, h. p. 60 F. do.
83 Ena. Hepburn from 75 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Gascoyne, 1 Ceylon It. 21 Feb.
93 Lieut. Sutherland, from 21 F. Lieut. vice E. Campbell, dead do.
1W.I. Reg. Capt. Ford, from Colon. Comp. at Mauritius, Capt. vice Gordon, cashiered 7 March.

Cape Corps.

- Inf. Ena. Fraser, from h. p. 79 F. Ena. vice Fleischer, res. 21 Feb. 1822.

London and Westminster Light Horse Volunteers.

- Cor. Drummond, Lieut. vice Merry, res. 21 Feb. 1822.
J. N. Collyer, Cor. do.
Capt. Travers, Recruiting for the East India Comp. Service, to have temporary Rank of Capt. 7 March 1822.
Charles Chaplin, Esq. Professor of Military Drawings at the East India Comp. Military Seminary at Addiscombe, to have the local Rank of Capt. and Adj. during the period of his being employed with the Company of Cadets there 28 Feb.
The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon. the East India Comp. Service to have the temporary Rank of 2d Lieut. during the period of their being placed under the Command of Lieut. Col. Pasley, of the R. Engineers, at Chatham, for instructions in the Art of Sapping and Mining 28 Feb.
A. C. Pent do.
R. Foster do.
W. Dickson do.

Medical Department.

- Hosp. Assist. Munkittrick, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Teevan, prom. 28 Feb.
Hosp. Assist. Morgan, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Walthe, cancelled do.

Garrison.

- Maj. Gen. Arthur Banks, Gov. of North Yorkmouth, vice Richardson, dead 28 Feb.

Exchanges.

- Lieut. Col Stanhope, from 29 F. with Lt. Col. Sir J. Buchan, h. p. Port Serv.
Lieut. Col. Milling, from 81 F. with Lieut. Col. Creagh, 93 F.
Capt. Nestor, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Forbes, h. p. 19 F.
Capt. Watson, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Boulton, h. p. 21 Dr.
Capt. De Visme, from Cape Corps Cav. with Capt. Langley, h. p. 60 F.
Lieut. Baker, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gardiner, h. p. 7 F.
Miles, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kennedy, h. p. 7 F.
Mairis, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Brymer, h. p.
Chamberlayne, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Markham, h. p. 72 F.
Hilton, from 29 F. with Lieut. Stephens, h. p. 98 F.
Harcastle, from 31 F. with Lieut. Baldwin, h. p. 75 F.
M Donald, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Swayne, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
Morris, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Murray, h. p. 7 F.
Vereker, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Law, h. p. 62 F.
Cornet Bradburne, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Smith, h. p. 9 Dr.
Cornet Wright, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Unett, h. p. 2 Dr. G.
Ensign Sunderland, from 52 F. with Ensign Vivian, h. p.
Ensign Crawford, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Blake, h. p. 84 F.
Paym. Anderson, from 25 F. with Capt. Biddulph, h. p.
Quar. Mast. Herring, from 3 F. with Quar. Mast. Coulson, 74 F.
Assist. Surg. Greig, from 4 Dr. with Assist. Surg. Richmond, h. p. 3 F.
Assist. Surg. Duigan, from 80 F. with Assist. Surg. Pope, h. p. 57 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Colonel Hodge, Gren. Gds.
Lieut. Colonel Ross, 28 F.
Major Fancourt, 34 F.
Major Barwick, 37 F.
Captain Wallace, 12 Dr.
Captain Brooks, 26 F.
Captain Jordan, 66 F.
Ensign Fleischer, Cape Corps.

Appointment Cancelled.

- Hosp. Assist. Walthe, from h. p.

Deaths.

- Major General Richardson, Gov. of North Yorkmouth 26 Feb. 1822.
Major Poe, 50 F. Jamaica 7 Jan.
Captain Moore, ret. 4 R. Vet. Bn. Greenwich 15 Feb.
Captain Ienn, h. p. 110 F. Wafford 11 Jan.
Lieut. Wardrop, 1 F. Madras 28 Aug. 1821.
Soward, 50 F. Jamaica 9 Jan. 1822.
Ew. A. Cameron, 73 F. March.
Wright, ret. 4 Vet. Bn. Holmes Chapel, Cheshire 16 Jan.
Wilmot, h. p. 3 Dr. Gds. late of 4 Dr. Brighton.
Jones, h. p. 62 F. Ennis, Clare 7 Feb.
M'Dougal, h. p. 71 F. 12 July 1821.
Coote, h. p. 84 F. in Ireland 1 Feb. 1822.
Ensign George Ross, 30 F. Jamaica 6 Jan.
Hubbard, h. p. 24 F. Wingfield, Berks 13 do.
Tyld, h. p. 59 F. 2 Nov. 1821.
Paymaster Abrams, ret. 12 Vet. Bn. Bunhey 28 Dec.

- Adjutant Adams (Ena.) 60 F.
Quart. Master Brent, h. p. 1 Dr. Eccles 12 Feb. 1822.
Quart. Master Tipton, 3 Lancashire Militia 13 Aug. 1821.
Assist. Surgeon Crofton, h. p. 8 F. 23 Feb. 1822.
Com. Dep. Gun. Jackson, h. p. Genoa 11 Feb. 1821.
Com. Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Downes, Quebec 2 Jan. 1822.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar. 1.	M.53	29.746	M.43			Mar. 17.	M.37	29.741	M.45		
	A. 41	.789	A. 41	SW.	Frost morn.		A. 32	.699	A. 45	SW.	Fair day,
2.	M.53	.884	M.14		rain even.		M.35	.936	M.46		rain night.
	A. 41	.894	A. 41	SW.	Fair with	18.	A. 42	.970	A. 45	W.	Frost morn.
3.	M.56	.701	M.43		sunshine.		M.32	.728	M.50		fair day.
	A. 11	.619	A. 47		Ditto.	19.	A. 49	.793	A. 47	NW.	Fair day,
4.	M.41	.383	M.48				M.33	.860	M.48		cold.
	A. 18	.510	A. 46	SW.	Dull, but	20.	A. 45	.809	A. 48	NW.	Fair day,
5.	M.55	.452	M.14		sun.		M.35	.692	M.51		but dull.
	A. 39	.28.537	A. 15	S.	Fair foren.	21.	A. 50	.592	A. 46	W.	Dull, with
6.	M.52	.557	M.45		h. rain after.		M.36	.720	M.47	N.W	showers.
	A. 45	.584	A. 11	NW.	Dull with	22.	A. 46	.788	A. 47		Fair, but
7.	M.51	.722	M.10		showers rain.		M.51	.407	M.51		cold.
	A. 58	.722	A. 57	NW.	Dull, with h.	23.	A. 17	.105	A. 48	W.	Day fair, cold
8.	M.29	.989	M.51		Sh. hl. & snw.		M.32	28.989	M.47		rain night.
	A. 50	.857	A. 35	Cble.	Frost, with	24.	A. 39	.989	A. 41	W.	D. morn. hail
9.	M.28	29.107	M.58		hail & snow.		M.28	.989	M.41		& snow day.
	A. 57	28.918	A. 10	W.	Fair foren.	25.	A. 31	29.125	A. 40	SW.	Snow foren.
10.	M.55	.619	M.47		rain aftern.		M.29	.521	M.40		fresh aftern.
	A. 41	.619	A. 40	NW.	H. shrs. of	26.	M.29	.616	A. 48	W.	Dull, with
11.	M.29	.989	M.59		hail & snow.		M.46	.659	M.48		light shrs.
	A. 56	29.711	A. 58	NW.	Frost sn. for.	27.	A. 48	.501	A. 49	SW.	Dull, but fair
12.	M.29	.905	M.46		fresh aftern.		M.42	.532	M.50		
	A. 39	.914	A. 15	W.	Fair & fresh.	28.	A. 35	.892	A. 49	SW.	Dull foren.
13.	M.29	.650	M.11				M.36	.701	M.49		rain aftern.
	A. 45	.453	A. 45	W.	Fair, with	29.	A. 14	.621	A. 48	W.	Dull, with h.
14.	M.31	.522	M.58		sunshine.		M.32	.216	M.44		showers.
	A. 45	.610	A. 49	SW.	Fair foren.	30.	A. 38	.315	A. 43	Cble.	H. rain foren.
15.	M.40	.710	M.49		rain aftern.		M.30	30.706	M.40		Fair aftern.
	A. 46	.550	A. 48	SW.	Dull morn.	31.	A. 35	.244	A. 44	Cble.	Fair, but
16.	M.39	.533	M.50		fair day.						cold.
	A. 50	.499	A. 49	SW.	Fair foren.						
					h. rain after.						

Average of Rain, 2.461 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather, throughout the whole of March, was cold and stormy; and frosty nights continued to prevail throughout the first week in the present month. The wind, which had continued uniformly to blow from the west from the beginning of Winter, changed, on the evening of the 8th, to the east: this change was followed by cold, piercing, east winds, till the 13th; on the evening of that day, a heavy shower was followed by a more elevated temperature. On the 14th, the mercury in the thermometer stood at 52°, and this day it is as high as 55° in the shade, at twelve o'clock noon. A continuance of genial weather will soon refresh the languishing vegetation. Wheat, in many instances, exhibits a yellowish appearance, and, on thin soils, many of the plants have perished. From the dry state of the soil at the time of sowing grass seeds last season, Clover plants stand, for the most-part, rather thin. Pastures begin to yield a tender bite, but cattle are still confined to the straw-yard in the cultivated districts. The Oats seed has now been got safely committed to the soil, on a middling dry bed: some early-sown Oats give a more regular braird than could have been expected at the time of sowing, when the boisterous winds that then prevailed rendered regular sowing almost impossible.

In early situations, Potatoes have been planted. Barley grounds have received the cross-furrow, and work is, for the most part, in a forward state. The dry weather, in the beginning of last Autumn, has produced a rich profusion of blossom on every kind of fruit trees, but much will depend on the nature of the weather for the ensuing month, whether the appearance of fruit in Autumn correspond with the abundant blossom that now covers our orchards.

There has been little alteration in the markets since our last. Scarcity of fodder helps to keep the price of Cattle low. Fat Cattle are sold at 6s. per stone; and Wheat is sold at from 24s. to 26s. per boll.

Perthshire, 15th April 1822.

Fiar Prices of Grain, Crop 1821—in the following Counties of Scotland:

ABERDEENSHIRE.

Oatmeal, 8 stone.....	£.0 13 0
Farm, or market bear, Aberdeenshire measure, without fodder.....	0 16 4
Ditto, with fodder.....	0 19 10
Barley, Aberdeenshire measure, without fodder.....	0 18 0
Ditto, with fodder.....	1 1 0
Oats, first quality, without fodder.....	0 15 6
Ditto, with fodder.....	0 19 6
Oats, second quality, without fodder.....	0 14 0
Ditto, with fodder.....	0 18 0
Malt, (duty included).....	2 2 0
Pease.....	0 11 6
Wheat, without fod. Linlithgow measure.....	1 6 0
Ditto, with fodder, ditto.....	1 10 6

AYRSHIRE.

Oatmeal, 7 th bol.....	£.0 16 8
Barley.....	£.1 7 2
Bear.....	1 3 2
Pease & Beans.....	0 16 10
Wheat.....	1 4 5
White Corn.....	0 17 6

BANFFSHIRE.

Wheat, 7 th boll.....	£.1 7 6
Potatoe Oats, with fodder.....	0 19 5
Ditto ditto, without fodder.....	0 15 3
Best Oats, with fodder.....	0 18 0
Ditto, without fodder.....	0 14 0
Second Oats, with fodder.....	0 16 0
Ditto, without fodder.....	0 12 6
Barley.....	1 2 0
Bear, or Bigg, with fodder.....	1 5 6
Ditto, without ditto.....	1 0 0
(Oatmeal, 8 stone.....)	0 13 6
Pease and Beans.....	0 14 0
Rye (none grown.)	

BERWICKSHIRE.

Wheat, per boll.....	£.1 6 8
Merse Barley.....	0 19 5
Lammermuir Barley.....	0 18 0
Rough Bear.....	0 0 0
Merse Oats.....	0 16 2
Lammermuir Oats.....	0 15 4
Pease.....	0 14 0
Oatmeal, eight stone per boll.....	0 15 9

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

Wheat.....	£.1 7 4
Kerse Barley.....	0 18 0
Dryfield Barley.....	0 17 10
Moorland Barley.....	0 14 6
Oatmeal.....	0 16 6
Kerse Oats.....	£.0 16 7
Dryfield Oats.....	0 16 0
Pease and Beans.....	0 14 8
Malt.....	0 7 0
Potatoes.....	0 6 0

All in Sterling money, 7th Stirlingshire boll.
No black oats bought or sold, and only one acre in the county.

COUNTY OF EDINBURGH.

Best Wheat.....	£.1 8 0
Second ditto.....	1 6 6
Best Barley.....	1 0 0
Second ditto.....	0 19 0
Third ditto.....	0 17 6
Best Oats.....	£.0 15 4
Second ditto.....	0 14 0
Best Oatmeal.....	0 15 6
Second ditto.....	0 14 6
Pease and Beans.....	0 14 6
Sterling money 7 th boll.....	

FIFE SHIRE.

White Wheat.....	£.1 7 6
Red Wheat.....	1 6 6
Barley.....	0 18 0
Bear.....	0 17 0
Oats.....	0 15 6
Meal, by weight.....	£.0 16 6
Meal, by measure.....	0 15 6
Pease and Beans.....	0 12 8
Itty.....	0 13 6
Malt.....	1 19 0

FORFARSHIRE.

Wheat.....	£.1 8 10
Barley.....	0 18 6
Chester Bear.....	0 15 0
Potatoe Oats.....	0 16 5
Common Oats.....	£.0 14 8
Oatmeal.....	0 15 6
Pease and Beans.....	0 11 6

COUNTY OF HADDINGTON.

Wheat.....	£.1 11 8
Second ditto.....	1 10 2
Third ditto.....	1 8 6
Oats.....	0 18 0
Second ditto.....	0 17 2
Third ditto.....	0 16 2
Barley.....	£.1 3 2
Second ditto.....	1 0 4
Third ditto.....	1 0 4
Pease.....	1 16 1
Second ditto.....	0 15 0
Third ditto.....	0 14 4

INVERNESSSHIRE.

Oatmeal, 9 stone.....	£.0 19 0
White Oats, 5 firlots.....	0 19 0
Ditto, with fodder.....	1 4 0
Black Oats, 7 th boll of 5 firlots.....	0 7 5
Ditto, with fodder.....	0 9 0
Black Oatmeal, 7 th boll.....	0 17 0
Barley.....	1 5 0
Ditto, with fodder.....	1 8 0

INVERNESSSHIRE.

Bear, or Bigg.....	£.1 3 0
Ditto, with fodder.....	1 6 0
Pease and Rye.....	0 19 0
Wheat, county boll of 3 firlots, Barley measure, being 96 Scotch plints.....	1 6 6

KINCARDINESHIRE.

The boll of Oatmeal.....	£.0 14 8
The boll of Oats, without fodder.....	0 13 6
The boll of ditto, with fodder.....	0 18 4
The boll of Potatoe Oats without fodder.....	0 15 0
The boll of ditto, with fodder.....	0 19 10
The boll of Bear, without fodder.....	0 15 8
The boll of ditto, with fodder.....	0 17 6
The boll of Pease, without fodder.....	0 12 0
The boll of ditto, with fodder.....	0 15 6
The boll of Barley, without fodder.....	0 19 4
The boll of ditto, with fodder.....	0 8 0
The boll of Wheat, without fodder.....	1 15 0
The boll of Beans, without fodder.....	0 12 0
The boll of ditto, with fodder.....	0 15 6

Linlithgow Boll.

STEWARTSHIRE OF KIRKCOUBRIGHT.

Wheat, 5s. 6d.....	
Barley, 5s. 0d.....	
Potatoe Oats, 2s. 5d.....	
Common Oats, 2s. 1d.....	
Oatmeal, 1s. 9d.....	

7th Winchester bushel.

1st stone Troy.

LANARKSHIRE.

Best boll of Wheat.....	£.1 7 5
Second sort.....	1 5 1
Best boll of Barley.....	0 18 6
Second sort.....	0 16 1
Third ditto.....	0 15 8
Best boll of Bear, or Bigg.....	0 15 7
Best boll of Oats, (seed excepted).....	0 15 1
Second sort.....	0 12 9
Best boll of Oatmeal, according to weight.....	0 16 7
Best boll of Pease.....	0 16 8
Second sort.....	0 15 0
Best boll of Malt, duty included, made from Bear.....	1 17 5

MORAYSHIRE.

Wheat, 7 th boll, L. 1.....	£.0 19 1
Barley, or Bear.....	1 6 0
Oats, 5 firlots.....	1 0 0
Oatmeal, 8 tons.....	0 17 0
Rye.....	1 0 0

PERTSHIRE.

Wheat, best sort.....	£.1 8 0
Ditto, second sort.....	1 7 0
Barley, best sort.....	0 18 0
Ditto, second sort.....	0 16 6
Oats, best sort.....	0 15 6
Meal, by weight.....	0 15 6
Meal, by measure.....	0 15 6

All Sterling money

FIARS OF ROSSSHIRE—CROP 1821.

Wheat, first quality, 7 th boll.....	£.1 4 5
Second ditto, 7 th ditto.....	1 0 6
Barley, first quality, 7 th ditto.....	1 4 0
Second ditto, 7 th ditto.....	1 0 0
Oats, first quality, 4 firlots.....	0 16 6
Second ditto, ditto.....	0 14 6
Pease and Beans, 7 th ditto.....	0 17 0
Oatmeal, 9 stones.....	0 10 0
Barley meal, 10 stones.....	0 16 0
Rye (none)	

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

Wheat.....	£.1 11 8
Pease.....	0 18 2
Beans.....	0 17 5
Barley.....	1 2 0
Oats.....	0 18 6
Oatmeal.....	1 8 10

The same, by the Berwick Boll of six Winchester Bushels.

Wheat.....	£.1 18 0
Pease.....	1 10 0
Beans.....	1 0 10
Oatmeal, 14s. 5d., 7 th boll of eight stones.....	

STIRLINGSHIRE.

Wheat.....	£.1 7 0
Kerse Barley.....	0 17 6
Dryfield Barley.....	0 16 6
Barley Malt, duty included.....	1 48 6
Pease and Beans.....	0 14 9
Dryfield Oats.....	0 15 0
Oatmeal, 8 st. 7 th boll.....	0 13 0
Moorland Oats.....	0 12 6

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p peck	1822.	Oatmeal.		B.&P. Meal	
	Boll.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
Mar. 20	504	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.	Mar. 19	378	s. d.	55	0 10
27	516	25 0 31 6	29 3	17 0 20 6	11 6 20 0	13 0 16 6	9	8	26	352	1 1	46	0 10
April 3	481	24 0 31 6	28 6	17 6 21 0	11 0 19 0	14 0 17 0	9	8	9	426	1 1	62	0 10
10	438	24 6 31 0	28 2	17 6 23 0	11 0 18 0	11 0 17 0	9	8	9	442	1 1	68	0 10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 261 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantz.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.			
Mar. 21	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d.
28	54 35	53 34 0	26 31 0	15 0 18 0	17 6 11 0	16 22	19 21 6	15 0 17 6	15 6 17 0	47 50
April 4	54 35	50 33 0	26 32 0	15 0 19 0	16 0 20 6	16 22	19 21 0	15 0 17 6	16 0 17 0	47 48
11	54 35	50 33 0	26 32 0	15 0 18 0	16 0 20 6	16 22	19 21 0	14 6 17 6	16 0 17 0	47 48
	54 35	50 35 6	26 32 0	15 0 18 0	16 0 20 6	—	17 21 0	14 6 17 6	16 0 17 0	47 48

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
Mar. 22	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	Mar. 18	s. d.	s. d.
29	523	24 0 32 0	27 11	14 18 0	14 18 6	10 11 6	10 15 0	25	14 3 15 0	1 0
April 5	607	22 0 30 0	27 4	16 20 0	16 19 0	9 15 6	9 14 0	8	14 6 15 0	1 0
12	685	24 0 29 0	27 1	16 21 6	14 18 0	9 14 6	9 14 0	8	14 3 14 9	1 0
	450	21 0 30 0	27 2	17 21 6	15 16 3	9 13 6	9 14 0	8	14 0 14 6	1 0

Dalketh.

London.

1822.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Pol. & Pol.	Potal.	Pigeon.	Treck.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
Mar. 18	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d.	
25	70 67	21 21	15 22	15 21	18 25	24 50	18 21	27 28	22 25	50 38	42	10
April 1	50 66	21 21	15 21	15 21	18 25	24 50	18 24	25 27	22 23	50 38	42	10
8	58 56	20 22	14 24	12 20	17 24	23 29	17 23	24 26	21 22	50 38	42	10
	28 64	20 21	11 21	12 20	17 24	23 29	17 23	21 26	21 22	50 38	42	10

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat. 70 lb.		Oats. 45 lb.		Barley. 60 lb.		Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lbs.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.				Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
Mar. 19	4 0	9 9	2 8	2 11	2 8	5 9	25 28	25 32	22 40	58 40	50 46	25 36	25 27	25 26
26	4 0	9 9	2 8	5 0	2 8	5 9	25 28	25 32	22 38	58 40	50 46	25 36	25 27	25 24
April 2	4 0	9 9	2 8	5 0	2 8	5 9	26 28	24 30	21 36	58 40	50 46	25 36	25 27	25 24
9	4 0	9 9	2 8	5 0	2 8	5 9	26 28	25 29	20 35	56 37	57 54	25 35	24 26	22 23

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
March 9	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
16	46 10	20 8	18 8	16 0	21 9	23 4	0 0
23	45 11	21 11	18 5	15 7	21 7	23 1	0 0
30	46 5	22 6	18 6	16 0	21 7	22 4	0 0
	45 1	17 7	19 1	16 1	21 5	22 0	0 0

PRICES CURRENT.—APRIL 6, 1822.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
	—	—	—	—	—	—	2s. 6d. @ —	—
TEA, Bohea, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6
Congou,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 8	4 6
Souchong,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SUGAR, Musc. cwt.								
B. P. Dry Brown,.....	57s.	60	54	58	54	56	57	60
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid.	70	82	59	68	57	74	62	70
Fine and very fine,....	80	82	70	82	75	78	72	77
Brazil, Brown,.....	—	—	—	—	18	24	17	21
White,.....	—	—	—	—	27	38	29	37
Refined, Double Leaves,....	130	145	—	—	—	—	106	115
Powder ditto,.....	100	110	—	—	—	—	83	98
Single ditto,.....	88	102	98	110	—	—	83	98
Small Lumps,.....	86	90	88	92	—	—	84	90
Large ditto,.....	82	86	80	86	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,.....	44	56	82	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British,.....	28	—	27	28	—	—	24	26
COFFEE, Jamaica,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	110	103	110	102	115	102	114
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	110	120	112	122	116	130	118	136
Fine, and very fine,....	—	—	—	—	132	136	—	—
Dutch, Triage & very ord.	—	—	—	—	85	105	—	—
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	—	—	106	117	—	—
St Domingo,.....	122	126	—	—	100	106	102	104
PIMENTO (in bond), lb.....	9	10	—	—	9	—	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 160.P.	2s.	2 2	1 8	1 10	1 10	2 0	1 11	2 1
Brandy, gal.....	4s. 3d.	4 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Geneva,.....	2s.	2 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES, Clar. 1st Gr. lhd., £.4.5	55	—	—	—	—	—	20	60
Portugal Red, pipe,...	32	45	—	—	—	—	24	55
Spanish, White, butt.,...	31	55	—	—	—	—	25	60
Teneriffe, pipe,....	28	30	—	—	—	—	12	14
Madeira,.....	45	65	—	—	—	—	22	80
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,....	£.7	7 7	—	—	9 15	10 10	10	11
Honduras,.....	—	—	—	—	10 0	10 15	10 10	11
Campeachy,.....	8	—	—	—	10 10	11 0	11 10	12
FUSTIC, Jamaica,.....	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	7 0	8 15
Cuba,.....	9	11	—	—	12 15	13 10	10	12
INDIGO, Caraccas, fine, lb.	9s. 6d.	11 6	—	—	9 6	10 0	10 3	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,.....	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,....	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 0
TAR, American, bri.,.....	20	21	—	—	14	15	16	18
Archangel,.....	16	17	—	—	—	—	17	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	—	—	53	54	48	—	42	42 6
Home melted, cwt.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,...	—	—	—	—	—	—	50	—
Petersburgh Clean,....	—	—	—	—	53	—	48	—
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	52	53	—	—	—	—	55	—
Dutch,.....	50	90	—	—	—	—	45	47
MATS, Archangel,.....	85	90	—	—	—	—	90	—
BRISTLE, Peters. Firsts,...	13	14	—	—	—	—	13	15
ASHES, Petersburgh Pearl,	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal ditto, cwt.,...	48	—	16	47	45	—	42	46
Pot,.....	31	35	36	38	36	37	34	—
OIL, Whale, tun,.....	£.22	—	21 10	22	—	—	21	—
Cod,.....	—	—	20	—	—	—	21	—
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb....	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	8	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	0 6	0 8	6	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
inferior,.....	5	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 3	3	4
COTTONS, Bowd Georgia,	—	—	0 8	0 10	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	10
Sea Island, fine,.....	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 6	2 0	—	—
Demerara & Barbice,...	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 1	0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pernambuco,.....	—	—	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marmham,.....	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—

Course of Exchange, London, April 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. Ditto at sight, 12 : 4. Rotterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 40. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 154. Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Cork, 9¼ ½ cent. Dublin 9¼ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, &c.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 = 17 = 10½. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11½d.

Premiums of Insurance—Guernsey or Jersey, 20s. Od.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. Od.—Belfast, 20s. Od.—Hambro', 20s. Od.—Madeira, 20s. Od.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. to 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 20th March to 10th April, 1822.

	March 20.	March 27.	April 3.	April 10.
Bank Stock	—	—	—	242
3 ½ cent. reduced	80½	80½	79½	77½
3 ½ cent. consols	—	—	—	78½
3½ ½ cent. do.	—	—	—	87½
4 ½ cent. do.	—	—	—	95
5 ½ cent. navy annuities	104½	103½	103½	101½
India Stock	—	—	—	—
— Bonds	55 s. 1	40 p.	62 p.	72 p.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)	52 3 p.	2 p.	46 p.	86 p.
Consols for account	81	80½	79½	78
French 5 ½ cents	80 fr. 0 c.	89 fr. 95 c.	89 fr. 15 c.	86 fr. 80 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th February and the 20th March 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Alwin, R. P. Elm-street, Gray's-ann-lane, brewer.
 Arncliffe, A. Lancaster, banker.
 Amade, A. and T. Wordswick, Lancaster, bankers.
 Ansell, J. Filkins, Oxfordshire, miller.
 Armstrong, J. Reading, linen-draper.
 Atkinson, T. Manchester, shop-keeper.
 Atkins, J. Hamstead, Redware, Staffordshire, miller.
 Ayson, J. Aldwick, Yorkshire, hatter-facter.
 Bishop, J. Cheltenham, tailor and draper.
 Blyth, G. W. and F. Birmingham, merchants.
 Brewer, S. Alderton, Suffolk, coal-merchant.
 Bouchier, C. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker.
 Brett, W. Stone, Stafford, grocer.
 Burton, G. Knottingley, Yorkshire, vessel-builder.
 Burton, W. Bicester, Oxford, inn-keeper.
 Butler, P. Little Bolton, Lancaster, manufacturer.
 Byrne, P. H. Bucksbury, Manchester, warehouseman.
 Cater, S. Rattlesden, Suffolk, grocer.
 Child, J. Aldermanbury, hosiery.
 Chittenden, E. Ashford, Kent, ironmonger.
 Clough, R. Sharples, Lancashire, calico-printer.
 Colley, B. Posenhall, Shropshire, farmer.
 Congdon, T. Torquay, Devonshire, merchant.
 Copland, W. Holt, Norfolk, miller.
 Copley, B. and W. Hirst, Doncaster, iron-founders.
 Cowart, J. L. and P. Clements-lane, wine-merchants.
 Cotton, W. Castle Donington, Leicestershire, baker.
 Dark, S. W. Red Lion-square, picture-dealer.
 D'Almeida, G. Chandos-street, Covent Garden, embroiderer.
 Day, H. and R. Holmes, Tottenham court-road, linen-draper.
 Davidson, W. Philipot, merchant.
 Dove, F. Berkeley square, auctioneer.
 Edwards, G. H. Craven-street, wine-merchant.
 Earle, W. Church-street, Rotherhithe, victualler.
 Early, W. Winchester, grocer.
 Eales, J. Upwell, Norfolk, farmer.
 Field, S. Richmond, wine-merchant.
 Finch, T. Hammersmith, brewer.
 Froggatt, J. jun. Burslem, druggist.
 Glover, E. Hardshaw within Wandle, Lancaster, shopkeeper.
 Griffiths, H. Swansea, linen-draper.
 Handford, W. Tavistock, Devonshire, linen-draper.
 Harbin, T. H. Mainhead, Devonshire, tailor.
 Hardy, M. & J. Dale, Manchester, warehousemen.
 Hargraves, J. Liverpool, miller.
 Heddy, J. and T. F. Will, Sunderland, ship-owner.
 Hemblay, M. Lambeth-road, victualler.
 Herbert, E. T. Fetter-lane, oilman.
 Herbert, P. late Master of the E. I. ship Thalia, merchant.
 Herbert, R. and W. Buckmaster, St. Mary-Ave, and Ware, merchants.
 Hornblower, W. Brerly-hill Iron-works, Staffordshire, iron-master.
 Hort, J. Great St. Helens, coal-merchant.
 Hoyle, T. and J. Lord, Whalley, Lancashire, calico-printers.
 Joseph, A. Magdalene-row, Goodman's Fields, merchant.
 Judit, G. Farringdon, cordwainer.
 Keene, W. C. Mary-le-bone-lane, farrier.
 Kenyon, T. Broadwell, Lancashire, flour-dealer.
 Ketcher, N. Broadwell, Essex, shopkeeper.
 Kirkland, I. and Badenoch, I. Coventry, ribbon manufacturers.
 Knight, J. Halifax, merchant.
 Ladbester, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, wine-merchant.
 Lea, P. H. Prior-place, East lane, Walworth, grocer.
 Lelden, W. Liverpool, merchant.
 Leppingwell, K. Croydon, linen-draper.
 Lewis, P. R. Bath-place, New-road, fringo-manufacturer.
 Lightfoot, I. Eccleston, Lancashire, miller.
 Lord, J. J. Plymouth, spirit-seller.
 Maddock, R. and Sneed, J. Rosemary-lane, timber-merchants.
 Mann, G. and J. Chapel-street, Edgeware-road, bricklayer.
 Maylew, T. Colnidge, Staffordshire, blue manufacturer.
 May, W. Newgate street, victualler.
 Maullin, T. Dudley, Worcestershire, nail-iron-monger.
 Miller, R. Minchinhampton, Gloucester, banker.
 Miller, C. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
 Milthorp, I. Poole, Yorkshire, maltster.
 Moorsoom, W. Scarborough, banker.
 Morton, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
 Mouncher, J. Leonard-street, Finsbury-square, merchant.
 Otley, G. New Bond-street, tailor.
 Parker, T. Carmot Mill, Somerset, mealman.
 Parsons, J. Swadham, Norfolk, linen draper.
 Pearson, J. Manchester, joiner.

Petitpierre, I and F South street, Finsbury, merchants.
 Pitts, T and Collison, J. Beverley, York, wool kn draper.
 Poole, R. Leeds, grocer.
 Pottes, B. Charlton row, Manche ter, cotton spin ner.
 Rime, W. Padstow, mercer.
 Reed, W. Little Queen street, oil man.
 Richardson, M. King's dale, Cumberland butcher.
 Richards, J. Durley, Cheshire clothier.
 Ride, J. Whitton Keynes, Wilts, tallow chandler.
 Rose, J. Ilstock, Gloucester, grocer.
 Ross, M. Barry, Hills, Gloucester, farmer.
 Ross, J. Charlton street, Somerset town, brewer.
 Russel, J. Rochester wine merchant.
 Saintry, T. Cottenhill, Cambridge-shire, dealer.
 Salter, T. Great North st, farmer.
 Savage, J. Broadway, Worcester-shire, pig dealer.
 Search, W. Morely, York, merchant.
 Scandrett, W. Worcester, glover.
 Scott, W. jun. Norwich, confectioner.
 Sherwin, W. T. Paternoster row, book seller.
 Simkins, J. Store street, Bedford square, tail

Smith, J. North-street, Westminster, tailor.
 Sowby, P and P. Liverpool, provision merchants.
 Squire, L. Parth Huntingdon tanner.
 Steel, J. Finscott, Warwick, timber merchant.
 Stevens, W. Northumberland street St and, baker.
 Stevens, D. G. Harlow, Essex, linen draper.
 Swift, J and F. Huddersfield, merchants.
 Taylor, W. Great Yarmouth, surgeon.
 Thomas, R. S. Humber, Worcestershire, tanner.
 Thompson, J. and Jos. High Street, Cumber land ink-cyper.
 Thompson, J. South Shield ship owner.
 Tickell, T. West Bromwich, Stafford, iron master.
 Tiner, W. Exeter, factor.
 Tucker, J. H. Jermyn street, chemist.
 Turton, W. West Bromwich, Stafford, coal and iron master.
 Vail, W. jun. Brookworth, Gloucestershire, corn dealer.
 Vertue, S. Yarmouth, miller.
 Weeks, J. Exeter, currier.
 Wood, J. Huggell, Staffordshire, miller.
 Woodburn, J. Birmingham, provision merchant and
 Woolcock, J. Truro, draper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced March 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS

Brash, James, iron monger in Edinburgh.
 Brown, William, of Lawhill, merchant in Salt coats.
 Brown, Hugh, merchant and coal master in Salt coats.
 Drysdale, John, grocer in Glasgow.
 Ferguson, Peter, jun. slater in Glasgow.
 Gardiner, William, spirit-merchant in Glasgow.
 Hill & Patison, spirit dealers in Glasgow.
 MacArthur, George, grocer in Glasgow.
 McAlpine, James, general merchant at Corpach, near Fort-william.
 McLean, Alexander, of Mary, Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, cattle-dealer and granger.
 McLeod, Rev. John, minister and builder in Glasgow.
 McQueen, Donald and Auchlan, cattle dealers at Drumormie, Invernesshire.
 Mitchell, William, grocer and spirit-dealer in Maybole.
 Sorely, John, jun. iron monger in Glasgow.

Wood, William, jun. ship owner and trader in Lincolns.

DIVIDENDS

Brudwood, Francis, ticksman of Collado quarry, by Adam Anderson, iron monger in Edinburgh.
 Brown, Archibald, grocer in Leith, by George Thorburn, merchant there.
 Craig, Robert, grain dealer and miller in Partick, by Allan Fullerton in Glasgow.
 Ferguson, Jas. banker and writer in Stewarton, by John Devis of Peacock bank.
 Forcster and Buchan, wood merchant in Glasgow, by H. Paul accountant there.
 Milreuar, Campbell and Co. merchants in Glasgow, by Archibald Dawson merchant there.
 McIntosh, Arthur, bookseller in Inverness, by the trustee there.
 Saunders, James, printer and writer in Dundee, by John Shinnock, merchant there.
 Young and Gordon, drapers and merchants in Dundee, by George Duncan, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS

1821. Sept. 10 At Nagpore, the Lady of John Sawry Impey, Esq. a son.
 1822 Jan 16 At Kingston, Jamaica, the Lady of Dr Hinton Spalding, a son.
 Feb. 17 The Lady of Colonel J. J. Cochrane, of the 3d regiment of guards, a son.
 18 At Campbelltown, the Lady of Capt Hugh Stevenson, a son.
 — The Countess of Dartmouth, a son and heir.
 20 At Glene House, the wife of Chris. Charlton, Esq. a son.
 — In Portland Place, London the Lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. M. P. a son.
 22 At Fom House, Mrs Stewart, a daughter.
 23 At New Saughton, the Lady of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton, a daughter.
 27 At Honeybree, Mrs Captain John Boyd, 14th pay 82d regiment, a daughter.
 March 1 At Foulton, Mrs Campbell Stewart, of Avon, a daughter.
 — Mrs Clarke, of Comrie, a daughter.
 — At Wingham castle, Wiltshire, the Lady of Sir Joseph Roderick, Bart. a daughter.
 2 At Pinfold Cottage, Portobello, Mrs Struthers, a son.
 3 At Ruchill, the Lady of William Dalziel, of Polkemmet, Esq. a daughter.
 4 In Charlotte square, Edinburgh, the Hon Mary Ferguson, a daughter.
 5 At Invermoriston, the Lady of Jas. Murray Grant, of Glen Invermoriston, a son.
 6 At the Nymph Barrow, the Lady of Archibald Campbell, Esq. a daughter.
 9 At Albany House, Mrs Burnett, a son.

10 In Hanover Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Pringle of Symington, a son.
 11 In Dominick Street, Dublin, the Duchess of Elmster a daughter.
 16 At Giltton House, Esq., the Lady of Captain Parsons, a son.
 19 In Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Campbell, of Possil, a daughter.
 20 Mrs Paterson, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At Edinburgh, the Lady of Robert Montgomerie, Esq. a son.
 — At Springfield Cottage, the Lady of Alex. Macdougall, Esq. of Bonhill a son.
 2 At Duddingston Cottage, Mrs Hopkirk, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1821 Sept 8 At the Residence, Nagpore, Capt. H. A. Montgomerie, 27th regiment Bengal native infantry to Hannah, daughter of the Rev. Dr Duncan of Ratho.
 1822 Feb 18 At Kirk Bradden Church, Isle of Man, Robert Cunningham, Esq. resident Attorney General, to Margaret, daughter of the late Patrick Macdougall Esq. of Glenties.
 23 At St Michael's (ornhill), London, Mr T. T. T. Esq. of Rotterdam to Jean Stewart, second daughter of J. T. Esq. of Aberdeen.
 26 At the house of Lord Albemarle in St James's square London, Mr Coke, of Norfolk, to Lady Ann, second daughter of Lord Albemarle.
 The bridegroom is 21 and the bride 21.
 March 1 At High Street Terrace, North Leith,

William Gourlay, Esq. of Kincraig, Fife, to Mary, only daughter of James Mackintosh, Esq.

March 2. At Wallend Church, near Newcastle, Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Parkhill, Ayrshire, to Margaret, youngest daughter of William Lash, Esq. of Complaisant.

4. At Regent Cottage, Portobello, Robert Dunlop, Esq. W. S. to Helen Straton, only child of Dr James Dunbar Mudie, physician, late of Alford.

— At Glasgow, John Grant, Esq. of Nuttall Hall, Lancashire, to Jane, only daughter of Robt. Dalgleish, Esq.

— At Douglass, Isle of Man, John Joseph Heywood, Esq. his Majesty's Judge for the Northern District of that Island, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Alex. Birtwhistle, Esq. of Dundee, Galloway.

5. Capt. Robert Chalmers, of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, to Miss Jesse Rankin.

6. At Belvoir Castle, A. R. Drummond, Esq. eldest son of A. R. Drummond, Esq. of Calland, in the county of Hants, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

7. At Chiswick, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, M. P. only son of Viscount Clifden, to the Hon. Georgiana Howard, second daughter of Viscount Morpeth, and grand-daughter to the Earl of Carlisle.

11. At Birthwood, Robert Pateron, Esq. merchant, Quebec, to Miss Grace Denholm, eldest daughter of H. Denholm, Esq. of Birthwood.

— At Edinburgh, Daniel Vere, of Sonchaytes, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of James Law, of Elvingston, Esq.

12. At Fernutosh, Robert Monro, Esq. of Novar, St Thomas's, Jamaica, to Ann, eldest daughter of John Fraser, Esq. Temulmich.

13. At Meadow Place, Andrew Fraser, Esq. of the Hon. East India military establishment, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Archibald Colquhoun, Esq. Calcutta.

14. At Hawthornbank, Thomas Grahame, Esq. W. S. to Agnes, daughter of Robert Vetch, Esq. of Hawthornbank.

15. At Edinburgh, John Murray, Esq. lecturer on Chemistry, to Violet, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Tweedie, merchant in Edinburgh.

20. At London, the Hon. Charles Percy, son of the Earl of Beverley, to Miss Creathed, of Berkeley Square.

DEATHS.

1821. July 15. On his way from Penang to Madras, deservedly and universally lamented, Capt. Lumley, R. N. of his Majesty's ship Topaz.

Aug. 7. In consequence of the loss of the Lady Lushington, Indianman, wrecked near Coringa, Mr Henry Lister, son of the Rev. James Lister, minister of Auchenmurchy.

19. At Bangalore, in the East Indies, Lieutenant Ernest Hepburn Leith, third son of Alex. Leith, Esq. of Freddell.

Sept. 13. At Nagpore, East Indies, Capt. William Hunter, of the 8th regiment of native infantry, son of Dr Hunter, Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews.

21. Of the liver complaint, Major John Stewart, aged 45 years; and on the 14th Oct. following, of a wound received in the head the 2d March preceding, Capt. Thomas Gurne Stewart, aged 38 years, both of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bombay, and sons of the late Thos. Stewart, Esq. many years Town Clerk of Montreux.

Nov. 13. At Jamaica, Brevet-Major Masson, of the 50th regiment.

Dec. 15. At Jamaica, James Porteous, Esq. of Bonhill.

1822. Jan. 8. At St Lucia, Colonel Thos. Walker, Deputy Quartermaster-General.

13. At Madeira, Mrs. Hay of Weston.

14. At St Dorothy's, in the island of Jamaica, James Reid, Esq. second son of the late Mr Alex. Reid, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

15. At Crawley, St Thomas in the Vale, Dr James Thomson, physician, J. m. a. c.

23. At Tain, John Barclay, of Moorfinn, Esq. late Sheriff-Substitute of Ross and Cromarty, in the 64th year of his age.

Feb. 1. At Florence, Lord Howe Brown, second son of the Marquis of Sligo.

Feb. 2. At Hamilton, William Duncan, writer.

3. At Malaga, from the fatal effects of arsenic given by mistake for a dose of cream-of-tartar, Francis, wife of Wm. Kirkpatrick, Esq. of the same place.

— At Edinburgh, Claud Francis Du Frene, Esq.

— At Perth, Mr David McLaren, formerly Convener of the Trades of that city, aged 86.

— In London, James Stirling, Esq.

1. At Blairbeth, John Gray, Esq.

— At Wenys Castle, Gen. Wenys of Wenys.

5. At Dundee, Mrs Sophia Marshall, relict of the late Rev. George Lyon, minister of the gospel, Strathmiglo.

— Lieut. Richard Moffat, R. N. son of the late Rev. Dr Moffat, Newlands.

6. At Carron Hall, Eleanor Elizabeth, only daughter of Major Dundas.

— At Kirkcubright, Mr Thomas McClellan, writer there.

— At Greenock, David Scott, youngest son of Mr John Scott, merchant there; on the 16th ult. Janet Miller, wife of Mr John Scott; and on the 6th current, Wm. Scott, his eldest son, drowned at the Tail of the Bank from the ship Guinea.

7. At her house in Edinburgh, Mrs Sibel Hewetson, relict of the late Rev. Wm. Scott, minister of the gospel at Southdean, Roxburghshire.

— At his house in Howland Street, London, Richard Wroughton, Esq. late of Drury-Lane Theatre, in the 71th year of his age. Mr Wroughton was an actor of the old school, in which he always maintained a most respectable rank; and as a private gentleman he was throughout life deservedly respected and esteemed.

— At his house, Castle Street, aged 76, Mr Alexander Reid, architect and builder.

8. At Bonnington, near Leith, Mrs Christian Lyon, wife to Mr Wm. Morrison, manufacturer there.

9. At Greenock, Mrs Aitch. McGown, in the 75th year of her age.

10. At Aberdeen, Miss Margaret Fleming, aged 76.

— At 76, George Street, Edinburgh, Ann Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of William Burn, Esq. architect.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Hay, in the 82d year of his age.

— At Hatton of Carse, Susannah Floyd, youngest daughter of the late John Farquhar, Esq. of Pitseauldy.

11. At Kennoway, Capt. James Mitchell, of the late royal garrison battalion.

11. At his house, Blythwood Hill, Robt. Blair, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At Genoa, William Jackson, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General to the forces.

12. At Greenhead, Glasgow, Anne Adair, wife of the Rev. A. Laurie, D.D. minister of Loudoun.

13. At Inverness, John Rose, Esq. of Ardnagrak, in the 75th year of his age.

15. At Redford, in the parish of Mauderty, in the 68th year of his age, the Rev. James Andrew.

— At Dumfries, Mr Robert Spalding, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Hugh Waugh, teacher, Portsburgh.

16. At No. 2. Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Archibald Napier, Esq. of Merchiston, in the island of Tobago.

— At Stirling, in the 66th year of his age, Thomas Lucas, Esq. surgeon.

17. In Devonshire Street, Portland Place, London, Catherine Elvira, widow of the late Captain R. Jenkins, East India Co.'s service, aged 21 years.

17. At Ormiston, Jane Dick, wife of Mr Thomas Logan, aged 77 years.

— At London, James Gordon, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, in the 79th year of his age, the Rev. Dr John Thomson, minister of the New Greyfriars Church of this city;—he was formerly minister of Jamnagar, in Dumfriesshire, afterwards of Markinch, in Fifeshire, from whence he was removed to Edinburgh. His exemplary conduct through life rendered him highly respectable and useful in the different places where he exercised the office of the ministry. He was a pious, elegant, and impressive preacher, and adorned the Christian character by a liberality of sentiment, a cheerfulness of disposition, and a steady friendship, which endeared him to his own family, and

cured the esteem of all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Feb 18 At Edinburgh, Mr James H Patison, surgeon, aged 30, son of John Patison, Esq, advocate.

— At his house, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, Mr William Ritchie.

— At Colinton, near Hogg, widow of the late John Maule, Esq, Marfield, aged 73.

— At his house, Mr George Law, of 17 Water, wife, aged 90.

19. At Brompton, Lord H Somerset, third son of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.

— At Kirkness, Miss Fyfe, daughter of the late John Fyfe, Esq, architect.

20. At Glasgow, in the 4th year of his age, Mr John Stewart, merchant.

— At Salisbury Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Chalmers, surveyor, fourth son of the late John Chalmers, of Chambersfield, Esq, architect.

21. At Cranstonhill, Mr John Richard, aged 72.

— Henry West Esq of Keston, fishwife.

— At Prestonpans, Mrs Margaret Wright, daughter of the late Rev Robert Wright, minister of St Michael's Church, Dumfries, in the 8th year of her age.

— At Edinburgh, in the 7th year of his age, Mr James Dunn, late merchant in India.

23. At Leith, John Aitken Esq merchant.

— At Hillele, Wm Stewart, of Hillele, Esq.

— At her house, Elder Street, Edinburgh, after a short illness, Mrs Fyfe, wife of Mr Swinton Lawrie, surgeon.

24. At his chambers in the Temple, London, James Boswell, Esq, Barrister at Law, and Commissioner of Bankrupts. He was the second and youngest son of the author of that singular, valuable, and entertaining work, "The Life of Dr Johnson," of which Mr J Boswell, just deceased, superintended several editions. He was known and esteemed by an extensive circle of literary acquaintance, and to his care Mr Malone confided the superintendence of his new edition of Shakespeare, which he edited in a manner highly creditable to his literary attainments.

— At his house in Station Street, London, Thomas Coutts, Esq. Mr Coutts had attained the advanced age of 87. His life was one of great and useful exertion; he possessed a singularly clear judgment, with a warm and affectionate heart. Few men ever enjoyed in the degree which Mr Coutts did, the confidence and esteem of his friends, or obtained, unaided by rank or political power, so much consideration and influence in society. The large fortune which he required was a consequence, and not the object, of his active life, which, at every period, was devoted to the aid and advancement of those he loved. He died, surrounded with friends, in the presence of Mrs Coutts, and his daughters. The Countess of Oxford and Lady Burdett, with their families, and Lord Dudley Stuart, the son of his second daughter, the Marchioness of Bute, who is now in Italy on account of her health.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Ranken, solicitor at-law.

— At St Andrew's, Agnes, only daughter of the Rev. William Crawford, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University there.

— At Outer House, Capt. Duncan Campbell.

25. At Tealing House, Mrs Scrymgeour, of Tealing.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Lord Renton.

— At Metherell, after a short illness, Mr David Alexander, surgeon, who had practised nearly 30 years in that place.

— At Odell Castle, in the county of Bedford, the Earl of Darnley, in the 5th year of his age. He is succeeded in his titles, and in his English and Irish estates, by his only son, John Vincent Grey, now Earl of Darnley.

Feb 27. In the apartment of Sir Richard Keats, at Greenwich Hospital, the Right Hon. Sir John Boscawen Warren, Bart, C.B. Admiral of the White.

— At Hawthornhill, Berks, in the 91st year of age, William Keme, Esq, who sat in Parliament nearly half a century, and was father of the House of Commons for one year previously to his retirement at the general election of 1818.

— At Ashburton, Mrs Elizabeth Kirkwood, wife of the Rev. Mr Allison.

Feb 28 At Newington, the Rev. W. Henderson, aged 68 years.

4. At Portree, Mr M John Wright, writer there.

March 1. At Kincardine, Mr Robert Rintoul, merchant, aged 71 years.

On New Caledonia, Mentipou, Esq, aged 101.

At Balcorn, North Uist, Murdoch Mackintosh, Esq, aged 71 years.

At Colinton, Mrs K. near, of Lothian, aged 76.

At Bowhouses, the Rev. Dr Patrick Currie, in the 51st year of his age, having been 22 years a minister.

At Dalkeith, Mr John Wilson, merchant there.

At Crabbank Selkirkshire, the Rev. Walter Currie, one of the ministers of the Reformed Synod.

At his father's house, Boreland of Kirkcaldy, the Rev. Mr William Stewart.

At Dumfriesshire, in the 77th year of his age, the Rev. James Kirkpatrick, formerly minister of the Scots Church, Whitehaven.

At 14, Leith, John Snodgrass, Esq, writer.

At Fergusmore, the Rev. Spence Oliphant.

At Leith, Mr Edward Daniel Clark, J.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge.

At Craighall, John Cunningham, Esq, of Craighall.

At Kirkcaldy, the Rev. James Young.

At Knock, Hugh Ross Esq, of Knock.

At Craighall, Mr Roger Stewart, in the 78th year of his age.

At Birkcaldy, in the parish of Dalry, suddenly, Robert Montgomery, Esq, of Birkcaldy, in the 22d year of his age. He succeeded his father, John Montgomery, Esq, in the 23d of June 1731, and has been proprietor near 11 years. He could read the smallest print without glasses, and was wearing his third set of teeth at the time of his death. He was one of a company raised by the Earl of Blair to oppose Prince Charles Stuart in the year 1745.

At London, after a few hours illness, aged 61, Daniel Stewart Esq, of Crown Row, Mile-end.

At Glasgow, Mr Alex Graham, merchant.

At his residence, 500 Place, Bath, (late Hillier & Parris, M.D.) the father of Capt Parris now commanding the Northern Expedition of Discovery.

At Borrowstounness, Mrs Hart, widow of Robert Hart Esq.

At Glasgow, David Wilson Esq, of Dunfermline, and senior Agent for the Bank of Scotland there.

At Peebles, Mrs Janet Smith, widow of the late Rev. Wm. Kidston, of Stow, aged 81 years.

At the manse of Cotrichy, Sarah Ann Hunter Gourlay, spouse of the Rev. John Gourlay.

At Edinburgh, Mr John Hogg, of the Bank of Scotland.

At Milton House, Edinburgh, George Moncrieff, Esq.

At Inverness, Mrs Catharine Young, wife of John Young, Esq, writer, Kilmarnock.

At his residence in Portland Place, London, aged 82, John Dalrymple, Esq, of the late Sir William Dalrymple of Ckgher House, in the county of Ayr.

At James Street, Ayr, Miss Park, late of Langlands.

At Inverness, Mr Thos Simpson, architect.

At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dumb, daughter of the deceased Sir William Dumb of Hengry.

At Kirkcaldy, Mr Robert Russel, merchant.

At No 1, Beaufort Place, Mrs Jean Turnbull, wife of Mr Wilson, book-keeper, Edinburgh.

At Banfil John Jeffreys, Esq, (collector of Customs).

At Glasgow, Mrs Helen Kinniburgh, wife of Mr Wm Shurr, wine merchant.

At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Braham, wife of George Robinson, of Clemlisdon, Esq, writer to the signet.

At Hallhill, 1st Lieut. Mr David Munro, aged 82.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MAY 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

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HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
June 1892.		H.	M.	H.	M.	June 1892.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Sa.	1	11	58	—	—	Su.	16	11	37	—	—
Su.	2	0	12	0	43	M.	17	0	8	0	40
M.	3	1	6	1	24	Tu.	18	1	10	1	39
Tu.	4	1	43	2	3	W.	19	2	6	2	31
W.	5	2	20	2	38	Th.	20	2	57	3	22
Th.	6	2	57	3	14	Fr.	21	3	44	4	8
Fr.	7	3	34	3	52	Sa.	22	4	30	4	52
Sa.	8	4	13	4	33	Su.	23	5	12	5	32
Su.	9	4	51	5	12	M.	24	5	50	6	12
M.	10	5	35	5	57	Tu.	25	6	39	6	54
Tu.	11	6	21	6	48	W.	26	7	16	7	52
W.	12	7	14	7	42	Th.	27	8	11	8	39
Th.	13	8	13	8	41	Fr.	28	9	11	9	43
Fr.	14	9	19	9	53	Sa.	29	10	18	10	52
Sa.	15	10	27	11	3	Su.	30	11	24	11	52

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

Full Moon,....Tues. 4. 8 m. past 8 after.
 Last Quarter,..Wed. 12. 1 ——— 4 after.
 New Moon,...Wed. 19. 20 ——— 6morn.
 First Quarter, Wed. 26. 17 ——— 7morn.

TERM.

June 22. Longest Day.

To Correspondents.

WE shall this month be very brief with our numerous friends and Correspondents. The following articles are destined for insertion in our June Number,—or as soon after as possible:—"On the State of America"—"Eben. Anderson's" admirable and humorous visit to "Edmonton Fair"—"What shall I write?"—"The Spring Exhibition at Somerset House"—"On Auto-Biography"—"Hore Seniles"—"Attitudes, Musings, and Retrospects"—"Scottish Literature, No. 1." (the author should send us No. II. without delay).—"Characters omitted by Crabbe, No. II."—"A Legend of the Ball Rock"—"Reminiscences of Auld Langsyne, No. II."—"Schir Rychard Schaw"—and the Review of Mr Cunningham's "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell."

We have not yet had leisure to peruse "Verses written on Arthur Seat: a Dream, &c. &c."—Ahijah, or the Desolation of Palestine—together with an array of other Articles just received, and which will be duly and respectfully attended to. Those who write for us no doubt desire our success, as well as their own fame, and merit our grateful acknowledgments. Actuated by this principle, therefore, and pleased beyond expression, by observing the great improvement, and the more elevated and sustained tone of our Correspondents in general, we shall not this month particularise a single instance in which we have been compelled to exercise that privilege abhorred by all good Catholics; we mean the VETO!

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MAY 1822.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. BY THE
AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY, KENIL-
WORTH," &c. IN THREE VOLS.
EDINBURGH: CONSTABLE AND CO.
1822.

WE despair of being able to communicate to our readers even a faint impression of the delight which we have experienced in perusing "The Fortunes of Nigel," a work which, if we are not greatly mistaken, is destined to hold a rank co-ordinate with Waverley, Old Mortality, or indeed the happiest efforts of this rare and unrivalled genius. By some, "The Pirate" was considered as a failure, more, we have reason to believe, from the unexplored and unknown scene where the action and the plot are laid, than from any decay of strength, or abatement of power, in the Great Enchanter, who peoples every region of Fiction, from the gay, resplendent, and gorgeous realms of chivalrous romance, to the common novel of every-day life,—with the delightful creations of his unwearied and exhaustless fancy. That matchless fertility of invention, which imagined the character of Magnus Troil, and Norna of the Fitful-head, and Jack Bunce, and the scene of the election of a leader by the Buccaneers,—which flung such unspeakably pure and spiritualized ingredients into the composition of Minna, and made Brenda Troil all that is affectionate, lovely, and desirable, in woman,—could not have been impaired in its native energy, or enfeebled in its actual exertion. But although we

did by no means coincide in the opinion which placed "The Pirate" as the counterpart of "The Monastery," and regarded both as the least successful or skilful of the author's works, we confidently venture to predict, that, after perusing "The Fortunes of Nigel," even those fastidious individuals to whom we have alluded, and whom the very richness of the author's intellectual and imaginative resources have led to undervalue and even despise common displays, will be the first delightedly to exclaim that "Richard is himself again," and that, like Virgil's fame, "*vires acquirit eundo.*" There are indeed some points in the performance before us, in which it will be perhaps allowed to transcend all its kindred predecessors—not excepting Waverley itself. To many serious and intelligent persons, Old Mortality gave great, and, in some instances, just offence; because the heroic Covenanters had been drawn, certainly with no friendly hand in general, and, in not a few instances, in violation of the truth of history; and to the majority of ordinary readers (the whole world cannot be imaginative, and full of poetic fervor and sensibility,) whose minds are more effectually influenced by "realities" than "imaginings," and whose libraries cannot boast those treasures of chivalrous lore for which Don Quixotte's has acquired more distinction than that of the first member of the Roxburghe Club,—the splendid pageants in Ivanhoe and Kenilworth, matchlessly as they

are got up and described, appear nearly in the same light as the amusing distortions and deformities of a magic lanthorn, which arrest attention only because they are hideous, and tickle our fancy chiefly because "they imitate humanity so abominably." It is in transferring to his canvass the veritable characters of history, shaded, softened, relieved, and harmonized by a pencil, every touch of which is pregnant with grace and expression, that our author excels all other writers of fiction. Even in "The Monastery" we have some of this painting—in "The Abbot," more. "Ivanhoe," amidst all its tilts, tournaments, and gorgeous displays, gives us back many of those enduring impressions associated with a gay and brilliant era, when Romance was History, and History Romance;—while Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, Raleigh, Surry, and others, form the master-charm of "Kenilworth." "The Fortunes of Nigel" is one great historical picture, imparting a truer and juster notion of the most interesting period perhaps in English story, than is to be formed from all the Histories that have been, or ever will be written on the subject. But while Fiction has invested, with her peculiar enchantments and embellishments, the characters who figured at the period when the action is supposed to have happened, the truth of history is not sacrificed, nor probability violated, by incidents or conduct abhorrent to our received knowledge of the times, and the characters for which they were celebrated. In truth, the future historian will resort to "The Fortunes of Nigel" for a faithful, honest, and penetrating sketch of one of the most mixed and difficult characters in all history—we mean James I. of England. Now this we conceive to be the infallible criterion of talents of the first order in this department of writing. Lord Chatham is said to have studied the History of England in the pages of Shakespeare—the finest compliment, if the statement be true, as we believe it is, that was ever paid to the immortal Bard of Avon; and it is not asserting too much, that the future historian of Great Britain, and especially of Scotland, will be compelled to hold up the torch of Romance to

light him on his intricate and tortuous way, to the discovery of historical truth. But we must abandon generalities, and, without farther proöm, plunge "*in medias res*."

The story commences with a description of the London shops, and London apprentices, subsequent to the accession of James VI., and of the desperate riots which often arose between them and the Templars, when any youths connected with the aristocracy conceived themselves insulted. We are also introduced to a worthy countryman, Master David Ramsay, originally from the good town of Dalkeith, but who, like many of his countrymen at that period, and since, had emigrated southward, in search of fame and fortune. David was by profession a horologer, or, to speak scientifically, a chronometer-maker; a man deeply versed in, and intensely devoted to the sciences of number and quantity, and much more neglectful of his secular concerns than his countrymen are generally believed to be. The world, however, smiled upon honest David. He became a thriving citizen—had a shop, stocked with time-pieces of various sorts—two apprentices, Jenkin Vincent (familiarily called Jin Vin) and Frank Tunstall, whose business it was, according to the fashion of the period, to salute every passenger with the incessant cry, "What d'ye lack?"—and withal, a very beautiful, modest, and somewhat romantic daughter, of whom the reader will hear more by and by. To the other dignities of honest David, for which he had reason to bless Napier's bones, was added that of "Constructor of Horologes to his Most Sacred Majesty James I."

The 'prentices had not been long in the exercise of their vocation, when they espied a long, raw-boned Scot, whom they forthwith assailed with the coarse waggery and abuse peculiar to their class, and unconvinced, too, by the general hatred then entertained against the Scots,—ancient antipathies being still deep-rooted, and rather embittered than allayed by the recent union of the crowns, and the consequent influx of whole legions of the enterprising children of the North. Poor Sawney, or Jockey, as he was then called, is

marked out as a fit subject for a broken pate, and the usual cry of "'prentices, 'prentices—clubs, clubs!" resounded with potent effect on every side. The single Scot is assailed by a whole host; but the generous apprentices who had raised the rout, seeing such numbers pouring in from all sides against a single man, instantly made common cause with their antagonist, who, nothing appalled by the "fearful odds," fought manfully, till an unlucky blow on his dunder-head brought him to the earth in a state of insensibility. In this condition he was carried into the house of David Ramsay, and an apothecary sent for, to perform the needful operation of breathing a vein. The wounded Scot regains the use of his faculties, at the expence of a little blood; and, after a good deal of circumlocution, and some embellishment, announces himself as Richie Monipplies, the sole and only follower of Mr Nigel Olifaunt, otherwise Lord Nigel, heir and representative of the ancient house of Glenvarloch, "that stood by king and country five hundred years." This information, however, is wrung from him with much difficulty, by the interrogatory pertinacity of a visitor of David Ramsay's, when Richie had been brought in insensible, after the 'prentices had given him his quietus, and who is no less a personage than Master George Heriot, goldsmith to his most Sacred Majesty King James.

The young Lord Glenvarloch was at this time living in the closest retirement at the house of one Christie, a ship-chandler and countryman, and had come to London to present a memorial and supplication to the King, for payment of monies advanced by his father Lord Glenvarloch, to his Majesty in his distress, without which his paternal estates must go to the hammer, in order to pay off some pressing incumbrances. To account for Heriot's anxiety to learn the residence of Lord Glenvarloch, it is necessary to mention, that his father, the late lord of that name, had been Heriot's early patron; and the grateful jeweller, aware of the embarrassments of the son of his benefactor, of the large debt due to his family by the crown, and of the purpose for which Lord Glenvarloch

had come to London,—though he had never before been able to discover his retreat,—availed himself of the opportunity chance threw in his way to find out the young lord, and offer him his influence in attaining the object of so much consequence to his family and name. Richie, after being absent a whole night, returned to his impatient master.

But it is necessary to inform the reader wherefore the serving-man had been sent abroad. Lord Nigel, educated at Leyden, and by nature reserved and distant, had few friends, and was utterly ignorant of the etiquette of a court. He could, therefore, devise no better means of attaining his object—the presentation of his memorial to the King—(who, by the bye, like all men in debt, mortally abhorred duns)—than committing it to his worthy servant and follower, Monipplies, the son of a flesher at the West Port of Edinburgh, who, to use his own phrase, "banged right before the King, just as he mounted (to set out on a hunting expedition, of which amusement, though one of the worst horsemen, and most arrant cowards on earth, he was immoderately fond) and crammed the supplication into his hand." This was taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance; nor need we wonder that James dashed the "supplication" to the earth; especially when we add, that Monipplies had taken care to give precedence for a bit "supplication" of his own, craving the payment of fifteen marks or thereby, due by his Majesty's late gracious mother to the "honourable house of Castle Collop, weel kenn'd at the West Port of Edinburgh."

On the day following the adventure with Monipplies, George Heriot waits on the young Lord Nigel, by whom he is very coolly received, but, nothing disconcerted, perseveres in his benevolent object, namely, to get King James to listen to reason, and grant an order on the Scotch Exchequer for the sum due to the late Lord Glenvarloch. Heriot lays the true state of the case before the young lord, shows him, that those who held bonds of mortgage over his estate were merely the creatures of the Chancellor of Scotland, whose object, if possible, was to

get possession of the patrimony of Lord Glenvarloch; and that the utmost caution and prudence would be required, in prosecuting a suit opposed to such powerful interest. The citizen ends, by asking his lordship to dine with him on the following day; and leaves him, to wait on his Majesty with a splendid piece of gold plate, wrought at Florence, from a design by Benvenuto Cellini.—We cannot refuse enriching our transitory pages with the exquisite portraiture of this pedantic, and, in some respects, incomprehensible monarch.

The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carkanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly-honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he shewed the spirit of his ances-

tors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, shewing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the King's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, bad their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

In the course of the interview, Heriot, who had possessed himself of Lord Nigel's Memorial, contrives, with almost matchless address, to slip it into the King's hand, while his Majesty, little thinking of such a thing, was, according to his fashion, lecturing honest George, in the ceremony to be observed in approaching Royalty on such occasions, and actually condescending to put the favoured goldsmith through a whole series of "siffication"-manœuvres. But Master Heriot proved himself an apter pupil than the royal pedagogue had counted on; and the sooth to say, King Jamie had reason on his side, when he exclaimed, "What means this, ye fause loon? Ha'e I been teaching you the manual exercise, that ye suld present your piece at our ain royal body?" Heriot, however, appeases the evanescent choler of the most easy-minded and placable of sovereigns; and procured an order on himself for two hundred pounds, to be presently paid to Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, for advancing which sum,

Heriot received part of the Crown Jewels in gage, with orders to employ them, if possible, in raising a still larger sum for the King's private use.

The dinner at the worthy and hospitable citizen's we shall pass over, merely stating, that Lord Glenvarloch met there with several persons, for the first time, who were afterwards destined to exert a powerful influence on his "fortunes." The most prominent of these was Sir Mungo Malagrowth, a misanthrope of the most unrelenting species—a libeller of all men, women, and children—and, in short, a person, had he lived in our day, who would have made a first-rate contributor to a certain periodical now in the wane. In the hot-blooded age of which we are speaking, when men wore rapiers, and knew how to use them, Sir Mungo, in the mutilation he had received, had suffered the punishment, sooner or later, inflicted on every lampooner—till disabled for personal encounter, and, of course, like a woman, privileged in transgression, his natural temper goaded him to declare war on the whole human race. Davie Ramsay, the horologer, and his demure, but high-souled daughter, are also of the party at the worthy citizen's, the serenity of which, towards the close of the feast, was somewhat ruffled by a frolic of the Duke of Buckingham's. But honest George was too well accustomed to such freaks on the part of Steenie and Babie Charles, (Buckingham and Prince Charles,) and too well aware of the effectual method of pacifying the favourite, to suffer himself to be materially discomposed by his unceremonious proceedings. When the rest of the company had taken their departure, Heriot, agreeably to the good old fashion of that day—a fashion, we regret to say, which appears to have vanished as irretrievably as the buff jerkin, the hauberk, the coat of mail, and the rapier—detained Lord Glenvarloch to join in the devotions of the family, at which his Lordship discovered a singular apparition,—a female of sickly complexion, but of a striking and interesting appearance, who silently took her place among the company at the com-

mencement of prayers, and retired the moment they were finished.—Nobody seemed to notice either her entrance or her exit. This female lived in the closest seclusion in George Heriot's house; and in that credulous and superstitious age, the circumstance had given rise to conjectures and speculations without number. After prayers, however, George Heriot proposes, on the morrow, to attend Lord Glenvarloch to Court, whither they repair accordingly. The presentation scene is drawn with incredible truth, felicity, and power; but we must refer the reader to the work itself. Lord Glenvarloch is met in the anti-chamber by Lord Huntinglen, with whom his father and family had been, for generations at feud, but who, with a rare generosity, not only forgot the ancient and hereditary strife, but seeing an interesting young man like Lord Nigel, in pursuit of his unquestionable rights, promptly steps forward as his friend, presents him to the king, who, after a sort of examination in Latin—more to show off his own scholar-craft, than the ex-alumnus of Leyden—is pleased to express his entire approbation of Glenvarlochides, as he patronymically designs the young lord, and, what is better, at the earnest intercession of Lord Huntinglen, and although, as he candidly confesses, Steenie had got the promise of the estates of Glenvarloch from the Chancellor of Scotland, an order, with the sign-manual affixed, is instantly drawn on the Scottish Exchequer, for the sum due by the crown to the father of Lord Nigel. But just at the moment when the boon had been apparently secured, and when the star of the house of Glenvarloch seemed once more about to rise above the horizon, forwards rushes, unannounced, to the presence-chamber, the domineering and imperious Buckingham, who, meeting Lord Glenvarloch with Lord Huntinglen in the anti-chamber, boldly announces himself as his enemy, with the reckless nonchalance of an ancient and pampered favourite, secure in the too complete ascendancy he had gained over the mind of his easy and imbecile master.

They soon quit the purlieus of Whitehall, however, and Lord Hun-

tinglen carries home with him to dinner both the young lord, whose friend he had acted at the hour of his utmost need, as well as the grateful and noble-minded goldsmith,—and entertains his guests in that style of profuse and prodigal abundance, which characterised the hospitality of the olden time. As a matter of course, Lord Nigel is introduced to the son of this rough-hewn old baron—who, by the way, is represented as having struck his dagger to the hilt in the body of “the fause traitor Ruthven,” when “his fangs” were “about the royal throat.” Lord Dalgarno is a gay, bold-faced gallant,—as unlike a father as a son can well be,—immersed in pleasure,—the intimate friend both of Buckingham and Prince Charles,—and the constant companion of their revels. Here the plot begins to thicken, Dalgarno is the Iago of the story. He worms himself into the confidence of the unsuspecting and generous youth,—gains an ascendancy over him by that flash rhetoric and easy assurance common among courtiers, gallants, and men of pleasure, in all times and countries,—carries him to places of ambiguous reputation, the resort of bravoes, gamesters, and swindlers,—interposes to prevent the immediate return of Nigel to Scotland, which would have frustrated the designs of Buckingham and Prince Charles, who had still an eye to his lands,—not so much for any value they attached to them, as because Lord Glenvarloch had succeeded in his suit in opposition to their views and interests;—and while he maintains towards Lord Glenvarloch the exterior of the most ardent friendship, he is secretly sapping his credit, calumniating and aspersing his character, and injuring his reputation in the estimation of his royal master and of the world. So skilfully had this web of wiles been woven, so imperceptibly had Lord Nigel been won from the right way, to the haunts of dissipation, in order that his ruin might be accelerated with double velocity, and so dangerous is it to disregard the sacred injunction that commands us to shun even the appearance of evil, that the reputation of the young lord had been almost irretrievably ruined, before he was aware

that his good name had moulded a feather. The first hint of his unhappy plight came from the faithful, but mulish and self-conceited Moniplies, who stuck to his master like his native *carduus benedictus*, while friendless and in poverty; but who, now that Lord Nigel's finances had improved, and that he, abandoning his humble retreat in Christie's the ship-chandler, had possessed himself of more elegant and spacious apartments, suddenly appeared before his master, to announce his intention of immediately quitting his service, and returning to his native country. His master was thunderstruck with the announcement—but we must give the lecture bestowed by Moniplies on his master, in the inimitably graphic words of our author. Among other qualities, singular enough in a serving-man, it exemplifies that “familiarity” which Colonel Stewart eulogises so loudly, and which appears to have existed in the olden time between master and servant.

“Adversity, my lord, should never have parted us,” said Richie; “methinks, had the worst come to worst, I could have starved as gallantly as your lordship, or more so, being in some sort used to it; for, though I was bred at a fletcher's stall, I have not through my life had a constant intimacy with collops.”

“Now, what is the meaning of all this trash?” said Nigel; “or has it no other end than to provoke my patience? You know well enough, that had I twenty serving-men, I would hold the faithful follower that stood by me in my distress the most valued of them all. But it is totally out of reason to plague me with your solemn capricious.”

“My lord,” said Richie, “in declaring your trust in me, you have done what is honourable to yourself, if I may with humility say so much, and in no way undeserved on my side. Nevertheless, we must part.”

“Body of me, man, why?” said Lord Nigel; “what reason can there be for it, if we are mutually satisfied?”

“My lord,” said Richie Moniplies, “your lordship's occupations are such as I cannot own or countenance by my presence.”

“How now, sirrah!” said his master, angrily.

“Under favour, my lord,” replied his domestic, “it is unequal dealing to be equally offended by my speech and by my

silence. If you can hear with patience the grounds of my departure, it may be, for aught I know, the better for you here and hereafter—if not, let me have my licence of departure in silence, and so no more about it."

"Go to, sir!" said Nigel; "speak out your mind—only remember to whom you speak it."

"Weel, weel, my lord—I speak it with humility, (never did Richie look with more starched dignity than when he uttered the word;) but do you think this dicing, and card-shuffling, and haunting of taverns and play-houses, suits your lordship—for I am sure it does not suit me?"

"Why, you are not turned precisian or put fool?" said Lord Gile, laughing, though, betwixt resentment and shame, it cost him some trouble to do so.

"My lord," replied the follower, "I ken the purport of your query. I am, it may be, a little of a precisian, and I wish to heaven I was mair worthy of the name; but let that be a pass-over—I have stretched the duties of a serving-man as far as my northern conscience will permit. I can give my gude word to my master, or to my native country, when I am in a foreign land, even though I should leave downright truth a wee bit behind me. Ay, and I will take or give a slash with ony man that speaks to the derogation of either. But this charabering, dicing, and play-haunting, is not my element—I cannot draw breath in it—and when I hear of your lordship winning the siller that some poor creature may full sairly miss—by my saul, if it wad serve your necessity, rather than you gained it from him, I wad tak' a jump over the hedge with your lordship, and cry, 'Stand!' to the first grazer we met that was coming from Smithfield with the price of his Essex calves in his leathern pouch!"

"You are a simpleton," said Nigel, who felt, however, much conscience-struck; "I never play but for small sums."

"Ay, my lord," replied the unyielding domestic, "and—still with reverence—it is even sae much the waur. If you played with your equals, there might be like sin, but there wad be mair worldly honour in it. Your lordship kens, or may ken, by experience of your ain, whilk is not as yet many weeks auld, that small sums can ill be missed by those that have nane larger; and I maun e'en be plain with you, that men notice it of your lordship, that ye play wi' nane but the misguided creatures that can but afford to losq bare stakes."

"No man dare say so!" replied Nigel, very angrily. "I play with whom I

please, but I will only play for what stake I please."

"That is just what they say, my lord," said the unmerciful Richie, whose natural love of lecturing, as ill as his bluntness of feeling, prevented him from having any idea of the pain which he was inflicting on his master; "these are even their own very words. It was but yesterday your lordship was pleased, at that same ordinary, to win from yonder young hafflins gentleman with the crimson velvet doublet, and the cock's feather in his beaver—him I mean who fought with the ranting captain—a matter of five pounds, or thereby. I saw him come through the hall; and if he was not cleaned out of cross and pell, I never saw a ruined man in my life."

"Hark you, sirrah," said his master, "I have borne with you thus far, for certain reasons; but abuse my good nature no farther—and since you must needs go, why go a God's name, and here is to pay your journey." So saying, he put gold into his hand, which Richie told over, piece by piece, with the utmost accuracy. "Is it all right—or are they wanting in weight—or what the devil keeps you, when your hurry was so great five minutes since?" said the young lord, now thoroughly nettled at the presumptuous precision with which Richie dealt forth his canons of morality.

"The tale of coin is complete," said Richie, with the most imperturbable gravity; "and for the weight, though they are sae scrupulous in this town as make mouths at a piece that is a wee bit light, or that has been cracked within the ring, my sooth, they will jump at them in Edinburgh like a cock at a grossart. Gold pieces are not so plenty there, the mair the pity!"

"The more is your folly, then," said Nigel, whose anger was only momentary, "that leave the land where there is enough of them." *

"My lord," said Richie, "to be round with you, the grace of God is better than gold pieces. When Goblin, as you call yonder Monsieur Latin—and you might as well call him Gibbet, since that is what he is like to end in—shall recommend a page to you, ye will hear a little such doctrine as you have heard from me. And if they were my last words," he said, raising his voice, "I would say you are misled, and are forsaking the paths which your honourable father trode in; and, what is more, you are going—still under correction—to the devil with a dish-clout, for ye are laughed at by them that lead you into these disordered bye-paths."

"Laughed at!" said Nigel, who, like others of his age, was more sensible to ridicule than to reason—"who dares laugh at me?"

"My lord, as sure as I live by bread—nay, more, as I am a true man—and I think your lordship never found Richie's tongue bearing aught but the truth—unless that your lordship's credit, my country's profit, or, it may be, some sma' occasion of my ain, made it unnecessary to promulgate the hail veritie—I say then, as I am a true man, when I saw that pair creature come through the ha', at that ordinary, whilk is accurst (Heaven forgive me for swearing) of God and man, with his teeth set, and his hands clenched, and his bonnet drawn over his brows like a desperate man, Goblin said to me, 'there goes a dunghill chicken, that your master has plucked clean enough; it will be long ere his lordship ruffle a feather with a cock of the game.' And so, my lord, to speak it out, the lackies and the gallants, and more especially your sworn brother, Lord Dalgarno, call you the sparrow-hawk. I had some thought to have cracked Lutin's pate for the speech, but, after a', the controversy was not worth it."

"Do they use such terms of me?" said Lord Nigel. "Death and the devil!"

"And the devil's dam, my lord," answered Richie; "they are all three busy in London—and, besides, Lutin and his master laughed at you, my lord, for letting it be thought that—I shame to speak it—that ye were over well with the wife of the decent honest man whose house you but now left, as not sufficient for your new bravery, whereas they said—the licentious scoffers—that you pretended to such favour when you had not courage enough for so fair a quarrel, and that the sparrow-hawk was too craven-crested to fly at the wife of a cheese-monger."

About the same time, his lordship receives an anonymous letter, to the very tune of Monipplies' valedictory lecture, and which, while he would fain persuade himself to treat with indignant contempt—as anonymous slander deserves—served to give a strange confirmation to the frank and honest expostulation of the faithful and true-hearted Scot. In a mood of mind not the most enviable, hovering between doubt and belief—as the spirit of the Supreme Being is represented, in Scripture, lingering, after creation, on the confines of light and darkness—he sallied forth into the Park, and, to his utter mortification

and dismay, encountered the veteran misanthrope Malagrowth, who confirmed all that his fears foreboded, and the anonymous epistle distinctly averred. At this inauspicious moment, the prince, with his train, consisting of Buckingham, Dalgarno, and others, made their entrance into the Park by a postern gate. The prince, as he passed Glenvarloch, saluted him in a cold, distant, and formal manner, which, to his now agitated mind, spoke volumes. When the party had passed, the malicious knight renewed his conversation, adding fuel to the fire that already preyed on the vitals of the unhappy Lord Glenvarloch. In a little time, the royal party return by the same route,—and, in answer to his obeisance, the prince darts at him a frown, and Lord Dalgarno never so much as turns his eyes in the direction of his friend. By a short cut, however, Lord Glenvarloch gets in advance of the party—accosts Dalgarno—taxes him with his matchless perfidy—challenges him to instant combat—is reminded of the privileges of the Park, in which all such encounters were forbidden, under pain of mutilation—disregards every consideration of prudence, in the full tide of passion and resentment—and indicts a blow, with the flat of his sword, on Lord Dalgarno, who had refused to fight.

When he had time to cool, Lord Glenvarloch felt that he had exposed himself to the vengeance of one of the most merciless of human tribunals, the Star Chamber. It was necessary, therefore, to provide for his safety; the means, however, he had not yet thought of. What he could not effect for himself, however, is accomplished by the intrepidity of a young Templar, called Lowestoffe, who procures him a disguise, and gets him safely conveyed to Whitefriars, at that time known by the flash name of Alsatia, and a sort of sanctuary for bravos, swindlers, and broken men, unless against a writ issued by the Lord Chief Justice, or the Lords of the Privy-Council. Here he remains for some time, safely lodged in the house of a miser, who, being possessed of an immense sum of money, is murdered, but not robbed,—one of the assassins being slain by the hand of Lord

Glenvarloch, while the other was compelled to fly without the anticipated booty. To remain longer here was impossible; and the poor but generous Templar had been thrown in prison for the part he had acted in the business.

What his lordship could not do for himself is done by love. Dame Suddlechops, the spouse of barber-surgeon Suddlechops, and one of those useful matrons who accommodate young ladies, suffering from the tender passion in more ways than one—at the instigation of the fair daughter of the horologer to his Sacred Majesty, who, ever since the dinner at Heriot's, had been desperately in love with Lord Glenvarloch, and who had contrived (what will not a woman in love contrive!) to discover the hapless plight of the young Scotch nobleman—had employed the redoubted apprentice (Jim Vin, viz. of the said horologer to disguise himself—to feign that he was commissioned by the Templar—to certify the young lord in sanctuary, that a warrant of the Lord Chief Justice was about to be issued against him—to prepare a wherry to convey his lordship secretly down the river, to a vessel bound for Scotland, and ready to receive him. The boat was ready at the appointed time, and Lord Glenvarloch, known in Alsatia only as Mr Nigel Grahame, embarked with the daughter of the murdered miser, Mrs Martha Trapbois, who had thrown herself and her gold on the protection of her lodger,—being naturally anxious to escape from the den of iniquity where her miserable father met his end. Encumbered with his *protégée*, he embarked, and bethought him to send her to the house of his former landlord, the ship-chandler; but the unfortunate female arrived at an hour the most unpropitious. The ship-chandler had been in high altercation with a stiff, starched-looking Scot, and received the recommendatory note of Lord Glenvarloch, as a man does a tradesman's bill who has not a guinea in his pocket; he threw it with contempt in the mud, whence it was picked up by the careful Scot, who had so far the advantage of his antagonist, that, in the war of words, he had not suffered his temper to be ruffled. This worthy son of Caledo-

nia proved to be no other than our friend Richie the serving-man, to whose care we must, for the present, commit Mrs Trapbois, and her (we fear we must say) ill-gotten wealth.

Nigel, as he glided down the river, after disembarking Mrs Martha, naturally fell into deep musings on his singular and wayward destiny. In this mood of mind, he formed the hazardous resolution of landing at Greenwich, where James and his Court were then occupied, as usual, with the diversion of hunting, and of throwing himself at once on the royal clemency; a resolution, which, in spite of all the remonstrances of his singular waterman, he resolved to carry into effect. He lands accordingly, and, having reconnoitred a little, contrives to throw himself in the king's way, just as he came in at the death of a noble stag; his attendants having purposely fallen behind, that the poor king, the worst horseman, as well as the worst soldier in his dominions, might be cheated into a fancy that he had outstripped them in the chase. James did not at first recognise Glenvarlochides, but the moment he did so, he set up such a howl of treason and murder—as loud, no doubt, as that which alarmed the worthy citizens of Perth from the garret-window of Gowrie-house—that his attendants were up in a trice: and Glenvarlochides being found armed, was committed close prisoner to the Tower. When the king had had time to recover from his fright, he discovered that he was not wounded, or in any way hurt: and his courtiers being of opinion that no injury was intended his royal person, the charge of treason was departed from,—and it was resolved to proceed against the unhappy young nobleman for the outrage committed in the Park on the person of Lord Dalgarno.

Lord Nigel had not been long in the Tower, when he was favoured with a companion—not of his own seeking, certainly—a young lad, to appearance, of the most delicate complexion—and who, by no persuasion, could be induced to reveal his name, or the offence of which he had been accused. Fortune had not yet done her worst, however, and another, not fellow prisoner, but visitor, was introduced in the shape of John Chris-

tic, the ship-chandler, seeking nothing less than his runagate spouse, with whose place of retreat Lord Nigel had got the credit of being better acquainted than any other man, and with whose disappearance he now loudly, in the hearing of his youthful fellow-prisoner, taxed his Lordship,—a charge of which, as the reader may have perceived, Lord Nigel was entirely ignorant, but which his enemies had industriously circulated to his disadvantage;—the worthy lady having taken it into her head to abscond with a paramour, at the time when Lord Nigel's other misfortunes were gathering thick about him. The clamorous wife-searching ship-chandler being got rid of, Lord Glenvarloch enters into some further conversation with his youthful companion in durance, and discovers, to his surprise and astonishment, that the apparent boy is neither more nor less than the enterprising daughter of the horologer, in male attire, who had become involved in Lord Nigel's fate, by attempting to serve him, but who is speedily liberated through the instrumentality of a third person, who now appears on the arena in the person of George Heriot. The noble-minded mechanic had been impressed with the universal belief, that Lord Nigel was going to the devil at full drive; but appears to have called upon him, less to upbraid him with his supposed errors—although he lectures him at a good rate—than to endeavour yet to serve the son of his ancient benefactor, even when wind and tide were set in most strongly against him. He alludes to the affair of the ship-chandler, of the disappearance of whose wife he will not believe his Lordship ignorant—hints that his Lordship was accused of the murder at Whitefriars—discovers the daughter of Davie Ramsay, in male attire, in the apartment of his Lordship, which, however, is soon explained to his satisfaction—and concludes by informing his Lordship, that if he will trust him with the warrant under the sign-manual, he thinks he can, as circumstances stand at Court, recover the money for him. To this last proposition his Lordship replies, that the casket containing it had been seized at

Greenwich, in the morning when he was apprehended. His baggage, however, had been restored, and stood in the anti-room—but, on searching, the Sovereign's warrant had disappeared. This Heriot believed he had pawned, to raise the wind, as rakes and spendthrifts do upon occasion, when hard pressed for money; and though he leaves Glenvarloch with harsh words, lingering reluctantly on his lips it is with a mind devoted to his service, and a heart—naturally warm and benevolent—zealous to do him the right.

Some time after Heriot had departed, Glenvarloch hears the grumbling tones of a well-known voice—being that, *videlicet*, of Richie Moniplies, who had reinstated himself in office, as coolly and as intrepidly as he had withdrawn from it, when so it seemed good in his own eyes.

But we are running on at an unconscionable rate, and though the events of the tale now crowd on us in rapid succession, each more striking, and important, and interesting, than its predecessors, we have only left ourselves time to tell what mathematicians call the *result*. By a train of happily-conceived circumstances, and chiefly by the ingenuity and mother-wit of the incomparable Moniplies, the deep-laid villany of Lord Dalgarno is detected, and his scheme to *oust* Lord Glenvarloch of his property—the mortgages on which he had contrived to become possessed of—exposed to the conviction and indignation of the monarch, and the whole court; while his infamous conduct to the Lady Hermione—the mysterious recluse of George Heriot, and the innocent cause of so many idle tales, whom Dalgarno had seduced on the Continent, under cover of a sham-marriage—prompts the sovereign to interpose his authority, and make him espouse her, which he does accordingly. Lord Glenvarloch is instantly set at liberty, and reinstated in the royal favour; and through the instrumentality of Moniplies, who had thoroughly established himself in the good graces of the miser's daughter, Mrs Martha Trapbois, the mortgages on the estates of Glenvarloch are recovered, and delivered to his lordship, who marries Margaret Ramsay, the daughter of the Ho-

rologer. Richie Monipplies, by far the most important personage in the drama, (hardly excepting Master George Heriot and the good King Jamie,) marries Mrs Martha Trapbois, and becomes the legitimate proprietor (*jure mariti*,) of her enormous wealth—the product of long and successful usury. The unhappy Lord Dalgarno, on his way to Scotland with his paramour, the wife of honest John Christie the ship-chandler, is waylaid and murdered, when expecting the arrival of Lord Glenvarloch, in a sequestered place, to whom he had sent a challenge (never delivered) by Monipplies, who had more sense than put his master's life in the power of a desperate, because a detected villain. Richie had scented out the intended deed, and arrived well-attended at the spot—too late indeed to save the life of the unhappy man—but in time to grapple with, and stab with his own weapon the assassin, a notorious bully and bravo, of the name Colepepper, well known in the purlieus of Whitefriars. Christie recovers his wife—Richie Monipplies is rewarded with the honour of knighthood—the inferior characters are suitably disposed of—and George Heriot, the most active, generous, intelligent, and kind-hearted of human beings, receives a reward higher than the kings of the earth can bestow—the lofty consciousness of having been one of the prime instruments in first promoting the views, next dispelling the cloud that for a time obscured the prospects of the son of his benefactor—in detecting and exposing the snares that had been laid for his ruin, and into which he had nearly irrecoverably fallen—in bringing to light truth and honour, in spite of calumny, artifice, misrepresentation, prejudices, and appearances that belied the facts—in doing good solely from a native love of goodness—and in never, in any one instance, swerving from the noble and onward course of integrity and honour, to attain the object nearest to his heart. So much for the retributive justice of fiction. It is to us a matter of infinite regret, that neither our time nor our limits permit us to dwell as we would have wished, and indeed ought to

have done, on the winding up of the story, which is evolved with a power, energy, comprehension, and effect, which, while they must charm every reader, render it a hopeless, nay, impossible task, for a mere analyst, taking a rapid glance, and sort of bird's-eye view of the whole, to convey any adequate impression to the mind of his readers.

By a species of critical hysteron proteron, it now falls, that, in concluding our hasty notice of “The Fortunes of Nigel,” we should devote a few moments to the consideration of those very amusing and characteristic “CONFESSIONS” contained in the “Introductory Epistle.” Captain Clutterbuck is really an interesting correspondent, and since we had the honour of meeting him last, has furbished up, and improved amazingly, his talent for the humorous, the graphical, the striking, and the descriptive. His interview with the “Author of Waverley,” or rather, “the Eidolon, or Representative Vision of the Author of Waverley,” is one of the most felicitous dramatic scenes we have ever met with, in the shape of Prolegomena. The scene is laid in the back-settlements, or, to speak more correctly, in the catacombs, or *crypts*, of a certain “celebrated publishing house” at the Cross—and when the redoubted Captain presents himself, the “venerable apparition” is occupied in the most unromantic manner imaginable, reading proof-sheets and revises. The presence of the Captain interrupts the ignoble but necessary toil, and a long and interesting conversation ensues, from which we mean to extract very liberally.

We scarce think the defence here set up for the White Lady in the Monastery quite valid and relevant—it is at least piquant, and must interest those whom it will fail to convince.

Author of Waverley. I was willing to see you, Captain Clutterbuck, being the person of my family whom I have most regard for, since the death of Jedediah Cleishbotham; and I am afraid I may have done you some wrong, in assigning to you the Monastery as a portion of my effects. I have some thoughts of making it up to you, by naming you godfather to this yet unborn babe—he indicated the

proof-sheet with his finger)—But, first, touching The Monastery—How says the world—you are abroad, and can learn?

Captain Clutterbuck. Heh! heh! The inquiry is delicate—I have not heard any complaints from the Publishers.

Author. That is the principal matter; but yet an indifferent work is sometimes towed on by those which have left harbour before it, with the breeze in their poop. What say the Critics?

Captain. There is a general—feeling—that the White Lady is no favourite.

Author. I think she is a failure myself; but rather in execution than conception. Could I have evoked an *esprit follet*, at the same time fantastic and interesting, capricious and kind; a sort of wildfire of the elements, bound by no fixed laws, or motives of action; faithful and fond, yet teasing and uncertain—

Captain. If you will pardon the interruption, Sir, I think you are describing a pretty woman.

Author. On my word, I believe I am. I must invest my elementary spirits with a little human flesh and blood—they are too fine-drawn for the present taste of the public.

Captain. They object, too, that the object of your Nixie ought to have been more uniformly noble—her ducking the priest was no naiad-like amusement.

Author. Ah! they ought to allow for the capricious of what is, after all, but a better sort of goblin. The bath into which Ariel, the most delicate creation of Shakespeare's imagination, seduces our jolly friend Trinculo, was not of amber or rose-water. But no one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it—I write for the public amusement; and though I never will aim at popularity by what I think unworthy means, I will not, on the other hand, be pertinacious in the defence of my own errors against the voice of the public. "

"Story," says the *Knifegrinder* in the motto to the present work, "Lord bless you! I have none to tell, Sir." And even so it has been said of the author of *Waverley*, by the critics; who, by the way, have spawned so fruitfully of late, that the professional fault-finders are to the professional committers of faults, at least, as five hundred to unity. He, however, enters a defence to the accusation of the honest Captain, the representative of *Zoilus*, for the time being—and if there be one of our readers who ever met any thing more eloquent and

striking, we beg to be favoured with an immediate hint, that we may search for it, before the Second Edition of our May Number goes to press.

Captain. In short, Sir, you are of opinion with Bayes,—“What the devil does the plot signify, except to bring in fine things?”

Author. Grant that I were so, and that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes, unlaboured and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse in one corner the pain of body; in another, to relieve anxiety of mind; in a third place, to un wrinkle a brow bent with the furrows of daily toil; in another, to fill the place of bad thoughts, or to suggest better; in yet another, to induce an idler to study the history of his country; in all, save where the perusal interrupted the discharge of serious duties to furnish harmless amusement,—might not the author of such a work, however inartificially executed, plead for his errors and negligences the excuse of the slave who was about to be punished for having spread the false report of a victory,—“Am I to blame, O Athenians, who have given you one happy day?”

The motto from *Lucan*, appropriated by *Junius*, will not, we fear, apply in the instance of the “*Author of Waverley*.”

Captain. Ah, Sir, would you but take the advice of your friends, and try to deserve at least one-half of the public favour you have met with, we might all drink *Tokay*!

Author. I care not what I drink, so the liquor be wholesome.

Captain. Care for your reputation then—for your fame.

Author. My fame?—I will answer you as a very ingenious, able, and experienced friend, when counsel for the notorious *Jem M. Coul*, replied to the opposite side of the Bar, when they laid weight on his clients refusing to answer certain queries, which they said any man who had a regard for his reputation would not hesitate to reply to. “My client,” said he—by the way, *Jem* was standing behind him at the time, and a rich scene it was—“is so unfortunate as to have no regard for his reputation; and I should deal very uncandidly with the Court, should I say he had any that was worth his attention.” I am, though from very different reasons, in *Jem*’s happy state of indifference. Let fame follow those who have a substantial shape. A shadow—

and an impersonal author is nothing better—can cast no shade.

We have said that the "Introductory Epistle" contains a series of "Confessions," and very honest confessions to boot. Let the reader judge for himself.

Captain. Respect to yourself, ought to teach caution.

Author. Ay, if caution could augment the chance of my success. But, to confess to you the truth, the works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity; and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standish, that the parts in which I have come feebly off, were by much the more laboured. Besides, I doubt the beneficial effect of too much delay, both on account of the author and the public. A man should strike while the iron is hot, and hoist sail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keeps not the stage, another instantly takes his ground. If a writer lies by for ten years ere he produces a second work, he is superseded by others; or, if the age is so poor of genius that this does not happen, his own reputation becomes his greatest obstacle. The public will expect the new work to be ten times better than its predecessor; the author will expect it should be ten times more popular, and 'tis a hundred to ten that both are disappointed.

Captain. This may justify a certain degree of rapidity in publication, but not that which is proverbially said to be no speed. You should take time at least to arrange your story.

Author. That is a sore point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular narration turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas, my dear Sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection.—When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie, or Dalgetty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me slug still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom.

We recommend the author's notions of productive labour, to the followers of Adam Smith.

Captain. You are determined to proceed then in your own system? Are you aware that an unworthy motive may be assigned for this rapid succession of publication? You will be supposed to work merely for the lure of gain.

Author. Supposing that I did permit the great advantages which must be derived from success in literature, to join with other motives in inducing me to come more frequently before the public,—that emolument is the voluntary tax which the public pays for a certain species of literary amusement—it is extorted from no one, and paid, I presume, by those only who can afford it, and who receive gratification in proportion to the expense. If the capital sum which these volumes have put into circulation be a very large one, has it contributed to my indulgences only? or can I not say to hundreds, from honest Duncan the paper manufacturer, to the most snivelling of the printer's devils, "Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?" I profess I think our modern Athens much obliged to me for having established such an extensive manufacture; and when universal suffrage comes in fashion, I intend to stand for a seat in the House on the interest of all the unwashed artificers connected with literature.

Captain. This would be called the language of a calico manufacturer.

Author. Cant again, my dear son—there is lime in this sack too—nothing but sophistication in this world! I do say

it, in spite of Adam Smith and his followers, that a successful author is a productive labourer, and that his works constitute as effectual a part of the public wealth, as that which is created by any other manufacture. If a new commodity, having an actually intrinsic and commercial value, be the result of the operation, why are the author's sales of books to be esteemed a less profitable part of the public stock than the goods of any other manufacturer? I speak with reference to the diffusion of the wealth arising to the public, and the degree of industry which even such a trifling work as the present must stimulate and reward, before the volumes leave the publisher's shop. Without me it could not exist, and to this extent I am a benefactor to the country. As for my own emolument, it is won by my toil, and I account myself answerable to Heaven only for the mode in which I expend it. The candid may hope it is not all dedicated to selfish purposes; and, without much pretensions to merit in him who expends it, a part may "wander heaven-directed, to the poor."

Captain. Yet it is generally held base to write, from the mere motive of gain.

Author. It would be base to do so exclusively, or even to make it a principal motive of literary exertion. Nay, I will venture to say, that no work of imagination, proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy-money, ever did, or ever will, succeed. So the lawyer who pleads, the soldier who fights, the physician who prescribes, the clergyman—if such there be—who preaches, without any zeal for their profession, or without any sense of its dignity, and merely on account of their fee, pay, or stipend, degrade themselves to the rank of sordid mechanics. Accordingly, in the case of two of the learned faculties at least, their services are considered as unappreciable, and are acknowledged, not by any exact estimate of the services rendered, but by a *honorarium*, or voluntary acknowledgment. But let a client or patient make the experiment of omitting this little ceremony of the *honorarium*, which is *consid* to be a thing entirely out of consideration between them, and mark how the learned gentleman will look upon his case. Cant set apart, it is the same thing with literary emolument. No man of sense, in any rank of life, is, or ought to be, above accepting a just recompence for his time, and a reasonable share of the capital which owes its very existence to his exertions. When Czar Peter wrought in the trenches, he took the pay of a common soldier; and nobles, statesmen, and divines, the most distinguished of their

time, have not scorned to square accounts with their bookseller.

We have devoted a larger space in our pages to "The Fortunes of Nigel" than is prudent perhaps; but we hoped to give our readers a foretaste of the pleasure to be derived from the book itself. In regard to the defects of the story, and other blemishes which the microscopic eye of criticism may exercise itself in detecting, we have indeed little at present to say; because we have not been fortunate enough—delighted and enraptured as we have been—to possess a sufficiency of calm plodding ill-nature to detect them. We object, however, but with great submission and deference, to the whole agency—if so indeed it may be called—of Lady Hermione, in evolving the story; nor do we think that her relationship to the house of Glenvarloch is proved by means very natural or very probable; while her foreign sham marriage with Lord Dalgarno, and the whole of the subsequent events that take place when she is publicly remarried to that profligate, in the presence of the king, of his father, Lord Huntinglen, and others, are so much on a level with the ordinary and appropriate practices of plebeian novel writers,—that we almost regret the author necessitated himself to have recourse to them. She is latterly a mere dead weight upon the story, and ultimately disposed of a little *en cavalier*, and not in a manner satisfactory to the reader, who feels from the very first that she has no business on the canvass at all—and that the general effect would have been strengthened, not impaired, had this good lady and her history been completely expunged from "The Fortunes of Nigel."—The daughter of Davie Ramsay is one of the author's singular imperfections of the female character; true, pure, self-devoted, impassioned, energetic, romantic; of a lofty mind and indomitable spirit; far exalted above all the little finesses, and manœuvring, and coquetry of her sex; but capable of the most generous and self-sacrificing love. She is sure of our admiration; but we can hardly regard her with a tenderer feeling.—Of Heriot and King James we have already spoken. The pro-

traits are perfect, of their respective kinds, and have been touched off by some of the freest, boldest, yet happiest strokes of that divine pencil, which Nature, in benignant mood, and that he might delineate with more truth, fidelity, and effect, her actual, living, veritable forms, appears to have bestowed on "The Author of Waverley." At the same time, we cannot but feel displeased, amidst all our delight, and contemptibly as we are disposed to think of King James generally, that the author has thought proper to make him degrade himself, by becoming caves-dropper, conveying him into a *lugg* in the Tower, that he might overhear the conversation of Lord Glenvarloch when in durance. The circumstance, we should not doubt, is perhaps founded in fact; but low as James ranked in the estimation of most men, it is hardly in keeping with the character of a king. Monipplies, we are aware, will by some of the groundlings be held as a sort of reproduction or fac-simile of Andrew Fairservice; for this good and sufficient reason, that, with the paragons of animals to which we allude, *this* must be like *that*, and *that* like *l'other*, *et sic ad infinitum*; but the plain fact is, that he bears about as much resemblance to *honest* Andrew, as Annot Lyle does to Rebecca the Jewess, or Dugald Dalgetty to Bailie Nicol Jarvie. He is a delightful picture and representative of a certain class of his countrymen at the period in question; and his character is so well defined, and stands out in such prominent relief, that the truth and fidelity of the conception must be apparent to all those who are not of the family of "*Likes*," above alluded to. Dalgarno is the lagoon of the piece; "a fine, gay, bold-faced villain," with talents of the first order,—neutralized by unbounded profligacy, or exerted with fatal effect in the promotion of schemes of villany and dissimulation, with which his court education and connexion with Buckingham had rendered him but too familiar. Lord Glenvarloch is the ostensible hero, and no more. He is a good, and occasionally a bold, brave, generous, and humane young man; but he is cruelly tempest-tossed by circumstances, and is so much

indebted to the more extensive means and less scrupulous agency of others, that we know little of his character from his actings, and must therefore be content to take him upon the author's own showing. Upon the whole, we take leave of "The Fortunes of Nigel" with feelings of high admiration and delight: and whether we consider the characters, the keeping of the story, the powers of description exhibited, the immense knowledge of the times with which the whole is pregnant, the inimitable dramatic power displayed in the dialogue, the profound acquaintance with human nature indicated in every touch and in every expression, or the matchless and inexhaustible resources of imagery and illustration, we do not hesitate for a moment in pronouncing it one of the most brilliant and perfect creations that has yet sprung up under the rod of the MIGHTY MAGICIAN!

CORNICULA'S PEEP AT PARLIAMENT.

The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them
all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them utterance once again.

THE room in which the Peers assemble in Parliament, since the Union of Ireland, is the most magnificent, and in every way the most suited to its high purpose, that exists in England. It contains nothing of the old house but the tapestry, in which the defeat of the Spanish Armada is clumsily depicted, and which owes all its importance to the impassioned allusion of the great Chatham: "From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the ancestor of the noble lord seems to frown with indignation on his degenerate descendant," &c.—However venerable for age and eloquent association, it is entirely out of keeping with the splendid throne and scarlet cushions of modern creation.

When the Sovereign opened the last session of Parliament, this house presented an assemblage of the utmost elegance and dignity. The Monarch

on his throne—the Peers in their robes, standing—the Peeresses on the benches, in all the splendour of apparel—the Commons with their Speaker below the Bar—were sufficient to satisfy the eye of a courtier, and to stimulate the imagination of a poet. His Majesty is, in his personal presentment, every inch a king; he bows, I would say, if it were not Irish, with *eloquence*; he reads with sovereign dignity. But his Majesty and the ladies soon retire from the house, the Commons withdraw to their own ancient habitation, and the Peers alone remain for our attention. In their debates, the two wooolsacks, the cross-benches in front of the throne, and the benches right and left, are inaccessible but to Peers of Parliament. Strangers are admitted below the Bar, to stand or lie, as they may be disposed. The Commons have access to the enclosure of the throne, where they may stand or sit upon the steps.

The LORD CHANCELLOR has been already sufficiently characterized. As Speaker of the House of Peers, he is not precluded from taking part in the debate. He is not addressed individually by the Peer who addresses the House, the emphatic embellishment being “My Lords.” When a message comes from the Commons, his Lordship marches from the Wooolsack to the Bar, where he receives the bill from the hands of its author. He next marches back, and reads the title of the bill which is thus introduced into the House. It is often painful to see a Peer, so venerable and so learned, limping backwards and forwards, on his gouty limbs*; but such is his Lordship’s zeal for the public good, that he will not resign the Wooolsack to less matured learning.

On the right of the Wooolsack are the Ministerial Benches. The Peers Spiritual occupy the extreme next the throne; their Graces of Canterbury and York being in front. On the same bench with the Archbishops, but separated by an easy barrier, are ranged the Cabinet Ministers, the

Earl of Liverpool being generally the most remote from the lawn sleeves.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON is entitled to the first consideration, from rank alone, though

“Rude he is in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace.”

It is impossible to see his Grace preparing to speak, or hear him utter his incorrect sentences in uncouth elocution, without feeling the utmost regret, that one so fortunate in the field, and so successful in the career of nobility, should let himself down so grievously. It would be altogether foreign to the object of this sketch, to enter into discussion respecting the talents or the merits of our hero of Waterloo; but it may be incontrovertibly affirmed, that the Duke of Wellington disregarded the Roman virtue of forbearance towards the fallen—*parcere subjectis*. When he consigned Ney to the executioner, he ought, in prudence, to affect contempt for oratory,—(*alli*) *Orabunt causas melius*.

The EARL OF LIVERPOOL is *premier*, and speaks fluently, perspicuously, and sometimes forcibly. His acquaintance with political economy, which is his chief, if not his only accomplishment, is the result of patient and continued attention to the speculations of others, rather than of original observation or energetic intuition of his own. His speeches are mere business compositions, and entirely devoid of elegance in diction, pointed allusions, eloquent illustrations, and classical figures.

The Earl of Harrowby, Earl Bathurst, Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Melville, and Lord Redesdale, occasionally make speeches; but the art of criticism was not meant to extend to them.

The Duke of Montrose, the Marquis Camden, and Lord Sidmouth, are not orators.

Lord Grenville sat on one of the cross benches during the Queen’s trial, and since, he has not attended. In many respects, he is the first speaker in the Upper House. He is profoundly skilled in the fine models of antiquity, and to the cultivated taste which this implies, he adds labour and perseverance in any effort

* The reviewer of S. Brocchi asks “why cows are not subject to the gout, nor geese to hysterics?”

or research which know no bounds but success. His speeches are consequently deliberate, correct, luminous, and persuasive. In an assembly whose votes were free, and at the disposal of oratory, Lord Grenville would triumph as often as he spoke, for the majority always yield to plausibility, while they are impregnable to proof. His Lordship has that in his manner which dispels all doubt of his integrity; and he has the art of clothing his sentiments with much of his personal authority. Yet, with all these distinctions, Lord Grenville is not a man of genius:—it is all labour, and labour upon a soil by no means deep or vigorous. It was believed that, but for his speech, the Bill of Pains and Penalties would have been lost on the second reading. His speech was artful and plausible in the highest degree. A silent vote would have done more honour to an independent peer. His nephew has since been created a Duke, and his party have come into office. He stands aloof from politics. He who contemptuously dismissed M. Chauvelin, now reads Greek, and enjoys his fame at Dropmore. He gives his barren dependants to the state, but confines his own acquirements to his private society:—

Nudosque per aëra ramos
Effundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit
umbram.

EARL GREY sits opposite to the Earl of Liverpool, and is recognised in that House, and throughout the nation, as the leader of the Whigs. In the House of Commons, Mr Grey had been a distinguished orator. In the peerage, his acuteness and his eloquence have not declined. His principles are too well known to require any remark here. His literary accomplishments are extensive and varied. In his speeches, precision and dignity are the most conspicuous features. No slovenly expression ever escapes him. He reasons with great force of argument, and copious supplies of illustration. But the full display of the force of his eloquence, and the energy of his mind, is to be seen when he is personally attacked. A splendid in-

stance of this talent was called forth by the Earl of Lauderdale, during the unhappy discussions respecting the late Queen.

LORD HOLLAND is, in every view, the second personage in the Opposition Benches. With much difficulty in getting up to the full command of a topic, and with some painful obstructions in his ascent, he often attains the very summit of eloquence, and spreads around him the full splendour of energetic oratory. In his person, and especially in his divine countenance, he bears a striking resemblance to Charles James Fox; and they who admired the uncle's eloquence, and knew best how to appreciate it, admit that the nephew's is not unworthy of the name. His taste for literature, his attachment to literary society, and his unaffected attentions to men of genius and taste, are well known, and have naturally excited the malignity of every *Barius* and *Mævius* of the age.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN is an able reasoner, and a fluent speaker, but too diffuse for effect. On several subjects of great importance, where detail is interesting, and amplification not tedious, his Lordship has succeeded in making a very powerful impression: but, on ordinary occasions, the want of condensation and point is fatal to the interest of his statements.

LORD KING is uncommonly ingenious, but destitute of the imagination of an orator.

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN is animated and respectable as a speaker; not eloquent.

EARL GROSVENOR is stiff, and, one would suspect, pedantic. It is known that he used to quote Greek in the House of Commons; and that Mr Gifford, of the *Quarterly Review*, was his tutor. George Buchanan made his royal pupil a pedant.

LORD ERSKINE has never been able to appear himself, without twelve honest men—*Anglicæ*—a Jury.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH is, incomparably, the prettiest declaimer in the House of Incurables. Mr Law excited hopes in the Commons, as young Betty on the stage. He delivers with the perfect accuracy of a person training for a rhetorician. His

expressions are hopelessly vapid. He will never be an orator.

The BISHOPS are best omitted. Not one man of letters is, at this moment, in their number. The late display of parliamentary talent which they made has not raised them in public estimation. The example of England, in the present day, reflects no shame upon the Church of Scotland for its unparliamentary humnity. A Minister of the Gospel is surely more dignified, catechizing a cow-herd in a smoky hut, than seated in the House of Peers, and voting at the call of the First Lord of the Treasury. For learning, the Church of Scotland is not discountenanced; though she, too, is apparently in the decline of literature. Who are the modern Blairs, and Robertsons, and Reids, and Playfairs?

The House of Commons I reserve for a separate communication.

(CORNICULA.

ON THE EARLY ITALIAN ROMANCES.

NO. I.

EVERY body has read something of Ariosto, and heard something of Pulci and Boiardo; but those only, who are tolerably well acquainted with Italian literature, know how many other Epic Romances exist in that language, upon the story of Charlemagne and his Paladins, some of which are even older than the productions of the oldest of the writers above named*. To a few of these we are about to draw the attention of our readers; and as neither Pulci nor Boiardo have been translated into English†, we shall, in the

course of a series of articles, of which the present is the first, give such specimens of them as will lead to the formation of a more correct notion than perhaps now prevails, of their merits, defects, and peculiarities as poets. At least there is novelty in this undertaking, and if we succeed in communicating only a fourth part of the pleasure we have derived from the task of collecting the materials, it cannot fail to be highly entertaining.

The Romance with which we begin bears the following title: "*Queste si e la Spagna Historiata. Incomincio il Libro volgare dicto la Spagna in quarante canture diviso*;" and we have selected it, because, according to the authority of Blankenburg and others, it is *Die älteste der Romanische Epöen aus der Geschichte Karl des Grossen*. The date of the earliest known edition is only Milan, 1518, but it was printed, there is very little doubt, both before the work of Pulci in 1488, and of Boiardo in 1495. Mr Merivale, in the preface to his "*Orlando in Roncesvalles*," is decidedly of the same opinion: he states it to be the second romance, in the ottavo rime, in the Italian language, (*Buovo d'Antonia* being the first,) and the first poem "which treats of the battle of Roncesvalles, and the expedition preceding it." I have thus established its claim to priority of notice, independently of any intrinsic merit, of which the reader will now, very soon, be able to form a judgment.

The German writer before quoted, with some inaccuracy, places "*La Spagna*" among anonymous works: the author thus, in the very last stanza of his production, mentions his name and country.

Lordings, for you my tale is now completed.

Sostegno di Zinabi, Florentine,
Of God, our Heavenly Father, has entrusted

To guard him ever from the wrath divine.
And that by sin you may not be defeated,
But still in virtue's rugged path may shine,
Which leads to Paradise and heavenly glory.

Here to your honour I now end my story.

It is fit to premise, that the narrative is conducted with great and unaf-

* Those industrious and acute critics, the Germans, have paid great attention to them, and a very accurate enumeration of them may be found in Blankenburg's *Zusätze zu I. G. Sultzer's Allgemeiner Theorie der Schönen Künste*.

† Hoole, before his translation (if it deserve the name, since it gives the reader no notion of the style and spirit of the original) of Ariosto, places a summary of the story of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*; and in one of the last numbers of "the Indicator," Mr Leigh Hunt inserted a prose translation of the first canto and a half of Pulci's *Storia di Morgana*.

fect simplicity of style and thought, and that, in the translations which follow, the object has been to give, as much as possible, the character and spirit of the Italian. Some allowance will, therefore, now and then be necessary, both for words and phrases. It is very clear that Sostegno di Zinabi takes Turpin, or some other chronicler, for his original, although he never names him, referring, generally, to *il libro e l'istoria* as his authority. Boiardo and Ariosto mention the good Archbishop over and over again, especially when they want to vouch any incredible fact; and Pulci, not satisfied with one, affects to follow the narratives of four authors, viz. Turpin, Ormanno, Alcuin, and Lactantius*. He thought, probably, that his extravagancies needed more than one evidence. Zinabi could not very consistently refer to Turpin, because, in Canto XXXVI. he states, that he was killed upon the field of Roncesvalles. Pulci, who had quoted him throughout, felt the importance of contradicting this assertion in a stanza, (C. XXVII. st. 79,) which possibly refers to the fate Zinabi had assigned to the old chronicler. Pulci says, in his usual manner:

If any one asserts that Turpin fell
At Roncesvalles, in his throat he lies:
I'll prove the contrary, he liv'd, and well,
Till Charles of Saragossa had made prize:
He liv'd this history to write and tell,
And Alcuin no one fact denies:
He wrote down to the death of Charles
and pays
To him a worthy tribute of his praise.

Only one further remark seems necessary, by way of introduction, and it tends further to shew the antiquity of the production of Zinabi. It is, that each of his forty cantos begins with a pious invocation to God, the Saviour, the Holy Ghost, or the Virgin. In this particular Pulci imitates him. The whole is written as if it were the effusion of an *improvisatore*; and after soliciting the attention of his auditors, Zinabi proceeds to relate the origin of the new war Charlemagne declared against

the Pagans of Spain, viz. to seat Orlando, in right of his wife Aldabella, (sister to Oliver), on the throne, and to expel Marsilio. The Emperor assembled all his Peers, to make them acquainted with his intended enterprize; and when he saw them before him, he inwardly congratulated himself that he was lord of *tanta bella baronia**. Ogier the Dane, Oliver of Vienna, Nainus of Bavaria, Salamon of Brittany, and Ganelon of Maganza, the traitor, all swear to support the pretensions of Orlando, who, by the Pope, is constituted Champion of the Church. Marsilio in vain endeavours to conciliate Charles, who, putting his army in motion, with reinforcements from England and Scotland, lays siege to Lazera in Navarre. Ferrau, the celebrated Pagan hero, who plays so prominent a part in Boiardo and Ariosto, here makes his appearance, for the first time, and challenges Orlando: Astolfo, the Paladin of England, leaves the camp of Charles to engage him, and is discomfited, as well as Oliver, Walter of Montlion, Otto, Samson of Picardy, and several other redoubted Peers. A conflict of a similar kind, and with a similar result, is to be found in Pulci, C. VIII., and in Boiardo, C. II.: in the latter, however, there are several considerable improvements. Orlando at length takes the field, and the fight between him and Ferrau continues at intervals during three days, neither champion having gained any material advantage: the termination of it is related as follows, in Canto V.:

Thus having said, the County back withdrew
Far as the bridge's width would well allow,
And cried, "Eternal God, that me dost view,
Let me not fall before this Pagan now!
Visit not Charles with this disaster new,
And the baptis'd, who faithful to thee bow!
Against this Moor grant me thy heavenly grace,
That I at length may slay him in this place!"

* Pulci on the same occasion says, that Charles fairly groaned with joy:

*Tanto che spesso d'allegrezza genu
Vagando tutti i paladini insieme*

* See particularly Cantos XXVII. and XXVIII. of the *Morgante Morgiano*, where they are frequently cited.

Then to his horse he said, Brave Val-
entine *,

In many a battle hast thou borne me well:
I never knew thy courage yet decline,
Let me not fall before this Pagan fell.
Here more than all let thy rare spirit shine,
And gain a prize the world can ne'er ex-
cell!"

The charger, to which God had sense al-
low'd,
Cheerily neigh'd, as of his praises proud.

Impatient of restraint, he beat the ground
With sounding hoofs, and struck out sparks
of fire,

To shew his master that he had not found
A steed that would not second his desire.
With joy Orlando felt his courser bound,
And then began his weapon to admire,
Saying, "Good sword, ywrought by ma-
gic skill,
Oft hast thou freed me from impending
ill.

"Thy temper yet I never knew to fail;
But thou hast ta'en the Pagans' lives with
joy.

Now let my strength against this foe avail
More than Achilles' 'gainst the flower of
Troy!"

Orlando felt new vigour to assail,
And, at one blow, his foeman to destroy,
With both his hands his sword he lifted
high,

And spurr'd towards the Pagan furiously.

His generous steed sprang forward to the
foe,

And, as it pleas'd the glorious King of all
To give consent, Orlando aim'd a blow,
Which on the shield of Ferran he let fall:
It split the shield, and to the saddle-bow
Descended, where it staid: resistance small
The Pagan's plated armour could afford
To the keen edge of great Orlando's sword.

It made its way through the huge baron's
side,

And gave a mortal wound to his bold
heart:

"Hold, hold thy hand!" he to Orlando
cried,

"And let my weary soul in peace depart!
Nor be thy holy baptism denied,
For well I see there is no other art
Can now avail, or grace from God secure,
Who was incarnate of the Virgin pure."

* Pulci, C. VII. st. 45 and 46, relates how Orlando recovered his horse Vegliantino, and his sword Durlindana. Boiardo, in the very opening of his romance, states as one of the objects of the Moors, in making war, the obtaining of this weapon.

Orlando hasten'd to obey his prayer,
And to baptise him lighted from his
steed;

Descending from the bridge on that side
where

The troops of Charlemagne kept watchful
heed.

Of his bright helm he laid his temples
bare,

For nought else could he find to serve his
need,

And, filling it with purest water, brought it
Brave Ferran to baptism, as he besought it.

After a variety of incidents most of them of considerable interest, (partly produced by Orlando's exchanging surcoats with Ferran, and entering Lazera as the victorious Pagan, with the dead body of Orlando,) the town, in the Seventh Canto, is taken. Pampeluna is assaulted by the Christians, but without success, in Canto XI.; and, two Cantos afterwards, occurs a most remarkable quarrel between Charles and Orlando, occasioned by an attack made by the latter, without orders, upon the city, in which Samson of Picardy and five hundred men were slain. When, afterwards, Orlando entered the royal tent—

Charles look'd on him, fury in his face,
And thus bespake in angry voice and loud:
"Curst be the hour I see thee, a disgrace
To me and mine, thou arrogant and proud!
Son of a beastly harlot*, odious, base!

Why without orders were my troops al-
low'd

To march to the assault? without com-
mand

How dar'dst thou be the leader of the
band?

"Last night with my brave people thou
departed:

By thee five hundred valiant lives were
lost;

Samson of Picardy, most noble hearted,
Fell by thy folly—thou shalt rue the cost.
No wonder if for him my heart has smart-
ed,

I lov'd him as I knew his worth the most;
Seven royal cities, fairest of the earth,
Compar'd with him were but of little
worth.

"I value not thy courage—not a pin†;
I'll not forget it long as life shall last:

* *Fio de Putana troitante.*

† *D'un ago*, used just in the sense that we employ the word *pin*.

Nothing shall ever my forgiveness win,
But dearly will avenge thy conduct past !"
Orlando scowling, with a hideous grin
Like a fell dragon, answer'd thus in haste:
" Charles—all the troops I took were
troops* of mine,

If lives were lost, the loss was none of
thine !

" Thou pay'st them not in silver or in
gold,
But by the Roman Church they all are
paid :

My twenty thousand followers I but hold
For her defence, to give her ready aid
Where'er her foes their standard dare
unfold.

If lawless Saracens her rights invade,
I march against them with my people free;
I serve the holy Church—I serve not
thee* !

And if of those I lose five hundred men,
And Samson with them, what is that to
thee ?

I need not ask for thy forgiveness, when
The Church I serve will not refuse it me !"
The Emperor paus'd not to reply again ;
An iron gauntlet on his hand had he,
And in a rage so fierce he could not speak,
He flung it, striking his proud Nephew's
cheek.

So violent and sudden was the blow,
Orlando stood, e'en by its force astounded,
And three large drops of blood began to
flow

Down from his nose †. The courtiers
who surrounded,

Wonder'd to see the Count wounded so,
Since God's own messenger before had
sounded,

In Aspramont, that he no wound should
feel,
And that his blood could not be drawn by
steel.

But when the Count, that he was wound-
ed saw

By the stiff gauntlet that the Emp'ror
threw,

In furious anger he began to draw
Great Durlindana, and towards him flew,
And had, in spite of reverence and awe,
Sever'd his head, but that, between the
two

Hush'd in Duke Namus and the Danish
Lord,

And held the hand that grasp'd the ven-
geful sword.

* Orlando was constituted by the Pope
" Champion of the Church."

† The words in the original are

*E tre goccie di sangue gli uscì
Di naso d'Orlando, a ognun maravigliato,*
§c.

The flinging of the gauntlet in the
face of another Knight is a very
usual incident in romances of this
kind †; and hence arose the practice
of throwing down the gauntlet, by
which a sort of implied blow was
given. Orlando leaves the camp of
Charles in disgust, and after serving
long in the East among the Pagans,
is discovered by his cousin Hugo,
and induced to return to the Em-
peror, who, for a number of years,
had in vain besieged Pampeluna, and
was now reduced to some extremity.
Orlando and Hugo take with them
two newly-converted Saracens, Pilagi
and Sansonet, and, on their way,
they have to pass a deep river: here
a little incident occurs, which is cu-
rious, because it is told so precisely
in the style and spirit of the author
of *Morgante Maggiore*.

When pass'd by Hugo and young Sanso-
net,

Into the stream Pilagi made a bound ;
But fondly calling upon Mahomet,
In the deep waters he was well nigh
drown'd :

The Christian seed in him was newly set,
And in this way no baptism he found.

He had been surely drown'd, if, from a
distance,

Orlando had not swam to his assistance.

It is here as difficult as in Pulci
to say whether Zinabi speaks from
mere superstitious simplicity, or whe-
ther he means to make a half joke of
the accident of Pilagi. The recon-
ciliation of Charlemagne and Orlan-
do does not take place until the 21st
Canto. Finding that the Count was
on his way, a number of the Chris-
tian Peers ride out to welcome him.

To camp some soon return'd in utmost
joy,

As if they strove who could rejoice the
most.

No sad desponding thoughts could now
annoy ;

They prais'd the Father and the Holy
Ghost.

When the consuming flames encircled
Troy,

The grief afflicting all the Trojan host,
Exceeded not the Christian's fierce delight,

To have the Count again before their sight.

† See Pulci, CIX. st. 30. where Rinaldo
strikes a giant in the same way.

The camp was mad the tidings to receive;
To welcome him the troops at once rush'd
out :

But Charles could not the happy news be-
lieve,

That Heaven had thus restored its cham-
pion stout.

Astolfo bursting in without all leave,
Breathless with joy and speed, remov'd
all doubt.

"Why com'st thou not to meet thy Ne-
phew dear?"

He rudely cried, "Orlando's self is here!"

When Charles in transport the clear truth
had heard,

That great Orlando was return'd indeed,
He mounted horse, and from his tent he
spur'd.

By many a Peer attend'd, at full speed.
He met the Count, and ere he spoke a word
For love, would have alighted from his
steed,

To do him honour whom he had dis-
graced:—

The Count leapt down, and the King's
foot embrac'd.

Charles, with all reverence due to his de-
gree,

Pull often kiss'd the forehead of his
Knight;

And brave Orlando, generous, frank, and
free,

Remounted with a bounding heart, and
light.

The Baronage, as joyous as might be,
Rode to the Emperor's pavilion bright,
And there the Paladins, renown'd and
bold,

All took their seats, as they were wont of
old.

It may be mentioned here, that
Pulci, in the 28th Canto of his *Mor-
gante*, citing the authority of

— *un cer' citarista*

— *Lattanzio appellato,*

hints at the foregoing incidents, but
only hints at them, entering into no
details; probably because Zinabi had
already made ample use of them, in
the romance under consideration.
Pulci also alludes, as follows, to a
circumstance to which Zinabi's poem
next proceeds:—

To Pampeluna the great Count came back,
Where Charles his camp had kept for
many years;

And found by art, Maccario made attack
On Charles's crown and wife, as there ap-
pears:

Charles to regain his empire was not slack,
And went in person to remove her fears;

For Malachal convey'd him, as entreated,
To where the dastard traitor was defeated.

Morg. Mug. C. xxviii.

Zinabi tells us, that the Soldan, be-
fore Orlando left the East, gave him
a book, like those of Malagigi and
Atlante, in Boiardo and Ariosto, by
which he was able to summon to his
assistance a thousand devils. The
Count employs it to gain intelligence
from Paris, and finds that Maccario,
the nephew of Ganelon, had inter-
cepted all communications between
Charles and his Queen, while the
former was before Pampeluna, and
that he was about to usurp the throne,
and compel Galerana to marry him.
Orlando obliges one of the demons,
(named Malachel, by Pulci,) to con-
vert himself into an aerial horse; and
in Canto XXII. Charles is placed
upon its back, in the habit of a pil-
grim, and conveyed in a single night
to Paris.

The demon from Pampeluna took its way.
Flying through air, with Charles upon its
back;

'Twas evening, even clearer than the day.
While Charles revolv'd upon the treachery
black,

The demon pointed out the realms that
lay

On either side, as they pursued their track,
(For it appear'd to talking much inclin'd,)
As well as others that they left behind.

Cried Charles, impatiently, "Make speed,
make speed!"

Be still, I know you only mean to lie."

"Normandy's there, (the demon would
proceed,)

And there is Brabant, there lies Bur-
gundy:

Picardy also may be seen indeed,

And that is Flanders, and that Gascony.

Champaigne and Brittany just there one
sees,

And there the Germans and the Genoese.

"Contano Castle stands on yonder hill—
There Limoges, where war they under-
stand:

That Island—you may see it if you will—
Is Britain—'tis a flat and fertile land."

Cried Charles again, half angrily, "Be
still,

I know the countries upon either hand,
As well as thou." The demon but replied.

"There is Provence—Montlion's on that
side."

So past the night. When matins 'gan to
sound,

Charles made the holy cross upon his
brest:

"Prais'd may He be, whose equal is not found !

And he St Denis also prais'd and blest !"

The demon saw Charles cross him, turning round,

And let him fall—that sign he must detest.
He fell upon the steps of his own palace,
And suffer'd nothing from the demon's malice.

This is another of those incidents, not peculiar to Pulci, and which one hardly knows in what light to consider, whether as burlesque or simplicity: recollecting the state of knowledge and superstition at the time Zinabi wrote, probably it was the latter: he proceeds,

That day Maccario should be crown'd—
I mean

Maccario, nephew to vile Gan the traitor—
That day he also was to wed the Queen,
The wife of Charles, such dreadful ills
await her.

When Charles had all these preparations
seen,

His rage and sorrow became keener,
greater ;

And, trembling as beneath a load of grief,
Sought his own kitchen, to implore relief.

The Emperor said, " I pray for charity,
Bestow on me some scraps of meat and
bread."

One of the scullions, who the fire stood by,
Took up a stick to strike him on the head,
Saying, " Begone, and that, too, instantly,
Or I will give you something else instead."
Charles seiz'd a billet that aside was
thrown,

And with it knock'd the brutal scullion
down.

His fellows ran in fury to his aid,
All arm'd with shovels, pokers, knives,
and hooks ;

But Charles so lustily about him laid,
That he made dreadful havoc 'mong the
cooks,

And of encountering made them all afraid.
Some died, some mercy ask'd, with pite-
ous looks ;

Three were quite kill'd, while others ran
away,

And for Gione cried in their dismay.

The Emperor swiftly mounted up the
stair,

Hoping to 'scape unseen, by thus retiring ;
But a young man, with a superior air,
Provided with a stick, well arm'd with
iron,

Enter'd the kitchen ere the cooks were
'ware :

Of the disturbance he began enquiring,

VOL. X.

Saying, " Are ye to drunkenness addicted ?
Or are ye with some madness all afflicted ?"

The cooks inform'd him, that a sturdy
knaue

Came asking charity, bot' bread and
meat ;

And that because, in sooth, they nothing
gave,

He with a billet 'gan them all to beat.

That three unable were their lives to save,
They were so powerless, and his strength
so great.

Soon as Gione heard them thus declare,
After the Emperor he rush'd up stair.

" Cowardly caittiff! wretch!" Gione cried,
" Be certain that this deed shall cost thee
dear!"

" Oh, noble Sir," Charles humbly thus
replied,

" Ere you condemn me, charitably hear :
An entrance all your servants me denied,
Because of Charles, the Emperor, news I
bear.

I'm from St James, and I have seen, in
sooth,

Charles at Pampluna—this is simple truth.

" Saloman, King of Brittany, I've seen,
Bavaria's Duke, and the high-minded
Dane.

With Gan and Walter I have also been,
And Oliver, whose valour ne'er had stain.
English Astolfo, Otto's son, I mean,
And great Orlando, who has thousands
slain ;

Arland, and Orbeland, and Turpin, there
I also saw ; with Otto, Berlinghier.

" Orlando has return'd, and all surpris'd,
From Mecca, with a Pagan youth of fame,
Who in our Christian faith has been bap-
tis'd,

Son to the Soldan—Sansonet his name.

Hugo of Brava, of the Count advis'd,
And Ansuigi made the great reclaim.
Orlando came out of the East with them
From Persia, Mecca, and Jerusalem."

These particulars cannot fail to
put the reader in mind of the latter
part of the Odyssey, of which it is
in some degree an imitation. What
follows, on the introduction of the
Emperor to the Queen, which we
must defer until our next article,
bears a still stronger resemblance.
We shall also then give Sostegno de
Zinabi's account of the

———*dolorosa rotta, quando*

Carlo magno perdè la santa gesta.

(*Dante Inf. cxxxl.*)

the bloody fight of Roncesvalles, with
the death of Orlando, and all the
Paladins of France.

AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY
OF 'ILL TAM.'

No. IV.

THE important crisis of my fate at last arrived. I had attained my tenth year—had learned to read with ease, if not with accuracy, all manner of English books, with the solitary exception of a black-letter Bible, which had descended, as an heir-loom of the family, from Janet MacCaig, my great and grand maternal grandmother, in regular succession downwards. Besides all this valuable acquisition, my presence was become exceedingly annoying at home. I made scout-guns of boretree, and squirted black dub-water upon the human face divine—stole gunpowder from a quarry—borrowed Rob Rankin's pistol, and frightened Jean Tait's "brawnit" cow, during the seventh month of her pregnancy, into a mis-carriage. I saddled the auld sow, and rode her through dub and mire, almost to death. I hung, for miles, suspended by a cow's tail, floating on, through the day, at the rate of seven knots an hour. I had Rover's ears cropped, and his tail set; and would have done the same good office by his arch-enemy, the cat, but for the risk which such an adventurous experiment implied. It was quite evident, that, as I advanced in years and strength—for in stature I continued long stationary—I made more than a proportionable advance in what the Ettrick Shepherd has denominated "deevlry:" and, consequently, that some new, and prompt, and efficient measures, were requisite, else, as my aunts very justly observed, "I would take up the house upon them." In the discussion of this very weighty and pressing consideration, I accidentally overheard my three female house-mates, closely and earnestly engaged, one evening betwixt sunset and dusk. Being habituated to pry about, and thrust my nose into every concern, I contrived to place myself so as to avoid discovery, and to hear all that was going forwards. The question of debate was—whether I should be sent to herd the gudeman of Auchincairn's stirks, or packed off incontinently to school? Now, to the latter part of this alternative I had conceived the most decided and rooted aversion: and

the ground of it was this:—About a twelvemonth before this period, one of my most intimate playfellows, but somewhat older and larger than myself, had been torn from a partnership in mischief, and packed off, with a pair (as it is called) of Latin Rudiments in his hand, to school. What besides he acquired, I pretend not to say; but this certainly he attained, a complete and most accurate notion of discipline—of those immemorial means, by which a certain number of naked "wipde'id" vocables are scourged into the shoulders and flanks of all boys, equally, and without discrimination. He was indeed the "austere master"—reaping where he did not sow, and exacting what it was entirely out of my power to render; for, ever as he advanced in his regular school-hours' lessons, with the whole family of relatives, from "guis" to "quavis," I was compelled to bring up my lea-way every evening, without book or preparation, over the obliquities of "penna," or irregularities of the whole families in "as" and "es." There did we stand, evening after evening, closely wedged and jammed up into the crevices of the "Cat-Craig;" he armed with a little brief authority, and inflicting the most scholastic discipline; I sometimes rebelling, and breaking out into a paroxysm of opposition; and again submitting, partly through coaxing, and partly through compulsion, to what I was taught to consider as the inseparable and essential practice of a school.—And that no means might be lost that were likely to forward my instruction, or to exemplify pedagogical tuition, I was subjected to a scale and gradation of punishment. From a leather thong were suspended, like trouts attached by the gills to a hooked and pliant switch, a large and graduated assortment of taws; from "Tickle Toby," whose office it was to preside over and correct errors of declension and conjugation, to the lengthened, and indurated, and tremendous "Rattler," who guarded every avenue of disrespect, or downright rebellion and disobedience of orders. There was not, in short, a variety of deficiency in point of memory, or of culpability on the score of negligence, or of inefficiency resulting from obstinacy and "con-

tempt of court," to which some one or other of these leathern executioners of the law did not apply. I have often thought, during these latter years in particular, of recommending this same simple, but ingenious method, to the consideration and wisdom of Parliament—in order that something like an adjusted gamut of criminal infliction might be constructed, upon which the various gradations of guilt and crime might be piped into durance, banishment, or eternity, according to the proportionate measure of demerit proven. Under this course of discipline, and with the comfortable assurance that all my experience was inadequate to the forming a conception of the inconceivable rigours which obtained *elsewhere*, it was not surprising, that, when I heard the petticoated Divan in suspense betwixt the "stirks" and the "Rudiments," I had secretly decided the question in my own mind, in favour of that easy, loitering profession, in the occupancy of which, I should, like Rob Rankin, find time to plait rush brigadier-caps—to noose and flay eels—beat spring saugh into whistles; and bring out into life and heroic bravery, hen eggs—beneath corbies, grey gledes, and sparrow-hawks. Of this resolution, however, I made no public intimation; and when my cousin "Will Morine" arrived to examine me, at my mother's request, previous to my dismissal to school, or to stirk-herding, as might eventually appear most eligible, I had already taken my ground, from which, I conceived, all my examiner's three years' knowledge of Latinity would be unable to drive me. My cousin arrived one morning pretty early, but Tam was not to be found; nor could the elements be prevailed upon, on this occasion, to *thunder** him from his retreat. A search was instituted in all directions; and there was no lack of vocal invocation and expostulation, all of which I heard most distinctly. The plan I had adopted had nearly succeeded to my utmost wish and expectation, and my cousin was upon the point of quitting the investigation for his school exercises, when Fate, which governs kingdoms

as well as individuals, thought proper to traverse my well-conducted stratagem, by means neither dignified nor proportioned, as one might have supposed, to the magnitude of the consequences. A hen, which had been placed somewhat involuntarily in the act of incubation, and over which, with the view of securing her "sitting," a large and deep "possing-tub" had been inverted, or, as my mother termed it, "whummelled," was observed "ultra fines"—in other words, upon the outside of her prison-hold, and feeding amongst her contemporaries and associates, very much at her ease, and as if no important charge had been entrusted to her care. This immediately led to further investigation and proceedings, all of which terminated in the lifting up of the edge of the tub, and in the disclosure to view of the unfortunate object of long and solicitous search, sitting squat upon the eggs, or rather upon the shells, which were now fixed, indented, and plastered, in yellow Mosaic, all over the lower extremities of his person. One man may take a horse, they say, to the pond, but no conceivable number of grooms will compel him, if disinclined, to drink: and although thus foiled, and befooled, and laughed at, in my first measure, I had still another resource, from which I was resolved, that neither Greek nor Latin, "nor any other creature," should drive me. I was resolved to put a curb-bridle upon my tongue; and whatever might be my knowledge of the subjects proposed for my consideration, to indicate ignorance, by silence, or by answers altogether impertinent. In those days, it must be recollected, "Spurzheim" was unknown; and for the best of all possible reasons, because, probably, he was not then born. "Combe" had not been heard of; and even the "Minister of Crossmichael" had not thrown all his flaxen influence into the scale of Bumpology. In the absence of oral exhibition, there was no visible or visual method of approximating or ascertaining the exact modicum of rationality with which any particular skull was supplied. My mother, indeed, (seconded and supported, in her rather lengthy statements, by my aunts,) prefaced this formidable

* *Ibid* "True and Authentic History," No. II.

examination, by putting my cousin in possession of the somewhat extensive field of my qualifications. I had deaved her with "hic, hæc, hoc, Jenny Nivison!" I even talked of genders, cases, and numbers, in my sleep. I had a complete knowledge of the "Singles;" had mastered the greater part of "the Proofs;" and was up to the ears and elbows in "the Willison's." I was acquainted with the history of John Knox; had served a regular apprenticeship to the "Holy War;" and could travel "the Pilgrim" through all the sloughs and wicket-gates betwixt "Despond" and the "New Jerusalem." I was, besides, expert in all handicraft performances, and endowed with an astonishing turn for music. It never rains but it pours. My good mother did not limit her discourse to the present subject of inquiry merely, but expatiated largely, and, as Shakspeare says, "extravagantly," on all the wide range of my capacities and attainments. For this proceeding, however, it must be recollected, she had highly respectable authority and precedent, particularly in the similes of Homer, where there is confessedly one word for application to the subject of illustration, and fifty to that of extraneous amplification, for effect—mere effect! Latin being the touchstone—or, as they would term it now—a-days, in these mineralogical times, the "nitric acid"—by which not only proficiency, but all manner of capacity was ascertained, or ascertainable, my cousin wisely passed over Knox, Willison, and Bunyan, for honest old Ruddiman. "How many declensions are there, Tam?—Three; the masculine, feminine, and neuter!—Humph! How many cases are there?—Two; singular and plural!—How many numbers are there?—Four; the first hath a long before *re* of the infinitive, the second hath—" Here my detail of longs and shorts was interrupted by my examiner, who insisted, in order to change the subject, upon my giving him a stave of a psalm tune: and as I had been heard shouting,

"Dundee it is a bonny town,
Surrounded with a wall,"

I was incontinently placed, by my cousin, upon the scent of this mea-

sure. Hitherto, indeed, I had acted a part, and increased my natural ignorance by an affected stupidity; but, in this case, Nature—benignant Nature, stood my friend, and enabled me to go over the first four lines of this singing-school dudge, without coming within cry of a note. My cousin turned me back again to the commencement, made me strike the first note after him, thus, "Dun-n-n—dee-ee;" but whenever he went up, I went regularly down, and vice versa; so, shutting my eyes, with the view of decrying the thin and shadowy form and limber shape of sound, more distinctly, I continued, for a season, in the attitude of a blind ballad-singer, pouring out his lightnings, and shipwrecks, and visitations of Providence, over the street-way. When I had travelled at last through

"Powder and through ball*,"

to the termination, upon resuming my visual capabilities, I found myself placed in the attitude of a voice crying in the wilderness; my mother having been called out on some business, and my cousin being half-way down the "Carse Meadow," on his way to school! Sed nemo omnibus horis sapit—aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus—improvisa vis rapuit rapitque.—It was decreed, after all, that I should accompany my cousin, next Monday morning, to school, where my capabilities would be better sounded; and, accordingly, away I was compelled to trudge, having previously laid in a stomach-supply of parrich, and a pocket-loading of potato-scones and caraway-seeded cheese. I meditated desertion at three or four different turnings of the road; but whether from accident or design, I know not, my conductor's eye was never, even for

* The verse, as I used to hear it sung of old, in "King's" singing-school, under the aid of what Mrs Fæd designated an adulterous (*quasi* idolatrous) pipe, ran thus:

"Dundee it is a bonny town,
Surrounded with a wall,
But brave Argyle did level it
With powder and with ball.

The author's best compliments to "King," if still alive; he was a noble fellow at a song and a bowl;—vivat valeatque, pueri virginibusque olim cantet!

an instant, off me. At length, after three miles of rather difficult navigation, through

"Muir and mosses thony-O,"

I arrived 'within eye-shot of the school, or, as it is now termed, the academy.

Had I been advancing upon the Doctor, in order to have a tooth pulled, or upon Francie Robinson, under the moral certainty of having my ears lengthened and flushed into scarlet, my heart could not have beat faster than it did, when first the spacious and imposing building, appropriated to the education of youth, uprose into view. The establishment of which I am now speaking, is, and has long been, well known in the south of Scotland, and indeed over every part almost of the British Empire. Having been founded upon a Mortification in behalf of the parish where it is erected, gratis instruction, in every branch of education necessary for an academical course of study, is amply and most conscientiously afforded to every parishioner; and such has been the merited celebrity of the teachers for many years past, that many have resorted thither, from all quarters of the kingdom, to share and enjoy the benefit of the instruction dispensed. There are at this moment straying upon the banks of the Gauges, of the St Lawrence, and of the Mississippi, many whose hearts are still true to home—to the tale of other years—and to all the endeared recollection which so respected an "Alma Mater" is calculated to suggest. There are almost in every habitable climate under heaven, some whose souls will still leap within them, at the watch-words—"Gravel-walk, and Castle-wood, and Cample-slacks!" and should the feeble and imperfect "history" of an individual, about whom, and whose fortunes, the world has hitherto discovered too little interest and concern, ever reach any one old school-fellow, or class-mate, of "Ill Tam," let him give three distinct cheers, cut as many capers, (if free from the gout and rheumatic pains,) and drink, in a cupful of the best he can procure, "the memory of WALLACE!" But I digress sadly, and must return to my feelings. As I

approached the large square in front of the school, and school-master's house, which was appropriated as play-ground to upwards of two hundred scholars, I advanced through a gateway into the open court, and presented at that moment, I am well aware, somewhat of an uncouth and ridiculous appearance. My hat had lost the rim, or brim, and was tarred all over the crown, and down to my very ears; my coat was gray-duffle; my waistcoat a remnant of my mother's middle-petticoat, with stripes, or white and yellow bars across; my breeches, which were attached to my waistcoat, were of a piece with my coat; and my person terminated in a pair of soleless stockings, or hoshens, with a loop strung over the great toe. The large and tin-clasped household Bible occupied one hand, whilst I kept the other in a state of free and disengaged agency against all incidental occurrences, whether in bringing the extremity of my coat-tail, in the character of pocket-handkerchief, into contact with my nose, or in conducting my arm and coat-sleeve with a masonic sweep across my upper-lip. To encrease my embarrassment, and more fully to expose my awkwardness, after having seen me fairly stationed within the court-yard, with my back to the wall, my conductor found it agreeable or necessary to desert me. I never felt so lonely, or helpless, or out of countenance, in all my life. But as every one around me seemed too much occupied with himself to notice me, I ventured slowly, timidly, and gradually, up to a knot or cluster of boys, whose heads and shoulders were all clustered, and jammed, and dove-tailed, into each other, around a "ring." I had only just thrust my head cautiously, when an opening offered; betwixt the elbows of two of the players, when all of a sudden my heels were fairly tripped from beneath me, and my Bible flying one way, and I another, we both came to the ground back to back. Foremost, with a most alarming freedom. I was literally stunned, and my travelling companion had burst the clasp, and sent forth into air, and over the surrounding-ground, all my aunt's marks, wherewith her favourite texts and chapters were distinguished. This

was like the "Rock and the wee pickle Tow," rather a weary beginning o't; and, to augment my chagrin, I found myself the object, not of commiseration or pity, but of universal contempt and derision. I had marred upon my cub-toes, as he expressed it, one of the player's bowls, and had thus deprived him of his chance of "picking the ring." Seeing myself quite ousted in this quarter, I hustled off slowly, and under a most galling discharge of "quiz," to a more deserted and less seemingly exposed station.

Here, however, I had not remained above ten minutes, occupied in replacing the Bible title-page, which, being previously loose, had fallen out, with all the long *et cetera* of thread-paper markings, when plump, or rather thump, upon my back, and immediately betwixt my shoulders, arrived there a most unmerciful blow from a hard leather-covered ball. I absolutely gasped for breath, and my eyes felt as if starting out of their sockets, in quest of safety; and whilst I was staring in utter amazement and dismay around, another visitation, of a similar nature, upon the jaw-bone, made all my nerves ring through my brain, like the strings of an ill-tuned harpsichord. "Why didn't ye say 'Areest ye,' then?" exclaimed a little imp, not half my size, appearing, at the same time, to commiserate the tears which had been forced over my cheek; "why didn't ye cry 'Areest ye,' and I could na have hit you yonder*?" But ere he had finished his expostulatory address, I had the satisfaction to see him visited in his turn, upon the bread-basket, in a manner which bore ample testimony to the good will and aim with which the throw had been made. "Pin him up, pin him up," was repeated and re-echoed on all sides, whilst the contest, and jostling, and scrambling, and bustling, was most fearful and alarming. Balls were flying in all directions, thick as at Watfloo, and over the heads of some, too, who did their

country service on that memorable occasion. Having fled into a corner, and escaped fairly beyond the reach of all aggression from "Toosty," I was somewhat suddenly visited by a round knot, or wooden-ball, which, after performing a few revolutions, quietly settled down close upon my bare toes. Scarcely had I ascertained, in the most cautious manner, the nature of my new visitor, by thrusting out my toes over it, and by moving the object backwards and forwards, when, down upon me, like a pack of hounds in full cry, armed with hooked and gnarled cudgels, came a whole posse-comitatus of school-boys, hallooing, and bellowing, and gaping, and swinging their weapons in full dash; and ere I had time or reflection to withdraw my toes from their assail, a full score of clubs had descended, and my poor unoffending, defenceless pedal decemvirate, was beaten almost into one broad and bruised unity. I belted upright, and roared it lustily; but all to no purpose. I might as well have remonstrated with a West Indian tornado; all was rattle, and rap, and scrape, and drive, and push, beneath and around, and almost within me, for I was pinned at last up to the wall like the skeleton of a dead heron; till some one, having trundled out the ball from amongst the jungle of shins and shinties, was seen making off with the prize to a distance, and was pursued, to my infinite relief, full speed and drive. I quickly embraced this favourable opportunity of ensconcing myself from the risks and fervours of "shinty*," under a porch-way, where a boy, with a little wooden box full of hardware articles, was exposing his goods, amidst his old school-fellows, to sa'. I had not stood long, however, admiring the hart's-horn-handle of a pen-knife, when a roguish lout eyeing me askance, sent me head foremost, with a sudden and seemingly accidental jerk, over the whole allotment of knives, buckles, ink-horns, scissors, watch-chains, and hand-sleeve buttons. This was not to be tolerated, so without any very scrupulous investigation into the origin of this "stramash," the little

* This game is played with two pretty hard balls; and each player is at liberty to hit his neighbour, under the single limitation of standing stock still, whenever the word, "Areest ye" are addressed to him.

* Every boy knows "shinty," who has had his shins broken at the sport.

pedlar fell to cuffing and fisting me, back and sides, most unmercifully; lifting, at the same time, my Bible, and vowing, before man and angels, (for he worded it like a prince,) that he would retain the book in lieu of greater damages, to which he was entitled. To this arrangement, however, I remonstrated, and being seconded in my claim by one of the assistant teachers, who chanced to be passing at the time, I recovered my Bible, and betook myself to the back of the school-house, where the girls, or, as they were called by us, "lasses," in a separate and retired group, were amusing themselves. Being altogether ignorant of the laws of their game, I unfortunately placed my broad flounder-hoof upon one of their compartments; in consequence of which, two or three of the more advanced united their efforts in pushing me, quite unceremoniously, aside. Feeling at length indignant at the depth of degradation, insult, and injury, at which I had arrived, I ventured to remonstrance, not, indeed, in words, but by an angular protrusion of my elbow, resuming, at the same time, with a determined air, my original position. Hereupon an Amazonian heroine fairly spit in my face, and lent me an accompanying compliment with her clenched fist upon the ear. This was more than even rusticity and simplicity itself could quietly pocket; so dashing down my Bible, without respect of mark or passage—placing my right foot forward, and fixing the heel of my left in the further orifice of one of the "holes" of contention, I returned my fair antagonist the compliment with usurious interest. Had I stumbled plump upon a wasp-bink, or pismire hill, I could not have excited greater commotion; the whole squad closed in upon, and absolutely overlaid me with squalls, blows, and every variety of nail-work. My blood, however, was warmed; I had fairly crossed the Rubicon; it was now with me, "*in for a penny, in for a pound*;" so shutting my eyes, stooping my head, and leaning forwards incumbent over the fray, I continued for some time to lay about me most unmercifully, until arrested, of a sudden, by an authoritative and athletic arm. It was the master himself, who, in convoca-

ting the school, had caught me in an attitude at once so degrading and unmanly. I was hugged rather than conveyed into school; and after a short morning prayer, not one word of which I listened to, I was immediately brought up into the master's presence, along with my petticoated antagonists, for trial. It had like to have fared hardly with me, for my female accusers were loud and clamorous in their allegations, averring that I had insulted and maltreated them in the most shameful and insufferable manner imaginable. One of them even went so far at last as to assert, that my insolence and misconduct had not been confined to this outrage,—but that, for these several weeks past, I had never let them be at peace. "I was aye fashin' wi' them." By proving too much, one is apt to prove less than the truth; so I was at last dismissed with a reprimand, whilst my accusers were severely chastised for their disingenuity and falsification. Although, in this instance, I may be considered as having gained a victory over my antagonists, yet I had frequent cause to regret the occurrence, in the rooted antipathy which was brought to bear against me, from all the females of the school, for many days after.

I shall never forget the impression which the appearance of the "head master" of the academy made upon me. I beheld before me a middle-sized figure, with a round oval face, fresh and ruddy complexion, keen and intelligent eyes, veiled in spectacles, and armed with a pair of enormous taws, coiled up into the hand in the attitude of a serpent, ready to spring upon its prey. There was a promptness, authority, and decision, in all he did or said, which, when seconded and enforced by the jingling noise of dry and well-brushed shoes, overpowered with awe, at the same time that these qualities inspired respect and confidence; and at this hour, when I wish to figure to myself a perfect school-master, strict, yet indulgent; severe, yet just; kindly affectioned, yet above favouritism; subject to just as much of the frailty and weakness of humanity, as to give a relish to those more sterling endowments; I sit down in my arm-chair, plait my legs, shut my

cyes, and, from the mist and the distance of departed Time, call forth into embodied form my earliest, my best preceptor. "Sit tibi terra levis;" and long may the memory of thy worth, and thy peculiarities, survive in the breasts of those who have benefited so essentially by thy instructions!

I was conveyed *up* the room, as it was termed, and placed under the tuition of one of three assistants, whose office it was to see me instructed in the Catechism, to hear me read the Bible, to ground me in spelling, and attend to my writing. I was placed at the very foot of the Bible-class, and (most unfortunately for my sides, which she continued to elbow incessantly,) next to my female antagonist. In about fifteen minutes after my admission, we were all called up to say—in other words, to read our lesson. It was, I remember well, from the book of Kings, and we read each a verse in succession. When it came to my turn to begin, you might have heard a pin drop. "In those days there was no king in Israel, and every man did according to that which was right in his own eyes!" Having read these words, in the most drawling *antiquated* (quasi *legas antiquated*) manner, accompanied, at the same time, with an air of infallibility, as who would say, "I am Sir Oracle,—" the whole class laughed; all the school was in a titter; and even the master himself, whilst he reproved, and even chastised others, could not help smiling. What I wanted, however, in point of manner, I had in more substantial acquisition; and ere many months had elapsed, I had ascended within three of the head.

Winter being now arrived, we had the benefit of a fire in the upper school, to which all of us were in our turn admitted during the school hours, and close by which the master generally placed his own chair. We wore in general, during winter, clogs, or large wooden-soled shoes, shod and toe-pieced with iron; and whilst my arch-antagonist, the Amazon, was one day warming herself at the fire, in the immediate presence of the master's shins, I contrived, unseen, to thrust a small live-coal into the heel of her clog, which having burnt its way through the stocking,

penetrated at last, even through the thick hide of the heel, to the quick. The pain was at once sudden and severe, and occasioned in the girl a most unguarded and unfortunately-directed kick forwards, in endeavouring to disengage her foot from the clog. This brought the iron scone into contact with the master's shins, and this again, in its turn, brought down upon the shoulders of the offending girl a large and immediate allowance of pedagogical chastisement.

On another occasion, and about the same period, whilst I was, according to use and wont, employed in eating "my piece" during the interval, or what we termed "middle of the day," I was prevailed upon, by a big lump of a farmer lad, to occupy the extremity of a short bench upon which he was seated; whereupon he rose up suddenly, and my occiput came into immediate contact with the pavement behind me. This affront being quite public, was absolutely intolerable; so I plucked up courage, and lent him, with all my strength, a firm chopper on the jaw-bone. This led at once to a regular set-to, in which, partly from address, and partly from the encouraging cheering of my school-fellows, who of course sided with the weaker party, I obtained a decided victory. This battle, thus conducted to a happy issue, was absolutely the making of me. It was fought in the presence of all my school-fellows, who had mounted upon benches and tables, and even upon each other's shoulders, to witness it; and I could hear my name, hitherto but partially known, associated with the most flattering epithets. My female antagonists sunk into mere insignificance, and even my male associates admitted that I was "a devil of a fellow," when put in a passion. Cato became himself again. I was henceforth "the True and Authentic Ill Tam," which, previous to my school education, I had ever been.

* * * * *

P. S.—As my Uncle is just upon the eve of proceeding with the account of his "classical education," and with some rather interesting traits of his character, during that important period of his life, it may be as well to pause here, and to subscribe myself at once,—yours truly,

X.

THE LIFE OF CALEB CORNHILL.

Chapter VI.

I KNOW not how it came into my head,
But come it did, that I would be a
poet ;

And though I cherish'd pleasing hopes
amid

My heart's deep silence, I wish'd none
to know it ;

And, like my brethren, hence I did not
write

For fame—that transient meteor of a
night.

No—I believe 'twas that mysterious, pas-
sion,

Which men call Love, that tempted me
to try it ;

And this could scarce be call'd a great
transgression ;

It sooth'd the sorrows I was forced to
sigh at—

The adverse fate that kept me from pos-
sioning

All that on earth which I conceiv'd a
blessing.

Yes ! I was young, and I had no posses-
sion

Of herds and flocks—no cottage of
mine own ;

And though I never heard the sweet con-
fession,

I thought that kindness in her glances
shone ;

That Mary—though I knew not the rea-
lity—

Confess'd for me the strongest partiality.

At last my mother, who was fond of
singing,

Inform'd our parson that I was a rhy-
mist,

And I look'd like a sheep while he was
wringing

The secret from my bosom, as a chy-
mist

Torments the earthly elements with
flame ;—

And I confess'd—and why should I think
shame ?

Ha ! why should I think shame to prune
my wing,

And try to fly, though I was doom'd
to crawl ?

My course was never venturous—a spring
Half hop, half flight—and far I could

not fall ;—

Even mighty minds—although they hard-
ly knew it

Amid their pride—have miss'd the mark
they flew at.

* VOL. X.

Our parson was a man of taste, I thought ;
Of little fancy, but of sterling sense ;
And he to learn what sort of style I wrote,
Thus spoke to me with all his elo-
quence,

Thus shew'd his lore—and I was proud
to shew it—

At the expence of many a mighty poet :—

“ Then wilt thou write romantic tales,
like Scott,

With all of fancy's wild magnificence ?
Or strike, like Campbell, a deep organ
note,

Although the music sometimes drown
the sense ?

Or fill, like Thomas Moore, the songs of
passion

With far-fetch'd similies—a strange trans-
gression ?

“ Or wilt thou sit, like an hysteric maid,
Like Wordsworth, weeping o'er a faded
daisy ?

Or wrap thyself, like Coleridge, in a
shade

Of unintelligible thoughts and crazy ?

Or wade, like Crabbe, through folly, vice,
and dirt,

To talk with mortals that have scarce a
shirt ?

“ Wilt thou, like Byron, with distorted
mind,

Clothe home-ideas like the eastern
kings,

And send them back again to dupe the
blind,

Who hail them all as new created
things ?

Or try, like Percy Shelly—very odd !—
To wound the pious, and insult thy God ?

“ Or wilt thou venture and succeed like
Southey,

To pay addresses to the Epic muse ?

Or weave a web of recollections youthy,

As Rogers doth—though not of bril-
liant hues ?

Or, like Montgomery, with a nameless art,
Pour forth the holiest feelings of the
heart ?”

I said, I never had a model sought for,
But he might have a sample of my
rhyme,

And from my manuscripts this song I
brought, for

I could produce no better at the time,
And whether he might blame it or ap-
prove,

It had a pretty name—

“ A WOMAN'S LOVE.”

“ A woman's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the violet flower,

That lifts its modest head apart
In some sequester'd lower ;
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets ;
He heeds not life's oppression gloom,
Nor all the care he meets !

" A woman's love is like the spring
Amid the wild alone,
A burning wild, o'er which the wing
Of cloud is seldom thrown ;
And blest is he who meets that fount
Beneath the sultry day,
How gladly shall his spirits mount !
How pleasant be his way !

" A woman's love is like the rock
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves ;
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given,
The world, with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven."

I watch'd the workings of his face while
reading,
And though I shrunk to think of his
opinion,
I saw his feelings in my favour pleading—
And feelings have o'er every heart do-
minion ;
O yes ! he prais'd me—and I henceforth
vow'd
To be a poet—if indeed I could.

But all my hopes were soon turn'd topsy-
turvy,
And all my present pleasures blasted
too ;
There was a man, whom I conceiv'd a
scurvy,
A paltry, senseless fellow, came to woo
My lovely Mary—and could she reject
him ?
For he was rich—and parents would re-
spect him.

O jealousy is cruel as the grave !
As Solomon discover'd long before me ;
It toss'd my spirit like the ocean-wave,
It threw despair's funereal darkness
o'er me ;
And now I thought to kill myself—and
then
To kill the man the cause of all my
pain.

But I was mad—I never yet had told
The glowing secret that like fire tor-
mented ;
Indeed my trembling arms did once enfold
The heart I lov'd—and often I repented

That in that soft, that sweet, that secret
hour,
I spoke not freely—but I had not power.

But I had err'd—and thought myself, in
truth,
Unworthy of the maid whom I ador'd ;
I had been revelling with the village
youth,
And romping with the girls—and I
abhor'd
My very self—and though I might be
better
Than I conceiv'd—I wrote this whining
letter :—

" Of mournful things, my Mary ! I have
sung,
Ay, chiefly mournful—for, on looking
back
Upon the past, my heart is wildly wrung,
To see the dark and desolated track
That now behind me in its gloom ap-
pears,
In spite of all the hopes of better years.

" And yet there is one star amid the dark,
'Mid all the gloom that overhangs me
now ;
I turn with pleasure to that heav'nly
mark—
Heav'nly, although it sprung from
earth—O thou,
My lovely Mary !—art the light that
beams
Its cheering ray upon my darkest dreams.

" When first I gaz'd upon thy smiling
face,
'Thou wast, I think, a child of ten years
old,
But, in thy bud of beauty, I could trace
The lovelier, riper bloom I now behold :
I lov'd thee as a child—but now my heart
Would part with all—before with thee it
part.

" I lov'd thee as a child—the will of
Heaven
Our ways divided—long we never met ;
Long—till a vision to my heart was given,
That, like a polar summer sun, shall set
But only once, in the long wintry night
Of death, that quenches every mortal
light.

" A lovely vision ! more substantial far
Than any dream that warms the poet's
heart—
'Twas thou, whose eye beams like a ra-
diant star,
Whose lips like twin-buds that the
breezes part,
Whose charms were then, as they will
ever be,
All that endear'd this darksome world to
me.

" 'Tis not that thou art beautiful alone
That thus I love thee—nay, I cannot
tell

The magic cause—but thou, like heaven,
has shone

In glory on the heart that loves thee
well;

And wonderful it seems—'tis strange to
me

That heart should err, even while it dotes
on thee.

Full well I know—and I lament the
case—

Thou dar'st not love me, though thy
heart consented,

For I have walk'd in the forbidden ways
Of vice and folly, which, though oft re-

pent-ed,
Hath been renew'd; but I shall surely
now

Return, and be as blameless even as thou.

" Oh ! by the words that thy sweet lips
have spoke,

And by the kiss that thy sweet lips
have given

In softest hours, when none upon us
broke,

No eye beheld us but the eye of Heaven,
I swear by these, that I shall henceforth
be

Worthy myself—nay, worthy even of
thee !

' Oh, say, then, that thou lov'st ! forbid
me not

To hope ; there is no other earthly stay
That I can cling to ; I have long devote

My heart to thee, and now to tear away
The feelings round thee that so fondly
twine,

Demands a power superior far to mine.

" Oh, say then that thou lov'st ! and I will
toil

With all the energy that God hath given,
'Till I behold thee at my fireside smile—

My only resting-place, my earthly
heaven—

Where thou shalt be an angel by my side,
To soothe my woes, and all my ways to
guide."

My Mary answer'd not with pen and ink ;
But as one eve I stray'd along the
brook,

I met my gentle Mary—and I think

I read forgiveness in her soften'd look ;

I read—Oh, all the fondest heart could
wish,

In the confession of a lovely blush !

I open'd all my heart ; its hope, its fear,
Its bliss, its agony, were all reveal'd ;
And Mary listen'd, not without a tear,
A tear that every wound of sorrow heal'd,
A tear as lovely as the saints' high
Could shed in pity for mortality.

Yet Mary promi'd not to be my bride ;
But Modesty—that tender, timid feel-
ing—

(And Modesty will often strive to hide
The truths that artless glances are re-
vealing,)

'Twas Modesty, as I at length discover-
ed,

Repell'd the words that o'er her sweet
lips hover'd.

I was the happiest now of humankind ;
It was an extacy I scarce could bear ;

I felt me like a disembodied mind,
That treads the floods and walks upon

the air ;

By Heavens ! my heart—if there be such
a bliss—

Felt all the agony of happiness.

Chapter VII.

" 'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of
retreat,

To peep at such a world"—as Cowper
says—

To see mankind, like flies in summer
heat,

Gambol and labour in their thousand
ways ;

To see them battle, too, with all their
might,

On bloodless paper—'tis a charming sight !

Amid the quiet of our pastoral vale,
Where Nature smil'd in every lovely
form,

I joy'd upon my evening hearth to hail,
When o'er the cottage howl'd the moun-
tain storm,

The patch-work Magazines, the tart Re-
views,

And those dear sheets of paper called the
News.

To see them whitening (with a labour
bootless.)

Weak mortals, and bespattering men
of merit,

As once I saw a child (man's vain how
soon !)

Endavouring keenly to blow out the
moon.

There came the "London Monthly's,"
each a tree

With only two or three green leaves
upon it :

Not those of whining sensibility,

Not those diversified with cockney
sonnet ;

But those that Campbell steeped in hea-
venly dews,

Or Scott once brighten'd with ethereal
hues.

There came the mighty rivals—two Re-
views

Yclep'd the Quarterly—both wonderous
wise ;

If one applaud, the other must abuse ;

If one esteem, the other must despise ;

While the poor author, with each mighty
stroke,

Is beat and batter'd like a shuttlecock.

They both are sometimes clever, some-
times dull ;

But though they thus delight them-
selves to battle,

Why should they authors into pieces pull,
Like foolish children fighting for a
rattle !

Why should they thus, in such a con-
flict, squirt

In other's eyes scurrility and dirt ?

Here Wellington's a perfect god of war,

And there a prodigal profuse of blood ;

Here Canning is a bright benignant star,

A sun-flower there, that, for its private
good,

Is ever turning, and 'tis wisely done,

With smiling aspect to its fostering sun.

Here Brougham's a paragon for every
speaker,

And there he's only sustain, froth, and
foaming ;

Here Burdett's nothing but a quiet
breaker,

And there he's all the noblest mind
becoming ;

Here Vansittart's reducing all the "Lists,"

And there he's groaning with the Metho-
dists.

Here Eldon is the justest man on earth,

There he's unjust unto the hand that
rais'd him,

Even to his Queen—hence Maitland of
the North

Now gets the curses of the lips that
prais'd him ;

And great Montrose, they say, who had
no claim

To shew his teeth, spoke—how unlike a
Grahame !

Chapter VIII.

Although our cottage was a lonely home,
A lonely home as well may be on
earth,

And though our neighbours seldom went
to come

And join the circle on our evening
hearth,

Yet we were not companionless—the
flowers,

The hills, the dales, the streams, the
woods, the rocks were ours !

We had the lark's song when the morn-
ing was risen,

We had the linnet's when the day de-
clin'd,

And we had all the visitants of heaven,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the pip-
ing wind,

The hurrying cloud—and who could feel
a dearth

Of happiness on such a lovely earth !

Oh happy is the spirit that beloves

All lovely things in ocean, earth, and
sky !

Pleasure shall meet him whereso'er he
roves,

Like smiling angel with benignant eye ;

For his imagination throws a robe
Of glittering light, like sunshine, o'er the
globe.

And happy is the spirit that can fly

From dissipation and its noisy mirth,

To feast upon the beauteous scenes that
lie

In Nature's ample lap—for such give
birth

To fancies fair as e'er to heart were given,
To feelings blameless as a saint's in hea-
ven.

But what are verdant hills, and flowery
dales,

The sky-lark's carolling, the linnet's
bill ?

What are the dropping dews, the breath-
ing gales,

The roaring cataract, the tinkling rill ?

What is the heaven above, the earth be-
low,

To those whose hearts are withering with
their woe !

Fortune, whose smiles are, like man-
kind's, deceit,

Changed her fair aspect to a wintry
gloom ;

Oh how we shrink the gathering storm
to meet,

That overhang us with a fearful doom !

't came—and though it had the power
 L. to give
 Us many a pang, we felt that we could
 live.

Our friend, indeed, unworthy of the
 name,
 Who thought us falling farther than
 we did,
 Believing all the tales of evil fame,
 Assum'd the scornful eye, the haughty
 head;

Yet it was but a transient grief to find
 A well-known truth—the baseness of
 mankind.

But Mary was not changed—her gentle
 breast
 Was kinder still—and how my spirit
 blest her!

Pity, that holy friend of the distress'd,
 Pity of Love the younger, gentler
 sister.

Oh yes! I found that on my dreary way,
 I had a friend, my certain, only stay.

'Twas near the closing of the year, and I,
 Amid the clouds that o'er our dwelling
 hung,
 Mourn'd o'er the hopes of poor mortality,
 And all its happiness—and thus I
 sung

A pensive song, and sent it, as I ween,
 To be the pride of all the Magazine:—

“The clock strikes twelve—another year,
 Another transient year is gone,
 Like waters that we cannot hear
 To seas that are unknown.

“Like arrow from the elastic string,
 Whose pathless course no gazer knew;
 Like shadow's evanescent wing
 That o'er the mountain flew;

“Like sweeping of the wintry wind,
 That died along the midnight plain;
 'Tis gone—but marks are left behind
 That ever will remain.

“It leaves no trace upon the sky,
 No furrow on the ocean-wave;
 Its griefs in human hearts do lie,
 Its ruins in the grave.

“Ah! many a happy wife who hail'd
 The dawning of the last year's morn,
 Is now, when every joy hath fail'd,
 A widow all forlorn.

“And many a happy child that play'd
 Around a father's, mother's knees,
 Is now a bloom without a shade,
 A leaflet in the breeze.

“And many a man of wealth and power,
 Whose heart was proud, whose brow
 was high,
 Is trod like a neglected flower
 That on the ground doth lie.

“And many a maid whose hopes were
 bright,
 With all that youth and beauty gave,
 Is gone from each admirer's sight,
 And hidden in the grave.

“Such are the ravages of Time!
 Though passing by on silent foot,
 He brings the bud, the blossom's prime,
 The autumn's mellow fruit.

“He brings us to this mortal life,
 And through each scene of being here,
 He brings us joy, he brings us strife,
 He brings us hope and fear.

“But lo, he sends the wintry storm
 To blight each leaf, to blast each bloom;
 And lo, he sends the human form
 To moulder in the tomb!

“Thus, year by year, man's race is run,
 And whose in this no mortal knows;
 But many shall see it begun,
 That ne'er shall see it close.”

The Magazine arriv'd—it was not there;
 And what a blockhead was the Editor
 To give it not to light—not even to spare
 A word to say that he receiv'd it, nor
 Lament the want of room—alas for me!
 Said I—a poet I shall never be.

Chapter LX.

Once I had leisure, and I long'd to pay
 A visit to the “Intellectual City;”
 Much had I long'd—ay, many a weary
 day—

And all in vain, and was not that a
 pity?
 But there I went, and to a friend thus
 wrote
 Of all I saw, and heard, and felt, and
 thought:

“Tom, Edinburgh is a wond'rous place;
 'Tis like a whirlpool, there's no getting
 out;
 And I should like to run my mortal race,
 Or be it long or be it short, about
 Each lovely street, and far more lovely
 square,
 To gaze upon the charming objects there.

“There's women here of every shape
 and size,
 And some the prettiest I have ever
 seen;

I've seen the finest cheeks, the brightest eyes,¹

The whitest foreheads shining out between

The curling locks—and lips, oh! lips that I
Must long to taste, must pass untasted by!

“Oh when I meet the darlings in the street,

And see the bosom heaving 'neath the press

Of tighten'd silk, I think what bliss to meet

That heaving breast with mine—but I transgress,

For Mary lives, and Mary can bestow
As pure a joy as her pure heart can know.

“But really they are very charming creatures,

Though some of them are sadly fill'd with pride;

Pray, why should they put patches on their features

To make them look more lovely—not to hide

A pimple?—Hear me, my fair sisters all!
Beauty is vain—'Pride goes before a fall.'

“There's men, too, here, of every shape and size,

The idle, corsetted, and stiff-neck'd dandy!

The busy merchant, with his greedy eyes,
And with his hands how wonderfully handy;

And it is pleasant to peruse their faces,
And see of avarice and pride the traces.

“There's men, too, here—but how can I describe

The motley scene that meets me every minute?

Turn to thy barn-yard with its poultry tribe,

And thou shalt see all I can tell thee in it—

From strutting peacock to the waddling duck,

From dirty scavenger to well-brush'd buck.

“I hate the Old Town, 'tis a perfect sink
Of vice and nastiness in every shape;

Although the bridges, many people think,
Are very pleasant, with their gauze and crape

Dangling at windows, to attract the eye
Of children twenty years from infancy.

“I like the New Town, though I must confess

'Tis strange, on almost every door to read

Of 'Doctor,' 'Advocate,' or 'W. S.:'

Yes, most are such—but how they make
their bread,

And live in habitations all so fine,
Curse on my ignorance I can't divine!

“The Doctors may—for such professions give

Full scope for quackery—I see no crime
That they should make a fuss, for they must live,

Although they see no danger at the time;

It pleases patients, too—a mighty matter—

To drug them, though they might as well drink water.

“The Advocates—of them, a very few
Speak in that house cycled the Court of Session;

I know not how they live—but 'tis a true,

A charming farce, to see the young lads dashing

About the house, beneath their powder'd masses

Of borrow'd hair—that *may* have been an ass's.

“Some wigless youths have often met my eye,

(But these, believe me when I say't, are rare,)

Who may be trusted, I can well spy,
To tie their neckcloth, and erect their hair;

But he who trusts them with a serious cause

Has put an apple in a monkey's paws.

“Tom, I have yet a thousand things to write,

But time, in such a place, I cannot find;

These must amuse us on some future night,

When doors are barr'd against the stormy wind,

When cottage faces smile around the hearth,

And cottage hearts are leaping with their mirth.”

At length I left the “Intellectual City,”
And sought my cottage by the lonely shore;

And oh, my Mary!—I was glad to meet ye

As kind, as sweet, as lovely as before,
And oh how rapturously my fancy dream'd

Of joy that heavenly in the distance seem'd!

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY TO
THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT occurs to us, that there never perhaps existed a period more highly favoured with literary productions than the present. The diffusion of knowledge is now so universal, that there is scarcely an individual of either sex, incapable of furnishing the public with literary entertainment, whether in prose or in verse. Every path leading to the temple of literary fame is occupied; and it is with no little difficulty that one can make the slightest approach, without being obliged to drudge through the long, deep, beaten track of his predecessors.

To have company upon a journey is agreeable; but to be jostled at every step by the pressure of a perpetual throng, must not only fatigue, but ultimately exhaust the hardest traveller. Nothing, surely, but the generous ambition to excel can possibly account why so many expose themselves in such perilous probation; and they merit no mean praise who, actuated by that motive, fearlessly enter on their literary journey. We do not mean, in this paper, to throw the slightest reflection upon those who, with such views, have long ago entered and proceeded successfully on their way; they are entitled to our respect, which we most gratefully yield: but we would be understood as only reminding the less experienced of the difficulties they must necessarily encounter, in almost every stage of their career; and of that mental discipline, so essential to their successful progress. Literary publications have become so very numerous of late, that one would naturally suppose, that nothing but their real excellence could possibly recommend them to the public; though we cannot help remarking, that every species of composition hath its admirers; yet, for our own part, we regret to say, that we are too frequently obliged to sympathize with the authors of such mis-shapen productions as are monthly and quarterly issuing from the press. Even our best reviewers, in the opinion, of not a few of the learned, have fallen considerably from their

former dignified, but simple and classical composition. They have, less or more, substituted words for ideas—sweetness and fluency of style for elevated thought and correct judgment. The great object of the critic—of the man who would, in that dignified capacity, merit public regard—should not be to weary his reader with an endless train of insignificant figures, or dull epithets; he should study to be judicious, to supply his reader with thought, and present him with distinct ideas of the real merit of an author. A good reviewer is at this moment seldom to be met with; one out of twenty is perhaps tolerable; and even this “*rara avis in terris*” could sometimes very well want a portion of its glittering, unnecessary plumage. None are more apt to imagine themselves qualified reviewers than the young and the ignorant. Full of their little acquisitions, they consider themselves masters, and undertake, with presumption, that which to perform has been the work of the greatest, and most experienced geniuses. Nor can less be said of our oratory, which many attempt with equal want of success. There is nothing more amusing, indeed, than to hear occasional exhibitions of the latter art. Difficult, as it confessedly is, it is not unusual to meet with orators in every walk of life. From the cultivated statesman, down to the president of a quarterly missionary meeting, we have both number and variety; and it is no doubt pleasing to remark, that every class of the community is so enlightened, as thus to evince its claim to the knowledge of the noblest of all arts. But whilst we rejoice to observe the progress of mind, we cannot help thinking that our orators, in every department, are less learned, and in almost every respect, excepting declamation, inferior to their predecessors. No doubt, there may be found in the *Senate*, at the *Bar*, and also in the *Church*, some noble exceptions, but they are comparatively few; which clearly proves, not only the difficulty attending the acquisition of oratory, but that there is something of repugnancy in the human mind, connected with the idea of that literary discipline, which is so essential to its production, which, whilst it

weakens mental energy, induces timidity, and totally disqualifies the man for intellectual exertion. The greatest attainments in writing, or in speaking, either in ancient or modern times, have uniformly resulted from patient and long-continued application. All improvements in art and science have almost, without exception, flowed from the student—from him who, with a generous perseverance, devoted his days and nights to the acquisition of varied literature. But as the world, and the things therein, are mutable, so also are human opinions; and we regret to think, that in literature, as in many other things, this mutability has been productive of none of the best effects. From the overpowering mass of composition that at present deluges the land, it is quite obvious, that the pride of authorship, not the instruction of society, is the ruling passion of many writers; and we often wonder why the fashion of the world should so far prevail over its common sense, as to sanction, by its approval, that which ultimately must, not only vitally affect the general literature of our country, but also entail upon the present generation such intellectual imbecility as shall but ill qualify it to be the instructor of the next. Surely nothing but incapacity in the majority to judge of real literary merit, and a perverseness of taste which leads them to admire whatever accords with their crude notions of composition, can possibly account for this. The natural consequence is, a studied adaptation of style and sentiment, on the part of the writer, to the perverted taste of the times; and accordingly we are furnished with whatever, in these respects, may be supposed to relish. From one quarter, for judicious criticism, we have sarcasm and personal abuse; from another, for manly thought and perspicuity of style, mean conception, with dull, involved perplexity of expression; whilst, from a third, we are overflowed with a perpetual torrent of party spirit! Without particularizing any of your numerous literary journals, no reader of common capacity can be at much loss to discover, in the mass, enough to convince him of the fact. If the object of writing be, as it confessedly

is, the instruction of mankind, the great study ought surely to be to write well—at all events, plainly, sensibly, and correctly. Were such qualities more considered by those who voluntarily become instructors to the reading world, we should, no doubt, have much less work, but it would be much superior. There would be less temptation afforded the half-learned to attempt authorship. They would soon discover, that ill-nature, vulgar style, and party spirit, were but poor substitutes for the three former constituents of good writing; and, in proportion to its cultivation, so would the general feeling become interested in its support. In perusing the finest specimens of classical antiquity, we have neither to encounter uncourtly expression, nor the dull detail of common-place ideas; there is a beauty, a delicacy, and a richness of thought, about them, which compel our admiration, equally promoting our delight and instruction. These authors laboured to excel, and appear to have applied themselves with ardour to every source of information, whence they might enrich their compositions. Those acquainted with their writings must remark their superior excellence. Appealing directly to the understanding, we never rise from their perusal uninstructed. Human nature is exhibited in artless simplicity, and it is impossible to read them without admiration and delight.

We believe we are correct in thinking, that no genius of modern times has yet appeared that hath surpassed the ancients, either in History, Poetry, or Eloquence. Though many, in our own, and other nations, have excelled in these, and secured themselves the grateful admiration of posterity; yet we believe few, comparatively, will affirm, that the most eminent in modern times can be considered as equal masters of those noble arts with those who flourished in ancient Greece and Rome. We are aware that different opinions may exist upon this point; but we appeal to the unprejudiced and enlightened reader, and humbly ask, What modern poet hath yet excelled Homer, Virgil, or Horace? Which of our ablest, and most elegant historians,

Hath surpassed Herodotus, Thucydides, or Tacitus? Or where is the modern orator who can claim for his productions an equality with the finished orations of Demosthenes or Cicero? The pretensions in favour of modern superiority are founded, for the most part, we conceive, in national partiality, and upon what is, perhaps, of no less consideration, the influence which living genius must ever, necessarily, produce on the intellectual circle in which it moves. It is obvious, the advantage is all on the side of him who now addresses us, who personally makes his way to our hearts and understandings; whilst, in the case of the other, it is totally different. Few, in the first place, are qualified to estimate the ancients; and many consider it a drudgery to attain the language in which they have written; whilst the multitude, without any ceremony, applaud or condemn, in exact proportion to the opinion of some half-learned dogmatist, who may have secured their confidence. The consequence is, that literary taste degenerates; the illiterate scribbler is amply repaid if he can but secure momentary applause: and too frequently, we are sorry to observe, is this purchased at the expense of his better principles. Losing sight of literary, as of moral excellence, it is not uncommon to find bad morals set off with all the flippancy of an artificial phrasology,—and all this emanating, too, from individuals who consider themselves the moral and literary instructors of mankind! How different this from that which should be expected from the wise and the learned! One would imagine that our modern *Wits*, in their attempts to degrade literature, would be somewhat cautious in point of morals, and not venture to touch upon ground which hath hitherto been so generally respected. Religion, to her honour, hath stood the scrutiny of the keenest sceptical acumen, and hath hitherto defied her most accomplished foes; and we really cannot help smiling at the impotent attempts of some of our ephemeral writers, who indirectly aim at her subversion. The libertine poet, destitute of literature, pours forth a torrent of immorality which an atheistical heathen would almost

blush to acknowledge. Even Lucretius himself, a professed atheist, and who writes with the acute elegance of a false philosophy, disclaims such meanness of thought as characterises some of our modern poetical rhapsodists; and seldom or never offends his reader even by indelicacy of allusion. There is a chastity of conception, and a delicacy of expression, pervading the whole of his poem, which will preserve it as a monument of classical antiquity, when his modern imitators shall be forgotten. We do not mean to talk of the professed infidel, who studiously devotes his hours to the invention of arguments to subvert the evidence of Christianity: this attempt has been so frequent, and so unsuccessful, that few, comparatively, have, of late, had the hardihood directly to make it. Conscious of their inability to grapple with its evidence, they indirectly ridicule its doctrines, and satirize its professors,—and in a style, too, which, with many, passes for elegant writing and excellent entertainment. If the books be snapshippishly written, and somewhat seasoned with discreet irony, the half of the reading world is at once arrested. Any one you meet, almost, will be putting the question, whether you have read such a book? and they will exhaust the whole of their critical vocabulary in commendation of its superior excellence. Accordingly it becomes popular, and its author is at once ranked amongst the learned, and beheld with veneration! This is no uncommon circumstance in these times; and as friends to literature, to good morals, and to good sense, we could wish that something of a moral and intellectual regeneration could be effected in the public mind. Such an event is certainly highly desirable; and permit us to say, for we speak our convictions, that although not metropolitan classics, we see the most of your *Monthly and Quarterly Journals*, at least such of them as are of any importance; and we cannot help thinking, that your own, for these months past, is not only improved in literary excellence, but we are also sure that it is actually considered, in this part of the country, as superior to some others of a greater name, for its mo-

deration, accuracy, and good sense. Removed from the bustle of party-spirit, and the field of literary rivalry, we have no motive but one, in stating this as our opinion; and the more these qualities characterize any publication, so, in proportion, will it arrest the attention, and command the respect of society. Whether we view man in a moral or intellectual attitude, you will find him in general defective, and quite unable to estimate aright that which constitutes the true sublime of intellectual and moral excellence. This being the fact, it is obvious that he will request to be furnished, not only with the ablest, but also with the most simple and direct means of information. Nor is it enough that he enjoy these; he must also have a skilful preceptor, rich in those mental improvements which are essential to the advancement of sound and salutary instruction. But what becomes of the great mass of mankind, who, from circumstances, are denied such advantages, and who, therefore, must be indebted for the little knowledge they possess to their more enlightened neighbours? It is quite clear they are obliged to accept whatever is presented them by those who have become their instructors, and it therefore surely becomes all such to consider well how they exercise such distinguished prerogative. They should remember that there is a moral, as well as a literary responsibility, attaching to every species of authorship, and that whoever abuses it, is guilty of a twofold crime; he not only degrades the literature of his country, but he corrupts her morals, thereby defeating the great object which literature is so eminently calculated to promote, and to which, if not directed, it never fails of being productive of extensive mischief. Those who write for the good of mankind will be careful in their choice both of sentiment and language; and even if the correction of the foibles or the vices of the age be their object, they will do it in such a way as at least to give no offence.

Addison, in his *Spectator*, has, we conceive, done more to effect this than the whole mass of periodical writers that have existed since his time.

He understood human nature in all its bearings; and the admirable adaptation of his sentiments and language to the varied circumstances of life, exhibit him, not only as the philosopher, but also as the man of the most polite and extensive literature. Were such models more generally studied, we should soon see a decided improvement in the publications of the day. His rules are in general striking examples of what they inculcate, whilst the greater number of our modern pretended critics only invert that which is right; being better fitted by Nature for heroes of a *Dunciad*, than for judges of fine sense and fine writing. It has been well said, that "an *Essay on Criticism* appears but once in an age;" and what a tedious interval is there between Longinus and Mr Addison!

To read froth and trifles all one's life must necessarily be productive of nothing of that solid mental improvement which alone can qualify one man to furnish the understandings of others; such may be well enough qualified to garnish a flashing juvenile composition, or to excite the merriment of the vulgar; but they are ill calculated to improve our understandings.

Such comfortless speculations operate as an antidote to human improvement; the wheat and the chaff are so inseparably blended, that the chance is, the reader will only learn what he ought to forget, and, instead of ideas, treasure up in his memory an unmeaning catalogue of words. Those who seldom reason at all, are always the most apt to imagine they know every thing, whilst often destitute of those principles of information which alone can render it useful. Would it not be better to renounce critical speculation, and to look more closely into the human heart, and thereby ascertain the nature and operation of its varied and complicated feelings? The study is confessedly difficult, and requires the exercise of much patient industry; but it will amply repay the thoughtful enquirer, and afford him a knowledge of himself and others, which will render him useful to those around him. Retired from the busy scenes of life,

he will cultivate reflection, and, in calm contemplation, steadily direct his mental energies to the development of those principles of his nature which are common to man ; and by thus acquiring the knowledge of himself, he will be the better qualified to know and instruct others. It will be found, upon experience, that the pains we take in books, or in arts, which treat of things remote from the use of life, is but a busy idleness.

✱ ARATOR.

Mid-Lothian, March 6, 1822.

THE TRUE, BUT STUPID HISTORY OF
TOM MACFRIBBLE.

OF all the foibles incident to human nature, I know none more ridiculous than self-commendation—that sort of braggadocio loquacity, that is always employed in imposing a man's own brilliant qualifications and actions on the notice of every company, though that company cares not a pin about him, or ought he ever effected. A person addicted to this, considers not, that, while he is endeavouring to excite esteem and admiration, he only lessens himself in the eyes of every person whose approbation is of any avail. Let a man be ever so artful in covering with humour his malicious insinuations, yet still the artifice is so palpable to a discerning eye, that it is little otherwise than a cover of crystal, through which we can see what passes underneath. A cup of crystal cannot conceal the colour or quality of the liquor poured into it, neither can the most ingenious screen of wit and humour conceal the selfish principles within.

If people of this description went no farther than innocently boasting of their own excellency, it were less ; we should only look upon it as elucidative of their own weakness, without being detractory, or injurious to others. But unfortunately this is seldom the case ; for where a person is possessed of the smallest penetration, he can easily discover, by degrees, that his stories are amusing to himself only ; that mankind are not easily imposed upon ; and that they rather choose to think for themselves,

than be guided, in that particular, by any one. Hence, on hearing others applauded, who are perhaps esteemed really deserving, envy arises ; and envy begets calumny, still more to be dreaded. Hence, wherever we see a man endowed with the vain gift of self-commendation, we may infer, that he cannot be entirely exempt from its natural concomitants.

I have been led into this train of reflection, Mr Editor, from having some time ago seen, in certain periodical publications of the present day, some of the most unbecoming boasts, and, at the same time, mixed up, if not with calumny, at least with many sly insinuations, tending to the undervaluing of character,—which brought to my mind my unfortunate friend, Tom Macfribble. Poor soul ! I cannot help weeping, to think of his hard fate, for he was, with all his foibles, a most amusing companion.

Tom was the second son of a respectable country clergyman, was sent early to school, and, from his very infancy, discovered an uncommon aptitude for learning ; but, even then, his disposition was not very promising, for he used to feel deep concern at hearing any of his companions applauded, and seemed to feel a sensible delight in exposing their deficiencies : and he would weep bitterly when outdone by his fellows. This, however, was regarded as no unfavourable omen. In his sixteenth year, Tom was sent to the University, where he was respected, by his professors, as a boy of some parts, and considerable application. But he soon not only lost the favour of one, with whom it ought to have been his principal object to have ingratiated himself, but even incurred his displeasure, at the distribution of the prizes, by openly expressing his indignation, that the first should have been adjudged to one whom he considered far below himself in point of classical merit.

After attending the usual time at college, he took out orders, and entered upon his probationership, in which capacity he remained till his father began to get superannuated ; and then, without any arrangement, either with the patron or congregation, he began to occupy his father's

pulpit, and hold forth in his place. This did very well for a time, for Tom was rather a favourite, his topics being well chosen for popular applause. He began first by abusing the devil out of all moderation. There was no evil of which he was not guilty, and no villanous action of which he was incapable. To such a grievous extent did his calumnies run, that the following remarks were made by two of his hearers on their way homeward: "Mercy on us, Stein White, but our young minister has cowed the auld thief the day." "He has that, man! hout, yon's surely owre the matter. I kend he was an ill character afore, that is, I kend he was a chap o' bad principles, but I never thought he had been sic an even-down scoundrel afore. Gude-ness guide's man, he hasna left him the likeness o' a dog!"

From that grand topic, Tom descended next to the character of the Pope of Rome; and if the one was bad, the other was worse. It was truly amazing to all that heard these discourses, what evil these Pontiffs had done. Instead of the Pope being the head of the Christian church, as he pretended, Tom proved him to be *Antichrist*, which some of the long-headed ones thought rather equivocal. However, Tom found this a favourite topic, and insisted a long time on it, taking care always to assure the congregation, that he would prove a true guardian to them, to keep them in the right way, and at a distance from the paths of idolatry. With what energy he gave out the following lines after sermon! "They who serve graven images, confounded let them be!" and as he pronounced the syllable *found*, he came down on the big Bible with such a thundering blow, that he made the men start, and the women's hearts ache. The Pope of Rome, and his adherents, were never so blackguarded before, not even by John Calvin himself!

His next subject rather astonished the congregation. After the Pope, he attacked the character of the Rev. Alexander Scott Macfribble, their late pastor, the present incumbent in part, and his own father! This was a bold measure, and the most unwarrantable of the whole. However, he

went through with an unblushing front, proving that they had been grievously misled by his legal doctrines—a system of religion; cold, lukewarm, and indifferent; and that they were actually in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity. But to this he added the cheering prospect, that, by a blessing on his own exertions, he would again put them all to rights.

When these news came to the ears of old Alexander Scott Macfribble, his wrath arose like a flame that is kindled, and his indignation swelled like the floods of the mighty waters; and he forthwith discharged his audacious son Thomas from ever more entering his pulpit. But my friend Tom had by this time made a party both in the session and in the parish, and almost wholly by his boasting and impudence. Being sensible of this, he smiled at his father's reproof, and sneered at his injunction; telling him to his face, that he was superannuated, and that it would have been better for himself had he resigned his charge long ago.

"Tom, you are an arrant puppy," said old Sandy, (for the parishioners and pastor now honoured him with no higher title than this); "an insufferable pedant, full of vain-glory and self-conceit. You have got a few college airs about you, and you vapour, fume, and lay about you right and left, as if no man deserved room on earth but yourself alone. But you must be brought to a sense of your own insignificance and self-sufficiency; and as the first step to it, I desire you will desist in future from addressing my charge, and poisoning their minds with your slanders of those who are better than yourself."

"And pray, who are these, my worthy and honoured sir? Is it the Devil that is better than me? Is it the Pope of Rome that is better than me? Is it the King of Spain that is better than me? Is it the Grand Turk that is better than me? Or is it your own reverend self, with your lukewarm moral harangues, that is better than me?—for no other have I slandered. I will appeal to the parish. If a majority of the parishioners and of the session vote for you as their preacher, I shall de-

sist; but if they vote for me—why, I beg your pardon; but I certainly mean to occupy your place.”

“Why, you impudent dog! not, I hope, in spite of my patron’s teeth?”

“That is settled already; I have his approbation to be helper and successor, provided the parish are agreeable; so that may be decided any day you choose.”

“Approbation, or not approbation, I can tell you, Mr Thomas, that you shall never mount the steps of my pulpit, so long as I am able to mount them myself.

“Well, most worthy and precious divine, since you care not about the well-being of your flock, they must not be lost—I must care for them.” Now, it so happened, that Mrs Caddan’s house was to let at that time, which stood exactly facing the church.

It was a large old building, one-half of it having been occupied by her late husband as an inkle manufactory. It was a ghostly-looking house itself, and it stood so nigh the church-yard, that nobody would offer any rent for it, and Mrs Caddan had resolved to shut it up. But the very day the above dialogue took place, Tom went over, and bargained with the widow for the house, at a low rent. Down went the old partitions, and up went pulpit and pews, as if by magic; and, in a few weeks, a church was opened in opposition to that of old Mr Scott Macfribble, within half a gunshot of the door of his own. Some of the wags, who had been in the use of travelling between Perth and Edinburgh, named this new church *THE WATERLOO*; and said that it was an opposition coach to heaven, set up against the old regular mail. But, for my part, Mr Editor, I disdain all such profane insinuations, and am only telling you what the people said.

I shall never forget that day on which the new church opened, for I was there among the rest, standing gaping to see which was like to be the best attended. The people seemed greatly at a loss, for the word had gone abroad, that the old man was going to loosen a pin that day, and let out some matter of excellent quality; and they said that he was very

fit to do it. He had, moreover, ordained two new elders of the highest respectability—had got the pulpit and the desks new covered; and it was hinted by many that day, that old Sandy would carry all before him.

Both churches were filled, but Tom’s was the most crowded. The service began in the usual decent manner, in both places; but even the gathering psalms were looked on as indicative of the doctrines which each was going to support. The old man gave out the 23d, and the young man the 109th. The prayers were likewise of a very different cast; they were something like those of the Publican and the Pharisee long ago. The sermons at length began. Old Sandy’s was one that he had preached on a Monday after a sacrament, about seven-and-twenty years before, with great effect, in a tent in the parish of Herriotmuir. But the young man’s was quite different; I must, however, describe the fun as I saw it.

There were either six or seven young men, who put on a great many airs of importance. These did not associate with any of the congregations, but ran between, making signals to one another how the day was like to go. At the head of these was Davie Laingeltail, better known by the name of Kickmaleery. I was standing close at his elbow, when he waved his finger to a little firm-built, grinning fellow, with large eyes, and whispered to him, “There will be the best fun here that ever was in the world. Run and whisper to the other party that this fellow is attacking every one of their characters piecemeal.” “I’ll neither meddle nor make,” whispered the other; “I don’t want my name mentioned in the business.” Then observing that I noticed what he said, he turned to me and said, “Think you not I’m right, Sir? Eh? you hear what’s going on there? It is shameful; I am very sorry for it, very sorry indeed; the poor fellow will hurt himself; but I can’t help that. It is a thousand pities.” And then, with a grieved countenance, he bustled away from me, and getting in amongst the old man’s hearers, he whispered right and left all around, aggravating matters as much as he could. Kickma-

leery did the same; and such a stir, and such an uproar arose, as I had never witnessed. The people left the old church by hundreds, and rushed into the new one, till the multitude were crowded above one another. Slander was the subject, and slander they would hear; and they certainly got it distributed to them with a most liberal hand. All the old man's adherents were attacked in their characters, manners, persons, and peculiarities, and held up to derision and contempt in this world, and utter reprobation in the next.

Great was the indignation of the one party on the dismissal of the two congregations; and even the adherents of the young man did not boast very freely, for they dreaded that he had gone too far. His father's adherents were the most respectable part of the community in their principles, and they threatened boldly to have Tom chastised in the most exemplary manner, and, at all events, to have him cashiered, and turned out of his vocation. These things are not easily effected in a country where liberty of conscience is allowed to all men. Tom mounted his rostrum next day, though with fear and trembling; and after making some bungling and awkward apologies, which made the cure worse than the disease, he proceeded with caution. But the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. Though soon established as a *Relief Minister*, Tom could not live nor speak without bringing his great and magnificent self forward to the disadvantage of others; but not daring any more to fight across the church-yard, he attacked some sectaries and congregations at a distance with more violence and scurrility than he had ever manifested before, but taking care always to contrast his own shining abilities and usefulness with their meanness, weakness, and abominations. This led the hue and cry against him away from his own door-step, and inciting the bad principles of the parishioners, Tom grew more popular than ever. A few of the old heritors and respectable residents adhered unalterably to their old pastor; but all the new-fangled and discontented, all the malicious and the backbiters, all

that were in debt and in drink, flew to the young man, and he became a patron unto them, and his congregation multiplied exceedingly.

He now no longer deemed it worth his while to belabour his father and his small community, but he attacked all the most popular preachers in the Presbytery, and on one in particular his gall was never exhausted. But this old sterling preacher, happy in the good opinion of his hearers, totally disregarded Tom's malevolent efforts, which nettled him exceedingly. His malice and self-exaltation now rose to such a height, that he was not able to express them in the ordinary course of speaking, but was obliged to begin a course of sophisticated parables, by which he half concealed the most intolerant spirit of malice against certain people whom he did not like; chiefly such as were of acknowledged excellence, and at the same time with the most unblushing self-approbation that ever was listened to.

So long as a man remains in a private station, though his improprieties may be censured, yet as his character is neither generally known, nor considered in any degree exemplary, he cannot be condemned for holding up a precedent pernicious to society. Whereas writers of books and pulpit orators ought to be very careful of what they promulgate, because, if their doctrines be in any degree dangerous or impure, they run not only the hazard of having themselves laughed at and scandalized by the knowing, but, what is of much more consequence, of misleading the minds of the vulgar, who pay much regard to what they hear their minister say, but fully more to what they see *printed*.

Though these proceedings were well enough calculated to impose upon and gain the affections of the multitude, always gaping to swallow novelty, yet they were regarded in their proper light by men of sense and discernment.

But the humours of the people are very precarious, and this young Macfribble soon had an opportunity of perceiving: for either the more penetrating among them had begun to discover what the man really was, and of course to diffuse their opi-

nions among the rest of their order, or perhaps, in proportion as he became too familiar to them, their attention had been turned to newer objects. However this may be, from being the object of their inmost darling affections, he soon became that of their hatred and contempt: and what led chiefly to it was this; the very first man of the parish was one of his adherents at the beginning, but soon withdrew himself, without any remarks. Two others, the most in estimation among them, also withdrew—and many began to suspect that all was not right at bottom; but still there was something original in the poor vain fellow's manner, and people went to him still for sport—for an hour's amusement, to hear what he would say of other people and himself. At length he began to attack his most intimate friends with the most diabolical ferocity—those who had always adhered to him, and advocated his cause much to their own disadvantage, and who never had wronged him either by word or deed. The blackness of his heart now became apparent, and then people saw that it was vain to expect that good would spring out of evil, that a corrupted tree could bring forth good fruit.

The last time I was at his meeting-house, his most approved old friends walked across, before his face, as he advanced through the church-yard, and took up their old births in their primitive parish-church. His pulpit now resounded with little else but declamations against those who were unfavourable to his measures; and, in short, few were exempt from the fulminations of his wrath. It was probably this that first drove him to alleviate his sorrows with the friendly assistance of the bowl; but unfortunately he was soon forced to apply this remedy so often, that 'it almost entirely incapacitated him for the discharge of his pastoral duties. His irregularities were now become so gross and avowed, that people considered, that to go to hear such a man prescribe rules of morality, would be the most palpable abuse of it. His situation was now become rather ticklish, for as he had justly incurred his father's most implacable re-

sentiment, he dared not apply to him for relief; and as he had nothing of his own to depend upon, now that he was altogether forsaken by his flock, pecuniary necessity forced him to the miserable shift of going to town without a patron, and almost without a friend. Here he commenced wit, and associated himself with all the profane company he could find; nor is it to be wondered, that, in this situation, his life was most pitiable. Whatever little sum his writings produced, was either dissipated in riot and debauchery, or attached before it came to his hand, so that he was often in the most abject poverty. After living about two years in this manner, he went off in an excess of intemperance, pitied by few, and regretted by none. So lived, and so died, the once celebrated Thomas Macfribble, who was possessed of some dashing talents, had he made a right use of them; but he could not live, or taste happiness, if he heard excellence annexed to any name but his own: and so perish every work and every name dedicated to the same purpose!

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF KAPPETAPOLE AND MADUGALY, WHICH TOOK PLACE AT KANDY, ON THE 25TH OF NOVEMBER 1818.

BOTH Kappetapole and Madugaly had been actively engaged in endeavouring to subvert the British power during the Kandyan insurrection, and in attempting to establish a native government. These enterprising chiefs were surprised and taken by a detachment of troops in the neighbourhood of Anarajapoor, on the 30th of October 1818. They were without loss of time brought to Kandy, and tried by a military tribunal, by which they were sentenced to suffer death.

Kappetapole, during his confinement, seemed to wish to converse on the subject of the insurrection. He, however, anxiously endeavoured to exculpate himself from the charge of endeavouring to overthrow the British power in the Kandyan territory. Although he sometimes frankly con-

fessed, that he was concerned in many of the hostile attacks made upon the troops, he also wished to explain away, or, at least, to weaken the force of any inference that tended to implicate him. He, however, admitted two facts, and allowed that they were both improper—namely, that he had accepted the appointment of first Adigar from the “False King,” as he called the pretender, and that he did not make his submission in due time to Government.

Previous to his execution, he repeatedly and earnestly expressed a desire that sentence of death, which had been passed upon him, might be commuted to banishment. He remarked, that although life was full of trouble, existence was still desirable. He often observed in the course of conversation, that he was unfortunate, and generally declined admitting that his unhappy condition was a direct consequence of his actions. Being a zealous Buddhist, he considered all his misfortunes as consequences of crimes committed in a former state of existence—a creed under which there can be no self-blame, no remorse, or pain of guilt.

Early on the morning of the 25th of November, the two prisoners Kappetapole and Madugaly, were, agreeably to their own request, permitted to visit the Dalada Maligawa, or Temple of the Sacred Relic. In a small room, immediately adjoining that in which the Relic is deposited, they repeated the ten commandments of Buddha, and made an engagement to fulfil them. Kappetapole then pronounced the Proptannawah, or last wish, which was, that at his next birth, he might be born on the mountains of Himmalaya, and finally obtain Nearwannah or Nirwane. This state of being, or rather annihilation, is very difficult to comprehend. The Buddhists describe it as a state of existence where the being wills nothing, fears nothing, and desires nothing; a suspension of all the faculties of the mind, as well as a cessation of all bodily motion. It implies a complete exemption from all the miseries incident to humanity, as also a privation of all the enjoyments of life; but still it is not annihilation. This is the heaven of the

followers of Buddha, their highest state of happiness.

After the prisoners had pronounced the Proptannawah, the officiating priest addressed them and said, “So sure as a stone thrown up in the air will fall to the ground, with the same certainty shall your wish be fulfilled.”

Kappetapole then made a voluntary transfer to the priest of the merits arising from one-half of his good works, to which the priest very politely replied, by returning him the same compliment, namely, the merit that followed one-half of his good deeds. The prisoners next detailed to the priest the late events of their life, insisting that they had done nothing to deserve the punishment which awaited them,—and concluded, by asserting that their present calamity was in consequence of sins committed during a former state of existence.

Kappetapole conducted himself with a manly firmness, observing, that his fate was inevitably decided, and that no person could alter his destiny. While he was conversing with Mr Sawers, Commissioner of Revenue, in the Kandyan provinces, Madugaly rushed into the inner-room of the Temple, the place where the Sacred Relic is deposited. Here he loudly craved mercy for the sake of the Relic. He was instantly dragged into the anti-chamber, by some soldiers. Here also he most earnestly begged that his case might be again investigated. Kappetapole seemed to be surprised at the pusillanimity of Madugaly, and, in the most dispassionate manner, observed, that he acted like a fool. He then, in a firm and collected manner, shook hands with Mr Sawers, and bade him farewell.

The prisoners were immediately taken to the place of execution, which was at the side of the Bogambere Lake. When they reached the ground, both of them requested to be provided with water, which was brought them. Kappetapole then begged to be allowed a short period to perform the last ceremonies of his religion. This request being granted, both the prisoners washed their hands and face with the water. When this operation was finished, Kappetapole tied

up his hair in a knot on the crown of his head, and sat down upon the ground beside a shrub, or bush. By means of his toes, he grasped the bush, apparently with the intention of enabling him to keep a firm seat. From the folds of the cloth which encircled his loins, he took a small book in the Pali language, and proceeded to recite some verses. As it did not appear that he intended soon to come to a conclusion, the book was taken from him. He requested that it might be given to Mr Sawers, in trust for his brother. He then repeated by heart some Pali verses, and while he was thus employed, the executioner struck him on the back of the neck with a sharp sword. At that moment, he breathed out the word Arrahaan, one of the names of Buddha: a second stroke deprived him of life, and he fell to the ground a corpse. His head was separated from the body, and, according to the custom of the Kandyans, placed on his breast.

Madugaly continued to evince great want of fortitude: he was so much agitated, as not to be able to tie up his hair: this operation was performed by the Hearigha Kangan, the chief over the public executions. The perturbed and infirm state of his mind was evinced by the convulsive action of the muscles of his countenance. He earnestly requested to be dispatched by means of one blow, and then faintly pronounced the word Arrahaan. In consequence of his not having sufficient resolution to bend his head forward, it was held by one of the executioners. After the first blow of the sword, he fell backwards, but he was not deprived of life until he received a second stroke.

The cranium of Kappetapole was brought to this country by Mr Marshall, Staff-Surgeon, and by him presented to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh.

January 7th, 1822.

CHARACTERS OMITTED IN CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER.

Register of Births—The Sailor's Orphan.

NEXT at the font an orphan boy appears,
Whose cheek was never wet with mother's tears;
Before his birth of father's love bereft,
To strangers now and Heaven's protection left.

Tom Wilson was of hapless love the child;
His mother's easy faith too soon beguill'd;
Her virgin zone a flatterer's tongue untied;
She hop'd to be—but never was a bride.
From home expell'd, she wander'd forth forlorn,—
Though few could pity, many look'd with scorn;
Of friends forsaken, stain'd her virgin fame,
She, weeping, gaz'd upon her child of shame.

There are who o'er their early errors mourn,
And gladly would to virtue's paths return;
But dragon forms beset the bolted door,
And, frowning, say, "You enter here no more!"

So felt this mother in misfortune's hour;
She had the will—the world denied the pow'r.
She many a night would o'er her infant weep,
And, forced by want, go supperless to sleep;
Oh! sad alternative!—'twas now to die—
Or live—and eat the bread of infamy:
Temptation sought her—she was fair and young—
Her proud heart swell'd, with disappointment stung;

The world had been unkind, but life had charms,
 An infant boy was smiling in her arms;
 Her choice was made—since tears could not restore
 Her wonted peace, the damsel wept no more.

Time stole away, and Tom, a thriving boy,
 Now felt a mother's shame his peace destroy;
 When thirteen years had roll'd around his head,
 With wounded pride he from that mother fled;
 On board a stranger bark he left the shore,
 With stern resolve there to return no more.
 For seven long years the Merlin's deck he trode,
 And fearless on the mountain billows rode,
 Through narrow Cattegat had wrought his way,
 And stemm'd the tide in Biscay's stormy bay;
 Had bronzed his face on India's torrid coast;
 And, shivering, winter'd in Archangel's frost.
 In every duty Tom could take his part,
 With steady hand and firm undaunted heart;
 But niggard fate had to his skill denied,
 By rule and chart, the vessel's course to guide;
 Ambition now his breast began to fire,
 And bade him to a nobler post aspire;
 With mind resolv'd, and head both clear and cool,
 He staid on shore, and studied hard at school.

With lines and tangents now familiar grown,
 What was mysterious, intimately known,
 He joyous saw, in his horizon far,
 Hope shed her rays, a bright and brilliant star;
 With new-born fire he felt his bosom glow,
 For love had promis'd paradise below.

Young Susan Campbell he had often seen,
 And, in his eyes, she shone perfection's queen;
 With dimpling cheek, blue eyes, and auburn hair,
 Her mien was modest, as her face was fair;
 Of manners gentle, as her heart was kind,
 Her winning features spoke a kindred mind.
 Tom saw, admir'd, and sought the maid again,
 Look'd, lov'd, and languish'd, till he told his pain:
 The chilling frown, from affectation's art,
 Was all unknown to Susan's guileless heart;
 A faithful bridegroom and a blushing bride,
 Both sigh'd in secret till the knot was tied.

One little week on downy pinions flew,
 Tom press'd her cheek, and bade a short adieu;
 "Cheer up, my love!" he cried, "these tears restrain—
 My duty calls—we part to meet again—
 This voyage made, my skill to exercise,
 I shall the next above my messmates rise;
 And I have hopes, should Heaven prolong my life,
 To see my Susan smile a captain's wife!"

Three tedious months had slowly, lingering pass'd,
 While Tom aloft, high on the bending mast,
 Rock'd on the billow, would the top-sails clew,
 And trill a ballad to his lovely Sue;
 While she, when night winds rav'd around her head,
 Would turn and sigh upon her sleepless bed.

Now safe return'd, before the auspicious gale,
 The harbour gain'd, and fur'd the flapping sail,

The bark is moor'd—Tom lightly springs to land,
And fondly presses Susan's trembling hand—
Leads her along, still gazing as they go,
No happier pair were ever link'd below ;
At home, he smil'd, her glowing cheek he press'd,
And clasp'd her, blushing, to his manly breast.

Ah me ! how short their hour of guileless joy !
Oh ! why should fate their budding bliss destroy ?
Or, why should Britain, Freedom's boasted isle,
Her bravest sons, of their best rights beguile ?

While Susan's eye with fond affection beam'd,
And through the lattice purple twilight gleam'd,
A ruffian crew, the tools of legal power,
Like Satan, seeking whom they may devour,
With rudeness tear the husband from her arms,
Unmov'd by Woman's tears, or Beauty's charms !
She weeps, she kneels—but kneels and weeps in vain ;
Then, like the lily, when surcharg'd with rain,
Low at their feet she pale and prostrate lay,
While they, relentless, grasp their hapless prey.

Why should my pen the pensive tale pursue ?
She wakes—her sailor's vanish'd from her view,
For he is doom'd to quit the peaceful shore,
And go where Britain bids her thunders roar,
His sighs to mingle with the midnight wind,
And muse on her he left to mourn behind.

Though Time had wip'd the tear from Susan's eye,
Still would her widow'd heart in sadness sigh ;
A letter came—it spoke her sailor's heart—
“ Dear Susan, though I felt it death to part,
I must not die in this eventful hour,
When Britain threaten'd, dares a boaster's power ;
With gallant Nelson now the foe I brave,
And he still triumphs on the ocean wave ;
When I have gather'd laurels on the main,
Thy smile shall bless my longing eyes again ;
Till then, cheer up ! and know, my heart, dear Sue,
Is like my jacket—still unchanging blue ! ”
She read and sigh'd, and bath'd it in her tears ;
For now she felt a mother's hopes and fears.

Time steals apace—the bells, with pealing sound,
Sonorous ring, proclaiming gladness round ;
On every side the shout, the loud huzza,
Rejoicing, tell Trafalgar's glorious day ;
And while they Nelson's hapless death deplore,
The bonfire blazes, and the cannons roar ;
But Susan's heart with dread suspense oppress'd,
Each peal was anguish to her aching breast.

In came dame Lorimer, with meek demand,
A seaman's letter in her wither'd hand ;
“ Dear Susan, read—you know I want the skill,
Yet sure am I that letter is from Will ;
Thank God, he lives ! perhaps of Tom we'll hear,
On board the Victory both were comrades dear.”

The blotted scroll she anxious open tore,
Glanced o'er the page, and sunk upon the floor !

It told a tale that froze the springs of life ;
 For she was now a friendless, widow'd wife !
 She wak'd—to weep ? Oh no ! her brain was dry,
 And Nature, 'midst her mental agony,
 Gave to this world of woe an orphan son ;
 But ah ! his hapless mother's glass was run !
 No infant's cry her withering griefs beguill'd,
 Her feeble arms ne'er clasp'd the hapless child ;
 For, pale and cold, that mother ceas'd to mourn,
 And never knew a living son was born !

By stranger hands his mother's shroud was dress'd,
 And strangers bare her to her house of rest ;
 Untimely nipt in youth and beauty's bloom,
 No tear of sorrow trickling on her tomb ;
 No dimpling cheek suffus'd the smile of joy,
 No bosom glow'd, and bless'd the orphan boy ;
 No father's love for him this sprinkling sought,—
 By strangers to this hallow'd fountain brought ;
 No mother near, the sacred vows to share,
 Her heart responding to the pastor's prayer ;
 'The child more helpless than the creeping worm,
 Is left alone, to meet life's blighting storm.

Register of Marriages—Jane Woodley.

NEXT on my list a loving pair is found,
 Who furnish'd talk for all the country round ;
 Their early courtship, and their wedding late,
 Display the strange vicissitudes of fate.

Of all the maids that trode the village green,
 The loveliest lass was Farmer Woodley's Jean ;
 Sweet as the blossom on the thorn of May,
 Blithe as the blackbird on its bending spray,
 And modest as the flower that hides its head
 Amidst the dews that gem its grassy bed.
 Her father's only child, his hope and pride,
 Each wish was granted, and each want supplied ;
 Yet strange to say—indulg'd, caress'd, ador'd,
 The maiden's mind with understanding stor'd,
 Of wealth not proud, of beauty never vain,
 Its calm unvarying tenor could retain ;
 But those acquainted with her mother, knew
 Her pious love and prudence, match'd by few ;
 And they who made the farmer's ride their jest,
 Own'd Jane was in a mother's counsels blest.
 Her twentieth summer now had pass'd away,
 And lovers fawn'd and flattered night and day ;
 The scented beau would talk and praise her charms,
 The purse-proud fool of cattle, corn, and farms ;
 That ray'd of raptures which could never cloy,
 And this how wealth could purchase every joy ;
 Nor this nor that the maiden's heart could move,
 A nobler passion it was doom'd to prove.

John Bell was foreman on her father's farm,
 Fire in his eye, strength in his brawny arm ;
 Benignant nature had to him been kind,
 And gave the guileless heart and generous mind ;

With independence pictur'd in his face,
 Soft blending there, with many a milder grace.
 He saw Jane Woodley with a lover's eye,
 And oft in secret heav'd the hopeless sigh ;
 Let wiser sages than myself decide
 And say, if it was modesty, or pride,
 Which made the youth his fond affection hide. }
 But secret fire, although from sight conceal'd,
 Is often by its latent heat reveal'd :
 John sought in vain his passion to disguise,
 Jane saw his glances, and she heard his sighs ;
 And soon her heart with equal ardour burn'd,
 She glance for glance, and sigh for sigh return'd ;
 And while she gaz'd, her bosom felt with joy,
 Though John was poor, he " was no vulgar boy."
 Thus love to both imparted bliss and pain,
 Too well convinced that they must love in vain ;
 For richer suitors now pursued the prize,
 And wealth was all in Farmer Woodley's eyes,
 Who, while he o'er the list of lovers ran,
 Cried, " Andrew Miller is the warmest man !
 " His farms are large, his leases long and cheap,
 The hills around are white with Andrew's sheep ;
 His browsing cattle blacken o'er the vale,
 And his rich harvests ripen in the gale ;
 Jane, mind your hits—strike while the iron's hot,
 Thank Heaven for sending such a happy lot !"
 " What ! bleat-cy'd Andrew, with his neck awry,
 Whose fiftieth year at least has long gone by ?"
 " True, Jane, his neck has got an awkward twitch,
 His eyes are watery—but the man is rich."
 " But wealth, dear father, may be bought too dear ;
 Yet sure you joke—you cannot be sincere ;
 And only spoke to try your daughter's heart,
 Which still has scorn'd the mean disguise of art,
 And, to a father, must, with frankness, tell
 Its choice is made." " What ! who ?" " John Bell."
 " John Bell !—not worth a groat—the wench is mad—
 A farmer's daughter wed a ploughman lad ?"

The angry father forth in wrath is gone,
 Strides o'er the fields, and meets his foreman John ;
 With passion glowing in his purple face,
 A quarrel's pick'd—and John resigns his place.

Now dire events in quick succession tread ;
 The prudent mother mingles with the dead ;
 By lust of wealth, lur'd to a foolish scheme,
 Too late the farmer finds the whole a dream :
 Farm, corn, and cattle, brought to public sale,
 And he, unpitied, rudely lodg'd in jail.

The gentle Jane attends her father there,
 Still talks of hope, and soothes his hours of care ;
 But where are now the fawning, cringing crowd,
 Who flatter'd Jane, and to the father bow'd ?
 Is she less lovely ? No ; but wealth has flown.
 And must the fair neglected pine alone ?
 No ; Andrew Millar, with his crooked neck,
 Has for misfortune's children some respect ;

He seeks the farmer in his sad abode ;
 And on his wrinkled cheek a hectic glow'd,
 Within this scanty space the fair to find ;
 He knew her beauteous, and he found her kind.
 With sorrow, shame, and sadly humbled pride,
 Dejected Woodley sought his face to hide ;
 " Cheer up ! " cried Andrew ; " ' tis misfortune's hour ;
 But cloudless sunshine may succeed the shower !
 Come, if you please, we'll talk of your affairs,
 And, if I can, I'll try to ease your cares.
 What ! has misfortune made you deaf and dumb ?
 Who put you here ? And for how long a sum ? "
 " I cannot talk ; but if you please to look,
 You'll find the whole recorded in that book."
 He glanced it o'er, and cried, " Why, man, I'm glad—
 Not that you're here—but things are not so bad !
 Five hundred pounds would purchase your discharge,
 Undo these bolts, and set my friend at large."
 " Five hundred pounds ! " said Woodley, with a sigh ;
 " I cannot now five hundred pence supply ! "
 " No doubt—but others can." And Andrew took
 The farmer's hand, and glanced a hasty look
 On Jane, who through the grated window gaz'd,
 Where setting sun-beams in the welkin blaz'd.
 The speaker paus'd—again his glistening eye
 Declar'd the meed which might his friendship buy :
 The farmer's nod, said, " Yes, your mind I know."
 Up Andrew rose, " Farewell ! for I must go ;
 And, Jane, good-night ! your father's spirits cheer,
 Sometime to-morrow trust to see me here."

Within the prison Jane had soundly slept ;
 That night she press'd her humble couch, and wept.
 For Andrew's meaning to her mind was plain,—
 She thought of John, and turn'd and wept again ;
 But filial duty made the maid decide,
 And Jane determin'd to be—Andrew's bride.
 At morn, her father, when about to speak,
 Beheld the big tears coursing o'er her cheek ;
 A heaving sigh deep from her bosom broke,
 While she, with feeble faltering accent, spoke :
 " I know, dear father, what your heart would say,
 My choice is made—I will your wish obey ;
 If Jephthah's daughter was to fate resign'd,
 Not less heroic is Jane Woodley's mind !
 To set you free, and save your health and life,
 Tell Andrew Millar—I will be—his wife."

The farmer freed—the sacrifice is made ;
 But he for whom this mighty price was paid,
 His haughty spirit broke, in health declin'd,
 In body frail, and imbecile in mind,
 On Andrew's bounty eats, and drinks, and sleeps,
 Laughs like a child at trifles, sighs, and weeps.

" The world's dread laugh " Jane Woodley soon forgot,
 And learn'd to live contented with her lot ;
 For Andrew Millar had no sordid mind,
 And, as old husbands are, was fondly kind.
 Years roll'd around, his heart was never cold ;
 While Jane was young, he never could be old ;

He saw three sportive children on the floor ;
 And, while he gaz'd, forgot he was threescore.
 With restless mind, through life he'd schem'd and plann'd,
 With ways and means still ready at command ;
 Pursuing wealth, he held five different farms ;
 And still impell'd by her seductive charms,
 New schemes employ'd his enterprising soul,
 He marshes drain'd, dug ore, and min'd for coal.
 Thus have I seen a turnspit, panting, toil,
 And climb the ponderous wheel, with ceaseless moil,
 And though the wheel was still revolving round,
 The hapless cur was still at bottom found ;
 So clamber'd Andrew, in the wheel of life,
 Till death unsparing, came and clos'd the strife :
 'Twas then, alas ! his ways and means were plain ;
 For bills and bonds appear'd in lengthen'd train.
 At last his whole estate was bankrupt found,
 Unfit to pay five shillings in the pound ;
 And Jane of friends and husband now bereft,
 A helpless widow, with three orphans left ;
 Her father, too, who proudly fate arraign'd,
 Though of the man scarce ought but pride remain'd.

John Bell, dismiss'd from goodman Woodley's farm,
 Soon found his native vale no more could charm,
 And turn'd to go ; but felt, with Jane to part,
 Was pain and anguish to his wounded heart—
 A rankling wound the world could never cure,
 But time, he hop'd, would teach him to endure.
 He brush'd the tear which fell for lovely Jane,
 And bent his way to Lothian's fertile plain.
 With strength and skill to plow, or sow the field,
 The team to guide, or sweeping scythe to wield,
 He found a place—rose daily in esteem—
 But still Jane Woodley was his nightly dream.
 He heard at last that she was Andrew's bride ;
 His faithful heart for woman's weakness sigh'd,
 Then breath'd a pray'r for happiness to Jane,
 And vow'd, in secret, ne'er to love again.

Ten years had pass'd, and he was basking warm.
 The thriving tenant of a Lothian farm,
 When Fame to him the painful tidings brought,
 Of woes that fate for hapless Jane had wrought :
 True love's celestial spark can ne'er expire,
 Though Time had cool'd, he had not quench'd the fire,
 John felt anew his tenderness return,
 His passion with its wonted fervour burn !
 He sought and found his Jane—a widow meek,
 And wip'd the tear from her still blooming cheek.
 Due honour paid to the departed dead,
 The blushing fair was to the altar led ;
 And ne'er before me stood a happier pair ;
 I join'd their hands, and pour'd the nuptial pray'r ;
 'Twas heard on high : Time sees their bliss abound,
 Their faithful loves with full fruition crown'd ;
 On Andrew's children John with kindness smiles,
 And farmer Woodley's childish griefs beguiles.
 Their loves are bless'd with blooming girls and boys,
 And growing wealth diffuses worldly joys ;
 For these their grateful aspirations rise,
 To Him who rules and reigns above the skies.

Register of Burials—The Village Doctor.

YON silver willow, in the corner, weeps
 Above the spot where Peter Barnard sleeps ;
 No grave like his is in the church-yard seen ;
 Its turf, untrodden, smiles in lasting green ;
 He, when in health, chose that sequester'd spot
 Where, unmolested, his remains might rot.

Though never nurs'd at Alma Mater's /reast,
 Not small the lore that Peter's head posses'd ;
 For nature's mysteries occult he knew, &
 At least as much as some professors do :
 Vers'd in astrology, he talk'd of signs,
 Of houses, aspects, quadratures, and trines ;
 Now a geologist—deep, dark, and far
 He'd dive, and talk of strata, quartz, and spar.

But he in botany unrivall'd shone ;
 To him the vegetable world was known
 From forest trees, the winter winds that mock,
 To gray moss, creeping on the mountain rock ;
 And all were nam'd in such Linnæan style,
 As made the vulgar stare, the learned smile ;
 Willow was *salix*, and the yellow broom
 Was gay *genista*, with her golden bloom ;
 Then he would talk of genus, order, sex ;
 With hybrid, pollen, hearer's ears perplex ;
 And though they could not his acquirements scan,
 Yet all agreed he was a wondrous man.

His was yon cottage on the common's edge,
 And his the garden fenced with hawthorn hedge :
 The cot was rear'd by Peter's skilful hand,
 The hedge-row planted and the garden plann'd ;
 All show'd his skill and persevering toil,
 For bleak the spot, and rugged was the soil ;
 But Peter saw, with keen, judicious eye,
 Its fair exposure to the southern sky ;
 The furze was grubb'd, the rude contiguous rock
 With blasting powder for materials broke ;
 Beneath his patient hand the walls arise ;
 Anon the axe with equal skill he plies ;
 He roofs and thatches, hope his toil beguiles,
 Sees all complete, and o'er his labour smiles :
 The garden next his constant care requires,
 From morn to night he toils, but never tires ;
 He ditches, drains, digs, levels, sows, and plants,
 And sees provision for his future wants ;
 Anticipation paints the prospect fair,
 And Peter sees a promis'd Eden there !
 He cares for Ellen's love—is wedded—bless'd—
 No care invades his paradise of rest.

“ But how,” you ask, “ were daily wants supplied ?
 And how did they for food and clothes provide ? ”
 Though fashion ever kindles new desires,
 Few are the wants that rural life requires ;
 His Ellen smil'd, content in plain array,
 And Peter's gala dress was russet gray ;
 No stimulating food his thirst provok'd,
 He drank no spirits, no tobacco smok'd ;

His cow, the common and the garden fed ;
 But come, my friend, let us, by fancy led,
 The spot explore, and see what I have seen,
 And mark the treasures of his small demesne ;
 That stack of turf in winter warms his cot,
 That wither'd furze in summer boils the pot ;
 Step in, and rest—'twill feast your eyes to stop,
 And look around the Village Doctor's shop ;
 That open cup-board, in the corner placed,
 With boxes, gallinots, and phials graced,
 By Peter tell'd the Magazine of Health,
 Has prov'd the mine from which he draws his wealth ;
 Without diploma Peter plies his hand,
 And scatters fate and physic o'er the land.
Here withering herbs on cords suspended swing,
There rhubarb roots are dangling in a string ;
 While crocus flow'rs, with marigolds, are laid,
 And camomile, to shrivel in the shade ;
 Hot pungent seeds, and bitter herbs abound,
 The spoils of Nature scatter'd all around ;
 That deal-board shelf supports the scanty store
 From whence he draws his literary lore ;
 Culpepper, Ray, Lightfoot, and Sir John Hill,
 All duly studied, for botanic skill ;
 While Wesley's recipes teach physic's trade,
 And Tippermalloch comes to Buchan's aid,
 With ponderous folios, now forgot by fame,
 And authors deem'd unlawful once to name ;
 Botanic plates are pasted on the walls,
 With horoscopes and hieroglyphic scrawls :
There hangs a fiddle from a rusty nail ;
Here waves a feather from a peacock's tail ;
 The dragon-fly, with wings extended, shines,—
 In crystal case, the speckled viper twines ;
 The mantle-piece with petrifications groans,
 With minerals, fossils, shells, and lunar stones ;
 A rude bench, rais'd above the window sill,
 Will feast your eyes, your brain with fragrance fill ;
 There pots and broken pipkins, placed in rows,
 A mimic green-house to the sight disclose,
 Where summer wantons in perënnial bloom,
 And mingling odours shed their rich perfume.
 Now, if you please, we'll o'er the garden stray,
 Where Nature smiles in garments ever gay ;
 For Peter boasts it never wants a flower,
 Some bud or bloom, defying winter's power ;
 And ever-greens, that spread their branching forms,
 Shine o'er the snow, and smile amidst the storms.
 You've seen a richer spot, a scene more fair ;
 But such a medley of the wild and rare,
 Within one single acre's narrow bound,
 You'll own, is not in all the country round ;
 Each heath that blossoms on the highland hill ;
 Each plant that nods above the cooling rill ;
 The tender flower, that, like the bashful maid,
 Shrinks from the sun, and sickens for the shade ;
 And that whose bosom courts the noontide ray,
 Like vain coquette, who smiles at ball and play ;
 The plant that feeds and fattens on the tomb
 Of noxious scent and lurid loathsome bloom ;

'The fungus tribe, these children of a day,
 Thick clustering moss, and creeping lichen gray,
 All here have place, and each its proper soil,
 Produced by art, and persevering toil ;
 The bubbling fountain, and the marshy lake,
 The rude rough rock, soft mould, and tangling brake,
 The shady covert, and the sunny green,
 Such varying charms adorn this rural scene
 That velvet walk, in which we careless pass,
 Shews stranger wild-flowers peeping from the grass.
 You hear a ceaseless, busy, humming sound,
 'Tis Nature's chymists, toiling all around ;
 In order ranged, along that fence, you'll see
 Six hives, the home of the industrious bee ;
 Their summer's toil augments his humble store ;
 His wants supplied, he never wish'd for more.

By skill, or chance, he wipught a wondrous cure—
 'Twas blaz'd abroad, and then success was sure ;
 The tale was magnified, and gossip fame,
 For ten miles round, re-echo'd Peter's name ;
 The young, the old, the cripple, and the blind,
 Their various ails to Peter's care consign'd :
 He fractur'd limbs with nice adjustment tied ;
 Colds, coughs, and cholics, by his art defied ;
 With rusty lancet, boldly breath'd a vein,
 Reduc'd luxations, sooth'd rheumatic pain ;
 And from the anguish'd rustic's watering mouth,
 With dextrous twitch, would drag the carious tooth.
 The breast, intestines, liver, lungs, and spleen,
 By Nature's hand, are plac'd in cells unseen ;
 But Peter boldly ventur'd in the dark,
Par hazard shot—and sometimes hit the mark.
 Whate'er the case, his art was always tried,
 Each patient had or drugs or herbs applied ;
 Then Peter, with facetious look, would say,
 " As I must live, you must for med'cines pay ;
 These herbs to rear cost me both toil and care,
 That powder's costly, and this drug is rare ;
 Just half-a-crown—a moderate demand—
 And now we'll wait for art and Nature's hand ;
 I know your case, but boast not of my skill ;
 You know I sometimes cure, and seldom kill ;
 I'll set you right—if such is Heaven's decree ;
 When you get well, I'll then expect my fee."

"Twas nought uncommon, on a Sunday morn,
 To see some eight or ten, with looks forlorn,
 Stroll in the garden, or his door surround,
 His skill so famous, and his name renown'd :
 Some, doubtless, were with real pain distress'd ;
 But others came with fancied ills oppress'd ;
 "And I had heard, that sometimes in the crowd
 Was pass'd the wanton joke, with laughter loud ;
 I therefore hinted, in a friendly way,
 At profanation of that hallow'd day ;
 He quick replied, as unabash'd he stood,
 " On Sabbath, Sir, 'tis lawful to do good !
 So said our heavenly Master—so say I—
 Hard were my heart could I relief deny ;
 Though Heaven, perhaps, has circumscrib'd my skill,
 It sets no limits to my heart and will."

Thus twenty years he liv'd a lucky quack,
 And jogg'd securely in his beaten track ;
 Such faith had many in his healing hand,
 Some fools imagin'd he could death withstand ;—
 But, ah ! when Peter's sun with splendour shone,
 The hour of darkness came—his day was done !
 By fever seiz'd, he grappled with the foe,
 The cont'ring tyrant laid his victim low ;
 In vain his children's tears, his Ellen's sighs,
 Beneath that sod our Village Doctor lies !

His turf with camomile and daisies dress'd,
 They hud and blossom on his mouldering breast ;
 His mourning widow spread that carpet there,
 And still 'tis green, beneath her watchful care ;
 She placed that weeping willow o'er his head—
 No foot profane disturbs his lonely bed ;
 And village peasants, as they pass the spot,
 Shew Peter Barnard is not yet forgot !

VOYAGE EN ECOSSE ET AUX ILES
 HEBRIDES. PAR L. A. NECKER DE
 SAUSSURE. GENEVE. 1821.

M. NECKER DE SAUSSURE was in Scotland during the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, and he has now published the results of the observations he made, and the information he acquired during that period, in three large octavo volumes, consisting of descriptions of scenery, discussions on our national character and manners, disquisitions concerning the Highlands, and remarks on the geology and natural history of our country. Nothing could well be more flattering to our national vanity than the high-wrought pictures which M. Necker gives of our social virtues and delightful manners, our high genius, profound learning, spirited independence, and generous hospitality ; and whatever may be the faults and deficiencies of his work, we cannot help feeling grateful for the love and admiration which he testifies for our good qualities, and the chivalrous enthusiasm with which he has undertaken to be our champion against the calumnies and misconceptions of other nations. We could certainly have wished, however, that the task of introducing us as a distinct people, to the knowledge of our continental brethren, had been undertaken by a man of finer judgment, and more original genius, than M. Necker seems to possess. We should have liked to have

seen something of deeper insight into the peculiar characteristics of our people, and a more masterly and philosophical account of the co-operating causes which have assisted in making us what we are, together with a more profound knowledge of the particular tone and bent of our literature and philosophy ;—something more, in short, than mere details, with a common-place commentary. M. Necker's mind seems better fitted for the collection and narration of facts, than for the formation of theories—for the observation of events, than for tracing their causes, and speculating on their consequences. He writes an easy, agreeable, though too ardently artificial style,—tells a story, or describes a ball, with liveliness, and even with grace ; but he is not a man of much natural talent, and seems to have become an author, rather from being nursed and dandled into it, than because

“ Nature and his free thoughts bid him write.”

He has few opinions which are the spontaneous growth of his own mind, and little knowledge which has taken root there. On the contrary, his intellectual wealth consists chiefly of shreds and patches—bundles of facts and opinions, without the co-presence of any power of thinking, to drag them forth from their lumber-room, and mould them into order and consistency. Every thing, to be sure, lies ticketted, and labelled, and

ready for immediate use; and M. Necker, we are verily persuaded, could even have outdone himself in bookmaking, (no easy task,) had there been any likelihood of success to the speculation; but there is no living spirit to animate, and give coherency to these stores, which are in themselves mere *matériel* for the mind to work on, and valuable only so far as they serve to bring the plastic power of thought into action. We find, accordingly, that M. Necker displays but little capability of seizing the distinguishing qualities of our literature, or discovering the particular nature and consequences of the opinions which constitute what may be called our National Philosophy; resting satisfied with complimenting us on the elegance and precision of one author, the impassioned eloquence of another, the profound erudition of a third, and so forth; while his general disquisitions on national character and manners, and his attempts in deducing these, from circumstances in our situation and institutions, are exceedingly feeble and flimsy, and generally as false as they are superficial.

But while we are obliged to make these strictures, we must at the same time remark, that the number of facts and observations, the spirited sketches of scenery, and accurate descriptions of customs and institutions, which are to be found in M. Necker's work, render it valuable and interesting in a considerable degree; and that there are, throughout, so many traces of an amiable and candid disposition, and of a generous and gentlemanlike spirit, that it is impossible to read the book without entertaining a feeling of respect for its author.

Having said thus much generally, we shall proceed to give our readers some specimens of M. Necker's work, without troubling them with many remarks or opinions of our own. Our object is rather to shew what M. N. thinks, than to discuss the justice of his opinions; and we shall accordingly rest contented with extracting such passages as appear interesting or amusing, leaving our readers in general to judge for themselves, as to the truth or value of the descriptions, or discussions, contained

in them. We have no intention at present to touch on any of the geological observations which form so large a portion of the work, having neither space nor inclination to enter upon topics of so little general interest; but shall confine ourselves to the more palatable viands which M. N. has set before us.

The first volume sets out with a lively enough description of the situation of Edinburgh, the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and the different public edifices of the Old Town; which we shall pass over, as not containing any thing of sufficient importance to interest our readers. M. N. then enters into a detailed account of the mode of tuition adopted in the High School and College, which is all sensible and commonplace enough, and bestows sundry well-merited compliments on our different Professors, but without many distinguishing or individual traits. We commence with the following passage:

The department of science and letters shines with no less a lustre than that of medicine. At the head of it appear two learned men, whose reputation extends throughout the whole of Europe, Mr Dugald Stewart, and Mr Playfair. United together by the ties of a long friendship, they rival each other in zeal and ardour for the advancement of the sciences to which they have devoted themselves. I do not fear contradiction when I state, that these are the two men who are most distinguished in Scotland, as well for the universality, as for the depth of their knowledge.

While Mr Stewart, by the aid of a sage induction and severe investigation, analyses the faculties of the human mind, and carries the torch of truth into the sombre and tortuous labyrinth of metaphysics; Mr Playfair, assisted by his profound knowledge of the higher mathematics, unveils the least-known properties of matter, the relations which determine, and the laws which regulate their movements. After having for a long time taught the mathematical class, he fills at present the chair of Natural Philosophy, or General Physics. He has succeeded in throwing perfect light over objects in their own nature obscure, and, what is still more arduous, in creating an interest in the driest and most ungracious details of that science. But nothing adds more to the effect of the talents with which his mind is endowed, than the rare mo-

desty and amiable simplicity which accompany them—qualities which make him beloved and sought after, by those whom the extent of his genius might otherwise intimidate. Mr Dugald Stewart gives every year a course of Moral Philosophy *, and his writings are a sufficient pledge for the interest which pervades his lectures. This worthy successor of Hutcheson, Fergusson, and Smith, has, by his ingenious researches, given additional brilliancy to the lustre which has long distinguished the Scottish Philosophy. His lectures (which he in general reads) present a model of the most elegant style, which is rendered still more effective, by a beautiful voice, and a purity of accent rarely found in Scotland. He frequently makes apposite quotations, from the most celebrated classical writers both of Rome and of England; and the most illustrious poets of these two nations furnish him with episodes which give an agreeable repose to the attention, wearied out with the abstract questions of metaphysics. Oftentimes, also, carried away by the interest of his subject, he lays aside his manuscript, and pours forth morsels of the most sublime eloquence. Vol I. pp. 30-31.

M. Necker next enters into a very full description of the New Town, and turns perfectly pathetic over the view from Prince's Street.

The savage rock surmounted by the fortress—the ravine crowned by the ancient buildings of the Old Town—the picturesque hills of Arthur Seat, Salisbury Crags, and Caltonhill, constitute the view which is enjoyed from the whole length of this street. Being open towards the south, it affords a very agreeable promenade in the winter time. The houses reflecting the rays of the sun, and forming a shelter from the frozen winds of the north, preserve a gentle and salutary warmth. It is here that, between the hours of two and four o'clock, during the winter months, all Edinburgh is found assembled. This street then presents the most lively *coup d'œil*. The wide pavement is covered with well dressed men, and elegant females; and a continual throng of brilliant equipages, of post-chaises, and stage-coaches, animates the middle of the street, which is also the great road to Glasgow, and the West of Scotland. I have often admired, in the beautiful nights of spring-time, the romantic effect of the Castle, as seen from Prince's Street. The rugged and broken

shapes of the dark rock are distinctly visible in the last light of the west; the walls and battlements of the fortress seem to touch the sky. The ancient edifices of the Old Town, covered with the shadows of night, appear like savage rocks cut into a thousand strange forms by the hand of time. The rays of a feeble light dart at intervals from some little window in the most elevated part of the castle, and seem to issue from the lamp which cheers an unfortunate prisoner in his obscure dungeon; while the melodious sounds of the bugle, which are heard from the height of these walls as the signal for repose, recalls the times of chivalry and the middle ages. Ibid. p. p. 46-7.

We now come to M. Necker's account of the society of our Metropolis, to which he prefixes some general remarks on the society of Scotland, as distinguished from that of England, which we shall here quote for the benefit of our readers—premising only, that we think he rather overrates our advantages, and that we would fain hope our English brethren are not so thoroughly imbued with prejudices to our disfavour as they are here represented. But our readers will judge for themselves.

People are generally led to believe on the continent, that the society of Scotland is in no degree different from that of England. In contemplating, superficially, two nations who speak the same language, who are governed by the same sovereign, and who resemble each other in manners and domestic habits, we hasten to infer, that their character and customs are exactly similar. It is common to confound together, under the name of English, the three people who inhabit the British isles, although their origin, history, manners, education, and even laws, are different; or if some well-informed individuals are aware of these distinctions, they seldom look on the Scotch and Irish except through the unjust prejudices with which the English are imbued towards their neighbours. A great many travellers visit England, but few think of penetrating farther north, in order to see a people whom many of the English represent as scarcely yet removed from barbarism. It is believed that the whole of Great Britain is known, when London, and the most flourishing seaports and counties of England, have been visited; and travellers judge of the character of the inhabitants of the whole island, by the observations which they have been able to make in the capital and

* Our readers must not forget the period when this was written.

provinces of the south. The inhabitants of the north very frequently have reason to complain of their too sweeping conclusions.

Many Scotchmen travel on the continent; and it would seem that they ought to make their country known to greater advantage. But if they are distinguished from the crowd of English by their greater openness and simplicity of character—their desire to please, and manners which sympathise more with our own, they are supposed to be individual exceptions; and it is not known, that what has captivated us in a few individuals, is to be attributed to a whole nation. One of the qualities which distinguish the Scotch from the English is sociability. That desire of mingling and communicating with their equals, of partaking their impressions, and making them partakers of ours, which constitutes one of the greatest charms of life, is very faint in England, while it forms one of the most striking traits of the Scottish character. The English have often been reproached for being cold to strangers—for not seeking, and even for avoiding their society. The same reproach might be extended with more reason, perhaps, to their intercourse with their fellow-countrymen. The English are very distant among themselves. A thousand obstacles prevent their communicating easily and freely with each other. The difference of rank, much more marked than one would believe in a country so republican; the differences of fortune, which are still more decided; and, above all, a certain pride, which prevents any one from thrusting himself forward, for fear of failing in his attempt,—all these causes combined, oppose themselves to the existence of any thing like society in London; for I cannot call by that name those immense assemblies which fashion, all-powerful in England, has established, and which vanity supports,—those routs or assemblages of all sorts of people, who are attracted to each other by no common interest, and who have no other relation together, but that of being “in the Fashion,” a title quite independent of the merit, or genius, or intrinsic worth of him who bears it.

The truly illustrious individuals in England, and there are a great many such, do not partake the prejudices of the mass of their fellow-citizens; they seek out for enlightened people, and feel all the value of interesting conversation: but, in general, the English like to crowd themselves into assemblies, so numerous, so discordant, and so divested of all that can interest the mind, that they seem only intended to display the brilliant for-

tune of the person who gives them, and satisfy his desire of figuring in the public papers.

Matters are managed differently in Scotland; the society there is remarkable for its harmony; the Scotch love conversation, and seek from it, at the same time, instruction and pleasure. The society is easy, because the distinctions of rank, although still sufficiently respected, are less felt than in England. There are in Scotland a number of families, who, without being titled, have an origin as ancient and as noble as that of many of the peers. There are others who have been rendered illustrious by arms, by science, and by literature; and who, being sought after by all who are well informed, constitute so many chains, which unite together the different ranks of society.

Riches are far less essential in Scotland than in England, in order to the enjoying an agreeable station in the world. Luxury there is neither so striking nor so prevalent. There exists in that country a great spirit of simplicity, and there is more than one kind of equality, in good company, respected even by those who could most easily avoid this. A frank cordiality, and natural politeness, proceeding rather from a desire to please and to render others happy, than from the study of what is called the custom of the world, takes place among the Scotch, of the hauteur and reserve of their neighbours. It is, above all, in relation to strangers, that the Scottish character is displayed to greatest advantage. Hospitality in all its finest shades, and under every form, is the national virtue of Scotland. The inhabitants of this country do not partake in the least of the coldness and prejudices towards foreigners, which is so often and so justly the reproach of even the best society of England. Ib. p. 49. et seq.

M. Necker then proceeds to endeavour to discover the principal causes of the peculiarities which he here notices in the manners and habits of our countrymen. The chief of these, he says, is the close intercourse which subsisted so long between Scotland and France. We cannot conceive any thing more absurd than this. M. Necker, as our readers shall immediately see, pours himself out in warm commendations of the *sincerity and openness* of our manners, and yet is of opinion, that we have learned these from the least sincere and most artificial of all the nations of the earth; in other words, we have learned true politeness

ness and openness of heart from a hollow and heartless mockery of both; we have caught the simplicity of our character from mingling with grinning deceit and perpetual artifice, and from the delighted contemplation of a glittering veil of *politesse*, which has deadened the feelings, and chilled the springs of manly virtue in its wearers. Here is M. Necker's statement of the matter:

In looking into the ancient and actual state of Scotland for the causes of this remarkable difference, we shall find them in the intimate relations which formerly existed between the kingdom of Scotland and several of the continental governments, and, in particular, the French nation. This country, which has always been the bitterest enemy and rival of England, was, on the contrary, the closest ally of Scotland, and frequently aided her in defending herself against the attacks of the English. The Scotch ever enjoyed in France, up to the time of the Revolution, privileges from which other nations were excluded. They were exempt from the taxes on foreigners; they had at Paris a college consecrated to Scottish Catholics, and regulated by Scottish professors. Scotland, also, furnished formerly to the king of France a company of body guards. So many privileges encouraged the nobles and gentlemen to travel in France, to educate their children there, and frequently even to establish themselves in that country. They learned the French language, and spoke it with facility; and, on their return to their own country, they introduced as much as they could, into good company, the manners and tone of the court of Versailles. Since the unfortunate expedition of the Pretender, and, above all, since the Revolution, the connection between Scotland and France has declined, and at last ceased altogether. But the little court of M. le Comte d'Artois, which has been for some time established at Edinburgh, still keeps up a relation between the higher classes of the two nations. Scientific communications have since somewhat supplied the intercourse of society, and the French language has continued to be learned, and spoken with facility, by all who have received the least education. The ladies, in particular, in Edinburgh, have a singular readiness in acquiring French; and I knew many of them who spoke it fluently and elegantly, and almost without a foreign accent, and who read and enjoyed the beauties of French poetry, without having ever quitted their own country.

lb. p. 55-6.

Almost immediately after this most inconsequential piece of reasoning, M. Necker adds:—

One trait which, above all, distinguishes the whole society of Scotland, is the perfect integrity of intercourse, and sincerity in the expression of sentiments. This quality, without which society may amuse the mind perhaps, but can never fully satisfy the heart, owes its existence to the morality which is the foundation of the Scottish character, and to a candour and honesty which prevail among all classes. Moreover, the love of gossiping, and the scandal which is its necessary consequence, are much less common in Scotland than any where else. The wide diffusion of knowledge leads to conversation on matters of general, rather than of individual interest. The women, too, having all received a very careful education, are for the most part acquainted with the most remarkable works, not only in their own, but in foreign languages. They are enthusiastically fond of poetry and the fine arts, particularly of music; and, above all, of the music of Scotland, the plaintive expression of which is in unison with a slight tinge of melancholy, which is frequently found in Scotch women, joined to a great deal of liveliness.

lb. p. 58.

The truth is, we think M. Necker as much mistaken in his estimate of our manners, as he is ridiculous in his attempts to account for them. Simplicity and unsuspecting openness of heart, however much they may give a charm to the manners of many individuals amongst us, are by no means the characteristic qualities of Scottish manners in general. We are more remarkable (as is generally thought) for a certain intelligent shrewdness, and cautious prudence, a scanning of the tendencies of our words and actions, and a careful forethought of possible consequences, than for an open and heedless communication of our thoughts, or an enthusiastic reliance on our better impulses and feelings. Notwithstanding the high, and, certainly, to a great degree, deserved character we have acquired for hospitality, we are rather of opinion, that, in our large towns, at least, M. Necker will find, if he come and inspect us more narrowly, but little of chivalrous and headlong generosity, and that before we commit ourselves, we generally take pretty good care what we are about.

With regard to what is here said incidentally of the absence of gossiping and scandal, we fear that it applies to Edinburgh alone; and there, only from the impossibility of their prevalence, and not from any well-grounded hatred, in our worthy townfolk, of these delightful vivifiers of conversation. We have plenty of literary gossip and political small talk here; there are abundance of "pert, prim praters of the northern race," who lie in wait for the crumbs that fall from the tables of our great, in rank, literature, or politics, and who dole them out in delicious morceaux to a multitude of gabblers, who stand gaping for fresh intelligence, and "wondering with a foolish face of praise," or fretting with malevolent though impotent spleen. This is merely another manifestation of the same disease; a different channel, for the petty vanity or malignity of our nature to find vent at, when others are dammed up. But we can assure M. Necker, that he had only to visit any one of our provincial towns, to find scandal and tea-table talk revelling in all the glee and glory of their hateful existence, and surrounded with their usual companions, jealousy, and strife, and envy, to fill up the vacuum of ennui, and serve as conductors to the poisonous fluids, which we are afraid are every where more or less mingled with the blood of mankind.

M. Necker, leaving these general disquisitions, proceeds next to give some account of the tone of society which prevails in this our Metropolis. One thing has struck us very forcibly in perusing this part of the work, viz. the perfect equanimity and good temper which seem to have prevailed amongst the different classes of our native city during the period of M. Necker's stay amongst us. There seems to have been neither heart-burning jealousies nor factious strife,—neither political nor personal abuse, to disturb the progress of science and philosophy, or poison the comforts of social intercourse. Different and conflicting opinions were no doubt as prevalent then as now; but they did not interrupt the general good feeling which prevailed among all parties, and they were discussed with the tone and temper of gentle-

men. What would be M. Necker's astonishment and regret if he could witness the change which a few years have brought about amongst us! How would he be surprised to find, that the demon of party-spirit had spread his poison over every department of literature and science,—that no one could venture to bestow the merited tribute of praise, even on the best and wisest amongst us, without calling down on his own head a shower of the most frantic and foul-mouthed abuse and detraction,—that all the feelings of generous and manly opposition had been stifled and deadened by the pestiferous influence of anonymous slander and cold-blooded, heartless rancour,—that almost no public individual, unless he belonged to a particular party, could go into society without the chance of encountering "some smiter with the knife under his cloak," ready to inflict a wound on his reputation! What, we say, would be M. Necker's feelings had he witnessed such a consummation! But, to leave this hateful subject, we give M. Necker's remarks on the nature of our society at length.

I have said, that, in proportion to the extent of population, knowledge is more generally diffused in Edinburgh than in any other city. It naturally results from thence, that intelligence, learning, and literary merit, are there much better appreciated, and meet with more peculiar respect, than elsewhere. From this spirit, reciprocal advantages arise, both to men of letters, who find in good company a continual encouragement from the attention there paid to them, and to good society itself, which, being capable of appreciating men of letters, attracts them, and enriches itself daily more and more, by the talents which it calls out and develops. There are, besides, few cities in which so many men of genius and talent are found assembled together as in Edinburgh.

Although there are some persons of a light and brilliant turn of mind to be met with there, nevertheless the conversation of the men is in general rather serious than gay. It will be sufficient for me to name the most marked individuals of the society of Edinburgh, *such as it was when I was there*, to shew how many charms a foreigner might find in it. Mr Dugald Stewart, and Mr Playfair, of whom I have already spoken, are no less

remarkable in the world than in the University, for an innate genius, enriched with a vast extent of learning. I have pleasure in citing here one of the most amiable of the Scotch, one of the men on whom Scottish literature prides itself with most reason—I mean that respectable old man, Mr Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling* and *Julia de Roubigné*, and one of the principal writers of the periodical journals, the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. The perfect purity and grace of his style have acquired to him the merited title of the Addison of Scotland. The same charms of which his writings are full, and all the qualities which distinguish them, are to be found in his conversation; he is one of those Scotchmen who appear to have been destined to transmit to the present generation a specimen of that ancient society of Edinburgh, so eminently distinguished for genius and learning, at the head of which were Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, Blair, &c.

The celebrated poet, Walter Scott, also lives in Edinburgh, where he is sought after on all hands, not only on account of his brilliant reputation as a poet, but for the delightful qualities of his conversation. That liveliness and brilliancy of imagination, and that freshness which so eminently distinguish his writings, reappear under new forms in these conversations, which he animates by the gaiety of his mind. He relates admirably, and gives a singular *piquancy* to the historical anecdotes of the middle ages, of which his head is a vast repertory: he possesses, in a high degree, that serious pleasantry which the English call *humour*. Ibid. pp. 60-1-3.

We are not quite sure if the following will be deemed a satisfactory reason for the continued prevalence of the barbarous custom of dismissing the fair sex from our tables:

This love for the discussion of questions in literature or politics, and for conversation of a grave nature, renders the male part of the society of Edinburgh little solicitous for the company of the ladies, although there are assuredly few countries where there are to be found so many who are capable of conversing on subjects of a serious nature. But it is not reckoned proper to talk politics before females; from which it happens, that the gentlemen remain a long time at table, after the ladies have retired to the drawing-room. It does not necessarily follow, as several foreigners pretend, that this custom implies an immoderate love

of the bottle; this may be the case with a few individuals; but the great generality of the Scotch and English, who keep up the ancient habit of prolonging their repasts, seek there for more reasonable and intelligent enjoyments.

At crowded dinners, where a certain degree of ceremony prevails, a profound discussion becomes nearly impossible—the men, separated from each other by the women, cannot converse together; old formalities, many of which are now going out of fashion, take up their whole attention. During dinner, the gentlemen seem somewhat constrained by the presence of the ladies; and it is only after they have withdrawn that they appear to breathe at liberty, and give themselves wholly up to the pleasures of general conversation. The talk then takes an interesting turn, and if there is any distinguished individual present, one may enjoy the full benefit of what he says. Politics form the most common subject of discussion. It is easy to understand how a people, who, from their free constitution, enjoy great privileges in the government, should attach the deepest interest to public affairs. The English and Scotch are so much persuaded of the utility of such argumentations for the maintenance of public spirit, that there are many who would regard the nation as dead to the patriotism which distinguishes it, if the men left table at the same time with the females, to give themselves up to more futile amusements. It cannot be denied, however, that the bottle used formerly to play a still more important part than politics in those long seditious, which were often continued till midnight. At present, however, such excesses are much more rare in good company, and are becoming daily less frequent." Ibid. p. 69, 71.

We cannot resist giving our fair readers the benefit of the gallant compliments which M. Necker pays them. We are afraid he has left his heart here, and speaks rather from the overflowings of feeling than from sober judgment. Certain it is, our countrywomen appear to great advantage in his pages, and we should be the last persons in the world to find fault with his chivalrous admiration. Our fair friends will be pleased, too, at the thought, that were M. Necker again to delight himself with a visit to Edinburgh, he might enjoy the additional pleasure of witnessing the matchless grace and elegance with which they can execute

the more intricate and beautiful evolutions of French dances; and that his delicate sensibility would not be so often shocked by the savage and boisterous merriment of reels and country-dances, rendered still more overwhelming by the vulgar ranting of strathspeys, and the shocking howls of the fiddlers.

The Scotchwomen, without possessing, perhaps, in a high degree, that regularity of beauty which is so striking to a stranger in the English, have much more of grace and vivacity in their physiognomy. And although quite as modest, they are equally free, both from that chilling reserve with which Englishwomen are often reproached, and from that passion for effect which the inhabitants of the continent have remarked, to their great surprise, among the ladies of fashion in England. It would be difficult to find women more amiable, and more completely divested of every species of affectation, than the Scotch. Moreover, that natural ease, that grace and liveliness which they display even in their mode of dancing, render the Edinburgh balls exceedingly animated. One circumstance which distinguishes them from other assemblages of the same kind, which are all much alike throughout the rest of Europe, is the striking contrast between the elegance of manners and brilliancy of dress, and the savage music of the Scottish dances, which is the same with that of the mountaineers of the north, and the inhabitants of the Hebrides. The shouts which the musicians send forth to animate the dancers, who frequently reply with similar cries, and the vivacity of the dances, in which the whole floor is in motion at once, presents a singular spectacle to the eye of a foreigner.

This music is so national, that a Scotchman cannot listen to it with cold blood. I have often witnessed, in the Edinburgh Theatre, the effect which is produced upon the whole assembly, by one of those airs which they call *strathspeys*, when the measure is well played by the instruments. As soon as the orchestra has sounded this strange melody, the whole body of spectators, both pit and boxes, are in motion; it seems as if they were about to rise to dance—they can no longer keep their seats. Ibid. p. 73.

We suppose M. Necker mistook "God save the King" for a strathspey, at least it was only on the occasion of its being played that we ever noticed any inclination in the audience to rise; and at such times,

it would not be very safe for any one to keep to his seat, at least if the deities who hold such absolute sway in the play-house were in the humour to take notice of it.

M. Necker seems to have appreciated pretty well the works which have the greatest influence on the tone of literature in Scotland. It is really cheering to think that our exertions for improving and enlightening our country during so long a period of time, have not been spent in vain, and that their importance has entitled our Magazine to be ranked among the literary treasures of this literary Metropolis. We must submit for the present, it would seem, to be ranked after the Edinburgh Review; but then let it be remembered, that M. Necker had not seen any Numbers of our New Series, otherwise we are quite sure he would have spoken in a far more enthusiastic and laudatory tone. We must send him our present Number, however, and shall anxiously look forward to a second edition of his book, in expectation of having justice meted out to us in full measure. We are certain he must look upon it as no doubtful or unimportant mark of our taste and good sense, that we have bestowed so many of our pages in endeavouring to make his large and erudite work known and admired in every nook and corner of the country he loves and lauds so warmly and so justly.

In speaking of the literary riches which Edinburgh possesses, I ought not to omit to mention the periodical publications which have so long contributed to the glory of that city. Towards the end of the last century, the *Mirror* and the *Lounger* were received with the most lively interest throughout the whole of Great Britain. These Journals, formed upon the model of the *Spectator* of Addison, rivalled that work in elegance and grace of style—in the truth of the pictures of manners, and the sound philosophy, which are to be found in every page. The authors succeeded for a long time in preserving themselves unknown, and enjoyed their success in silence. They were at last discovered, however. They were a body of young Advocates, all friends, and all men of distinguished talent, some of whom still survive, and have rendered themselves celebrated by more considerable works. Messrs Mackenzie, Aber-

crombie, Craig, and others, constituted this interesting association, which subsisted for several years.

Among the chief periodical publications which still exist in Edinburgh, I may notice the "*SCOTS MAGAZINE*," which is the most ancient, having commenced so far back as the year 1739,—an agricultural journal, called the "*Farmer's Magazine*," the utility of which is felt more and more every day,—the "*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*," which began in 1805,—and lastly, the most celebrated of all, the "*Edinburgh Review*,"—a work, the talent of every sort, the mighty erudition, the immense extent of knowledge, the sound criticism, the pure taste and just judgment displayed in which, have pointed out, as its chief contributors, Messrs Playfair, Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, &c. even when they were most anxious to preserve their incognito. p. 84—5.

We were surprised to find Mr Necker so much shocked at the Calvinism of our national church, seeing that we owe the fierce doctrines of which he complains to a countryman of his own. He does not enumerate this among the multifarious advantages which he attributes to our intercourse with the Continent; and yet, as far as we see, it is the only one which can with any degree of certainty, or even of probability, be referred to such connection. Perhaps Mr N.'s horror at the following scene is better grounded; only we never saw sufficient reason for going so roundly to work, in putting down itinerant lecturers. Those of them we have heard hold forth, were perfectly innocuous, inasmuch as they generally delivered some sermon which they had got by heart from a printed volume.

In walking one day at the foot of the Caltonhill, I witnessed a very curious scene. It was on a fine Sunday evening in spring. I saw at a distance, on the declivity, a numerous crowd of men, women, and children, seated in confusion, one above another, and all occupied with the same object. I soon distinguished among the crowd, a man who occupied a more conspicuous situation than the rest, and appeared to fix upon himself the attention of all the assembly. I approached more near, and saw this individual mounted upon a table, haranguing his auditors like a charlatan on a stage; he was speaking in a very animated tone of voice, and the deepest silence reigned among his au-

ditory. What was my astonishment, when I discovered that this orator, whose voice, gestures, habiliments, and whole appearance, seemed to point him out as a mountebank, was one of those ethodistical missionaries, a pretended minister of religion, who was instructing in the doctrines of his sect, those whom the beauty of the evening had attracted to the Caltonhill! Dressed in the most vulgar style, roaring with the voice of a Stentor, and gesticulating like Punchinello, this strange preacher could not be supposed to inspire a profound devotion in the multitude of passengers, who, keeping their hats on their heads, paused for a moment to listen to his discourse, and retired, for the most part, more scandalized than edified, by seeing the sacred name of religion thus profaned, and the noble office of a minister of the gospel assimilated to the trade of a merry-andrew. It is still more astonishing to see such a scene permitted by the Magistrates of a city and of a country which professes, even to the least details, a purity and severity, carried sometimes to an extreme. I know that the British Constitution allows the free exercise of all modes of Christian worship; but in cases like the present, such toleration ought to have some bounds; and it should not be permitted to the first artisan who may deem himself inspired, to establish himself in a place of public resort, and there preach a doctrine as vicious in its dogmas, as dangerous in its effects—a doctrine in which the Deity is represented as a Judge without pity or clemency, and in which the most terrific tortures of hell are vehemently held forth as the everlasting portion of all those who do not embrace the creed of Methodism. Such denunciations, which form the continual theme of the discourses of these street preachers, have driven many weak and superstitious people to madness. p. 105, 107.

We cannot at present afford time or space to accompany M. Necker farther. We have chiefly confined ourselves to his account of Edinburgh, conceiving that this part of his book would be most interesting to our readers. He next makes a journey to Fife—then travels southward and northward—to the Highlands and the Hebrides; and gossips of what he saw much in the same style—often tiresome and prosing enough, sometimes amusing, but never profound. There is, of course, a great deal of mineralogy in the latter part of the work; but as we are

not very profoundly versed in that science, we cannot so well pronounce an opinion on the merits of these voluminous disquisitions.

After all, we cannot help feeling that the getting up of a large heap of letter-press, filled with details such as form the subject-matter of these volumes, is but a sorry piece of work at the best. If a man travel into a foreign country, and, instead of setting himself to examine narrowly into the manners and modes of thinking prevalent among the inhabitants, merely catches a number of isolated facts, and hastens to jot them down in a note-book—if he look on the scenery around him with no other feeling than how he may do it off in a description, and put no more value on an incident than as he thinks it will cut a decent figure in a book that he intends to write; and after he has filled as many pages as he thinks will suffice him, goes home, and, in place of setting his mind to work on his materials, such as they are, to draw out what his meditations teach him to regard as pertinent and valuable, merely contents himself with furbishing up the odds and ends of his port-folio, into as many volumes as he thinks likely to go off profitably; we think it may be safely asserted, that such a work can be of little use to any body. One of the most profound writers of our day has said—"what comes from the heart, that alone goes to the heart;" and we think he might have added, with equal truth—what is calculated to benefit the understanding, must have passed through the understanding. If a man does not comprehend a subject himself, he can never make it intelligible to others. Judged by this rule, M. Necker's work will, we fear, come off with a very scanty measure of approbation.

We are decidedly of opinion that he did not, and does not at all perceive in what the true peculiarities of Scottish character, manners, habits, literature, and philosophy consist; and the reason is, that instead of looking about for the means of acquiring such knowledge—instead of entering into our feelings, and opening his mind to the influences of our society—instead of sifting all he saw and

heard, to find the germ of what was characteristic and valuable, and gathering from his information the due results it was calculated to reward him with—he seems to have been occupied solely in noting down every thing that came in his way,—passing from one petty circumstance to another of more importance, with equal indifference,—and anxious only to encrease the quantity of his materials for book-making, without regard to their ~~importance~~ or intrinsic value. Accordingly, a foreigner would have about as good an idea of Scotland as a nation, from the perusal of his book, as one would have of a temple, from seeing the stones of which it was built huddled together in a heap. M. Necker may be a very good mineralogist, inasmuch as that science chiefly requires a habit of minute observation and a tolerable memory; but he is neither a philosopher nor a man of genius. We have every respect for his goodness and gentleness; but we think this last quality is rather too prominent. In speaking of our literary men, he indulges in a strain of fulsome and indiscriminate panegyric, which serves no one purpose, unless to excite a suspicion that he knew little more about them than that they were remarkable for something which he could not explain. The only person he ventures to differ from in opinion is Professor Jameson, and this he does in so roundabout and simpering a style, that it is impossible to make out what he means. To all the others he bows and pays compliments, much as a person would do when ushered into a drawing-room, where a number of celebrated men were collected together, whom he had never seen before, and who were severally introduced to him as Mr —, the author of —, Mr —, the discoverer of —, and so forth.

We are sorry to be obliged to say all this, and the more so, because we respect M. Necker's amiable and gentlemanly character; but such character is not all that is requisite for a task like that which he has undertaken, and we think it our duty to speak out decidedly, and without mincing the opinion we have formed of a work of such bulk and pretensions, as the present, and which has

been puffed forth as containing so just and intelligent a description of our national habits and character. If we have formed an erroneous estimate of the book, we are comforted in the assurance that our judgment has not

been influenced by prejudice or ill-will; on the contrary, we had every disposition to be favourable to an individual who seems to feel so kindly towards every thing which we hold most dear.

MR EDITOR,

THE portrait of a Blue Stocking in your last number, I hope, is that of an individual, not of a class. Be that as it may, I have endeavoured to sketch a contrast, which, in justice to yourself, as an impartial editor and *preux chevalier*, I trust you will take the first opportunity of exhibiting to public view. Although the subject is worthy of a better pencil, yet, for the honour of the sex, I hope most of your readers will be able to discover a prototype to my picture, in the circle of their own acquaintance. I am,

Sir,

Yours respectfully,

B.

THE MAIDEN AUNT; A MATCH FOR "THE BLUE STOCKING."

Audi alteram partem.

I WHO, erewhile, with Doric pen portray'd
The blithesome widow and the sour old maid,
Now find, that some have misconstrued my song
And done the poet and the sex much wrong:
One pictur'd form, with fearless hand, I drew,
Though not attractive, yet to nature true;
They judg'd the species from a single face,
And made the Muse the libeller of her race.

For woman's sake, I strike my lyre again,
Although nor youth nor beauty wake the strain;
In unambitious rhymes be mine to chaunt
The matron virtues of a Maiden Aunt;
A name expos'd to every coxcomb's sneer,
The niece's bye-word, and the nephew's jeer.

Now five-and-forty summer suns have shed
Their cheering splendour over Emma's head;
Once was the lustre of her piercing eye
Like Jove's own planet in a frosty sky;
Its light'nings now are chang'd to glances meek;
The full-blown rose is faded on her cheek;
But still it dimples with a cheerful smile,
Which can the heart of half its carcs beguile.

She saw her younger sister bluish, a bride,
Nor smil'd in scorn, nor fretted, frown'd, nor sigh'd;
She twin'd the rose-buds in Belinda's hair,
And bound the bride-knot on her bosom fair,
With joy she ~~saw~~ her to Love's altar led;
By Emma's hands the nuptial couch was spread;
And now she sees, in calm, domestic life,
Her dear-lov'd sister, happy as a wife:
No envy rankles in her guileless breast,
Which glows with joy, to find Belinda blest.

'Tis Emma's still the happy mean to steer,
Between the gay coquette and prude severe;

No slave to fashion, she its changes scorns,
 Yet such her taste, that every dress adorns ;
 Her cap is fitted with such modest grace,
 As gives a freshness to her matron face ;
 With chaste simplicity and artless ease
 She charms our eyes, and never fails to please.

Alike remov'd from summer's sun-bright joys,
 And winter's frost, that every flower destroys,
 Her sun of life sends forth a softer ray,
 And sheds around a mild autumnal day,
 So pure, that seldom can the curious eye
 Discern a speck in its cerulean sky :
 The drooping aged, and the sprightly young,
 Hang on the accents of her gentle tongue,
 Gaze on her face, and dwell on every charm,
 Her speech so winning, and her heart so warm.

Oft is she seen to seek the humble cell,
 Where age, and indigence, and sorrow dwell—
 The wretched's home, the widow's lone retreat,
 Her naked orphans cowering round her feet.—
 There Emma's liberal hand imparts relief,
 And soothes the mourner's heart oppress'd with grief ;
 Wipes the cold moisture from the aching brow,
 And gently fans young Hope's returning glow ;
 Directs the views of those with doubts oppress'd,
 Where guilt finds pardon, and the weary rest ;
 Displays the page that bids their sorrows cease,
 And to the parting spirit whispers peace.

In woman's smile, her look, her voice, her air,
 There breathes a charm, a balm for every care ;
 Her gentle hand the painful wound can bind,
 When man's rude touch would leave a pang behind ;
 And Emma knows, with courteous, bland address,
 To soothe the soul in delicate distress ;
 With whispers kind can hush the secret sigh,
 And wipe the tear that dims misfortune's eye.

Still fond to lead, without a wish to rule,
 She dearly loves her little orphan school ;
 When Emma looks along the tiny band,
 Warm glows her heart, she feels her soul expand ;
 Who could unmov'd these tender lambs behold,
 Now safely hous'd, and shelter'd in the fold ?
 Or who would not in Emma's pleasure share,
 To hear them softly lisp their simple prayer—
 Her gentle questions, and their meek replies,
 While grateful tears are glist'ning in their eyes ?
 The blush that glows, to find their tasks approv'd,
 The looks that speak her loving and belov'd !
 These shed a tranquil pleasure o'er the mind,
 Which leave the low-born cares of life behind.

Though not a member of the *corps Bas Bleu*,
 She reads as much as modern ladies do ;
 Of manners spotless as her mind is chaste,
 Her books and friends are never cull'd in haste ;
 The bold blasphemer, and the wit profane,
 And he who chuckles o'er another's pain ;
 The page with venal adulation fill'd,
 Or foul and frothy poison, twice distill'd ;

All these are shunn'd—alike if prose or verse ;
This smoothly sweet, *that* witty, quaint, and terse.
 The sage who teaches passions to subdue,
 The tale, the song, to life and nature true,
 These Emma reads, to cheer the vacant hour,—
 Now tastes the fruit, now smells the simple flow'r.

When Emma's in the social circle seen,
 Her presence chases vapours, scorn, and spleen ;
 While nieces, nephews, cousins, fondly try
 To catch the glances of her gentle eye ;
 She smiles, and gladdens many a youthful heart ;
 They joy to meet her, and they grieve to part ;
 Lov'd by the young, respected by the old,
 Her praise can ne'er in limping verse be told ;
 For modest virtues must be seen, not sung ;
 I feel the worth that falters on my tongue.

Thus lives the Maiden Aunt, belov'd, caress'd ;
 Still pleas'd in pleasing, and in blessing bless'd ;
 And when she shall to happier climes ascend,
 Full many a sigh will say, " We've lost a friend."

MR EDITOR,

ON LEAVE-TAKING.

THERE are a great number of sentimental persons who are constantly on the look-out for something pathetic,—some choice morsel of tenderness, upon which either recollection or fancy may feed luxuriously. For this species of mortals I have always felt a great deal of kindness and affection, and it would be cruel not to wish that all of them may escape being misled by the title of this article, which would unquestionably happen, were they to turn to it in the expectation of finding something very tender and pathetic. The expectation, indeed, might be natural enough ; for many, alas ! are the occasions of melancholy parting, each of them, doubtless, worthy of being considered separately ; and perhaps, at some future period, it may be but fair to indulge the large class of sentimental readers, by presenting them with a series of most moving descriptions of every species of parting, beginning with the weeping adieus of boarding-school Misses, passing through all the gradations of tender separation, and ending with

" Partings such as press
 The life from out young hearts."

But none of these are the subject at present. The adieus I mean to talk of here, are those light-hearted partings which are of hourly occur-

rence, and which consist simply in taking up one's hat, and saying " Good-morning." It has often been said, that a great deal may be known of a man, by his manner of coming into a room ; but much more is to be learned by his going out : his good sense, information, or talent, may all be discovered, although he were never to move off his chair ; but the acquisitions most highly prized by the fashionable part of society, polish, and what is called *tact*, and a certain degree of assurance and self-possession, are only to be ascertained when he puts himself in motion. Many a one may sit much at his ease, and converse without any restraint, and, while seated, may have his legs and arms pretty well under command, and yet, when the time to take leave arrives, all his proprieties may at once forsake him,

" Just in the very moment" they " should not."

It is most distressing to a feeling mind to witness the dreadful struggles exhibited in the manner of an awkward man, after he begins to perceive the necessity of taking leave, and before he can summon resolution enough to make the requisite movement :—he pulls on his glove, perhaps pulls it off again, and again

puts it on—he changes the position of his legs—probably passes his hat from one hand to the other, and perhaps smooths it round, in hopes, by these and other ingenious devices, to smooth the suddenness of the thing a little,—and yet, after these have all been performed, to take leave seems as formidable as ever, and he generally goes over them again and again, with some little variations, perhaps, that, by employing his body in some way, he may deliver his mind from the horrible suspicion that he has lost all command over it. Manifold are the degrees of this awkwardness, and various are the means resorted to by its victims, for the purpose of making an exit less terrible. I know an eminent barrister who is so grievously afflicted with this malady, that if a party of ladies happen to drink tea at his house, and if, by any chance, he should miss the opportunity of effecting a retreat under cover of the tea-urn, (his only and generally successful plan,) he must remain seated for the remainder of the evening. The great art, Sir, is to hit the right moment, to seize the happy opportunity. Many an unlucky wight, with just sense enough to perceive a good time, but not having been able to “screw his courage” high enough to take advantage of it, has continued sitting in a state of progressive uneasiness, both of body and mind, “lamenting the fair occasion gone for ever by,” eagerly looking out for another, and determined to take advantage of the next, though it should not be a hundredth part so good. Happy is the man, who, in such a predicament, is requested to look at some pretty drawing, or new binding, or fairy piece of handywork, lying upon some table near the door; for then he does not get up apparently *pour prendre congé*; and once on his feet, and not far from the door—the rest may be accomplished! A very common method resorted to, is to effect a retreat during the announcement of a new visitor, for then the attention is divided; and if more than one enter at a time, there is a sort of *fracas*, very favourable to the views of the retirer. Untoward accidents no doubt often take place on such occasions, somewhat akin to the famous *rencon-*

tre betwixt the sentimental traveller and the Marquisina di F***; but, upon the whole, for an awkward man of middling brains and few resources, there are worse expedients than making his escape during the din of new announcements, and the formalities of new compliments. The great art, Sir, of making a really good exit, I am convinced, consists in keeping up conversation to the very last. I am acquainted with a gentleman who is naturally very awkward, but a person of great good sense, and quite aware of his defect,—who never rises till he has an opportunity of saying something neat and pointed; and getting up in the middle of the sentence, he finishes it while gently retreating; and tacking a “Good-morning” to the end of it, makes his exit with a very pretty grace. I have myself frequently followed that receipt, not being altogether devoid of embarrassment upon such occasions, and I have invariably found it an excellent one for softening the difficulty of an exit.

To make a good *entré* is no easy matter either—perhaps as difficult as to make a graceful exit; but, to the awkward man, it is not felt to be nearly so severe a trial. The reason I imagine to be, that there is less time for thinking *how* it is to be done. One may no doubt hesitate before pulling a bell; but the conflict is short;—to pull a bell, or use a knocker, is very easily done, and the consequences are not distinctly seen. There is, no doubt, considerable trepidation betwixt the act, and its consequence—the opening of the door. Will there be any company present? what shall I say upon taking my seat? are questions that rapidly suggest themselves to the mind of the awkward man during the interval. Perhaps the family may be from home? His heart beats light, and he feels for his card, his hopes being almost converted into assurance. But all these little trepidations are only felt, not witnessed, and are all put an end to by the opening of the door. There is no room for hesitation then. One must follow the lacquey—it is no voluntary act; and although throwing wide the door, and announcing the name, be both somewhat formidable,

(the latter so much so to an awkward man, that he sometimes outstrips the swiftest servant, and presents himself unannounced), yet, refuge is soon found in a seat, and the flutter subsides. But, at taking leave, the circumstances of alarm are all fearfully aggravated. The unfortunate visitor knows, that the moment he rises, all eyes will be upon him; he knows he must make the voluntary movement; he is quite aware of his failings, and is conscious he shall rise awkwardly, and bow ungainfully, and speak stammeringly, and retreat—nay, he cannot figure to himself how he shall retreat, especially if he has had the misfortune to have been received in the innermost of a vista of rooms, through which he must pass to the door in the sight of the company. It is turning the back, Sir, that I am convinced is felt to be the severest part of the trial. An awkward man is particularly afraid to present his back to the view of the company. He knows well that the moment he does so, he loses all command over his limbs, and either makes the best of his way to the door, every step increasing in celerity and space, or else runs into the opposite extreme, and, for fear of showing the state of his mind by his precipitancy, with great difficulty preserves sufficient command over his feet to measure his steps with the precision of a drill-sergeant, and the solemnity of a Cardinal. I have accordingly invariably remarked, that every awkward man, in taking leave, preserves his face towards the company as long as he possibly can; and some I have seen effect a retreat as if they had brought down a message from the Lords.

There is certainly no situation so disagreeable as that of extreme awkwardness and embarrassment. It is indeed a serious, and next to incurable disease,—and it is one with which others have no sympathy, excepting those who have some share of the same complaint, a large share of natural kindness, and some portion of humility—the rarest quality in the world; for though awkwardness may be the offspring of genuine modesty, yet it is always associated with something of ignorance—a failing that can never meet with the sympathy

of man, till he be either more wise or more humble than he is at present.

I cannot leave the subject without remarking how strange, and yet how true it is, that ladies are comparatively so little afflicted with this disease. The very youngest of them rise and bow, and say just the thing they ought to say, all with an air the most degagé imaginable,—and turn their backs to the company without the slightest reluctance. There is no apparent previous trepidation, and no watching an opportunity—there is, in fact, Sir, no awkwardness. There are times, indeed, when they show a little embarrassment; but it is at proper times; it is then an interesting and beautiful confusion, the errors of which are amiable, and its very mistakes graceful.

We may admire, but we cannot hope to imitate!!

H. J. D.

SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

(From an unpublished Dramatic Poem.)

SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, after his fatal defeat at the battle of Alcazar, in Africa, where he was generally supposed to have perished with his army, returns to Lisbon, with Gonzalez, one of his few surviving followers, and Zamor, a young Arab, who had become attached to him during his wanderings, on the night when his subjects are celebrating the triumphal entry of Philip II. of Spain, who had obtained possession of Portugal, in consequence of the exhausted state to which that country had been reduced.

SCENE.—*A Street in Lisbon illuminated.*

MANY CITIZENS.

1st Cit.—In sooth, our city wears a goodly mien
With her far-blazing fanes, and festive lamps
Shining from all her marble palaces,
Countless as heaven's fair stars. The humblest lattice
Sends forth its radiance. How the sparkling waves
Fling back the light!
2d Cit.—Aye, 'tis a gallant shew,
And one which serves, like others, to conceal
Things which must not be told.

1st Cit.—What wouldst thou say?

2d Cit.—That which may scarce, in
perilous times like these,
Be said in safety. Hast thou look'd

within
Those stately palaces? Were they but
peopled

With the high race of warlike nobles,
once

Their princely lords, think'st thou, good
friend, that now

They would be glittering with this hol-
low pomp,

To greet a conqueror's entrance?

3d Cit.—Thou say'st well.

None but a land, forsaken of its chiefs,
Had so been lost and won.

4th Cit.—The lot is cast;

We have but to yield. Hush! for some
stranger comes.

Now, friends, beware!

1st Cit.—Did the king pass this way
At morning, with his train?

2d Cit.—Aye; saw you not
The long and rich procession?

(*Sebastian enters, with Gonzalez and Zamor.*)

Sch. (to *Gon.*)—This should be
The night of some high festival. E'en
thus

My beautiful city to the skies sent up,
From her illumin'd fauces and towers, a
voice

Of gladness, welcoming our first return
From Afric's coast. Speak thou, Gon-
zalez; ask

The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart
Deep feelings rush, so mingled and so
fast,

My voice perchance might tremble.

Gon.—Citizens!

What festal night is this, that all your
streets

Are throng'd, and glittering thus?

1st Cit.—Hast thou not heard
Of the king's entry, in triumphal pomp,
This very morn'?

Gon.—The king!—triumphal pomp!
Thy words are dark.

Sch.—Speak yet again! mine ears
Ring with strange sounds!—Again!

1st Cit.—I said the king,
Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,
This morning enter'd, with a conqueror's
train,

Our city's royal palace, and for this
We hold our festival.

Sch.—Thou said'st—the king!

His name?—I heard it not.

Cits.—Philip of Spain.

Sch.—Philip of Spain!—We slumber,
till arous'd

By th' earthquake's bursting shock!—
Hath there not fall'n

A sudden darkness?—All things seem to
float

Obscurely round me!—Now 'tis past.
The streets

Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench
those lamps;

They glare upon me, till my very brain
Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dar'd
ye thus

Light up your shrines for him?

Gon.—Away, away!

This is no time, no scene.

Sch.—Philip of Spain!

How nam'st thou this fair land?—Why, is
it not

The free, the chivalrous Portugal?—The
o land,

By the proud ransom of heroic blood,
Won from the Moor of old?—Did that
red stream

Sink to the earth, and leave no fiery current
I' the veins of noble men, that so its tide,
Full swelling at the sound of hostile steps,
Might be a kingdom's barrier?

2d Cit.—That high blood

Which should have been our strength,
profusely shed

By the rash King Sebastian, bath'd the
plain

Of fatal Alcazar. Our monarch's guilt
Hath brought this ruin down.

Sch.—Must this be heard,
And borne, and unchastis'd?—Man!
dar'st thou stand

Before me face to face, and thus arraign
Thy sovereign?

Zam. (to *Sebastian.*)—Shall I lift the
sword, my prince,

Against thy foes?

Gon.—Be still, or all is lost.

2d Cit.—I dare speak that which all
men think and know.

'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,
And power, and treasure, that we owe
these bonds.

3d Cit.—Talk not of bonds!—May
our new monarch rule

The weary land in peace!—But who art
thou?

When cam'st thou, haughty stranger,
that these things,
Known to all nations, should be new to
thee?

Sch. (wildly.)—I come from regions
where the cities lie

In ruins, net in chains!

[*Exit Sebastian with Zamor and Gonzalez.*]

2d Cit.—He wears the mien
Of one that hath commanded, yet his
looks

And words were strangely wild.

1st Cit.—Mark'd you his fierce
And haughty gesture, and the flash that
broke

From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's name

Became our theme?

2d Ch.—Trust me, there's more in this

Than may be lightly said. These are no times

To breathe men's thoughts i' th' open face of Heaven

And ear of multitudes. They that would speak

Of monarchs and their deeds, should keep within

Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence, and then

We'll commune of this stranger. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE.—*The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBASTIAN—GONZALEZ—ZAMOR.

Seb.—Withstand me not. I tell thee that my soul,

With all its passionate energies, is rous'd unto that fearful strength which *must*

have way, E'en like the elements, in their stormy hour

Of mastery o'er creation.

Gon.—But they wait That houn in silence. Oh! be calm a while;

Thine is not come. My king—

Seb.—I am no king, While, in the very palace of my sires,

Aye, where mine eyes first drank the glorious light,

Where my soul's thrilling echoes first awoke

To the high sound of earth's immortal names,

The usurper lives and reigns. I am no king,

Until I cast him thence.

Zam.—Shall not thy voice Be as a trumpet to th' awakening land?

Will not the bright swords flash like sunbursts forth,

When the brave hear their chief?

Gon.—Peace, Zamor, peace! Child of the desert, what hast thou to do

With the calm hour of counsel? Monarch, pause!

A kingdom's destiny should not be the sport

Of passion's reckless winds. There is a time

When men, in very weariness of heart, And careless desolation, tam'd to yield

By misery, strong as death, will lay their souls

E'en at the conqueror's feet, as nature sinks,

After long torture, into cold, and dull,

And heavy sleep. But comes there not an hour

Of stern atonement?—Aye, the slumberer wakes

In gather'd strength and vengeance!—And the sense

And the remembrance of his agonies Are in themselves as power, whose fearful path

Is like the path of ocean, when the heavens

Take off its interdict!—Wait thou the hour

Of that high impulse!

Seb.—Is it not the sun, Whose radiant bursting through th' embattled clouds

Doth make it morn?—The hour of which thou speak'st,

Itself, with all its glory, is the work

Of some commanding nature, which doth bid

The sullen shades disperse!—Away! e'en now

The land's high hearts, the fearless and the true,

Shall know they have a leader!—Is not this

The mansion of mine own, mine earliest friend,

Sylveira?

Gon.—Aye, its glittering lumps too well

Illume the stately vestibule, to leave Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever lov'd

Such pageantries!

Seb.—His dwelling thus adorn'd On such a night!—yet will I seek him here.

He must be faithful, and to him the first My tale shall be reveal'd.—A sudden chill

Falls on my heart—and yet I will not

My friend with vile suspicion!—He hath been

Link'd all too closely with mine inmost soul!

—And what have I to lose?

Gon.—Is *thine* blood nought, Who, without hope, will follow where

thou lead'st, E'en unto death?

Seb.—Was that a brave man's voice? Warrior and friend! how long, then, hast

thou leapt?

To hold thy blood thus dear?

Gon.—Of mine, mine own, Think'st thou I spoke?—When all is shed

for thee, Thou'lt know me better!

Seb.—(entering the Palace)—For awhile, farewell. *[Exit.]*

Gon.—Thus princes read men's hearts! —Come, follow me,

And if a home is left me still, brave Zamor,
There will I bid thee welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

SEBASTIAN—SYLVEIRA.

Syl.—Whence art thou, stranger, and what wouldst thou with me?

There is a fiery wildness in thine eye,
Startling, and almost fearful!

Seb.—From the stern,
And vast, and desolate wilderness, whose lord

Is the fierce lion, and whose gentlest wind

Breathes of the tomb, and whose dark children make

The bow and spear their law; men bear not back

That smilingness of aspect, wont to mask
The secrets of their spirit, 'midst the stir

Of courts and cities!—I have look'd on scenes

Boundless, and strange, and terrible; I have known

Sufferings, which are not in the shadowy scope

Of wild imagination; and those things have stamp'd me with their impress.

Man of Peace!

Thou look'st on one familiar with th' extremes

Of grandeur and of misery.

Syl.—Stranger, speak

Thy name and purpose briefly, for the time
Ill suits these mysteries. I must hence;

to-night

I feast the Lords of Spain.

Seb.—Is that a task

For King Sebastian's friend?

Syl.—Sebastian's friend!

That name hath lost its meaning. Will the dead

Rise from their silent dwellings, to unbraid

The living for their mirth?—The grave sets bounds

Unto all human friendship.

Seb.—On the plain

Of Alcazar, full many a stately flower,
The pride and crown of some high house,

was laid

Low in the dust of Afric;—but of these

Sebastian was not one.

Syl.—I am no skill'd

To deal with men of mystery. Take thou off

The strange dark scrutiny of thine eyes from mine.

What mean'st thou? Speak!

Seb.—Sebastian died not there.

—I read no joy in that cold doubting mien.

Is not thy name—Sylveira?

Syl.—Aye.

Seb.—Why then

Be glad!—I tell thee that Sebastian lives!
Think thou on this, he lives!—Should

he return,

—For he may yet return—and find the friend

In whom he trusted with such perfect trust

As should be Heaven's alone—mark'st thou my words?

Should he then find this man, not girt and arm'd,

And watching o'er the heritage of his lord,

But, reckless of high fame and loyal faith,
Holding luxurious revels with his foes;

—How would'st thou meet his glance?

Syl.—As I do thine,

Keen though it be, and proud.

Seb.—Why, thou dost quail

Before it, e'en as if the burning eye
Of the broad sun pursued thy shrinking soul

Through all its depths.

Syl.—Away!—He died not there?

He *should* have died, then, with the chivalry,

And strength, and honour of his kingdom, lost

By his impetuous rashness.

Seb.—This from thee!

—Who hath giv'n power to falsehood, that one gaze,

At its unmask'd and withering mien, should blight

High souls at once?—I wake.—And this from thee!

—There are, whose eyes discern the secret springs

Which lie i' th' desert's bosom, and the gold

And gems of earth's dim caverns, far below

The everlasting hills:—but who hath dar'd

To dream that Heaven's most awful attribute

Invest'd his mortality, and to boast
That through its inmost folds his glance

could read

One heart, one human heart?—Why, then, to love

And trust is but to lend a traitor arm;
Of keenest temper, and unerring aim,

Where with to pierce our souls!—But thou, beware!

—Sebastian lives!

Syl.—If it be so, and thou

Art of his followers still, then bid him seek

Far in the wilds, which gave one sepulchre
To his proud hosts, a kingdom and a home,

For none is left him here.

Seb.—This is to live
An age of wisdom in one hour!—The
man

Whose empire, as in scorn, o'erpass'd the
bounds

E'en of the infinite deep, whose orient
realms

Lay bright beneath the morning, while
the clouds

Were brooding in their sunset glory still,
O'er his majestic regions of the west ;

'This heir of far dominion shall return,
And, in the very city of his birth,

Shall find no home !—Aye, I will tell him
this,

And he will answer that the tale is false,
False as a traitor's hollow words of love—

And that the stately dwelling, in whose
halls

We commune now, a friend's, a monarch's
gift,

Unto the chosen of his heart, Sylveira
Should yield him still a welcome !

Syl.— Fare thee well !

I may not pause to hear thee, for thy
words

Are full of danger and of snares, per-
chance

Laid by some treach'rous foe. But all in
vain.

I mock thy wiles.

Seb.—Hu ! ha !—The grovelling snake
Doth pride himself in his distorted cun-
ning,

Deeming it wisdom !—Nay, thou goest not
thus !

What !—Know'st thou not my spirit was
born to hold

Dominion over thine ? thou shalt not cast
Those bonds thus lightly from thee.

Stand thou there,

And tremble in the presence of thy lord !

Syl.—This is all madness.

Seb.—Madness !—No !—I say

'Tis Reason starting from her sleep, to feel,
And see, and know, in all their cold dis-
tinctness,

Things which come o'er her, as a sense of
pain

O' th' sudden wakes the dreamer. Stay
thee yet !

Be still ! thou'rt us'd to smile and to obey,
Aye, and to weep. I have seen thy tears

flow fast,

As from the fullness of a heart o'ercharg'd
With loyal love. Oh ! never, never more

Let smiles or tears be trusted !—When thy
king

Went forth on his disastrous enterprise,
Upon thy bed of sickness thou wert laid,

And he stood o'er thee with the look of
one

Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes
Were fill'd with tears like thine—no ! not

like thine !

His bosom knew no falsehood, and he
deem'd

Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's
shield,

Wherein high deeds and noble forms alone,
Are brightly imag'd forth.

Syl.— What now avail

These recollections ?

Seb.—What !—I have seen thee shrink
As a murderer from the eye of light be-
fore me !

I have earn'd, (how dearly and how bit-
terly

It matters not, but I have earn'd at last,)
Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom !—Now,
begone !

Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though
arraign'd

E'en of Sebastian's friendship !—Make
his scorn,

(For he will scorn thee, as a crouching
slave

By all high hearts is scorn'd,) thy right,
thy charter,

Unto vile safety !—Let the secret voice,
Whose low upbraidings will not sleep

within thee,

Be as a sign, a token of thy claim
To all such guerdons as are shower'd on

traitors,

When noble men are crush'd !—And fear
thou not !

'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm
Rends from his mountain-throne ; the

ignoble shrub,

Grovelling beneath, may live.

Syl.—It is thy part

To tremble for thy life.

Seb.—They that have look'd

Upon a heart like thine, should know too
well

The worth of life to tremble !—Such
things make

Brave men, and reckless. Aye, and they
whom fate

Would trample, *should* be thus. It is
enough.

Thou mayst depart.

Syl.—And thou, if thou dost prize

Thy safety, speed thee hence.

[*Exit Sylveira.*]

Seb.—(*alone.*)—And this is he
Who was as mine own soul !—Whose

image rose

Shadowing my dreams of glory with the
thought,

That on the sick man's weary couch he
lay,

Pining to share my battles !

—

(*Chorus of voices heard within, & music.*)

Ye winds that sweep

The conquer'd billows of the western
deep,

Or wander where the morn,
Midst the deep glow of Indian heavens is
born,
Waft o'er bright Isle and glorious worlds
the fame
Of the crowned Spaniard's name!
Till in each radiant zone,
Its might the nations own,
And bow to him the vassal-knee,
Whose sceptre shadows realms from sea
to sea!

Seb.—Away, away!—this is no place
for him
Whose name hath thus resounded, but is
now
A spell of desolation! [Exit.

SCENE.—*The Gardens of a Royal Villa.*

FRANCESCO, AN OLD PRIEST.

Fran.—Why should I linger thus? how
strange the ties
Whereby familiar things, to which our
eye
Hath grown, until the deep sad thoughts
of years
Have quench'd its early fire, do link them-
selves
Around man's heart and brain!—As if
they held
A secret and mysterious sympathy
With that invisible world!—Aye, thus
we dream;
But Nature is all joy!—She spurns de-
cay
And desolation from her, and doth make
All changes but the ministers of her cup,
Crown'd high with youth and glory. I
shall sleep
Beneath the green sward of the stranger's
land;
And these fair trees, which I have tended
long,
In the vain hope that *he* might yet return
Who grew beneath their shade, to each
soft wind,
As in immortal gladness, will be waving
All their luxuriant foliage!—Idle thoughts!
Yet must our souls put on another being,
Ere we can rise above them!

(*Sebastian enters.*)

Seb.—How my steps
Turn to their well-known haunts!—and
yet I seek
A home no longer, but a solitude,
Where a proud heart, in its dark hour of
conflict,
May find free scope to breathe!—Who
comes?—'tis he
Who lov'd me once—No! seem'd to love
me once,

E'en as a son. I will not trust him now;
He must have chang'd; for are not all
men chang'd?

He should be like the rest!—Good Fa-
ther, say

May one, a stranger in his native land,
Explore these scenes of beauty?

Fran.—Ask not him,

Who, in the fulness of his years, goes
forth

An outcast from their shades.

Seb.—What! art thou not

The friend, th' instructor of Sebastian's
youth,

Who first didst pour upon his soul the
light

Of lefty thought, and unto whom he bade
These groves and bowers a calm asylum
yield

Till his return?

Fran.—Alas! how few the hearts

Still true to him who *never* will return!

No voice of power ariseth from the dust,
Where monarchs sleep forgotten. It is
e'en

As thou hast said, and *therefore* I depart
With my white hairs, to exile, and to
seek

A grave on other shores.

Seb.—This shall not be!

Fran.—Stranger, it must be. 'Tis
their will, who rule

A weary and a wasted land, which asks

But rest, if e'en in death. A land, whose
heart,

Once brave and free, is broken!

Seb.—Think'st thou then

A nation's spirit, nurtur'd into power

By the majestic, deep remembrances

Of elder time, can die?—Oh, feeble
thought!

Sebastian yet may come, and thou shalt
see

The wakening of a people!

Fran.—I have watch'd

For his return, until, with hope deferred,
My heart hath sicken'd. It is past. And
now—

Oh! better far that with his kingly sires
He be unbur'd, or that on his lonely grave

The desert-serpent bask'd in Afric's noon,
Than that he came to look on faithless

friends,

And kingdoms lost for ever!—No! my
trust,

Now that the days of evil are upon us,
Is, that he perish'd in the battle-hour,

Bearing his nature's tangle: royalty
About him, to the last!

Seb.—So bright a fate

Was not for him.

Fran.—What know'st thou of his lot?
There is a cadence in thy voice, which

thrills

My spirit as some well-remember'd strain

Which speaks of other days !—Yet to
mine eye
Thine aspect is unknown. Say, wert
thou one

Of his devoted host ?

Seb.—Oh ! ask no more.

I saw the ancient banners of the land
Borne down at Alcazar !

Fran.—But didst thou see
Our monarch fall ?

Seb.—Francesco, he hath liv'd
Through years of suffering since that
fatal day.

Fran.—Oh God ! my nob! prince !—
how might he bear

Scorn, and disgrace, and long captivity ?
And, if he live, with what upbraiding
thoughts

Must his high soul be wrung !

Seb.—No more—no more !

Farewell !—Yet say, where goest thou ?

Fran.—I am one

To whom all earth is but a solitude,
And whose communion is with rocks
and waves,

And the free mountains, and th' eternal
stars.

I stand alone, and 'twas my thought to
bear

The cross in patient and devoted faith,
Through the dark forests and primeval
wilder

Of the great western world.

Seb.—If thou canst find,

In all thy father's land, a shelter still,
Oh ! leave it not ! for brighter days c'en
yet

May dawn upon our mountains.

Fran.—Little knows

The stranger, gazing on our sunny hea-
vens,

How man's desponding heart may sink
and die,

Beneath the glorious light wherein our
vines

Are purpling to luxuriance !—'Tis not

The time for hope, but patience. Yet if
still

Sebastian lives, I will not bid farewell
Unto his ruin'd land.

(Voice heard singing.)

They ruin'd no trophy o'er his grave,

They sing no dirge of woe,

And what is left to tell the brave,

That a warrior sleeps below ?

A shatter'd lance, a broken shield,

A helm with its white crest torn,

And a blood-stain'd turf on the battle-
field,

Where the chief to his rest was borne !

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
But who hath a tomb more proud ?
For the boundless wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud !

Seb.—What strains are these, so mourn-
ful, yet so sweet,

And wild as music of the winds ?

Fran.—Alas !

That monarchs might but look upon the
hearts,

Trampled beneath Ambition's chariot-
wheels,

When rushing to renown !—Full well I
know

That voice, once joyous as the gladden-
ing sounds

Borne upon spring's young breezes !—
But its tones

Now tell a common history. 'Tis the tale
Of a bright spirit, shadow'd with despair,

And wandering in its darkness. She
that sings,

Once, with the sunshine of her brow and
eye,

Made all things laugh around her, and
call'd up

Light to all hearts. But this was tran-
sient. Joy,

And Hope, and Beauty, every flower
wherewith

Nature has gifted youth, with him she
lov'd,

As by one death-blight, perish'd ; and
her soul

Is now a world of dreams.

Seb.—And who was he

She lov'd so fatally ?

Fran.—A noble youth.

To whose high spirit life seem'd but the
price

Requir'd for glory. But his generous
blood

Won him no fame. He died at Alcazar.

Seb.—(covering his face.) Leave me,
old man ! for I can bear no more.

Farewell—farewell !

Fran.—What have I said, that thus
Thine aspect should be darken'd ?

Seb.—Ask me not.

Fran.—Peace to thy spirit, stranger,
and farewell ! [Exit.

Seb.—(alone.) All men upbraid me ;
E'en the few, that still

Cling to the old ~~ad~~ glance of their hearts,
Do breathe my name in sad half-mingled

tones

Of pity and reproach.—What ! shall I
bow

My spirit unto fate, and own my woes
The just and heaven-sent chastening of

my guilt ?
What is my guilt ?—Why, kings, with
tenfold waste

Of life, have march'd to conquest, and no
voice
Hath rais'd its cry against them !—Aye,
but this
Might be, perchance, because the trum-
pet notes
Of victory, swelling like the tempest,
drown'd
The moan of breaking hearts !—I never
paus'd
On such a thought till now !—And hath
it been
My crime, my ruin, that I *would not*
pause
In mine unchecked career ?—I will not
think !
Nature is round me, and is lovely still,
And will not mock my woes !—Oh, na-
tive groves !
Along whose grassy path and light ar-
cades
My childhood bounded !—Founts, which,
bright as then,
Are sparkling in the sun, and sending
forth
Unchang'd your voices—whose wild ca-
dance blends
With the deep whisper of the laurel-
boughs,
And the glad bird-notes, and the wind's
low sigh,
'Through mine own bowers of citron !—
Take ye back
The heart-sick wanderer to your soli-
tudes,
And charm his spirit, if but for one still
hour,
With all your mingling summer-melo-
dies,
To brief forgetfulness ! [Exit Sebastian.

II.

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

No V.

MR EDITOR,

AN early recollection awoke in my mind a few days ago, that induced me to ransack the Legacy Hamper more effectually; and happy am I to say, that a most valuable discovery was the fruit of my labour—no less than an admirably well preserved journal of Uncle Gabriel's first love-errand.

I well remember hearing my mother say to *Mrs Callund*, when watching a swarm of bees then about to hive on one of our gooseberry bushes, "Truly, gudewife, I ken na what to think o' him. Gabriel, poor man, has never been himsel' since the unhappy news o' *Jenny M' Math's* dread-

fu' end arrived frae *Kinderside*; and though its now thirty years ago, he makes a pilgrimage every simmer to *Lochkinder* as regularly as ever. We had reason to believe, that the natural chearfulness o' his disposition wou'd ha'e prevailed; but first love keeps a fast hould. The sad catastrophe still preys on his mind, and meikle do I fear will eventually lay him where the weary are at rest. I was then too young to ponder much on what passed between the two; but mother's saying took root in my mind, and grew up with many others, of the like-sedate character. This affecting remembrance inclined me to believe, that a man of Uncle's fine-toned sensibility could not possibly fail of commemorating "the first of his loves;" and feeling myself in a mood peculiarly suitable for the undertaking, I proceeded forthwith to examine and cross-examine every slip of paper that came in my way, so anxious was I to possess the dear incognito supposed to exist in some shape or other; but without success. At length I descried an old glove, that had very much the appearance of being a depository; untied the ribbon that preserved its contents from straggling abroad, and drew forth a green silk hussife, bearing the initials *J. M' M.* within a honey-suckle wreath of exquisite needle-work. I opened the sacred keepsake with a tremulous hand, turned over its silken leaves, tastefully beautified with rural devices, and discovered in one of the pockets a bright auburn ringlet, entwined with a lock of Uncle's hair, but without a scrap of writing attached by way of label—indeed none was necessary. In the same pocket I also found three small tassels of brown silk, wrapt in a bit of paper, on which was inscribed, "We adorned the state-bed wherein poor *Mary* lay at Terregles, when she fled with the Lord Maxwell from *Langside*."

"The hapless *Mary*, who, with fatal speed,
Fleeing from cruel Treason's ruffian bands,
Besought a woman in the day of need,
And fell by her inhospitable hands."

What analogy there may have been between *Mary's* misfortunes

and those of Jenny McMath, is more than I dare even venture to guess at; but no doubt Uncle had his reasons for associating the hallowed relics.

The glove also contained, amongst other little matters, a few sketches, both sentimental and descriptive, all relative to his unhappy attachment, and evidently written when the heart was at ease, and the mind at peace with all mankind. I present the following without any comment :

"O the broom, the lang yellow broom, where I forgathered wi' the sweetest lassie that ever lifted a leg-lan ! We had long felt the pleasing sensation of mutual attraction, and exchanged glances of loving-kindness at tryste and fair, but never until that blessed hour had we met face to face, unheeded and unseen. What passed, and how we contrived to beguile the afternoon, must abide in my breast,—for the youth of untainted mind, haply enjoying soft converse with his lass in a broomy dell, well knoweth that the gorline joys of love are much too tender to admit of being clothed in human language. The gloamin star at length reminded us, that longer absence from our respective hearths might waken fire-side suspicion, and cause us both to be hauled over the coals—a circumstance that tended much to shorten our *tête-à-tête*." When parting time was come, "Now, Jenny," quoth I, "this is the first tryste I ever set wi' a young lass, and your own heart can tell ye what mine wou'd say was I to rin three mile o' gate on a gowk's errand. Be sure, now, and come to the house-end when ye hear the patter o' my stick at the spence window." "And what d'ye see in my face," quoth the amiable lassie, "that indicates a fause heart? I never was in towns, to learn duplicity; and when did the lover star kindle unkindness in a woman's breast, or new-pair'd laverocks tell a young thing like me to slight the tryste-hour?" The unaffected simplicity of her reply, in unison with emotions that never before flurried my pulse, so effectually overcame me, that I pressed her to my bosom, and for once in my life felt as though I had been translated to a better world.

On Tuesday night, the long-look'd-

for Tuesday night, I stole away from the Grange like an evil doer from

Gallowgate, muffled in my best black and white plaid, and a prime hazel stick in my hand, cut from the bank where *Davie Waugh*, as he thought, shot at the hare, and found *Lachy McClure* ahint the fauld dyke spinning on her rock. "Gae haine bye," quoth the carline, "ye great gowk; I ha'e done a waur turn than gaur'd ye rin withershins round the craft for a stricken hour nither naked;" but Davie's adventure daunted me not, though the grey stane whereon she sat was within a few strides of my path. With a light heart and a clear conscience, I proceeded on my love-journey, without experiencing the slightest interruption tending to disturb the happy tenor of my meditations, until crossing *Johnny Adamson's* fallow, I distinctly heard the clack o' Tibby's tongue, though a full bowshot from the foot-way. "Sit to your sowens wiselike, ye great slabbie," quoth the tarmagant, "and haud the beard o' ye aboon the gear. O! what a pair o' breeks ye're makin'!—by a' that's gude and sacred I'll haur! the verra —" but whether she actually commenced hostilities, or enforced obedience by means of clapper castigation, I know not. A whiff o' wind came round the hip o' Criffie, that effectually cut off all further communication with mine ear, and away I marched, pondering on Johnny Adamson's pitifu' case—a subject of all others the most disheartening for a younker to fall in with when bound on a love expedition. On approaching the hedge that separates *Johnny's* fallow from the turnpike road, a wayfaring man cove in sight, humming a kind of sea song—

The *Nancy* lays at Arbigland bank,

List to the cheers o' her gallant crew;
Her canvas flaps i' the freshening breeze,
Fair as the wing o' the white sea-mew.
And when she departs for the western

sea,
Mary, I'll leave my heart with thee.

The sky being cloudy, and a straggling hedge between us, I knew not by what Christian name to call my fellow-traveller, though I had some knowledge of his gait; but the in-

stant he twirled his stick, and set off at a canter down Kinderside loaning, "O weddie to the wiesand o' him!" said I to myself; "it's that horn general *Will Telfer o' Haccralha*; I ken by his fiddler-pouch'd coat, and the neuk o' his mither's silk napkin fluttering atween the tails o't—Aye, aye, Willie's gaun to *Shearnycrae* for a' his finery—clarty *Mull Hindstane's* gude enough for the like o' him;" so, without any further preamble, I broke through the hedge, and took a circuitous route by the way of *Ardwauld* whins, not choosing to provoke the old adage, "like draws to like," had I happened to forgather wi' kend faces, when cruising in Willie's wake. On jumping Carlincraft burn, still haunted by the apparitions of uncannie dames, whose evil deeds, in the service o' Satan, are the theme of every fireside, an assemblage of lowering clouds suddenly dispersed, and left the young moon to illumine my path with light from on high, pure and unpolluted as the love that vivified my heart, and hastened me on to the dwelling of Jenny M'Math. No wonder that I lap the dykes and climb'd the green knowes with an alacrity that brought me to the very bourtrees of Kinderside kail-yard, even before I was aware.

Reconnoitring the coast was absolutely necessary, and I accordingly set about it with the most cautious circumspection; but nothing could I discern of a suspicious character. Rover's bark challenged not the casual passenger. Andrew Frazer's flail hung on the pin of rest, and "*the back yett stood a-gee*," so away went I, cowering through the green kail, to the appointed rendezvous, a wide-spreading currant-bush, that partially screen'd the spence window; and there, to my great confusion, sat the identical individual whom I had evidently mistaken at the loaning head o' Will Telfer. He appear'd to have trodden the gowans of two-and-twenty summers, though a slight dash of weather-worn sun-burn might have added a couple more to his account, in the estimation of a superficial observer. The intelligence of his eye pleased me beyond measure, and the frankness of his fine open countenance pro-

cured him at once a comfortable birth in my good opinion. "Clap down," quoth the stranger in an under tone, patting the ground with his hand; "my sooth, lad, there's some weel-faur'd faces here." "O the deil clap your doup," said I to myself; "when Jenny comes to the house-end, and sees a bonnet mair than baigain'd for, she'll tak' the gie to a certainty; but there's nae help for't," so I consoled myself with that very excellent proverb, "What cannot be cured, must needs be endur'd," and sat me down to enjoy a scene worthy of being delineated by a better pencil. Most willingly would I go a full day's journey to behold such another.

Mary M'Math, and Jenny, her younger sister, managed the meikle wheels with singular dexterity; their cousin, *Kate o' Killwannahidy*, supplied the two spinners with rovins; and *Rachel Lesslie*, an accomplished matron of great experience, presided at the woo' creel. Her advice was much sought after, in all cases where uncannie een were supposed to have exercised their baleful influence. At bridals and christenings, for obvious reasons, the old lady never failed of being well received; and nobody ever thought of laying out a corpse without the helping hand of Rachel Lesslie. Added to all this, common report had gifted her with the *second sight*, an accomplishment that contributed more to Rachel's importance than all her other good qualities put together, and they were indeed both many and rare. In such an assembly, it is not to be supposed that silence could predominate even for a moment; and whilst the currant-bush with its full compliment of callar leaves, stood between us and all observation from the interior—occasionally treating our thankful eyes to a glimpse o' the lasses, when the night wind played in its dark green foliage—we distinctly heard all that passed *within*, and, to tell the truth, their tongues were neither lown nor lazy. "Troth, *Lady Glencairn*," quoth Jenny M'Math, addressing herself to the elder sister, "that yarn o' thine's nae great things. I ha'e seen our Andrew trailin' his lang legs about the stackyard, and makin' bonnier wark wi' a thrav crook."

Kate o' Killwhanniddy.—"Ay, ay, her ladyship has gotten finer cleddin in contemplation than hoddin grey. She's thinking about dismissing her mither's hamespun hapwairs, and riggin hersel out wi' the verra wale o' Sandy Waddle's pack; but, dear-sake lassie, dinna be uplifted sac soon—the auld man's amang the mools sure enough, and the riggs o' Glencaple are baith braid an' bonnie, but there's a wide water between thee and the young laird."

Mary o' Kinderside.—"Was ever a poor thing sac beset wi' twa gome-rals! Troth, Jenny M'Math, this thraw crook yarn o' mine may weel compare wi' thy thumb-rapes; and as for Sandy Waddle's braws, my word, Mr David wou'd speak his mind glibly enough was I to roose the bounniest bombazeen in a Sandy's pack, and slight the sorriest dud that ever woman wore o' her ain hand spinning. Na, na, the young laird's name o' your flaunty gentry, wi' his head fu' o' French fiddle-faddles and boarding-school conceits. He downa thole to hear hamely thrift lightly spoken of, and ne'er cou'd abide to see outlandish finery bear the bell. Poor lad; God only knows what's best for us baith—but shou'd we ever come thegither, I'll like him better wi' his ain plain hamely manners, than tho' he had been brought up at the feet o' a dizen French Gamaliels."

Jenny M'Math.—"Speak lown, lassie—dear-sake, speak lown—wind-dows ha'e een, and stane wa's ha'e lugs. Was Davie within hearing, O how he wou'd laugh in his sleeve!"

Kate o' Killwhanniddy.—"My truly, she has gude cause to speak weel o' him, was't only for the sang he made about her the verra night before his auld surly uncle gae him the twa choices—Jamaica, or the windy side o' the ha' door; and if ye'll only keep the peace for a nievefu' o' minutes. I'll try how it chimes wi' the *Lea-rig*." Silence being proclaimed by Rachel Lesslie, Catherine replenished her wool-cards with a portion of hauselock, and lilted the following ballad:

How fragrant breathe on Kinder banks
The spouting birk and blossom'd slae!
How sweet the lively linnet sings
From briary brake and scroggie brae!

Sweet is the scene at close o' day,
When on the fairy knowe I stand,
And Mary seeks the hawthorns green,
And Mary's foot imprints the sand.

The evening sun from Criffle's bow
Serenely smil'd on bower and brake;
His golden hair in ringlets flew
Loose floating on the living lake;
The mellow mavis was awake
On breezy Kinder's scroggie shore,
As Mary trod the daisies down,
As Mary sought the hawthorns hoar.

Soft, from the mist-encircled Isle,
The lute's melodious voice was heard,
And, lo! a bark of peerless sheen
On Kinder's sylvan flood appear'd:
The skiff a beauteous damsel steer'd
Towards the fairy-haunted shore,
And soon the bloomy bank she near'd,
With silken sail and silver oar.

A garland gay, o' wild-flowers wove,
Was blooming on her polish'd brec;
Her snowy arms with bracelets glow'd,
Ripe gather'd from the rosan tree.
And O! a sprightlier nymph than she
Ne'er plied the oar on crystal tide,
As lovely on the prow she stood,
And hail'd the *Lass o' Kinderside*.

"Cast off, cast off your hose and shoon,
And thro' the water wade to me;
Your kirtle, lass, ye winna weel,
Tho' scrimply kilted to the knee;—
And here," with syren smile, quoth she,
"On elfin couch we'll lay us down,
And rise in a delightful land
Frae sleep that fa's baith sweet and soon."

"For these sweet eyes are heav'nly lamps,
Too pure on mortal bliss to shine,
And human hand is too impure
To press these bosom folds of thine.
And that celestial smile benign,
That wiles the angel from his way,
Is meet to charm the bloomy glades
O' Fairyland so green and gay."

"I winna kilt my kirtle hie,"
The blithely-laughing lass replied;
"Nor leave the budding loves o' life,
To roam with thee, whate'er betide.
There dwells a lad on Kinderside,
Dear as the bloom-besprinkled hawe,
Whose breast a purer flame illumeth
Than fairy altar ever saw."

"And I'm a bud on Kinder bank,
That sips the shining simmer dew,
And when my virgin leaves unfald,
His rose the gentle youth may pu';
And we will never cease to woo
The hamely haunts o' rural peace,
Until we leave the sylvan shades,
For bowers of uncrent bliss."

Rachel Lesslie.—"Weel, sirs, wha wou'd believe that *David Hamilton* was a drap's blood to auld *Glencaple*, the greedy graceless tyke, that sent awa his ain flesh and blood to prow for wealth i' the West Indies, when he might ha'e fill'd the poor lad's pouches at hame wi' his ain mouldy placks, and never miss'd ane o' them! He was indeed a wicked auld man, without the fear o' Gude before his een, and doated on world's gear to the last gasp. Never will I forget the cauld snawie day when he rowped honest Saunders Laidlaw out o' house and hauld, and shot Leczie Haffie's hens for pickling about the pea-stack—deeds that will cover him wi' burning shame for ever and ever. Monie a comely corse hae I strieked, and drawn the curtains o' monie a sick-bed; but never saw an auld man sae sweer to die, nor unclutch the warld wi' sic a doomsday look. When about to leave this vale o' vanity for ever and aye, he snuffled wi' his nose just as though he had faund a smell that shouldna been there, and raxt his lang lean neck owre the bedstock. 'Grizy Heughan,' quo' he to the servant lass, 'what are ye about now? I tauld ye to hoid thae sowens wi' yird eldin, and ye ha'e taen the gude peo'd sticks: O thou wasterfu' slut!'"

Thus far had Rachel proceeded in delineating the character of Auld Glencaple, when her voice suddenly failed, and the dead silence that ensued inclined me to believe that something of a very extraordinary nature had occurred. Likely enough, thought I, the gifted dame may be visited by her *Familia*. and, when he departs, she'll no doubt tell the lasses what transpired—a conjecture, by the bye, that eventually became a feather in the cap of my sagacity. Rachel Lesslie certainly did reveal what transpired, but in a tone so peculiarly devotional, that it was some time before I could even comprehend the nature of her communication—a mixture of prophecy and moral reflection, that terminated in these words:—

"He comes from afar, to pu' the wild briar rose o' his early choice, for the grave has devour'd the spoiler o' his peace; and a' that brightens the morning o' life, and blithens the

afternoon, are gathering round the hearth o' Glencaple. He comes like a leal lad at the tryste hour, to fauld in his faithful arms the jinnest waist, and the fairest face, and the gentlest heart, that ever met thegither in the semblance o' woman."

Scarcely had the old lady finished her very singular oration, when a circumstance occurred that more materially concerned myself. "See," quoth my fellow watchman, pulling me by the sleeve, "yowder's a pair o' sweet een on the look-out for somebody." I turned aside a few le. es that obscured my view, and beheld Jenny M'Math at the house-end, slyly reconnoitring our position. She announced her presence with an ironic giggle, that demonstrated what was passing within, and disappeared in a twinkling. "Up and after the runaway," exclaimed my companion, as he sprung from his hiding-place, and passed me like lightning. I followed the chase with equal ardour, and came up with Jenny just as she turned the hallan: "Hail, lad," quoth she, "thou's a fine fallow to keep a tryste; and wha's yon ye brought wi' ye, to bang the bogles?" "Troth, my bonnie lass," quoth I, "his company was nane o' my seeking; the lad's a stranger to me, but nane to the house"—for by this time he had fairly taken refuge among the lasses. We followed his example, and found him on the spence floor, with his right arm round Mary's waist, and his left hand on her eyes. "O sirs," quoth she, "what a dear wee saft hand! it's just for a' the world like my Davie's." "And is David Hamilton still dear to Mary M'Math?" said the youth, withdrawing his hand, and looking her full in the face. The *Lass of Kinderside* gazed for a moment on her lover with inexpressible delight, lifted her swimming eyes to heaven, and swooned away in the arms of the young laird of Glencaple."

Thus, Mr Editor, hae I given you a faithful transcript of Uncle's love adventure; and should I fall in with any more of his fugitive pieces, worthy of being attached to my Legacy by way of *Rider*, be assured, my dear Sir, that I will not fail to transmit them for your consideration.

Meanwhile, I beg leave to remain as formerly,

Very faithfully yours,

SAM'L. KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Continued.)

"Saw ye aught o' a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle,
Shou'd ha'e been married on Ty'sday 't e'en?"

I HAD once some thoughts of pre-facing this very chapter with the good old proverb, "A drunken night and a dry morning;" but on recollecting how very circumstantially the feats of Monday evening were detailed, it struck me that some over-fastidious critic might deem the quotation highly superfluous; and as it is a favourite maxim of mine to live in peace with all mankind, I substituted the above fragment in lieu thereof.

On Tuesday morning the sun arose precisely at half-past four o'clock, and so did Andrew Simpson, whose inward man panted for the water-stoups more fervently than ever did a thirsty hart for the streams of Bethel. Sandy Watt's interior being also in great tribulation, roused him at the self-same hour—and, if common report may be credited, this curious little fact gave rise to the well-known saying, "like master, like man;" but as evil luck would have it, every vessel of the pitcher tribe was empty, the cellar door locked, and the *smith's fingers*, as usual, in safe keeping, being stuffed, amongst other goods and chattels, in a certain depository, that Mrs Simpson always made a point of laying under her own pillow. In consequence thereof, Andrew and his faithful squire were under the necessity of allaying their thirst in Toddyburn.

Was I a man afflicted with the scribbling itch, a fellow who dealt in all manner of trifles, for lack of capital, to put him in a respectable line of business, never did a more tempting opportunity present itself, of covering a quire of paper at less intellectual expence. In the first place, I could fill a pair of sheets with Duncan Henderson's soliloquy on the

knocking-stane, prior to his recollecting what befel him on Monday night. Andrew Simpson's astonishment on discovering the guager arrayed in his own garments, might rig out another couple very decently; and Sandy Watt's essay on Highland hardihood, including explanatory notes, together with the conversation that passed between Duncan and his friends at Toddyburn-side, when slaking their drouth, could not possibly fail of clothing a dozen at least with tolerable stuff, considering the present dearth of originality. As for the remaining eight, every one of them might be filled with the lamentations of Hughie Paisley, when he awoke at five o'clock, and found himself a prisoner in Meg Simpson's box-bed, in place of being a sojourner at Balachan Grange, agreeably to promise; and then what would become of the many thanks returned to Mr Henderson, by Hughie and his three bedfellows, for the pitcher of cal-lar burn, whose illusive apparition haunted their dreams the whole blessed night? Sheets, did I say? why, reader, with these very materials, a modern book-maker would furnish a couple of folio volumes. Besides, I never reckoned on the debate that ensued between Miller Morrison, Jamie Scott, and Willie Dandison, respecting the mettle of their steeds, nor so much as thought of the secret agreement entered into by these gentlemen ament starting for the broose: the Miller and Jamie by proxy, being married men, and Willie Dandison in person. As for the means suggested by Maggie Simpson for keeping up Sandy's breeks, and Mrs Morrison's improvement thereon, the circumstance entirely escaped my recollection. "Supposing," quod Meg, "that a piece o' gude stout salvage was brought owre his right shoulther like a sword belt, and bath ends preen'd to the waistband—there could be little doubt, I think, o' its keep-ing ane o' the fallow's haunches out o' sight." "And anither," observed Mrs Morrison, "might also be brought owre his left shoulther, and preen'd on the opposite side." These joint-stock theories, being speedily reduced to practice by the two ladies, not only succeeded to a miracle, but also gave birth to the very sage observa-

tion, Twa heads are better than ane."

I mention this little contrivance, merely to show how readily the smallest hint impregnates an ingenious mind. The fame of Sandy Watt's *gallouses* some how or other travelled to the ears of Mr Timothy Thingumthangum, tailor and habit-maker, St James's, who had long been on the look-out for a hair to make a tether of; and great was his joy when he laid hold of the very idea that every tailor in town and country had diligently sought after with prayer and fasting, for long and many a day. Tim put in a caveat for suspending nether garments that very afternoon, and in due time was honoured with royal letters patent, engrossed on a whole Southdown skin of parchment. Was meritorious ingenuity always rewarded with the like promptitude, the dear little Isle we live in would soon rejoice, and lift up its head amongst the nations. But there are many more incidental items, that a writer in the general line would turn to good account: the adventures of Willie Dandison's special messenger, for example, to and from Lintylinn, with a full holiday suit.

The indescribable bustle that prevailed when Maggie and Mrs Morrison were at the toilet, rigging themselves out—Hughie Paisley's impatience to be gone, and the Miller's persuasive eloquence to detain him until the wedding guests were all marshalled in bridal array—dusting the gentlemen's apparel, shaving their beards, and powdering their hair—for in those days the poll-tax collector was a baby in his mother's lap, who, in after times, caused the most accomplished barber Dumfries ever saw, to wring his hands, and exclaim

"Shut up shop, John Gass,
"No more wigs to dress—"

and, last of all, the exceeding good cheer provided by Mrs Simpson on that memorable morning, might well detain a little scribe at his desk for a whole week, though he only served his customers with linscy-woolsey language, similar to that of *Joey Mawman's* North Country Tour. But though I feel not disposed to avail myself of minor occurrences, those of a more important nature will, on all

occasions, meet with the most respectful attention.

Maggie Simpson's orations at the breakfast-table, for instance, might grace the page of Cervantes himself, that prince of biographers, and, therefore, do I most cheerfully knib my scribbling tool, to present the reader with a fair transcript of what fell from her lips.

"Now, sirs, fa' to without ceremony," quo Meg, "and mak' free, I beseech ye. Ba'fu' folk, to qualify the auld saying, ha'e nae kirsenings. That's right, Mrs Morrison; help yoursel' to a barm scone, and dinna spare the heather hinny—there's walth o't i' the house. Bless me, Mr Henderson, what ails ye at the yill-saps—better brenn drink, to my certain knowledge, was never in our cellar, and the twa baps might ha'e tempted young Gowkbiggin' himsel' to draw his tippence, had he seen them in a huxter wife's basket.

"But I jealousy there's a whaup i' the rape! Oh, Andrew, Andrew, thy mind's chasing mice. I might just as weel ha'e tauld our hūd-stane to spiritualize the yill. Bring hither half-a-mutchikin, and mak' the best atonement ye can—better late mend than ne'er do weel. Miller Morrison, thou's ane o' the auld stock o' Tinner-ald, and our friend Drumbreg's tarr'd wi' the same stick. Pease-brose and lang-kail—was e'er the like heard tell of on a bridal-morning? But willfu' folk maun ay ha'e their will, and wear the belt their ain gate. Allow me, Mr Dandison, to butter anither bannock, or ye wou'd may be please to fancy a flour scone, it's safer for the gums. Help yoursel', now, to a flicht o' ham, and dinna heed the miller's auld farrand gibes. My truly, our drap scandal water may weel compare wi' his pease-brose. How d'ye get on wi' the twa eggs, Hughie? Hech, man! I've seen the day when the fore spauld o' a sheep wou'd ha'e departed frae thy presence meikle sooner; but the bow hand never fails ye, and that's a special blessing. Andrew Simpson, thou's a verifier o' the auld proverb, 'Slow to meat, and slow to wark.' Sandy, Sandy, that bannock-mill o' thine gets on wi' the mellar just like a pair o' ill-conditioned quairns."

Now these sayings of Maggie Simp-

son's were not delivered in a string, as the intelligent reader may very readily perceive, but popped occasionally into the gaps that frequently occur in party-coloured discourse; and though there are many more, equally *à propos*, with which I might swell my narrative in a most surprisingly frog-like manner, yet do I feel such an inclination to push on, that nothing in the semblance of table-talk can possibly tempt me to defile another sheet. Breakfast being over, and every individual in wedding array, the procession was marshalled by Sandy Watt, who officiated as master of the ceremonies; and after a moment's pause, to adjust the ladies' riding-skirts, moved on in the following order:

Miller Morrison and his young wife, mounted on Swallowhawk, took the lead, followed by Davie Blunt's grey naig (I never knew him by any other name,) Duiskelper, and the gallant Ben-Vorlich, who manifested the unconquerable excellence of his brave little heart by the capers he cut. Mr and Mrs Simpson followed the sheltie on a roan gelding. Sandy Watt shanked in the rear, and Hughie Paisley strode in the van, playing—"Fy let us a' to the bridal." In this manner the cavalcade advanced towards Balachan, whilst Hughie's cremona, the peerless Nelly Weems, filled the air with harmony, and made an impression on every ear within hearing, that supplies our hearths with the marvelous even unto this day.

I have heard of a Highland musician charming an evil-disposed bull, and read of stocks and stones leaping to the melody of a shepherd's pipe; but never until Tuesday morning did I feel disposed to expunge these very extraordinary occurrences from my catalogue of auld wife's fables.

Reader, lift up thine eyes, in the spirit of fanciful meditation, and behold a fruitful valley watered by a pleasant stream. The hills, flanking its rambling course, are clothed with verdure, and their echoes reply to the bleat of sheep. Every pasture is full of beeves, and hawkies, and fatted calves, and every cultivated field promises plenty. The fair landscape is also enriched with clachans and cottages, well stocked with a robust,

cheerful, and intelligent peasantry. See how the door-latches are lifted up as the notes of Hughie's fiddle ascend, and bear testimony to the abundance of blithe faces popping out from every human habitation—the patriarchs wrapt in their grey mauds, and the matrons in tartan scarfs. Mark how cleverly the young men and maidens climb the stiles, and skip the glittering brooks, gaily displaying their wedding garments, and snapping their thumbs to the matchless melody of Hughie's cremona, whilst troops of collics merrily trot before, wagging their tails, and congratulating each other on the rough bones likely to be met with at Aggie Dinwoodie's wedding. But the influence of Hughie's minstrelsy is also felt in a most surprising manner, by every singing bird, from the wren to the mavis. Only observe how they flock from the adjacent coppices, to greet Nelly Weems, and welcome the first of fiddlers with their warblings. Every bush by the way-side is full of blackbirds and mavis, every bough laden with finches and linnets, vocal tenants of Blackwood braes, and the green scroggie knows of Balachan,

Whose bushy banks I often rang'd with thee,

Hawclough, companion of my happier days;

Thy lips into this world did welcome me,
Playfully prattling to mine infant gaze.

Our minds were modell'd on a similar plan,

Our friendship woke ere good or ill we knew,

Our loves arose with childhood's cheerful dawn,

And with our statures up to manhood grew.

The day has been, *Hawclough*, when you and I,

With lightsome heart, loose from Balachan school,

On Blackwood braes pursu'd the dragon-fly,
And tempt'd the minnows of the glossy pool.

The day has dawn'd, in life's delightful spring,

When lightly on the hazel bough we swung;

Our cares lay warm beneath the linnet's wing,

Our worldly wealth the throstle's gorline young.

Endless would be my task were I to set about eulogizing the beauty and fashion that filled the turnpike road with gaiety and goodfellowship. Cot, grange, and clachan, vied with each other in turning out the sonciest lads and bonniest lasses—trunk, kist, and hand-box, in supplying them with becoming necessaries, and setting off their personal accomplishments to the best advantage. But every body knows, that a more respectable assemblage of beauty and character never honoured the vale of Nith with its presence, and therefore do I the more readily dismiss the subject, with merely observing, that the grey-haired men, as they strode along, fully made up their minds to fill Gawin fu; the young lads rehearsed *Auld Glenae* and *Jock o' Bargue*; and the lasses busied themselves in taking measures for throwing the stocking; whilst Nelly Weems reminded one and all of the good cheer and the hearty welcome that awaited them.

On gaining the brachead, where young Gowkbiggin fought the tinkler wife, and came off *second best*, the whole cavalcade obtained a full view of Balachan Grange, whose cheerful and picturesque appearance is the theme of every traveller, from *Toby Smellet*, down to *Josie Mauman*; and sorry am I to say, that certain observations were made on the spot, by no means creditable to John Dinwoodie's system of husbandry. "Bless me," quo' Miller Morrison, "what can be the meaning o' a' this? Only see how the auld bull helps himsel' to what he likes best, without being ta'en to task by either col-lie or Christian—My sooth, he's making a hearty breakfast i' the stack-yard." "I'wa kye, and half a dozen stirks, among the green kail!" exclaimed Jamie Scott; "conscience, they winna leave the gudewife a single sprout to boil wi' the groats." "And little or no preparation can I see on the green for a bridal dinner," observed Willie Davidson; "planks, and tubs, and tabic linen, are a' laying higgledy-piggledy through ither, like nowt in a loan. Depend on't there's something asteen at the Grange that's neither gude nor cannie." Whilst he was yet speaking, a horseman came up the loaning at full gallop, whose singular appearance excit-

ed much curiosity, and even alarm. From head to belt, his raiment was of the plebeian order, consisting of a striped Kilmarnock nightcap, hoddin grey jacket, and vest to correspond; but from the breech down, he was a perfect gentleman, being arrayed in nankeen trowsers, white thread stockings, and dancing pumps. All that district of face between the chin and left ear was clean shaven, whilst the right hand department remained in a state of barbarism, though vestiges of lather amongst its unshorn stubble fully satisfied every bolder that the owner had recently been taking measures to mow it also. In fine, the whole of his array plainly certified that he had been dispatched in great haste. "That's aye o' the gudenman's naigs," observed Jamie Scott, "and nae less a man than Wattie Shaw, the ploughman, on his bare back. Where can the fallow be galloping to, on a bare-backed beast, and naething to guide him but a cow'd halter? What cheer, Walter? what news frae the Grange?"—"The grey gled has flown awa' wi' our hen burd," quo' Wattie, lashing his steed, and taking the road for Thornhill, without so much as uttering an explanatory note. This piece of information, such as it was, failed not to waken conjecture; and many were the opinions prematurely coined and put in circulation, before Balachan dairy-maid arrived, and let the real cat out o' the bag. Jenny, it seems, had been commissioned to ascertain whether or not a certain merry young farmer, alias *Spunkie Andrew Carr*, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood, was at home or abroad, and, in case of his absence, to make every possible inquiry relative to what the patient reader will in due time be made acquainted with—and return immediately; the said *hullam-shaker* being strongly suspected of having played Mcg's diversion that very morning. On reaching the young man's dwelling, she espied him leaning against the kail-yard dyke, listening to the godly exhortation of *Peg Shittleton*, an elderly vestal, who had lately been warned by the spirit, to enlist with a certain corps of New Light Sectarians, commonly called *Searchers o' the Scriptures*; and as no suspicious appearance whatever was

suspicious appearance whatever was observable about the lad, tending to impeach him either as principal or accomplice in the aforesaid deevilry, she very properly took no particular notice of the youth's *tête-à-tête*, but slipped down the house to his mother, a widow woman of some standing, and there explained the nature of her mission. "Gude have a care o' us, Jenny Dawson!" exclaimed the gudewife, "wha d'ye think can ha'e done the deed? Sic a plisky hasna been playt since the days o' Rob Roy; but my bonnie man had nae hand in't. Na, na, he has gotten a glimpse o' the New Light at last. O Jenny, Jenny, it wou'd do ye gude to hear him converse wi' that pious woman Peggy Shittleton, about saving grace—and saving knowledge—and repentance unto life. The twasome ha'e been at it this whole blessed morning, searching the scriptures; and d'ye ken, woman, they ha'e faund what Peggy ca's a maiden text, that has never been preached frae; even Saunders Peden himsel' miskipped it, and he was a man wha pored on the word without ceasing. But it clearly appears unto me, that nane o' them a' ha'e the grace to preach frae a text that disna accord wi' their ain carnal notions; and wha d'ye think it says, woman, 'He that marrieth doeth well—he that marrieth not doeth better,' out o' whilk Peggy declares she'll bring gospel lights worthy o' being set in goulden candlesticks." "Tut," quo' Jenny Dawson, "wha cares a whistle for her clavers or yours either? Peg Shittleton, like the fox i' the fable-beuk, has been loupin' at sour plumbs ever since my mither was a lassie; and it's weel kend thy weeds wou'd ha'e vanished like snaw aff the dyke, when Symon's feet gaed owre the knowe, had onie twa legged thing, wi' a haunet on its head, fancied his auld shoon. As for your Andrew lifting up his voice to the tune o' 'vanity of vanities, all is vanity'—conscience, Lucky, he's either taking leave o' his wits, or making a gowk o' his mither."

Jenny Dawson was in fine tune for religious controversy, and certainly intended to snuff out the gudewife's *new light* before she departed; but it was otherwise or-

dered. Who could possibly sit on a creepy-stool reclining metaphysical pirns, and the sweet voice of Nelly Weems abroad in the land? No sooner did Hughie's minstrelsy fall on Jenny's ear, than she flew to the door like a swallow, followed by Widow Carr, whose foot still retained a partiality for jig time, though her tongue denied it. Peg Shittleton came down the dyke-side at a kind of minuet pace, and her intended proselyte, regardless of his preceptress and her pious exhortations, laid hold of a hazel bough with both hands, and legged away at the Highland fling, whilst Jenny Dawson buckled up her killymankies, and left them to the guidance of their respective consciences. Being a light-hearted sort of a lassie, and not overburthened with grave consideration, she very soon gained the loaming stile, where Willie Dandison, and a few friends, awaited her arrival, and there disclosed what had befallen the Grange family. "Plague on that graceless face o' thine," quo' Jenny, addressing herself to Lintylinn; "if thou isna the ill-faured founnart that herried our ben roost yestreen, thou's ane o' the same cleckin. Where was ye, Willie, between bed-time and cock-crawing, if a body may speer?"

Lintylinn, not having a plausible answer at his finger ends, lifted up a supplicating eye to Miller Morison for the loan of a few words. The miller being also in indigent circumstances, transferred the petition to Jamie Scott, and Jamie indorsed it to Hughie Paisley, of all men living the most incapable of coining a smart reply at the time, being runtinating on Adam Dinwoodie's very singular injunctions, and actually thumbing "the rinawa' bride" on his fiddle strings; so that the poor girl wou'd probably have gone without a reply altogether, had not Mrs Morison, with an urbanity peculiar to the whole blessed sex, accommodated her with a satisfactory answer:—"Neither Willie nor my gudeman," quo' she, "were in a condition to herry hen bauks yestreen, and I can also vouch for Drumbreg and Hughie Paisley. The whole four, if ye'll believe my word, were just as canty as maut cou'd mak' them, and carefully laid

by, headum and corsum, in Mrs Simpson's box-bed—but dearsake, Jenny, what's asteer at the Grange?" "Conscience, gudewife," quo' Janet, "I may just as weel tell ye as send ye word—the bride's to the gate, and what's most extraordinary, not a living soul about a' the toun can contrive wia has run awa wi' her, nor had ane o' us the smallest suspicion o' Aggie's intent."

Willie Dandison immediately published the news, by means of a *long-tailed whistle*, and, in the twinkling of an eye, every individual who wore a wedding garment was aware of what had befallen the Grange family.

THE EXILE.

THROUGH brighter climes the exile roves,
His breast is fann'd by softer air;
His path is all through Indian groves,
As bowers of Genii fair.
And on those shores the waveless tide,
So blue, so lovely, sleeps in light,
As if with them it softly vied,
To show a realm as bright.

But the lone Wanderer coldly views
Those regions of the day-star's reign;
And light and summer's thousand hues
Flush their own world in vain.
He sees not when the bee-bird's plume
Is glancing in the morning-rays,
He marks not when, through evening's
gloom,
The fire-fly's lustre plays.

Soft o'er his cheek the breeze may sigh,
It cannot chase the tint of care—
And fairy scenes that meet his eye
Light not one sparkle there.
But were he by his native stream,
On his own heath-land rocky shore,
That cheek would glow, that eye would
beam,
With health's young smile once more!

"Land of my heart!" the Wanderer cries,
"Land of dark glens and mountains
wild!"

The storms that sweep thy lowering skies
Were music to thy child;
Ties, that may ne'er be torn'd again,
Scenes, that on memory linger yet;
The heart that mourns in lonely pain
May break, but not forget.

"By many a pang that heart was tried,
Deceiv'd by many a hope that fled;
Yet still it rose with buoyant pride,
Unconquer'd, though it bled—

But lingering grief may quench the flame
That liv'd, each storm of fortune
through;
As the slow poison wastes the frame
No tortures could subdue."

EPISTLE EXPOSTULATORY TO THE EDITOR; WITH OTHER GRAVE AND IMPORTANT MATTERS.

MR EDITOR,

YOU are remarkably squeamish, methinks, about my poetical jeu d'esprit. It was accompanied by a letter, in which I professed myself the author, and that is all you had any concern with, I imagine, in your Editorial capacity, whatever name I might chuse to assume. If I stole the poem from another, you had nothing to do with my delinquency; nor could the real author find any fault with you for publishing what either his misfortune or carelessness had put into your hands. But somebody, it seems, has whispered to you, that the poem is a production of that eminent individual, Mr ——. It would really require the skill of an *Edipus* to solve this riddle. Unless Mr — is the *Great Unknown* himself, I cannot, for the soul of me, conjecture who he is. By this side-compliment, do you not see you have completely precluded me from indulging you in your wish of being made acquainted with my real name? If I am not the eminent Mr —, I do not wish to appear in your eyes the despicable nameless being whom you may be pleased to represent me. In your next notices to Correspondents, you would, in that case, no doubt, say, that you were glad to find, what you, indeed, never believed, that so eminent a person as Mr — could not be guilty of being the author of so pitiful a performance as the poem in question, and that you were now aware of the mean source from which it had emanated. On the contrary, if I am Mr —, how can I name myself to you, without being a thorough coxcomb? for that would be at once to profess, that I consider myself entitled to the designation of "eminent individual." Why, my dear Sir, even the *Great Unknown* could not come forward under such circumstances, had he no other cause or inclination to conceal himself. After all, I am rather in-

clined to give you credit, in all this proceeding, for a piece of refined and delicate management. You do not wish to publish my poem, but you do not wish to tell me so in any way which you think might hurt my feelings; and have accordingly placed me in a dilemma from which there is no getting out. As to the poem, take your will of it. It was written several years ago, soon after the battle of Waterloo, to which it alludes; and will read as well nine years hence, if, according to Horace's advice, it is still kept safe that period, as it would at present. Indeed, in nine centuries hence (if the world lasts so long,) it will be as fresh as now, for Waterloo will not be then less in the mouths of men. Marathon and Agincourt are quite as memorable in the present day, as in the seven or eight years after their first fame. Only do not destroy the copy I sent you, as I have no other; and if, as is very probable, it is not at all fitted for your Magazine, have the goodness to return it to the person from whom you had it; and when he transmits it to the author, "that eminent individual" will again consign it to his bureau, without a single feeling of resentment or disappointment.

I will confess, Mr Editor, that I have often, in my life, longed after eminence—commonly, I fear, in a very irregular and inefficient manner; but if I have on any occasion approached within sight of the object of my ambition, it has generally been when I was least directly aiming at it. There are some minds which, secure of their powers, pursue, with steady application of thought, lofty objects, and, by bringing all their studies to bear more or less on one great design, reach to an eminence which almost raises them above human nature. There are very few, however, who have either this intellectual energy, or steadiness of moral purpose. Milton is the great example that at present occurs to me.

From his earliest years, he had the ambition of rising to the height of poetical fame; and amidst all the varied pursuits and calamities of his life, which would either have dissipated the thoughts, or sunk the energies of a lower spirit, this mighty prospect never forsook him, till at

last it brightened upon him in its utmost splendour, in the moment when his mind was clouded by the failure of all his hopes for his country,—when, in his own fancies, he had fallen upon "evil days and evil tongues,"—and when, as if for the purpose of exhibiting to the world of what internal resources noble and well-disciplined souls are full, blindness was added to the sum of his misfortunes. These evils, which would certainly have overwhelmed the aspirations of most poets, only seem to have conferred a peculiar dignity upon his genius, and to have given to all his conceptions a new and original colouring; while they appear to proceed more from the vast stores of his mind, long collected and matured, than from any immediate impulses of surrounding nature. There was something, indeed, in the circumstances of the poet admirably adapted to the tone and character of his poem; and so far from checking his inspiration, I believe it is quite true, that if the calamities which crowded upon him had been removed,—if he had lived under the auspices of the liberty which he loved,—if he had been high in name and honour,—and, still more, if he had not been deprived of sight, he would have written, no doubt, something which after times "would not be willing to let die;" but he would not have written the *Paradise Lost*.

There are other minds, of infinite power and genius, which, from a constant observation of nature and of man, are ever throwing out creations of fresh and original beauty, with a kind of unconsciousness, as it were, and certainly without that steady and deliberate aim with which Milton seemed, at all times, to keep in view the high fulfilment of his destiny. Eminence seems to be an object of little concern with such spirits; yet they can scarcely throw out the most careless effusion without attaining it. It is hard to say which of these kinds is of the higher class, or ultimately more successful. I should be inclined to think the latter description of genius the happier. It owes more to nature, and less to art. Whatever art it acquires in its course, is immediately assimilated to its own native impulses. All its exertions

are enjoyment ; and when it has completed one immortal undertaking—perhaps a *Macbeth* or a *Waverley*—it can instantly turn, with an unwearied wing, to some new and equally surprising flight. The great authors of the works I have now alluded to, are, probably, the most wonderful instances on record of this overflowing abundance, and unwearied elasticity of mind. I by no means place them on an equality ; but, perhaps, our Great Modern is as much superior to his contemporaries, as Shakespeare was to his ; and whatever may be said of the general progress of our age, we have certainly no such eminence, in any department, as was to be found among the giants of the Maiden Reign. There is no philosopher now equal to Bacon ; there is no divine approaching to the genius or learning of Hooker ; there is no poet like Spenser or Fletcher. I would place Shakespeare above all these wonderful men, as the Master-Spirit of the age : and so, in like proportion, our grand poet and Romancer may stand, for variety of accomplishment, and the happy use of his genius, as the most eminent man of his day.—These are at the top of this glorious pre-eminence, —either the eagles, who, with strong wing and fixed eye, are ever soaring towards the sun, or the falcons, that are in constant pursuit of some new prey, and rise from the most romantic recesses, and hover over-head in the loftiest and most beautiful circlings. As for the smaller birds, there may be all varieties of elegant plumage, and every wildness or refinement of note ; but it is wiser for them to keep in their thickets, or sometimes, perhaps, to take a short flight under a cloud :—and delightful as they may be, and far superior in all that is pleasing to taste, to the common sparrow, or to the “tame villatic fowl ;” yet it becomes them to assume no pride of place, and not to affect “the ample pinion” of those that are entitled to be seen

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure depths of air.

At the same time, you will often find the greatest pertness in the sparrow, the tit, or the wagtail ; and it is

such uninteresting birds that are the greatest intruders upon the sight, that are ever “hopping in our walks,” and seem most eager to show off their little accomplishments. In an age like the present, when almost every one has some capacity of writing—when there is so general diffusion of literature—it is to be expected that many pretenders should arise, and that, delighted with their own performances, they should almost fancy they are equalling the highest efforts of the most approved genius. It is impossible, nor is it to be wished, that some images of fame and excellence should not play before every mind while engaged in any exertion of imagination : yet it is much better that these should be of a fugitive and humble kind with the generality of writers—enough to prompt their invention for the moment, but of a very unhappy result when they dwell and brood upon their solitary thoughts. Except in very judicious minds, that can appreciate well the limits of their powers, and can have a pretty good guess to what degree of eminence they are likely, by regular habits of application, or by happy flights, to attain—it is better, perhaps, for the inferior orders of genius to imitate the careless spirit of the Shakespeares, than to task themselves, with the Miltons, to any course of lofty aspiration. They must not, however, think, that they will start up into the wonders of their age, only because they are not making any effort to become such ; but they will find their reward in avoiding every unpleasing disappointment, and those irritable and unsocial humours, which are apt to gather around those who permit their thoughts to be possessed with notions of excellence which they cannot reach ; or, what is worse, have fancied that they have reached it, and then must submit to the gall of a discovered failure. It happens, too, sometimes, that amiable and happy minds, though without great power or genius, when they resign themselves to their vein, strike into a very pleasing course of thought, and write what is much more agreeable than they are ever able to produce by the greatest labour and execution. Good sense, and a very moderate exercise of fancy, are all the

talent that is requisite for the support of this kind of writing: the chief ground-work is good feeling, and a just and natural morality.

I believe, in truth, the greatest genius is very insignificant without this ground-work. Witness my Lord Byron, whose extravagances were long borne, because they were mingled with so much power, and often with so much good; which always gave the hope that the power would come to be rightly exerted. But now, that the good has more and more been washed out, the power has disappeared in equal proportion; or what of it remains has become hateful, and almost contemptible: and unless that noble Lord will yet "take a thought and mend," (it must be a moral amendment, before the business can be done thoroughly,) his poetry will soon come to be utterly and deservedly neglected*. It is not so much attended to, perhaps, as it ought to be, how far right sentiments of morality enter into the description of true genius. Power is too much regarded as every thing. An exhibition of powerful qualities, however perverted by vice, as it is an exhibition which is often apparent in real existence, may, no doubt, be well brought forward in poetry: but it is never done with true effect, unless the poet is on the moral side, and is ready to display all the weaknesses which vice necessarily introduces into the core and sap of the native energy. It is sometimes supposed that Milton makes us sympathize too much with his Satan. He, indeed, displays, in that wonderful exhibition of character, the highest intellectual faculties, and some, likewise, of the sterner virtues. There are occasional touches,

too, of a gentler nature—"tears, such as angels weep, burst forth." But with all this, the poet is never on the side of his hero, (as Satan has been called;) he seems ever sensible, and makes his reader likewise aware, of the fatal and lamentable weakness which palsies all these proud efforts and higher thoughts; and by a very striking management, which could only be the result of the moral frame of his own mind, he makes us see, not only the misery, but the real meanness of this aspiring spirit.—Lord Byron would not have concealed the misery, (for he is ever singing the song, "Let us all be unhappy together;") but he would very clearly have given to Satan all the dignity of which he had any conception, and would readily himself have entered into all his insane blasphemy. Another instance is Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth—a character which no poet, who had not a profound moral sense, could have managed, without shocking some sound principle. She is not meant to be thoroughly hateful; and all the admiration which naturally attaches itself to resolute purpose and unshaken daring, is given to her; but she is soon exhibited in weakness quite commensurate to all her native power—the weakness brought by guilt upon a naturally great mind. The sleeping scene is the most frightful picture of a begun retribution ever drawn by the Genius of Poetry; and it owes its chief power to the deep moral perception by which that genius is inspired. Thus, in the exhibition of the deepest guilt, the true poet ever carries along with him the torch of conscience and religion;—when he is not describing guilt, all his sentiments are happy, delightful, sympathetic, and innocent. Lord Byron, certainly, has a deep feeling of the beauty of Nature; but it is too much in the spirit with which Milton's Satan contemplates the beauty of Paradise. There is nothing of that devotional tone with which Milton himself, Thomson, or even Virgil, delight to dwell on all that is lovely in creation. There is rather a kind of furious sensuality, with which he seeks to rush from his present unsatisfied being, and the pleasures which have palled upon him, into the

* I do not think there ever was a nobler piece of criticism, or one expressed in a calmer tone of assured reason, and in a more perfect strain of moral reproof, than the last Review of Lord Byron in the Edinburgh. There is not a word in it to which his lordship himself could fairly object; and if he does not confess its justice practically, by "changing his humf, and checking his pride," I have no hesitation in saying, that he may as well give over writing at once, for he will not be heeded.

gorgeous beauty, or the solitary oblivion of nature. Neither is there any of that sympathy with which Shakespeare loses himself, in all the scenes of nature and of man, and feels, in a moment, the innumerable flow of kindly sentiments which spring from every picture of happy life, or of inanimate perfection. How intimately are all these aspects of moral excellence blended in these great poets with the splendour of their genius! and how much more nearly may men of very inferior endowments reach to the character of their minds, by catching the sound, happy, and exquisite sentiments, which prevailed over them—than by any false straining after the peculiarities of their language, or the height or variety of their powers! Their language, loftiness, and variety, are chiefly pleasing, because in them they are natural, and are accompanied with the characteristics of humanity and simplicity. Let us, too, follow Nature wherever she leads; and the same spirit of candour, and freedom from self-admiration, which is most remarkable in the greatest minds, will accompany us in all our efforts, and we shall soon come to have a just appreciation of the bent and limits of our own powers.

I am somehow, Mr Editor—with a view, I suppose, to my own instruction, and from a sense of my own failures in my literary efforts—got into a rambling sort of talk, from which, I fear, your readers will reap but little either of amusement or improvement. There is one advice, however, which I cannot but consider of principal moment, to every class of your readers, whether they be literary or otherwise. Let them, in this delightful season, get out of the city as much as possible, into the open fields, the free air, and bright sunshine of nature. Let them throw their minds unreservedly loose to all this prodigality of bounty and of beauty; and let all the sentiments which this display must naturally awaken, be kindled in their bosoms. In these moments, the dulllest mind is roused to some emotions akin to those of the finest genius, and may be disencumbered, in part, from the clouds which depress it, into a higher and purer being. And it is in such

scenes that the noblest powers of man are refreshed from the rust of their every-day existence, and awakened into a more congenial state of acting and feeling. In the greatness of nature, amid its omnipotence and infinite bounty, every human creature seems to be reduced to an equality: the greatest powers feel themselves to be but the efforts of weakness and childhood; and the poorest faculties are roused to exertion by the maternal smile which seems to call them into a new being. Before such a scene, in all its magnificent extent, and in all its minute variety and perfection, he who has been, perhaps, all his life, a mean adventurer in letters, and may, at times, have had a weak conceit of his own paltry creations, is called to bow his head in humility and shame; and while he looks at the profusion of beauty which bursts from a single leaf or bud, to feel that he is nothing, if his heart is not henceforth imbued with the love of Nature, and with the thousand sentiments that cling around her throne.

It is but a secondary thing, at the best, to be able to express our feelings—the first and prime object is to feel; and if we examine the compositions of the greatest masters of their art, we shall find that their chief merit lies in giving back to every heart, in the best and most appropriate expression, its own original and genuine feelings. There are two poets especially whom every lover of the country ought to make his chosen and bosom companions—the greatest poet of Rome, and the most amiable poet of Britain—Virgil and Thomson. The first is the greatest master of language the world ever saw; but in what does its chief beauty consist? In the delicacy and refinement with which it can insinuate every shade and colour of natural objects (it is of his *Georgics* I am now speaking) in their happiest attitudes,—and of the sentiments which they most appropriately call forth. Yet perfect and admirable as the execution of this great poet is, there seems to shine, through the veil of his diction and music, a still more beautiful and divine mind, alive to every thing glowing and celestial around it, and finding food for its universal sym-

pathies, in all the productions of nature—in all the imaginary feelings of manimate creation—in all the sufferings- or joys of animal life, no less than in the higher sentiments of man,—in every patriotic affection *,—and in all the expressive ritual of religion. This universal moral taste pervading every thought and creation of his genius, is in no poet so conspicuous as in the heathen Virgil; and it is not only in his Eclogue, supposed to have been borrowed from some scattered images of Isaiah, but in the whole tone and temper of his spirit, that he is ever approaching to the threshold of the gospel. Virgil ought to be the constant study of the pupil of taste, no less than of him

* I am tempted to suggest an explanation of four lines in the first book of the Georgics, which have, I think, given a most unnecessary annoyance to commentators, and called forth a very useless display of learning and conjecture. After the fine description of the prodigies which attended the death of Julius Cæsar, the poet adds,

*Virgo inter sese paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi;
Nec fuit indignum superis, his sanguine nostro
Enathiam et latos Hæmi pinguescere campos.*

I believe all commentators have taken it for granted, that the poet says, the Roman lines met *twice* at Philippi, whereas they met the first time at Pharsalia in Thessaly, and the second at Philippi, on the borders of Thrace;—and various extravagant contrivances have been adopted, to reconcile this assertion to the truth of history. But he says no such thing. He says, Philippi saw the Roman lines engage *a second time* in civil conflict, not that Philippi *a second time* saw them:—and this is true, for the second battle was at Philippi. Then he adds, the plains of Enathia and those of Hæmus were *twice* fattened by Roman blood; that is to say, Enathia or Thessaly *first*, and Hæmus or Thrace *next*. *Bis* includes the two separate times.

[Since this note was set up in types, I have been informed that I am anticipated in this explanation by no less a person than Heyne. I do not, however, expunge the note, because there may be readers of the Georgics, who, like myself, have never made use of Heyne's comments. I am only the more satisfied that I am right, since I have so great an authority on my side.]

who is inhaling the inspiration of nature. Here Thomson is not so conspicuously eminent; but he has the merit of being more particular in his descriptions, and of dwelling upon them with a more minute and exact eye. He, too, is open to every reader, and he has the advantage of inspiring peculiarly British feelings, and of leading us through all the home-felt emotions of English scenery. It would be a little singular—if the history of this poet's life, and the spirit of the times, were not so well known,—that the amiable and domestic sentiments of Thomson should not return more frequently to his native scenes and to Scottish reminiscences. But he left Scotland early, and England was his adopted country. Nor did the English then look upon this northern region as classic ground. This distinction we have won from the power and tenderness of Burns, and the universality of Sir Walter Scott.—And now, Mr Editor, that I have spoken out my speech, perhaps there is very little in it to the purpose; therefore, you will give it or not to the world, as you think proper;—give it, too, what title you please, if you print it, for I know not what can suit such a medley.

Yours, &c.

PHILO-MOUSOS.

POEMS, CHIEFLY IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT. BY ROBERT WILSON.

"SCRIBIMUS indocti doctique poemata passim," is an account equally true of our days, as of those of Horace. The numberless poetical effusions, "of high and low degree," under which the press daily groans, prove how widely the infection of the "cacæthæ canendi" has spread. The peer and the peasant, the learned, the half-learned, and the ignorant, all contribute their efforts to discredit the cant of former poets, about the "favoured *fen*" who are allowed to approach the Castalian spring, and to prove, that, if the maxim be true, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," the Muses have assisted Lucina at the birth of half our population. No troublesome modesty now depresses young bards; and where there is merit, real or supposed, it seldom fails of being duly ushered into public notice. But

while the present system affords opportunity to all who chuse it to prefer their claims at the tribunal of public opinion, there are counterbalancing disadvantages attending it. No sooner does a poet of eminence appear before the public, and receive the sanction of its approval, than he is surrounded by a *servum pecus*, who, catching his inannerism without his excellency, erect themselves into a School of Poetry, as it is called, and link their master's reputation to their own. The public, too, have become sensible of this, and accordingly never think of giving that particular attention to each, which he expects. The grand dispenser of the rewards of the literary tournaments, confines her attention to a few leaders; and if she notice the inferior actors at all, it is only as they are enrolled under the banners of her favourites. Thus modesty is very apt to be overlooked in the crowd. It is in order to prevent at least one act of such injustice, that we introduce the present production to the notice of our readers. The author, it appears, is one of that class of persons, not very common any where, but less rare, perhaps, in Scotland, than in any other country of the world, who rise above the circumstances in which Fortune had placed them, being urged by the secret stimulus of genius, or restlessness to emerge from the obscurity and ignorance to which their birth seemed to condemn them for life. The muse had early "broke the twilight gloom" of this obscure and friendless youth; and he lisped in numbers, rude, indeed, and unpolished, and in the simplest doric of his native tongue; but, for that very reason, possessing a charm which art is not always able to bestow. But it is not the character of talent to be satisfied with its own imperfect performances. The secret working of an active and inquiring mind, created in him a craving for better opportunities of acquiring knowledge, than the situation of a shepherd-boy or labouring mechanic could afford. Availing himself of the very scanty means of improvement which the neighbouring village could afford, and the encouragement of some friends in Edinburgh, he privately made such advances, as

enabled him to profit by attending the language classes in the University; combating the elementary difficulties of the Greek and Latin languages, with a perseverance and assiduity, which, considering the turn of his mind and his age, (for he was then upwards of twenty), are in no small degree worthy of praise. The effects of this first introduction of his untutored mind to public instruction, is not badly portrayed in the following lines, in his address to the reader: "

My hands ha'e us'd a' rustic tools,
Plows, harrows, dibbles, howes, an' shools,
Forbye the axe, saw, plane, an' hammer;
An' now I ha'e ta'en up the grammar,
Fu' laithfu' peepin' past the hallan
O' lovely Learning's mensefu' dwellin'.
Her look has set my breast a-lowe,
O wad my pen obey my pow,
That ev'ry feelin' I might tell,
That gars my soul wi' rapture swell,
Which, new awak'd frae drowsy night,
Is strugglin' at each pore for light!
Wi' Mantuan bard an' Homer's sang,
Like minstrel's thairn my heart-strings
twang;
An' when explain'd by noble speeches,
Their force the inmost feelin' reaches.
Since Learning blest my longin' view,
A' nature wears anither hue;
Friends may forsake, an' Fortune fling me,
An' to the brink o' poortith bring me;
But knowledge still man's worth evinces,
An' bears him on a line wi' princes.

But, as the "*res angusta domi*" was a greater obstacle to his progress in learning than the lateness of the period at which he commenced, some of his country friends, among whom his occasional effusions had circulated, and who were naturally partial to the produce of their own soil, suggested publication as a mean of forwarding his views,—and kindly came forward with their own subscriptions; and other well-wishers, whom his modesty and merit had procured him in Edinburgh, though less under the influence of local prejudice, were induced to countenance a publication, the first suggestion of which was creditable to the youth's moral character in the country-side, and which the merit of the poems seemed to them fully to justify. For our own part, we do not think that we rank them higher than they deserve, when we place them among the best

Scottish poetry which has appeared since the time of Burns. They exhibit a wonderful command of the Scottish language; and we cannot but consider this work as valuable to those, who, debarred by custom from the oral use of their mother-tongue, would yet chuse to retain memorials of its purity. It has been the fashion of late among novel and magazine writers, aspiring in vain to follow the steps of Him, who alone wields at will the manners and the language of all ages, and all classes of society, to introduce specimens of what they think the Scottish tongue into their productions, but which, in fact, is but a spurious dialect of English. To those who desire a fresh draught from "the well of Scottish undefiled," we confidently recommend this production, as a sample of tolerably pure Scotch, did it possess no other merit. But when we add, that it breathes throughout the characteristic good sense and virtue of our rustic countrymen, together with far more of poetical talent than generally falls to their lot, we venture to promise to the genuine lovers of Scotland, from the perusal of this volume, no small gratification; not only to their taste and moral feeling, but to that warm attachment to their native tongue which early associations seldom fail to produce.

The author seems to have avoided, in a great measure, the two faults to which an inexperienced poet is most liable—an affectation of grandeur on the one hand, and a frigid insipidity of expletives and allowable rhymes on the other. To have avoided these faults is no mean praise to his natural taste; and the positive merit of many of the pieces does not say less for his natural talent.

The yearnings of the rustic poet's mind are well pourtrayed in the following spirited passage:

Soon thoughtless childhood pass'd the hallan,

An' I at length became a callan',
Wi' a' the joys, an' hopes, an' fears,
That houp't the spring-time o' our years.
When aught years auld, I took the bent
A muck'd farmer's flock to tent;
Where aften, on the mossy plain,
I've brav'd the bitter sleet an' rain,
An' heard the thunder's awfu' peal
Gontend wi' angry clouds o' hail;

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An' though I trembled a' for fear,
I lang'd anither peal to hear.
Aft ha'e I, at the close of even,
Slow daunder'd 'neath the open heaven;
My faithfu' dog, my only pride,
A close attendant at my side;
An' view'd wi' joy gigantic shadow
Slow stalkin' owre ilk glen an' meadow,
As the approachin' hour it tauld,
That c'd my hirsel to the fauld.
Aft, 'mang the lung brown heather laid,
Weel row'd up in a muirland plaid,
I've hearken'd to the drowsy hum
O' wild bees as they pass'd would come.
The pleasin' croon o' twilight mild
Had music in't sae sweet an' wild,
And sae impress'd my youthfu' ear,
That yet the strains methinks I hear.
Ev'n Winter wild, in awfu' forms,
I lov'd to see ride on his storms;
An' when the deep-cow'd wreaths o' snow
Hung frownin' owre ilk mountain's brow,
The sight did sae delight my een,
I heeded not the tempest keen.

Although critics are generally regarded as a "genus irritabile," not less than the progeny of bards, we have endeavoured, in consideration of the pleasure our author has otherwise afforded us, to forgive the insult to our sacred office which concludes this piece. We shall best explain to our readers how our high choler has been appeased, by presenting them with a selection of extracts, which have served as placatives.

The first piece in the collection is a tale entitled "Maggie Weir," &c. which certainly has not much of probability to recommend it, but which contains various scenes, ludicrously enough described. There is merit in the following lines, being the general remarks on the prevalence of superstitious fears, with which the tale is introduced:

There's no a raven can sit croakin'
But what some mischief does betoken:
Nae pyet haps upon the road,
But some disaster does forebode:
Nae maggot can in timmer click,
But what's a dowie could dead nick:
Or gin a joint spring wi' the drouth,
A fearfu' warnin'g's there forsooth:
(Though Superstition thus mistake,
'Twas wise cou'd we the warning take):
Or gin the wise sagacious cock
Shou'd dream, an' craw at twal o'clock,
Nane o' the house cou'd be mair fear'd.
Although some stalwart ghaist appear'd!

Unless we had our author's attestation to the truth of the conversa-

tion between *The Two Crows*, which he next records, we should have been disposed to think they were rather too wise for the part they perform. In *Æsop's* tales, they have been maliciously traduced as the dupes of every cunning fox; and we are happy to hear their character vindicated, by the unexceptionable testimony of an ear-witness. In the course of this conversation, the story of an old horse, once a war steed, dying by a dyke-side, is introduced, and his various gradations of misery well described.

My neck I like a rainbow bended,
An' owre the dykes an' ditches spendid;
I ramp'd an' chaump'd my bit wi' rage,
Eager in battle to engage;
An' rush'd, but either dread or fear,
'Gainst glitt'rin' sword or pointed spear;
My bricket broke the foremost rank thro',
My boots the harness o' heroes sank thro'.
When huntsmen early i' the morn
Arous'd the echoes wi' his horn,
I aft the rugged rocks ha'e climb'd,
An' owre lang mairs o' heather skimm'd.
My sta' was fu', my stable bein',
My drink was clear, my beddm' clean;
Life's lamp wi' pleasure then was lighted,
But a' my joy fu' sune was blighted.

Being disabled, by a slight sprain, for the chace, he was sold to a horse-liner.

Sometimes he lent me to a clerk,
Or prideit tailor—awfu' wark!
Wha gar'd me weel set down my feet,
But seldom gae me onie meat:
An' ay when ladies war goun past,
Se monie airs they had to cast;
They cramp'd my bit, an' held me in,
Syne wi' a wattle pay'd my skin.
A child ae day did on me ride,
Sax stane o' flesh, an' mair o' pride;
Some ladies how he rade war viewin',
An' he frae side to side was bowin':
I, vex'd to carry sic a load,
E'en left him sprawlin' on the road.
Strange medley on my back I've thol'd,
Eir' my auld mither first me foal'd;—
Dukes an' gen'als, lords an' knights,
Wi' monie winsome weel-like wights;
Tailors, barbers, chimney-sweepers,
Druggists, dentists, an' shop-keepers;
Butchers, bakers, iron-tormenters,
Kailwife sons, an' drouthy-prenters;
Childs frae the palace to the midden,
Upo' this lang howe back ha'e ridden.
Fishmarket boots, an' borrow'd spurs,
Hae torn my pantin' sides like furs;
Wi' monie a child, which I in fac'
Thought shame to carry on my back.
I've seen the day I'd spann'd their bit,
But cild an' poultith maun submit.

Aft thro' the dirty roads I brattled,
While jinglin' chaises 'hint me rattled;
My neck an' back wi' bluidy clyre
Sair sowin' as they'd been a-fire!
The driver skelp't an' gar'd me rin,
Wi' limpin' legs thro' thick an' thin:
The coarsest night that cou'd ha'e blawn,
I at the yill-house door did stau'n,
A' shiverin', hungry, stiff, an' auld,
An' no sac stout to stand the cauld.

Cawthier Fair is full of nature; but we can afford room only for one of the many groups in the moving pictures.

Here Highland Donald, wi' his st. 's,
An' shelties, fills the park;
The English chields, wi' jockey coats,
Boots, spurs, an' ruffled sark,
Wale out frae 'mang the monie lots,
Some nowt an' ponies stork;
Syne in a yill-house weat their throats,
To mak' mair sicker wark;
Whup frae their pouch a bunch o' notes,
An' pay them ilka mark
Aft-hand that day.

The master-piece of thinking, perhaps, of this volume, is on a subject which had already exercised the pen of Burns; and it does not, in our opinion, suffer much in the comparison with his effusion. It is entitled "An Epistle to a young man before taking up his residence in Edinburgh;" and breathes through all its advices a high tone of right feeling and sound sense. As a specimen, we take a few stanzas at random:

Beware o' say'n', "*Gif I had kent it,*
I wadna now sae sair repent,
But haen my bygane days indentit
In some guid deed;
While foolishly my princ I've spent it,
Past a' remeid."

Be kind an' complaisant to a',
Thank those who lift ye whan ye fa',
Be sure ye never turn awa'
Frae jaty's plaint;
An' tho' yer income be but sma',
Be aye content.

As far's ye can, strive to keep peace,
An' mak' discord and quarrel cease,
That love an' friendship may increase,
Without envy;
For life at most is but a lease,
An' wearin' bye.

Tak' tent, when in an unco house,
That a' ye say may ser guide us;
Ne'er mind tho' fowk say ye sit douce,
That's little fault;
Better say that, than say abuse
Was a' yer chat.

Gin friends in company ye're seekin',
 Ne'er try to gain them wi' mitch speakin',
 For that's the very way to steek in
 Ilk friendly door,
 An' men o' sense, as roon that's reckon',
 Will thee abhor.

When auld men speak, tent what they say,
 An' it in some snug corner lay,
 Sae that in sense ye may be gray,
 Altho' ye're young;
 Use lugs an' een as weel's ye may,
 But spare yer tongue.

Ne'er chuse a friend because o' grandeur,
 Nor wi' a fop delight to wander,
 Nor usefu' time profusely squander
 At midnight parties,
 Where ilka tongue, wi' cursed slander,
 Like onic dart is.

Be modest, affable, an' wise,
 An' ilk unmanly deed despise;
 Ne'er mark out innocence a prize,
 Wi' vile intent;
 The rose ance trampet canna rise,
 Tho' ye repent.

The most poetical piece of the whole, is also an Epistle to a friend, but which runs on with more of the Horatian desultoriness, and perhaps more of the Horatian fire, than the former. The following is a good specimen:

How sweet at night, when we retire
 Frae labour to a bleezin' fire,
 An' canty wife's smile!
 Syne, doors an' winnock steekit fast,
 To sit an' hear the roarin' blast,
 Yet snug an' bein the while!
 The winged moments sweetly pass,
 An' when we gae to rest,
 How dear the boon when we can press,
 Chaste virtue to our breast!
 How cheerin', endearin',
 Sic friendship an' sic love;
 In this warl', wha can quarrel,
 But 'tis naeurest bliss above?

Wha weds a carkert, thriftless wife,
 Weds to his days eternal strife,
 For, like the Tron-Kirk bell,
 She ever hammers on his lugs,
 Till her an' hame at last he uggis
 As the dire door o' hell!
 Now ilka penny that he earns,
 A' to the cocks she scatters,
 An' leaves him hungry an' his bairns,
 Like scaurtraws hung wi' tatters!
 Now cheerless, an' careless,
 He follows plow or cart,
 Nor charm now, can warm now,
 Or mend his broken heart!

In the same style of poetic fervour we have the Amon in flood described:

Now swells the Amon's drumly tide,
 He rolls along wi' watery pride,
 Like onic little sea!
 Now a' his lovely windin' turns,
 An' wonted course at last he runs,
 An' bursts upon the lee!
 Far floatin' owre the flow'ry haughs,
 Delightfu' to the view;
 While owre the's ample bendin' saugh;
 In sheets the waters spaw!
 Then hushin', an' gashin',
 Outowre a rocky lin,
 Wi' smashin', and dashin',
 They mak' a fearfu' din!

Then through below an auncient bair,
 The mighty current flows fu' big,
 Wi' headlang, tum'lin' roar,
 An' hurries wi' resistless sweep,
 Till in the all-o'erwhelmin' deep
 ' Tis lost for evermore!
 Sae fare the sons o' pomp an' pride,
 Ilk stream adds to their strength,
 Though they in gilded chariots ride,
 They reach the grave at length!
 For a' there, the sma' there,
 An' great, maun shortly be,
 As journees o' burnies
 An' rivers reach the sea!

The following is a powerful description of a frightful dream:

Now on some tow'r, or tott'rin' wa',
 That seems at ilka nod to fa',
 Ye hing; yer bluid it curdles cauld,
 To think, gif ye should quat yer hauld,
 The gloomy waves that row below
 Wad gulp ye owre the head in fro';
 Then in some dark infernal sleep,
 'Mang stanes, an' banes, an' fishes sleep!
 Ye lose yer grip wi' fear, ye waken,
 Fu' glad to find yersel mistaken.

The Scottish poems in this volume are undoubtedly the best. A few English pieces are added, which, though they certainly display less power of language and versification, prove that the preceding effusions owe the least part of their attractions to the dialect in which they are composed.

The following lines, though among the author's first attempts at English poetry, are deficient neither in thought, imagery, nor versification:

Youth is a port beset with many snares,
 Where man his cordage and his sails prepares
 With all things meet, that fortunate he may
 O'er life's rough ocean steer his bark of

His senses sailors, and the freight his soul,
His compass books, and happiness the goal.

The sons of industry their labour ply,
Nor from the object once avert the eye.

The sons of sloth indulge the vacant gaze,
Nor dread th' approach of life's declining days.

Elate with hope, both launch into the deep,

And o'er the slumbering waters stately sweep.

But mark the end—the mustering winds arise,

And sable clouds enwrap the thundering skies:

The well-prepar'd their course victorious urge,

And rise sublimely o'er each foaming surge:

But, ah! to brave the storm, what now avail

Sloth's rotten cordage, and her musty sails?

A broken billow roaring whelms them o'er,—

They sink inglorious, and arise no more!

Upon the whole, we are far from denying that there are many faults in these juvenile productions; and we feel how easy it would be to make them the subject of a smart sarcastic article: all we contend for is, that the uneducated author of the foregoing extracts deserves encouragement; and we shall rejoice to find, in some degree, to raise him above the necessity of mechanical labour, and enabled him to follow out his arduous aspirations after knowledge and mental improvement. With such feelings and wishes, all those, we are assured, will sympathise who love modest merit,—who have agreeable associations with their native tongue, and a taste for the spontaneous effusions of unperverted nature. The expectations which our extracts have raised will not be disappointed by the volume in general. We are happy that our author should have escaped the fate of many of his contemporary bards, who pass to “the tomb of all the Capulets” unnoticed by critics, and unheard-of by their echo, the world; and since it is the custom to enroll the votaries of the muse in corporations and troops, we do hereby install him a Member of the SCHOOL OF NATURE, AND OF BURNS.

CRITIQUE ON DR TAYLOR'S SERMON
(OF ST ENOCH'S, GLASGOW,) ON
THE DEATH OF HER LATE MA-
JESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

THERE is scarcely any thing more nauseous, than many of those ephemeral sermons, to which public occasions and passing events give birth. If the pious, but ignorant, are delighted with them, men of sound sense are disgusted. In general, they exhibit such a narrowness of thinking, such illiberality of opinion, and such a total want of argument, and felicity and polish of expression, that one would be tempted to doubt, were the contrary not known, whether their authors had received a classical or college education. Instead of lucid order, judicious arrangement, profound reasoning, and warm and ardent zeal for the salvation of men; you meet with *little*, but confused thinking, tame observation, trite remarks, and a “puny scholarship;”—some apothegm of Seneca, or maxim of philosophy, instead of the reasoning of Paul and the elevating doctrines of the cross, which, while they ennoble, purify the soul, and lead it to the contemplation of “honour, glory, and immortality.”

On the publication of such sermons, which do no honour to their authors, or good to the world, we have been often tempted to theorize, and have supposed some such process as the following:—On the event of any great national victory, or the birth of an heir to the crown, or the death of kings, and queens, or princes, or worthy *private* characters; on all such occasions, the public mind being roused, and the feelings of joy or sorrow awakened to lively exercise, the preacher has an audience already prepared to second his efforts, and to receive with approbation and applause even mediocrity itself; particularly if it bear close upon the occasion, and touch the springs of sensibility. If, however, the dose of loyalty or grief be better compounded, and the ingredients stronger and fresher, so as to agitate the nervous system, no matter though the passion be torn “to tatters,” and the preacher, by his violence, and thumping, and roaring, out-Herod Herod; his discourse

will be admired and applauded, and not a few, perhaps, be ardent in soliciting its publication.

Accordingly, when the *dear Doctor* descends from the pulpit, on such an occasion, a crowd of male and female gossips gather round him, and bespatter him with their frothy praise. "O, dear Doctor," says one, "how admirably you acquitted yourself to-day! I never heard you do better—you excelled yourself—how melting! how tender! how pathetic!" "I was in perfect raptures," says a second; "I never was so delighted." "I was charmed," says a third; while all exclaim, "You must, you must publish it; it cannot be lost to the world. It will do much good—extend your fame—stamp your character—and promote your interests." The Mayor, or Magistrates, in their robes of office, perhaps, join in the solicitation. They cannot be refused, you know, and blushing, but with heartfelt joy, the publication is promised.

Some such process as this, we suppose, must be gone through, for we can never imagine, that, of their own accord, men of sense and education, and acquainted with good writing and chaste composition, would give their *hasty* productions to the public eye, and the severe test of criticism. But so it is; and what is the result? They fall *dead-born* from the press—nor can all the finished workmanship of the printer, nor all the zeal and interest of friends, save them from oblivion. How sad and painful the mortification, when every one acknowledges that it is a *paltry* and *pitiful* performance, without sentiment, or any of those forceful appeals to the heart, which raise it to extacy, or melt it to tears! Even those who heard it delivered, and solicited its publication, are astonished at what made them like it. They say, "'Tis a pity he complied"—"It is not what they thought it"—"They have been greatly disappointed!"

Such persons deserve disappointment. They are incapable of discrimination, or of perceiving that there must always be a great difference, in effect, betwixt a sermon heard from the pulpit, and the same sermon read in the family, or the closet. In the former, it has the adventitious cir-

cumstances of time and place—the solemnities of worship—the fine voice—the animated tones—and the graceful delivery of the orator. In the closet, or family, all these are wanting, and the feelings, cooled down for want of the common sympathy of a crowded assembly, are no longer interested, or kept in a state of intensity.

This partly accounts for the disappointment, and hence it is, that nothing short of *real and intrinsic* excellence from the press can fulfil the just expectations of the *reading* public. If preachers had believed this doctrine, and withheld those sermons, so earnestly solicited, from public view—in short, had they repressed their *vanity*, and never appeared in print, how many of them would have been now, in the estimation of the world, *great* men, profound thinkers, deep divines, elegant composers, and supremely eloquent!!! But, in an evil hour, they came before the public, and their literary fame fled, like the mist of the morning. Before publication, they stood on the pinnacle of the temple; but listening to the voice of the *templer*, they threw themselves down from the giddy height, without a guardian angel to bear them up, and found themselves dashed to pieces; unpitied by the crowd below, who had beheld their *momentary* elevation with envy and astonishment.

These remarks, however, apply in no shape to the sermon before us. It sustains its flight as nobly from the press as from the pulpit. Like all the rest, which its *eminent*, but *modest* author, has published, its arrangement is clear, its sentiments lofty, and its style adorned with a peculiar felicity and polish of expression. Every where it bears the stamp of a vigorous mind, and of practical good sense. Its morality is pure, and its doctrine sublime. In the illustration of his views we meet with no *vulgarisms*,—no low, cant-phrases,—no mean, colloquial, or provincial expressions,—no "*falsetto*" in fine writing, or jumbling of metaphors; on the contrary, so far as we are judges, its language is chaste and classical. The few figures employed are chosen with a *rare* judge-

ment and peculiar felicity. Many passages are truly pathetic; and, throughout the whole, there is a full and flowing elegance, which steals, insensibly, into the soul, and lays all its powers open to the tender and winning persuasion of the preacher.

It is impossible to do justice to its merits in a short *critique*, and yet, here, it must necessarily be short. We shall, therefore, satisfy ourselves with a brief outline, and a few extracts.

The text is taken from Psalm ciii. 15, 16. "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more."

After a *neat* introduction, the Doctor arranges his thoughts under three general heads: "1st, "We see a description of our condition;—death reigns, and the life of man is short." 2d, "Though life is short, and the ravages of death universal, yet God is good." 3d, "In our present situation, amidst the respect and sorrow that we justly feel, let us advert (he says) particularly to our recent public loss."

Under the 1st head, after some striking observations on the shortness of human life,—the works of man surviving himself,—the splendid mansion which the owner had exultingly built soon passing into the hands of other pilgrims,—the lovely child snatched from the fond embraces of his mother, and the son, in manhood's prime, on whom many hopes were built and cherished, torn away by the rude hand of death. After painting these situations, with his own peculiar and pathetic colouring, he gives the following correct and original description:

We cast our eyes around us on the earth, and see the immense multitude of its rational inhabitants enjoying happiness. After a period, not long, we look again, and many whose gladdened countenances we had with pleasure beheld, have disappeared from the joyous scene:—alas! many to whom our souls were knit in the kindest love, have departed, though we strove to hold and detain them with the firmest and most affectionate grasp. After a time, we take another view of the interesting scene, and we miss multitudes, whom we had beheld sa-

tisfied and happy; we perceive the number of those that remain of them we first saw, to be now but few; like the scattered trees of the wood that remain after a furious storm. We observe them to be greatly changed in their appearance; we see in them the hard and wasted features of old age; and, in many, the weakness of a second childhood. In these circumstances, we are forced to observe ourselves; and we perceive, that, amidst the many changes around us, we have grown old and infirm, and we see the grave at our feet. Ah! there is a constant vicissitude, a continued movement and departure: "one generation passeth away, and another cometh." What a wasting malediction is spread over all! of what a fatal poison have all of us drunk! man, and every creature that has life, feel its dread influence: they are seen for a time, and are straightway mingled with the dust.—pp. 10, 11.

The same tenderness of heart, and the same moralizing eloquence, but in a still higher strain, is found in the paragraph that closes this first head. There is it in much imagination, with great truth of colouring,—but want of room prevents its insertion.

In the second division of his discourse, the author's style is seen in a more striking manner. In it, there is presented a view of man's departure, altogether *original*. We had long been of opinion, that no mortal ever felt the stroke of death; but we never before saw this thought so well wrought out. The transition is so rapid, so instantaneous, that it is incapable of perception. Like falling asleep, we pass from a state of wakefulness, or drowsiness, to a state of unconsciousness. Ere death can be felt, we have ceased to be; for when death comes, sensibility departs.

And (says the Doctor) as God, in his goodness, accompanies our view of the general ravages of death with softening circumstances, so, in the immediate prospect of our *own* death, he smooths its approach, and takes out of it what would severely oppress the heart, and deprive us of due composure in meeting it. It is an event truly awful, but its coming may be surveyed with calmness.

We are apt to imagine that there will be something greatly painful and violent in the dreaded separation of soul and body, at death; as if a strong cohesion were then to be violently rent.

wander. It is not in this manner that the mysterious connection is dissolved; for such a conception borrows too much from what is material. But the change is without violence, and, in that interesting moment, generally, without pain; for as the crisis approaches, the feelings are mercifully deadened and blunted. The relation continued, while the body was fitted to perform its office, and is straightway dissolved when it is no longer able. The words are often applicable—in giving up life, so soft is the transition, — we fall asleep.”—pp. 16, 17.

This is throwing around the bed of death the softening *emollients* of mercy; while, in the passage that follows it, the beams of immortality are made to irradiate the brow of the dying.

The third division of this discourse, though written with great spirit and animation, is, to us, tiresome. The fault is not in the author, but in his subject: as a wife, a mother, and a Queen, we esteem the memory of her late Majesty; but, in a Queen of England, we should expect something more,—generosity, benevolence, and universal charity. But her reverence for the ordinances of religion, her strict rectitude of conduct, her encouraging and patronising merit, and her keeping far from her presence and court the vicious of her own sex, atoned for these, while they have brightened her own character, and made her one of the most popular of British Queens.

Of the materials for panegyric, the Doctor has made a fair and legitimate selection, and wrought them up into a monument of no common loveliness. On the effects of her example—on her “loving only what was virtuous and praise-worthy,” and turning “away from what was frivolous”—on her purifying her court, and preserving, there, decency and high decorum of manners, for near sixty years—on her high exertions for lessening the progress of luxury and dissipation, the author exclaims with true eloquence,

What noble and desirable effects were produced, by her virtuous example, her encouragement of worth, and her firm and unvarying discountenance of folly and vice! Yet, these salutary means,

exerted by one in her sacred and elevated situation, did, we say, *without undervaluing public instruction*, more good than many Homilies. The highest, and the praiseworthy, and the most thoughtless, profited by her lessons: they took the true road to consideration and esteem: decency of conduct, *through her*, became the fashion; and it spread, in a certain degree, downwards to the lowest ranks. Christians, we should value suitably our advantages: can we be ignorant, *that there have been Courts, that can be called up to remembrance, very different from this—where those who sat upon the throne were careless and dissipated—where character weighed as nothing; and licentiousness reigned! and all was demoralised?* What a public calamity—what a source of corruption to the unhappy nation! Such a Court is like that poisonous tree, in an eastern climate, which travellers tell us of; large, verdant, and with branches widely extended; but which spreads far around the most pestilential exhalations, and where it is certain death to approach near.—pp. 21, 25.

This is the pencil of a painter; every touch is truth, and every tint the colouring of nature. It is only excelled by the following passage, where our late revered and aged Sovereign is represented as *insensible* of the loss of his Queen—amidst a nation's regrets, and amidst his family's sorrow:

But where is he, (exclaims the Preacher,) who, in her loved company, performed the lengthened journey of life—with her endured its storms, and enjoyed its sunshine? How does he bear his loss? What is the measure of his sorrow? No: there is no husband to weep for her; no husband, to mark with delight the general respect to her memory: no husband, solicitously to regulate the mournful obsequies of the wife of his youth! and yet he lives! but a dark cloud surrounds him, and the world and its concerns are hid from him. He now faintly recollects a flitting vision, as of an angel, kind, affectionate, and beneficent, that stately came to his solitary recess; but that, he knows not ~~how~~, has ceased to appear. But he has had recourse to some strong dream of the soul, to account for this lamented absence, or to make him forget it. And it is happy that this comforting dream has, as it were, at his will, a regularly modified shape, and can be rendered, without tiring the lofty but deluded mind, continuous and lasting.—pp. 31, 32.

This is not only descriptive of the disease, but poetically sublime—and is only equalled by the description of his late Majesty's situation, in the author's sermon on the death of her late Royal Highness, Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales:—than that passage, and the call on us to meditate on death, and its effects, we know none finer in all Bossuet. Speaking of the "general sorrow" which the nation felt under the "dire calamity" of losing its beloved Princess, snatched away, with her infant, "in the bloom of youth, and amidst the splendour of greatness," the Doctor exclaims,

Can we close (our discourse) without casting a melancholy look on our aged and venerable Sovereign? No; we cannot forget him, rendered sacred, as it were, by his deep misfortune. Yes, my brethren; our love hovers round the confined and mournful abode of him whose range was once a great kingdom: we look back on what he was, and what he did; and our regret and our sighs attend him, as if he were dead. In an ideal world of his own, he is far removed from the knowledge of this general calamity. As the songs of triumph and victory, and of his kingdom's glory, that lately rose loud to heaven, could not reach him; so, as a balance, mercifully given, he perceives not now the public woe; he hears not, understands not, what in his bright days would have wrung his soul with the bitterest anguish—for he was benevolence itself! May angels quiet the slumbers of the amiable Monarch! If his illusions continue, may they be pleasing. Where truth is rudely chased away, may innocent and delicious error feed the soul; like a delightful dream that cheats the tediousness of night, and makes pain and wretchedness to be forgotten!—p. 39, 40.

We conclude our *extracts* with the following passage from the same sermon:—

Meditate often on the change in our condition which death effects. It is by a thin partition, that we are here separated from what is inconceivably great and awful; for the spiritual and eternal world is near. At the moment of death, this partition is broken: the dark veil that is between us and the other world is rent; and we are instantly amidst a new and amazing state of things, awake and conscious in the world of spirits. What a wonderful and important situation! The very thought is almost over-

whelming. The spiritual world bursting in upon the soul and its faculties, in the vastness of its extent, the newness of its objects, the splendour, the glory, and the might of its inhabitants, and the importance of its demands on the stranger that has entered it, presents what is greatly filled with alarm. And do you not think that you shall then need support, and a kindly ministering hand to lead and guide you? You are not destitute. Be disciples of that Mighty Saviour, who died as your friend, but who lives for evermore; who has gone before to provide mansions, and prepare a place of rest and delight for his followers. Seek now to be faithful; and amidst all that might appal you in that unknown land, He will bear you up; "He will receive you to himself; that where he is, there you may be also."—pp. 31, 32.

These extracts will give some idea of the Doctor's style and manner of thinking. All the sermons he has yet published abound with good sense, strong thinking, elegant composition, and innumerable instances of fine writing. They are the productions of a highly-cultivated mind, of a rich and chastened imagination; and whilst his morality is pure, the lessons which he teaches are *all* practical, and at the same time "built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone."

Our object in this late critique we *fairly* own is not the sale of the Doctor's sermons; these are out of print, we believe; but to call upon him to prepare a volume of his sermons for the press, that so the world may enjoy what so often and so long has instructed and delighted the first congregation in Glasgow, both in point of rank, education, and taste. If we can prevail, we shall rejoice in being the humble mean of making the public acquainted with a style of preaching, which, for *pathos*, we think unrivalled by that of any of his contemporaries. The power of his descriptions over the heart is entire and commanding:—at one time melting it with sorrow, at another, making it burn with rage at successful villany; now causing us to exult in innocence protected, and then to mourn over merit persecuted and borne down by the conspi-

racy of wicked men against reason and truth :—this instant presenting us with the miseries of human life—the secret workings of the soul—the hopes and fears that agitate the distressed—and the direful forebodings of a coming judgment, to the workers of iniquity, when secret wickedness shall be unfolded and laid open to assembled worlds ;—and the next instant, like a mighty magician, turning his hand, and, amidst the splendour and variety of the most enchanting descriptions, directing the eye of Faith to the sublime visions of an eternal futurity.

Such is the feast we promise the public, by the Doctor's complying with the call here earnestly made upon him ; and we deceive ourselves, if it will be disappointed. In the language of the most beautiful of poets, they will find him one of the favoured few

“ ——— *Magnum cui mentem animamque
Delius inspirat vates*” —

“ He points to heaven, and leads the way.”

ON THE STATE OF PARTIES, AND PARTY-SPIRIT, IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE spirit of party, in these unhappy times, pervades all ranks. Neutrality is allowed neither in Church or State. He who is not for us, is against us. Indifference is a mortal sin, and to the one side or to the other you must adhere.

Our readers cannot suppose us capable of wasting their time on the paltry and insignificant squabbles that are now going on in Presbyteries, about the Moderatorship : it is of little consequence to us whether Dr Lamont or Dr Cook be the successful candidate : both are worthy and respectable ; either of them will do honour to the chair of the General Assembly. Our design is *chiefly* to call the attention of the public to the state of parties in the Church, and the conduct of those parties both *in* and *out* of her judicatories.

From time immemorial, the Moderate Party in the Church have been in the habit of *suggesting*, early in the year, a person whom they deemed proper to fill the Moderator's chair. This was always, at least very ge-

nerally, attended to, and the person they proposed, chosen. The practice, we believe, arose, in some degree, out of the necessity of the case. The duties of the Moderatorship are so multifarious, that few men, in former days, and few, we believe, in the present, could be found, who would undertake the office on the *spur* of the moment, and, on a short notice, perform, with *credit* to themselves and the Church, its high duties. Those who have filled the chair, know well the ardent preparation required to fill it respectably. In early times, when no warning was given, and no previous preparation made, the General Assembly were often obliged to elect, again and again, those who had been formerly Moderators. Hence the frequency with which the names of Henderson, Ramsay, Douglas, Hamilton, Wilkie, Carstairs, &c. &c. occur in the lists of our Moderators. To supply this defect, the *present* mode was adopted by the celebrated Dr Robertson, we believe, and, since about the year 1760, has been almost invariably followed.

It must be owned, that, in the nomination, the Moderate Party have, in a great measure, monopolized this honour, conferring it generally on their own adherents. Whilst no *salary* was attached to the office, this gave the *Wild Party* * very little uneasiness, as it was attended with considerable expence. The expence overcame the advantage. If honour was acquired, it was then dearly bought. But since 1806, an allowance of one hundred pounds has been given by the Crown, to the Moderator, for defraying his expences ; and now that profit and honour are united, the orthodox party are scrambling lustily for the loaves and the fishes, and the dignity also. The generosity of the ruling party has not altogether withheld these from them. A greater proportion of wild men have been Moderators *since that time*, than in equal periods before it ; so that even the accusation of *exclusive selfishness* cannot, *with truth*, be admitted. We lament, for the sake of the cloth, when any unfairness, trick, or

* This term is used from no disrespect.

deviation from the onward path of rectitude, is alleged to have been employed by any member or members of these sacred assemblies. Constantine the Great, when asked, by one of the Princes, what he would do if he saw one of his BISHOPS engaged in an improper thing? said, "I would throw my robe over him, and hide him from such infidels as you."—So say we!—We would consign to oblivion such as have come to our knowledge, not for the sake of the individuals, but of the church and society in general, and would place their errors to the

—*Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut parum cavit humana natura;*"

to faults, originating from party, of the malignity of which human nature is not always, at the time, sufficiently aware; but which, afterwards, when the heat has gone off, are recollected with grief, and not unfrequently with shame, by the transgressors.

With these reflections and remarks on this paltry and insignificant squabble, we proceed to consider the origin of this party-spirit, its progress and effects, and the state in which both parties stand in regard to the country and the government.

The origin of this party-spirit is generally laid deep in the early education of the Scotch peasantry; and parents are often engaged, perhaps unconsciously, in forming many a young *Hannibal*, to fight for the liberties of the Church, and to sustain its ancient glories. With their children around them, the history of Knox is read—the persecutions of Charles the Second—the accursed deeds of Dalziel—and the cruelties of the bloody Claverhouse: these, with the sufferings of the Church of Scotland, by Wodrow, inspire the guileless youth with an utter aversion to Papists and Popery, the principles and the councils of which were the causes of those afflictions and sufferings.

Those of the young who proceed to the grammar-school and college, have this generous ardour fanned and increased by reading the poets, orators, and philosophers, of Greece and Rome.

By speculations of philosophy, this flame becomes almost extinguished;

but its dying embers are rekindled in those who enter the Divinity Hall, and who trace the history of the Church, and of the ten early persecutions, with the multitudes of others that followed in their train. In all this, however, there is nothing on the side of religion but one party, one feeling, one wish, and one hope. But, in the Divinity Hall, these opinions are, for the *first* time, disturbed. The doctrines which, in youth, they had believed and held fast, are, through the lectures of the Professor, modified. A new meaning is attached to some of them, and they are seen in different lights. As the systems of Calvin and Arminius pass before them, they become the disciples of the one or the other, or have their opinions modified according as they enter into the views which the Professor gives of them. As he leans to the side of the one or the other, he is sure to make converts: and if this is not accomplished, it is only through the instructions of Ministers, or the early impressions received from their parents, or their own reading.

Our conclusion, from all this, and we hold it well-founded, is, that no Professor of Divinity, without *cure* of souls, should be allowed to sit in the General Assembly, even though the present laws as clearly allowed it as they do not. The same observation applies to all Professors of Hebrew and Church History, and especially to all ministers in whose parishes students of Divinity reside. It is impossible to be too careful on this head; as, by influencing the youthful mind in ecclesiastical politics, a tinge and colouring, the most unhappy, may be communicated to the future feelings and conduct.

This, however, is not done. Ministers only encourage those of their own party to come around them, to the exclusion of all others of the opposite party. Estrangement and disgust are thus produced; and party-spirit, instead of being weakened, is unduly strengthened and increased. Each party "*keep their own fish-guts to their own sea-mews*;" and the young men, thus patronized and provided for, the moment they become ministers, enter into all the views and heats of their respective parties. Hence the *feuds* that still

continue in the Church, and which are likely to extend beyond the present generation, while in doctrine, worship, and discipline, if there be any difference, it is a difference without a distinction; the only real difference being that which resolves itself more into the government of the Church, or its *state of politics*, than into any thing else. This, we believe, is the grand source whence party-spirit *now flows*—the mighty river which now divides the contending parties, and on whose opposite banks they throw defiance at each other. In Church-government, the moderate party is decidedly *TORIES*, and the *wild* as decidedly *WHIGS*. The one goes along with Administration, and exerts all its power to promote their views, from the consideration that society cannot go on, unless the Church and State go hand in hand: the other party, while it denies not this, modifies these views, and insists that peace, comfort, and prosperity, are best promoted by acting up to the constitution of the Church, and to the observance of those laws which were made in her best and purest times, and which would have a happy tendency, were they enforced, to secure to all ranks their most valuable rights and privileges.

These are now the two great parties that divide the Church. A *neutral* party (if we can use these words) is growing up, which, like the Wilberforces, and the Wortleys, &c. &c. in the House of Commons, may, by and by, do great things. Some of them possess considerable talent, united to firmness and independence of mind; and though, as in the case of the late Queen and the Liturgy, they lose their cause in the Assembly, yet they gain it with the nation. At present, however, their influence is small; and, in almost all cases, they have only to propose a measure to ensure its being negatived.

This is the more easily done, in consequence of the influence which the Crown, through the leaders of the moderate party, exerts in the Assembly, over the majority of the elders, who are members. This influence the Crown has at all times, directly or indirectly, exercised. After

the Revolution, it was exerted through some great families, but terminated with the first Duke of Argyll, who placed Dr Cumin as leader of the moderate party. During the days of that nobleman, Dr Cumin enjoyed power and influence, but instantly fell with his patron; when the celebrated Dr Robertson was raised up in his stead. The great mind of Dr Robertson disdained indirect influence; and through the whole of his brilliant career, his communications with the Government were direct and immediate. He emancipated himself and his party from the shackles of the great families; and by the splendour of his talents, and the force of his eloquence, soon convinced Administration that he stood in no need of the countenance of a feeble aristocracy. On his retiring, the management of the affairs of the Church fell into the hands of the late Principal Hill of St Andrew's, and, since his death, it is now supposed to rest with Drs Inglis and Nicol.

Against this influence of the Crown, many raise their voice. They would have it entirely excluded, or confined wholly to the personal appearance of his Majesty's Commissioner in the Assembly, who is there, they say, for the express purpose of seeing that nothing be done prejudicial to the interests of the State.

Having these views of the connection betwixt Church and State, we admit the propriety, to a certain extent, of the influence of the Crown in the General Assembly. We are decidedly of opinion, that any attempt to exclude it *directly* from exercising such influence, would not only be injurious, but arm with greater force its indirect sway. Is it possible to believe, that the Crown can consider the General Assembly as the organ of the Church, where all the ecclesiastical power of Scotland resides, and, at the same time, be indifferent to its deliberations? This cannot be imagined. The measures which are there introduced and discussed—their importance and bearing upon the tranquility of the nation—and their general effects upon society, and the stability of the Government and throne, are subjects too weighty to

be excluded from having any influence on their decision. Confine the Crown to the mere letter of the Union, and its Ministers will have recourse again to the influence of the great families. This mode would be a thousand times more oppressively felt than all the direct influence which the King or his Ministers could ever exert in the Assembly, through the moderate party. Indeed, we can conceive nothing more mischievous and distressing to clergymen, than for the Crown to exercise its power through the dukes, and lords, and knights of the land, over the members of the Assembly.

In this view of the matter, we hold it better that the influence of the Crown be felt through the leaders of the Assembly, than through the great families in the country; because the effects of the one are nothing, when compared to those of the other, which, in their operation, might eventually disturb the peace and good-fellowship of social life. Perfectly secure from any such annoyance, the Whigs, or wild party, take the field against the Tories, or moderates, year after year, and fearlessly marshal themselves in battle array against them. Their troops, it is true, are not so steady, or so well disciplined as those of the enemy; yet they are nevertheless brave, and, when skilfully led on, perform at times prodigies of valour. The only error they commit is, that they pretend to think for themselves, and will not budge a foot, even in the moment when the route has commenced, farther than they like. They are ever pleading conscience; and one scruple is no sooner laid, than another is raised. Now, we tell them, fairly, that this error must be corrected; and that, if they want power, they must, like the troops of their foes, stick at nothing, but go through thick and thin, in order to carry the citadel. Somebody of old called their fathers "a pack of conscientious fools;" but we mistake some of their sons, if that disgrace will any longer attach to them.

But this conduct is not peculiar to the followers of the wild party. The moderates are often "*juri passu*" with their opponents. To carry a motion, we have seen them do

strange things. Their arts in waiving the merits of a question which they were averse to entertain—and, when this could not be done, confusing and entangling it with sophistry, or pretended forms, have often filled us with a high admiration of their ability, at the expense of their sincerity. On such occasions, we have seen them box the compass right round; flying to law, when it was a question of equity, and to equity, when it was a question of law; to form, when the case was one of substance, and to substance, when form was against them! Precedents, authorities, opinions, and decisions, were all paraded and pressed upon the House, when these suited their purpose; or were all concealed, or perverted, or explained away, and held good for nothing, when they made against them. Their conduct often reminded us of a certain celebrated religious society, whose famous adage was, that "*the end sanctifies the mean.*" This, however, was only on great occasions; such as the *Lesslian* cause, the *Plurality* of Offices, the *Orders in Council* relative to praying for the Royal Family, &c. &c. &c. In many of the paltry questions that came before the House, they were pretty fair; especially when these affected not their influence or power, and in no manner of way clashed with the palm of their administration. The conduct of both parties, however, at times, has often disgusted us, and made even those who wore their livery, from necessity or convenience, to meditate a junction with the *neutrals*. But this party is too weak to allure to it proselytes, who look forward to favour, or who need protection. It is too young for power; obscurely visible, it is only beginning to be known. But it is working its way; scattering itself in all directions; entering into private dwellings; raising its head in Presbyteries and in Synods, and amidst the conferences of friends, *virtus acquiescens eundo*; and finding, in places least expected, a hearty welcome.

With such encouragement, *neutrals* have only to persevere, in order to check the movements both of the moderate and wild party, and to

compel them, on every important question, to adopt measures at once useful to the Church, and beneficial to the country. Such an achievement we shall hail with rapture; for with neither party could we at present join. Both are exceptionable.

Such, in a political view, is the state of parties in the Church. The moderates, at present, reign and triumph, on almost all great questions: yet the wild people, though often defeated, maintain a respectable appearance; and if they do not always *thwart* the measures of their opponents, they often render them comparatively harmless. In this work, they are sometimes aided by the *neutrals*, who certainly promise fair, in time, to put an end to whatever is painful among the contending parties; and, by a spirit of mildness and conciliation—by abolishing, in debate, all personalities—and by a tone and temper of perfect *fairness*, in carrying on business, to bring about again, in principle and practice, the best days of the church, and restore to us the noblest privileges and rights of our ecclesiastical constitution.

But, to abandon these generalities, and come more immediately to the point, it is in Church courts, where the true spirit of party, and all that is ungentlemanlike in the conduct of the clergy, appear. There it is seen moving in every direction, and mingling itself with the whole form and texture of our ecclesiastical government. Is discipline to be exercised, candidates for the ministry examined, or the laws, rules, and discipline of the Church to be enforced? Then, as sure as these are to operate upon the friends of the one side or the other, you will see all the passions at work, and frequently observe conduct which cannot be justified by *fair* and *honest* minds. It is painful to see there ministers of religion, who, on Sundays, preach up pure morals and strict integrity, descending to all the meanness of trick and jobbing, in the presence of multitudes, who are watching their conduct, and ready, with keen malignity, to expose it.

Would you wish to see this spirit moving in vigour and in perfection, then attend when a rich or wealthy

delinquent is brought before them. See them forgetting the dignity of judges, and their purity of character; and, instead of having clean hands, actually, holding intercourse with the said delinquent or delinquents, or the subjects which are before the court, and hearing, *extra-judicially*, and *privately*, what he has to say to the injury of the other party, who knows not what is going on, or what private insinuation or communication is thus made, to poison the mind of the judges, and to bias or pervert their judgments. If there be one thing that is more reprehensible than another, it is this conduct in court, together with hearing parties *privately*, and listening to their extra-judicial statements. How can justice, under such circumstances, be expected, or purely administered? What should we think of a Sheriff, or his Substitute, who should allow parties thus to approach him? And still more, what should we think of the Lords of Session, were they, either at table or in private parties, to listen to the statement of any case or character before them? What then are we to think of those clergymen, who not only do this in secret, but who have the *scant* of grace to do it in public?

In all such cases, where the one party is keen to condemn, and the other to acquit, it is painful to see to what lengths this party-spirit will carry them. Instead of protecting the innocent sufferer, they are all alive to throw their shield of protection over the guilty. But it is when a Moderator is to be chosen, or a Clerk to the General Assembly, or a Procurator for the Church, that party is awake and at work, and that every thing which ingenuity can effect, is, "*per fas et nefas*," set to work, to accomplish it.

In one of these *unseemly* contests, lately, when almost a whole Presbytery was against a brother, whom they cordially hate and oppose, no matter what his plea be, or however good his cause, or *infamous* the conduct of the party he brings to the bar be;—in one of these unseemly contests, a wag of a lawyer said to another person to whom he was speaking, that he never knew before, why

the courts of law were called "*Civil Courts*;" but now he saw it, and acknowledged that they were, in the comparison, *justly* entitled to the distinction; though lawyers had not got the same credit with the world for meekness and morality, and all that was amiable and pure, as divines.

The same scenes are often to be witnessed in Synods, only a little more extended; but it is in the General Assembly, where, at times, it is seen in all its perfection; and where the heat of party, and the *tactics* there sometimes practised, have made us cry, SHAME!

The moment, however, to see them, and to take the measure of their minds, and of the purity of their principles, is, after the debate is over, when the Minute is to be made up, and the sentence put on record. If you will watch them carefully at that interesting moment, not a little knowledge of their minds, and of the workings of human nature, may be acquired; and, while there is confusion going on in Court, every one talking to another, the different LEADERS are busily employed, in softening, or aggravating, the language of the motion, which again gives rise to a new system of warfare, or desultory remark: till at last the original motion is so modified or changed, that scarcely a feature of it remains by which it can be recognized.

During all this, the strength or weakness of intellect is seen undisguised, with ignorance and knowledge of the forms and laws of the Church; giving to the one party success, and to the other defeat; and leaving the mind of the latter distressed, from a consciousness, afterwards, that the adroitness of their adversaries had *outwitted* them. The result of all this is, greater hatred and passion at the want of principle, which led the other party to take advantage of their weakness, and their ignorance of Church Laws.

Unless things be differently managed, it is impossible to expect that Church courts will long retain any influence over the public mind, or their decisions meet with any regard. On public opinion, every thing rests: and when that opinion of the *inutility* of any institution, becomes hostile or

injurious, its downfall is near. Such a view of matters should produce *moderation* among both parties, and make them forget their differences, in plans of general utility, and the cultivation of brotherly kindness. But instead of this, both parties strive for the mastery. The bold and the able, the enterprising, the artful, and unprincipled, who will stick at nothing to gain their end, are too many for the weak, but the conscientious and the well-meaning, who, to the extent of their knowledge and ability, are as tenacious of what they conceive to be right, as their adversaries are of what is for their policy, and immediate interest and honour. Their contests, on this account, afford to some no small merriment, and to others unmingled regret; and this evil is increased, when two or three young members of Presbytery have the *presumption and conceit* to become leaders, and to talk of what, in truth and in reality, they know nothing at all about. The laws and forms of the Church require long study, and much practice; and every Clergyman of discernment marks the folly or the sense of a young member, from his modesty and silence, or his empty loquacity and forwardness. To all who wish to make any after progress, or respectable figure in Church courts, we would recommend an old rule, of a famous sect, viz. seven years silence, and hard study. By that time, if there be any thing in them, their eyes will be opened.

We know of nothing more exquisite to the student of human nature, than to watch the first movements and advances of the respective parties, when an important question is to be brought forward: to observe the attitude of offence and defence which they assume, and the skirmishing that takes place between the light troops on both sides; and to mark the mental skill and agility, the management and address, which are displayed, and which shew their minds of no ordinary metal.

Is the case brought forward a strong one, which the opposite party cannot well set their face against; or which would be ungracious,—or involve a *scintilla* of some promi-

nent principle for which they have made themselves conspicuous? Then means are fallen upon, not to meet it directly, but to get quit of it by a side-wind, or by some point of *form* which has been violated, or by not taking the legal remedy in time: or by brow-beating, or cajoling the parties out of their motion or their measure. If they find that none of these things are likely to succeed with the party that opposes them, their next resource is, to put off, if possible, the discussion—to propose that some other question precede it; and to induce the House to do this, they generally state that it is but a short case—that it will take up little time—that it will soon be settled—and that then the other will come on. The moment this is granted them, that instant their aim is obtained; and the speeches of the opposition are as tiresome as they are often impertinent—and when, at last, the cause is finished, they persuade them that the day is too far gone, and that they will take it up to-morrow. But the opportunity is lost, by this *manœuvre*, and it is a thousand to one if it be ever recovered. If this be not the case, and the question must be met and discussed, then a motion is made to send it to the Committee, where it receives its death-blow, and lies there, in all the agonies of convulsion, till it is brought forward to be knocked on the head, and to finish its existence for ever! Or if the *coup de grace* cannot be given in this way, and so finish its sufferings at once; it is sent to the commission, to pine away in a slow but sure consumption, till all its vital energies are gone—and nothing of it remains but a mere death's-head!

About *two-thirds* of the members in the General Assembly are *lay-elders*. Some of these are of the highest rank and consequence in the country; and not a few of them are young Advocates, ambitious of a seat in the House, in order that their talents may be known and appreciated, and that, through the sparkling of their wit, the force of their eloquence, and the profundity of their legal knowledge, their practice may extend with their fame.

The arguments, on this head, are well stated in the following letter, extracted by the *Morning Chronicle* from the *Inverness Courier*, of date the 20th of April last:

“Of late years,” says the writer of the letter, “numbers have obtained the orders of elders, who are far from being men of that regularity of conduct, and decency of behaviour, which their office requires. Ambitious of getting into the Supreme Court, they find clergymen *object* and *scruple* enough to ordain them, though they are often destitute of every mark which constitutes the character of an elder. Unconnected with the parishes where they are ordained—unknown, even so much as by face, to the congregation, they are solemnly set apart to the office of elders, and they promise faithfully to discharge it, though they themselves well know, that it is more than probable that they are never to set their foot in that congregation. Is there more pitiful jobbing in the lowest borough electioneering? If such illegal practices are allowed to spread, they must greatly hurt the credit of the Church, if not contribute to its ruin. Indeed, it is Presbyteries conniving at these things, and, in some measure, giving them their sanction, which makes the evil more severely felt. If they were more cautious about their attestations, they would effectually check it. It is well known, that, to procure seats in the General Assembly, such gentlemen get themselves ordained; and as these gentlemen are mean enough to clothe them with the character, there are Presbyteries inattentive enough to confirm it with their authority. What a contemptible opinion must these gentlemen have of the clergy, who send them annually to the General Assembly with an unblemished character, when they themselves know that they have no title to it! I am aware that the General Assembly itself hath given too much sanction to such practices, by discoloursing Presbyteries who refused their attestations to persons who were grossly irregular in their conduct, and scarce ever showed their faces in a place of public worship. Upon what principle the Supreme Court hath acted, I cannot

say; but they have certainly departed from the strictness and sanctity of their forefathers. There is, perhaps, too great compliance shown by this venerable Court to men of *fashionable* manners, and who have scarce the profession of religion. But if once they depart from their purity, and violate the laws which tend to preserve it, their trust dignity, their brightest ornaments, and their greatest glory, are gone."

Such are the sentiments of this letter-writer. At present, we pursue the subject no farther. In *conclusion*, we have only to add, that this sketch of the parties in the Church might have been greatly extended, by instituting comparisons of the different habits, manners, and accomplishments of parties; by drawing parallels, as to their discharging the duties of the pulpit—catechising the young—visiting the sick, the aged, the infirm, and the dying; and the share which they respectively take, in encouraging Missions to the Heathen, Bible Societies, and Bible Associations; and their activity and zeal in forwarding and carrying into execution plans for the improvement and amelioration of society throughout the world. But these topics did not enter into our plan. We were desirous, *merely*, to call the public mind, during this contest about the choice of a Moderator, to the state of the two parties in the Church. If we have looked upon this contest as contemptible—as having in it no beneficial result—as not worth *one hour's* attention of any man, who knows the value of time—as pitiful and childish in the extreme—as the mere ebullition of a party, wishing to wrench from its opponent, what, though obtained, would do it no good under present circumstances;—if, on these sub-

jects, we have written keenly, it was, because we despise the importance which is given to trifles, and see strongly the necessity of putting an end, if possible, to that party-spirit, which has tarnished the lustre, and dimmed the glory of the present Church on earth; often making her ministers appear ridiculous in the eyes of those who used to look up to them with reverence.

NOTE.

If ever there was an illustration more overwhelming than another, of the irregular procedure of the General Assembly, and of their descending from that "*temper and calmness*" which ought to characterise the debates of so grave and reverend a body, it was on the 18th of this present month, when the answer to the King's letter was read. *We blushed* at the scene which took place—and the more so when we heard one of the most eminent Counsel at the Scottish Bar hesitate not, in the face of the Assembly, to declare that the whole scene was *disgraceful*! And it was with no common *ludicrous* effect that, immediately after this stormy and passionate discussion, the very next sentence read from the King's letter was one eulogising the Assembly for a characteristic temper and calmness which their existing conduct shewed that they possessed not.

We trust never to witness such another exhibition of violence, disorder, and outcry, as we did on the day mentioned. If such shall frequently occur, then we fearlessly and conscientiously say, that the sooner the Assembly doors are closed for ever, the better!!

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[By a new arrangement, we shall receive regularly a series of communications regarding the London Theatres. As they are in the shape of letters, and as the writer speaks only in his individual capacity, and not in any critical character, we have inserted them under the head of "London Theatrical Correspondence." It will be seen that the first letter is principally introductory, referring very much to the present state of dramatic entertainments in the metropolis of the empire.]

It seems that a new system is threatened by the Lord Chamberlain, (the Modern Master of the Revels,) both with regard to the major and

minor theatres of London. I am sorry for it. Every body knows that some eight or ten years since, such places as Astley's and the Circus were limited strictly to the representation of Ballets, Spectacles, and Pantomimes; and what was called the regular drama (however irregular,) was confined to what are known by the name of the patent theatres, viz. Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and the Hay-market. After the first conflagration of "Old Drury," (not the theatre where Davenant, after the Restoration, and indeed before it, brought forward the first specimens of English Operas,) it was rebuilt on a very extended and magnificent scale; and not very long afterwards, Old Covent-Garden meeting the same fate, experienced the same resurrection. Drury-Lane was again destroyed in 1811, and again reconstructed of dimensions, as far as the arch of the theatre was concerned, at least equal to the edifice whose place it supplied. It was calculated that Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden would, each, hold from £.700 to £.1000, or, at a low computation, about 4000 persons.

By this time, people began to discover that they could not hear at the play—that unless they sat near the stage, in the boxes, or upon one of the first six or eight rows of the pit, a great deal of what was said by the actors was totally lost, and the effect of the rest materially injured. This, too, independent of seeing; for those artificial aids of the eyes, formerly necessary only at the great Italian Opera-House, (from whence they derived their name,) were now quite as indispensable at both of the national theatres. Of the system of rant and roar which was introduced among inferior actors, it is hardly requisite to speak: every body is sensible of it.

These matters have been touched upon merely to illustrate the causes that led to the appearance on the smaller stages of what is nothing short of comedy and tragedy, as far as incident and dialogue constitute a part of them. Thus things became gradually, and somewhat insensibly reversed; for Ballet, Spectacle, and Pantomime were adopted by the great theatres where they could be

seen with advantage, and where the managers could afford to get them up with becoming splendour. Even the horses from Astley's trampled upon the boards of Covent-Garden. It is now given out; that the ancient *regime* is to be re-established, and the legitimate monarchy of the Lord Chamberlain to be restored. Legitimacy and absolute power, in these days, are to be asserted, even in matters of taste and public amusement. All this is a monstrous and ridiculous absurdity; for with all the force of royal patents, what has happened within the last eight or ten years shows how futile such attempts must ever be. It has been over and over again said by foreigners; that the English are not a play-going people; and it was true, before the minor theatres changed the course to which they had been so long restricted, and before they found it answer their purpose to engage actors of real talent, with liberal salaries. It would be thought strange for any one to assert that the French are not a play-going people; but those who had seen, night after night, only the empty benches of the large *Théâtre Français**, without witnessing the crowded audiences at the little houses of the *Vaudeville*, *Variétés*, &c. would unquestionably be led to draw such a conclusion. If dialogue be again excluded from our minor theatres, and allowed only in those where dialogue cannot be heard; it will again appear, for a time, that the English are not a play-going people. But the scheme is impracticable: the decrees of his High Mightiness the Lord Chamberlain may for a year or two have force, but gradually the system now prevailing must be restored, and must finally triumph.

If, however, this threatened project should be carried into effect, in spite of the wishes, I will venture to say, of the whole metropolis; if the minor theatres are not to be allowed to encroach upon the supposed province of the major, at least it will be

* Unless when Talma, Mademoiselle Duchenois, or Mademoiselle Mars, perform: but I have seen Talma play to benches not two-thirds filled.

but just, that the major theatres should not be allowed to encroach upon the admitted province of the minor. What right, it may be fairly asked, have the patent theatres to complain of infringement of their rights, when they are nightly infringing the rights of their inferior rivals?

Looking back only as far as the last year, we shall see that Drury Lane and Covent Garden have employed themselves very much in exhibitions which undoubtedly ought to belong to them, but which, it is contended, are the peculiar property of the smaller stages. At Drury Lane, Kean may indeed have gone through most of his old characters; but it is undeniable, that when there was nothing of show or spectacle in the bill of the day to attract, the pit and boxes were scarcely half filled; and there have been nights when there were not one hundred spectators (auditors they could hardly be) in both the galleries. There is nothing more miserable and cheerless than to sit in a house so thin that the wind whistles all around one: every thing bears a melancholy air: the auditors are shivering and yawning, the actors are tame and dispirited, and even the gas appears to burn with a blue and dreary dimness. Even the absence of Kean in America failed to excite curiosity on his return; and I saw him play Richard for the ninety-fifth time, (not the ninety-fifth time I have seen him in the part: Heaven forefend!) to a house not exceeding three hundred persons. It was the worse for Drury Lane, because it could ill afford to get up expensive melo-dramas; but the ceremony of the Coronation was a lucky hit for Mr Elliston, and that gaudy and unmeaning show was literally the only thing that season which fully succeeded. In vain did he play Rover, Dornton, Surface, and other parts for which he might have been fit twenty-five years ago: he could draw no houses; and but for the Coronation, he never could have paid the rent of his theatre. A dull spectacle, called *Almorán and Harnet*, was got up for the last Easter holidays, but it did not live through them, so heavy was the plot.

so stupid the dialogue, and so bad the scenery.

At Covent Garden the course has been nearly similar, excepting that it has been attended with a little more success. There, too, a Coronation ceremony was tacked to *Henry IV.* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; *Twelfth Night* and the *Comedy of Errors* were converted into operas, that singing might be added to scenery, to cover the benches which undiluted Shakspeare could no longer fill. A second edition of the Coronation was got up, with the *Exile*, and *Cleopatra's Galley*, which, for a time, called down the plaudits of those who "wondered with a foolish face of praise." It is needless to be more particular, in reference to the representations; for that plan was followed until Easter; when here, also, a new melo-dramatic pantomimic fairy tale, called "*Cherry and Fair Star*," was brought forward. It had nothing but the scenery to recommend it; but it is only fair to allow, that that scenery was more beautiful than any before exhibited, even at this theatre, where the painters are excellent: though they

"Outdo Nature with their brushes,
And put her modesty to blushes."

They are obliged to do so, or their representations would not be sufficiently gorgeous.

Meanwhile, at the minor theatres, spectacle and pantomime have been nearly abandoned; and writers of no inconsiderable talents have been employed to invent or adapt pieces for them *. Shakspeare, indeed, in some instances, has been a little mangled; but not so much as at Covent Garden. Even at Drury Lane, where his plays have not been made operas, nearly half is omitted in the representation; or, to speak more properly, passes in dumb show. But if the plays at the minor theatres were not always good—if their tragedy was

* "*Where Shall I Dine*?" an after-piece, produced at the *Olympic*, is a better farce than has been written for either of the winter theatres since "*Raising the Wind*." I know not who is the author.

bombastic, and their comedy farcical—still, if things were allowed to take their own course—if the public were permitted to seek its own amusement, in its own way, these defects would soon be remedied; and authors, instead of having only two patent theatres, for which they can write comedies and tragedies, (which also must be written upon a peculiar system, adapted to the dimensions of the houses,) would have a wide, open, and fair market, for the display and disposal of their talents. The present state of our winter theatres is, of itself, sufficient to account for the low condition of our national drama, and for the few authors that either will or can write for them, with a chance of success. It may be true, as far as printing is concerned, that

“Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn’d poet lives, and thrives again;”

but it is seldom true with regard to the stage: when once a play has been condemned in a theatre, the author has rarely courage to renew an attempt, which, from former prejudice, without any other cause, is so likely again to fail. It now requires more *fact* than talent to write for the great stages.

But if the system about to be revived is to be illiberal as to theatres, it affects to be very liberal as to performers. The rule, that an actor at one patent house, if discharged, shall not be engaged at the other, until after the lapse of two years, is to be abolished. They will thus have their choice of engagements at two theatres: now they have their choice at twelve. If dialogue is not to be permitted at Astley’s, the Surrey Theatre, Sadler’s Wells, the Adelphi, &c. a great number of deserving public favourites must be thrown out of employment, and both the winter theatres will not require the services of half of them: their companies are already full.

What has been said, will perhaps be sufficient to show the state of the drama, (taken in its largest sense,) at the commencement of this critical correspondence. I apprehend, it will be sufficient, also, to show, that the

legitimate patent and restrictive system, which public taste had exploded, is injurious to literature, inconvenient to audiences, and destructive of the interests of performers. One comfort, as I said before, is, that, if restored, it cannot last.

London, May 8th.

The renewed engagement of Mr Braham at Drury Lane has not been attended with any extraordinary success. It is the fashion to blame him for the extreme luxuriance of his style of singing. It is sometimes a fault; but not so often as many of our common-place critics would make us believe. A celebrated German poet says, that “architecture is frozen music:” the observation is just and beautiful; and, inverting it, we may add, that, as there are different orders in architecture, so there are different styles in music and in singing, as a branch of musical science: one order and one style may suit one place and purpose, and another, another. Every one must know that Braham has two styles;—the one, plain and simple, but grand, like the Doric order in architecture; the other, florid, rich, and laboriously ornamented, like the Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century. He has repeated the part of the Seraskier, in the siege of Belgrade, several times within the last fortnight; and it is just as absurd to complain of his modulations, cadences, and graces, in that character, as to object to the taste of the architect, who crowded such a profusion of highly-wrought devices into the chapel of Henry VII. When Braham confounds the two styles, so essentially at variance,

“Gothic and Grecian, mixture most uncouth,”

then he deserves censure. He has done so now and then, to gratify the vulgar and vitiated palate of our audiences; but there is no taste more pure than his own, as is obvious, when he suffers his voice to be regulated by it. Setting aside sacred music, where he very rarely yields to the fashion of the day, let any one compare the different modes in which

he gives some of the ballads introduced into the part of Henry Bertram, (which he performed on Tuesday last), and the bravura airs in the *Scraskier*; and it will be seen that he well knows how to restrain the luxuriance of his style, according to the characters of the melody. Though, as far as voice and expression go, [no man in Henry Bertram can sing the air of "Scots wha w' Wallace bled" better than he does; I always wish he stood behind a curtain at the time: his insignificant figure does not at all accord with the words, and he makes the disproportion the more remarkable, by the manner in which he flourishes a walking-stick *vice* the Highland broadsword. At least this might be omitted.

He has also appeared in the Haunted Tower, one of the most amusing of the class of Operas to which it belongs. His first song, "Though age has from your lordship's face," in its character, very much resembles the satirical air, "I'm sure a pair were never seen," in the *Duenna*, (in which he played Carlos yesterday,) with the greatest possible spirit; and made the irony perfectly intelligible, which is not always easy in music. When people object to the action of Braham, they refer to that which accompanies the usually insipid dialogue of his part. During his songs, it is extremely appropriate, and by no means deficient in force or elegance. The inspiration of the air affects more than his voice.

Miss Forde, who has been singing with Braham, does not want, as musicians say, the organ, but she wants cultivation. She has been brought forward too early, and may be contrasted with Miss Wilson, who not long since was passed into the ignorant admiration of the town: she had great cultivation, and little voice: she had hardly the compass of an octave, that was pleasing and natural.

London, May 10th.

Mr Kean's Sir Pertinax MacSycophant is in all its parts a failure: if the scene where he relates to his son, the manner in which he made his fortune, be excepted, there was

hardly a passage that drew down much applause. Kean's accent is very defective: sometimes Scotch, sometimes Irish, and now and then a very agreeable and palatable mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish, in the same sentence. Cooke had peculiar gifts for the part; at best, Mr Kean has only acquirements. He seems to think, that because both performed Richard III. well, both must perform Sir Pertinax well.

He has also played Osmond in the *Castle Spectre* since Easter; but it is below his talents, and could only be chosen for variety: it is some degrees inferior to Sir Edward Mortimer in the *Iron Chest*. The defect of sudden transitions of voice, to which he was always subject, grows upon Kean, and now and then it becomes positively offensive. It is a mere trick and clap-trap resorted to whenever he thinks his part flags, and he wants to wake his auditory. The first half of the sentence is gabbled over at the top of his voice, and the last half grumbled over at the bottom of it. The galleries take it for granted that is all extremely fine, and applaud accordingly.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been reproduced, in order to afford an opening to Miss P. Glover. Kean is rather endured than liked in the part of the young lover; and the more so, because there is nobody else at Drury Lane who can play the character at all decently. Of the Juliet of Miss P. Glover I would fain speak with as much forbearance as possible; but it is my decided opinion, that she will never make a good actress. The extreme degree of tutoring she has received, may, perhaps, have overlaid and smothered her natural talents; and, of all the characters of Shakespeare, Juliet is the most natural and unstudied. Miss P. Glover made the scene where she takes the sleeping draught, rather ludicrous than tragical, by overstrained effort. She is very young; and, if she ever reach any eminence, it must be, by forgetting all the stage lessons she has been taught.

All the earlier part of Miss Edmiston's Lady Macbeth is more than respectable; but she failed altogether in the banquet scene. She was in-

judicious in attempting so arduous a character. Miss O'Neil, who rivalled Mrs Siddons in Mrs Haller, in Mrs Beverley, and even in Belvidera, if we recollect rightly, never attempted to follow her in this great part. Some passages, in the character of Elvira, Miss Edmiston gave with considerable force; but the whole wanted sustained dignity and strength. Kean was of course the Rolla, but, excepting energy, he has not a single qualification for the part: I think the better of him for it. Two nights ago he represented Lear, but without any improvement, where a great deal was wanting. His Othello is his most perfect performance: he appeared in it on the third of this month: there was nothing deficient, nothing too much. However,

" 'Tis a folly, though no crime,
To say things for the hundredth time,"

like some of our diurnal critics; and even if one were to strike out something new, credit would hardly be given for it. Mr Cooper's Iago was heavy, but not injudicious.

Mr Kean is advertised for Cardinal Wolsey. I wonder he has not more discretion. This sacrifice for variety shews that he is not rising in public estimation.

Covent Garden, under the management of Charles Kemble, has brought out Julius Cæsar with many advantages: it embraces nearly the whole tragic strength of the company. Young plays the part formerly filled by John Kemble, and thereby incurs the inconvenience of a comparison, which, recollecting that Brutus was one of Kemble's noblest representations, could not be in his favour. If Mr Young does not always satisfy, he very rarely offends: his chief deficiency was in the scene where the ghost of Cæsar appears: to read it, one would suppose that nothing very striking could be produced out of it; but Kemble made every thing of it; Young nothing. The latter has a fine bust, and looked the Roman admirably: if he had spoken the Roman as well, there would have been nothing to complain of.

Macready performed Cassius. He

is a very ambitious actor, and always exerts himself to the utmost: his part was one of passion, and it therefore suited him. He never acted better, or exhibited with more force, the fine contrast Shakespeare intended between the characters of Brutus and Cassius. The quarrel scene was excellently done on both sides: Brutus stood like a rock, and Cassius, like a foaming wave, beat against it without moving it. There is something very affecting in the situation of the two friends, and the audience almost wept for joy at the reconciliation. Charles Kemble's Mark Antony is just what it used to be six or seven years ago: he has every qualification for the part, and none to go much beyond it. He keeps his face like his wig, in too "formal buckle," his eyes and eye-brows forming an immovable triangle.

This revival is the only novelty of any importance at this theatre since Easter: its success has been so great, that the Manager has been called upon to make no other exertion. Nevertheless, a new Opera (from the pen of Mr Colman) is in preparation. It is founded on some law of Java, for the author does not seem to agree with Ben Jonson's *Lanthorn Leatherhead* (*Bartholemew Fair*, Act V. Scene I.) "that your home-born projects ever prove the best."

Mr H. Twiss is hashing up one of the Scotch novels for Drury Lane: we hope, for his own and Mr Elliston's sake, that his dramatic will have more success than his parliamentary efforts.

SMALL WITS.

THERE was a time when people set about writing verses, much in the same manner as the solution of a problem in mathematics; first of all came the "enunciation," and then the "construction." "Let the twelve months of the year be any given subject, it is required to stuff them into a corresponding number of lines." The poor Parnassian, wight having thus specified the precise "thing to be done," proceeded to work without stop, instinctively scratching, at convenient intervals, the cells of those or-

gana which he wished to bestir themselves with the greatest activity; and laboured, days and nights, with intense anxiety, till the task was completed. If he had a mind to give full scope to his powers of description, he allowed himself twenty-four lines; but the one achievement being one-half more difficult, was exactly one-half more glorious than the other. It were hopeless, indeed, to attempt the reduction of the hairum-scaurum rhapsodists of these our times, to a simple scale of excellence, by means of this sort of arithmetical criticism.

In addition to the regular nick-nacks in monostics, distics, and tetrastics, there were various other contrivances equally fantastical, which afforded to the small craft an opportunity of displaying their ingenuity. Such were the verses which began, and terminated with words of one syllable, where, to enhance the "*miserrimum cogitandi*" (which it is impossible to translate), that which ended the one behoved to be the first of the next*—a kind of game at shuttlecock, in which one player stationed on the left, tossed a line across the page to a second, who, passing with the velocity of thought to the same side, hurled another at a third; and thus continued the match, till he who began the sport put a stop to it, by making his appearance on the opposite list. In this way the hapless poetaster was forced to hitch and hobble along an avenue, guarded on either side by a row of unrelenting monosyllables, which failed not to bring him effectually to his senses, if his unadvised fancy manifested any inclination to scamper according to the freedom of her own will†

Even men of the best talents did not disdain to employ themselves upon these miserable monastic puzzles; and the whole herd of dabblers, who are ever ready to imitate the great, and continually find their meagre capacities best qualified to ape their follies, cockled over them with per-

fect delight. Blessed was he who possessed the tact of hitting off an epigram, for this was thought the highest point of sublimity which it was possible for genius to reach. A writer who was so fortunate as to light upon a quibble or a pun, doled it stupidly forth with the most provoking complacency. "*Idem aliter—Idem aliter.*" The same monotonous chime was rung a hundred times over, till it sunk away in total exhaustion. The vocabulary was ransacked for the purpose of beating up "*quips, and cranks,*" and trim conceits. Classical terms were stretched upon the rack, and squeezed, and mangled, and twisted, until they could no longer furnish entertainment to their diabolical tormentors; and then it was that these industrious barbarians, having exhausted the stores of their own language, imagined new. Hence arose the Greekish Dog-Latin of the latter days of Rome, and hence will probably spring up an unsanctified dialect of Franco-Anglian, in future dark ages.

It is the misfortune of second-rate aspirants after fame, that they estimate admiration by the width of gap which their exhibitions succeed in effecting, without regard to the further qualifications of the persons so acted upon. Thus, they set the great staring goggle-eyes and spread lips of the clown, in array against the drowsy lids and alarming yawn of the man of judgment and good taste; and misconstruing dull wonderment into a manifestation of genuine delight, foist themselves into bastard popularity, swelling into as much imaginary importance, at the same time, as a landward bailie, who looks upon himself as only "*a little lower*" than majesty itself. Though dulness can no longer ensconce itself behind the bulwark of pedantic scholarship, and manage to look smart with a few stray patches of knowledge, scraped by mere slavish research, the tribe of dunderheads persevere in imagining

* Res	hominum alit, regit, et perimit	Fors.
Fors	dubia aeternumque labens, quam blanda sovet	Spes.
Spes	nullo finita aevum, cui terminus est	Mors.
Mors	avida, &c.	

themselves the most splendid geniuses upon the face of the earth ; the world is grown far too wise to take their own assurances for the fact, or to go to war where no honour can be acquired by victory ; and they are left to the undisturbed enjoyment of such beatific conceptions, except where a dolt is observed to be more than ordinarily assiduous in poking his fool's pat into notice, when, it may be, he is greeted *en passant*.

"You take yourself to be amazing clever,
And think that not a mortal else can
do

By half so well as you do ought what-
ever ;

And not a mortal else thinks so but
you."

The numerical wits have still their representatives in the "acrostic builders, who of late introduced an improvement into their style of architecture : this consists in piling their materials in alternate layers, so that the names of both loved and lover—praiser and bemoaned, shall be discovered in this order. The sonnet-teers to the moon, the milky way, 'he morning star, and the whole host of heaven, are shoots from the same stem ; but though designed of the LUNATIC SCHOOL, there is no danger that they be mistaken for inspired madmen.

The modes that he, however, must be compelled with in some measure. The Muse has "casten the glamour" of true inspiration over the poets of the present age. Their numbers, gambolling in all the wildness and energy of savage freedom, fall upon the soul with full enthusiastic swell. Like the oak that flings its noble branches abroad to all the winds of heaven, they shoot up hither and thither, bold, strong, and glorying in their strength. The province of the imitator is here easily discerned—harsh words and rugged versification, without the atoning grasp of thought—somewhat of muscular vigour, but no soul to direct it. Haply, even this nervous forcing is beyond his pith of brain, and he contents himself with trilling it to the airs of inaudlin sentimentalism.

When one high-minded individual has indulged, during his so-

litary roamings, in invigorating draughts from the pure well-spring of poesy, thousands of adventurers set out in search of the sacred fount ; but, falling in by the way-side with a puddle, whose precincts are poached and champed up by the frequent resort of cattle, they quaff of its troubled streams, and return satisfied with a mouthful of mud. The result is, that feeling themselves incapable of moving by calm, equable grandeur of sentiment, and stately march of verse, they determine to strike by abrupt transition, warp themselves into artificial wrath, and pour forth a torrent of bombastical absurdity. It were well that such poetical bul-lies were rewarded, not with a branch of palm, but of birch.

The poetling begins with composing copies of verses, called "Lines ; written," we are considerably informed, "by the author," on receiving kisses, and such delicate little things ; on seeing, and hearing, and what not. After conning them over, till the asperities of refractory accents are softened down, and the untoward rhymes tinkle quite pat in his own ear, he purchases a volume with nice silver clasp, and gorgeously-bedizzened back, for the reception of his precious lucubrations ; and having committed them, with a gentlemanly contempt of the economy of space, to some half-dozen leaves at the beginning, he next hands them about for the admiration of his literary, and illiterate friends. The good will of not a few young beauties and blue-stock-ing sybils is previously secured, by the wise measure of sticking up the letters of their names, as so many starting-posts, from which a like number of longs and shorts halt off in succession. The enlightened old damsels keep up their claims to candour and critical sagacity, by detecting a reasonable abundance of blemishes ; but not forgetting to suggest the requisite amendments, the docile scribbler, by the adoption of these, affords them additional proofs of his good taste and discernment.

With such potent auxiliaries in support of his pretensions, his vanity is gratified to the full by the commendations which he hears bestow-

ed upon his performances, though there are certain *luts* and *allegenda* of an equivocal nature, hazarded in his absence. The grave old burghers are dazzled with the elegance of the volume's outside, and the lady-like penmanship within; they laud him as a "pernicious clever fellow;" wish he may be able to make his bread by his wit, and wonder what price his ledger might stand him: the matrons glance to their daughters, and utter significantly the thread-bare warning—"all is not gold that glisters." The fops, jealous of being "cut out," affect to look knowing, and "think the gentleman has copied them from books:" but the half-grown Misses, who are enchanted with the gentle thoughts which groves and loves, smiles and wiles, darts and hearts, and "all that kind of thing," as fashionable phrase has it, inspire, esteem him the mirror of genius and accomplishment.

By and by, having accumulated a sufficient stock, he brings out "Poems on several occasions," and with tiptoe eagerness, asks his ac-

quaintances on the day of publication if they have seen "IT?" to the great dismay of those who have not been apprized beforehand of the intended debüt of their gingling compeer!

Well—he gets a copy interleaved, and, with a praiseworthy perseverance in well-doing, devotes himself to the task of revision, chopping off redundancies, eking out, polishing, and varnishing over, that posterity may have no cause to bewail his negligence in these respects. He likewise throws out, here and there, hints illustrative of his own pursuits and habits, for the encouragement of future biographers. Death comes; and unceremoniously puts an end to these delicious anticipations; and his works slip quietly into oblivion with their author,—their praises being no longer sounded to tickle his ears, the sole object of their ever having been sounded at all. Tombstones are placed above the dust of the great, to tell men where they lie, but a monument must be erected over his grave, that men may be told on it—what he was.

T.

ANACREONTIC, FROM THE SPANISH OF D. JOSE CADALSO.

Who with yonder festive band,
Downward comes with easy pace,
With the wine-cup in his hand,
And the smile upon his face?
With the ivy and the vine
Are his rosy temples crown'd;
Jolly swains and nymphs divine
Lightly there are dancing round;
To the pipes' enlivening voice
Every tongue his praise repeating,
And with shouts and cheerful noise,
All his jovial coming greeting.
'Tis Bacchus to a certainty,
The jolly god—I know him well!
Sir, you're mistaken, it was I—
The author of this Bagatelle.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr O'Connor's *Chronicles of Eri* will make their appearance in May. There will be two editions, both in octavo—one on royal paper, and the other on demy.

A *Cambridge Quarterly Review* is about to be added to the other numerous *Quarterly Journals*.

In a few days will be published, in two imperial octavo volumes, *Aldes Althorpiana*, or an Account of the Mansion at Althorp, the residence of the Right Hon. George John Earl Spencer, K.G. together with a descriptive catalogue of the pictures, and of a portion of the library, in the same mansion; accompanied with twenty-four fine engravings of historical and family portraits, and several views of portions of the house and grounds. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, R.M.S. S.A. The second volume will consist of a Supplement to the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, embellished with a great number of wood-cuts.

Mr Thomas Taylor (the platonist) has translated the eleven books of the *Metamorphosis of Apuleius*, and also his *Treatise De Deo Socratis*, and his three books *De Habitudine Doctrinarum Platonis*; and from the Greek, the *Political Pythagoric Fragments* preserved by Stobæus: all which will speedily be published.

Mr Alaric Watts's *Specimens of the Living Poets*, with biographical and critical prefaces, are in considerable forwardness, and he intends, in a Supplemental Volume, to give notices of such poetical writers as have died within the last twenty years.

The third and last part of Mr Gardiner's *Oratorio of Judah* will appear in May.

William Spence, Esq. is re-publishing his *Traacts on Political Economy*, viz. 1. Britain, independent of commerce; 2. Agriculture the source of the wealth of Britain; 3. The objections against the Cornbill refuted; 4. Speech on the East India Trade; with prefatory remarks on the causes and cure of our present distresses, as originating from neglect of principles laid down in these works.

The *Essay on the Influence of a Moral Life on our Judgment in Matters of Faith*, to which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union, in the Diocese of St David's, adjudged its premium for 1821; by the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, is in the press.

The Rev. J. W. Bellamy, B.D. is about to publish by subscription, in one handsome quarto volume, with a fine portrait by Mr Scriven, the Poem of the Rev.

Thos. Cherry, B.D. the late respected Head-master of Merchant-Tailors' School.

Mr Valpy is reprinting his edition of *Brohier's Tacitus*, in 4 vols. octavo. It combines the advantages of the Paris and Edinburgh editions, with a selection of notes from all the commentators on Tacitus subsequent to the Edinburgh edition: the *Literaria Notitia* and *Politica*, with all the Supplements, are also added; the French passages are translated, and the Roman money turned into English values.

Dr Meyrick has been many years engaged in collecting the scattered notices to be found in our old poets, chroniclers, wills, deeds, and inventories of ancient armour. The work will be published in three volumes, imperial quarto, and contain above one hundred specimens of ancient armour.

A *Vindication of the Authenticity of the Narratives contained in the first two Chapters of the Gospels of St Matthew and St Luke*, being an investigation of objections urged by the Unitarian editors of the improved version of the New Testament, by La

octavo, is in the press.

The *Life and Times of Daniel De Foe*, with a copious account of his writings, and anecdotes of several of his contemporaries, by Walter Wilson, Esq. is preparing for publication.

Chinzica, a poem, in ten cantos, founded on that part of the history of the Pisan Republic, in which is said to have originated the celebrated triennial festival, called the Battle of the Bridge, will speedily be published, in one volume octavo.

Mr Aspin is preparing the third volume of his *Analysis of Universal History* for the press; and it is expected to appear in the course of the ensuing autumn.

Letters and Conversations on Public Preaching, including rules for the preparation of sermons, in which the principles of the celebrated Claude are adopted and extended, in numerous examples, from the best authors, are in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

The *Vale of Chamouni*, a poem, by the author of "Rome," is in the press.

The Rev. B. Andrews, of Trowbridge, is preparing for publication a work, to be entitled, *Clavis Græca Biblica*, containing a short introduction to the Greek tongue, and a copious Greek Lexicon for the Septuagint, New Testament, and Apocrypha, with the signification of the words given in Latin and English; designed for theological students, who have not had the benefit of a classical educa-

tion, and such persons as know the English language only, but desire to understand the Greek Scriptures.

Mrs Schummelpennick has in the press, a second volume of Biblical Fragments, which will appear in May.

A second Magazine in the French language is announced for publication in London, on the 1st of June, under the title of *Le Musée des Variétés, Littéraires*, to be continued monthly.

Another weekly literary journal, to be called, the Museum, or Record of Literature, Fine Arts, Science, Antiquities, the Drama, &c. is announced. It will be devoted to—1st. General Literature, including reviews of books, and essays on men and manners. 2d. The Belles Lettres and Fine Arts. 3d. Science and Philosophy. 4th. Antiquities and Biography. 5th. Varieties and Facetiae, including poetry, &c.

Soame Jenyns's Disquisitions on several subjects, are reprinting in royal 16mo. and will be embellished with a portrait of the author, from an original picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Rivington's Annual Register for the year 1810 will appear in a few days.

Some time in May will be published, in imperial oblong quarto, (to be continued monthly,) an unique graphic work, entitled, the Tour of Paris, portraying, in a series of beautiful engravings, the peculiar characteristics of the Parisian people, and faithfully illustrating their manners, customs, and institutions.

Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry, by Mr William Wirt, of Richmond, Virginia, is reprinting from the American edition.

The author of "Select Female Biography" has in the press, a work, entitled, the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed.

Mr W. H. Crook is preparing for publication, a Synoptical Paradigm of the regular and irregular Verbs of the Hebrew Language, exhibiting on a sheet, at one view, all their varieties of inflexion, characteristic marks and mutual dependance, on a new and simple principle of analysis, whereby this hitherto difficult portion of the Hebrew tongue may be acquired with considerable facility, and in a short time. This arrangement will be equally useful to the punctist or anti-punctist.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, a General and Historical View of Christianity, comprehending its Origin and Progress, the Doctrine and Forms of Polity founded on it, and the effect which it has produced upon the Moral and Political State of Europe. By

the Rev. Dr George Cook, Minister of Laureneekirk, and Author of the History of the Reformation in Scotland, and of the History of Church of Scotland.

To be published (as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained,) price 4s. 6d., A Compendious View of Creation; beginning with the Microscope, and ending with the Telescope.

Discourses Explanatory and Practical on the Epistle of Jude, (dedicated to the Elders and Congregation of St George's.) By William Muir, D.D. Minister of St George's Church, Glasgow

To be published immediately, by James Paterson, Road-Surveyor, Montré, as a Supplement to his "Treatise on Roads," a Series of Letters and Communications, addressed to the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Highways of the Kingdom.

Picture of Aberdeen.—Preparing for publication, a Graphical Description of the City of Aberdeen and its Vicinity; its Public Buildings; Public Institutions; in short, of every thing which can be interesting or useful as a "Guide to Strangers;" including also a Director, &c. &c. This work will be richly embellished, by at least twenty copper-plate views, of the prominent objects of interest or beauty in and around the City, executed in the most masterly style of line-engraving, from drawings made on purpose for this work.

In a short time will be published, an Historical Account and Delineation of Aberdeen, compiled and drawn up by Robert Wilson, A.M., and embellished with upwards of fourteen beautiful engravings, of the Principal Bridges, Public Buildings, and Sacred Edifices, in and about the City, from drawings made expressly for the work. By Mr George Smith, Architect, Aberdeen, and beautifully engraved, in the line-manner, by Mr Joseph Swan of Glasgow. To be elegantly printed in one volume 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards or 10s. 6d. on the finest paper, with proof impressions of the plates.

Speedily will be published, beautifully printed in one volume post 8vo. The Morning and Evening Sacrifice; or, Prayers for Private Persons and Families.

* * * This work is divided into the four following parts:—1. Prayers for Private Persons, adapted to the different days of the week, and to Sacramental Sabbaths and Days of Humiliation.—2. Family Prayers for the Sabbath-Day.—3. Prayers for Persons in peculiar Circumstances. 4. A copious selection of Prayers entirely in the Language of Scripture.—The work is prefaced by Two Discourses explanatory of the Lord's Prayer.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

A new System of National and Practical Agriculture. By R. Donald. 2s. 6d.

ARCHITECTURE.

Tracts on Vaults and Bridges, 8vo. 20s.
Three Views, viz. the West Front, the Nave, and the Quoir, of the Cathedral Church of Amiens, in colours. By Mr C. Wild. £2.12.6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

William Lilly's Memoirs of his own Life and Times, with twelve Portraits of eminent Astrologers, &c. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

The Life of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq. 6s.

An Account of the Life and Writings of John Home, Esq. By H. McKenzie, Esq. F.R.S. 7s.

CLASSICS.

An Inaugural Lecture delivered in the University of Glasgow. By D. K. Sandford, Esq. A.B. Oxon. Professor of Greek. 2s. 6d.

Demosthenis de Corona oratio Græce cum notis variorum. 6s. boards.

DRAMA.

The Errors of Ecstasie, a Dramatic Poem. By George Darley. 2s.

Cataline, a Tragedy, in five Acts. 8vo. By the Rev. G. Croley. 8s. 6d.

The Court of Tuscany, a Tragedy. The Heir of Innes, a Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. Wright. 5s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Are the English Youth sent to France as Colonists of Hostages? By C. Laisne, Professor of Languages. 1s.

The French Remembrancer, or a New Method of recollecting the Genders of French Nouns. 8s. bound.

Elements of Self-Improvement. By the Rev. T. Finch. 5s.

Leçons Françaises de Littérature et de Morale, ou Recueil en Prose et en Vers. Par M. Noel, Inspector-general de l'Université de Paris, et M. de la Place, Professeur d'Eloquence de l'Académie de Paris. 12mo. 6s. bound.

FINE ARTS.

Observations on Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated Picture of the Last Supper. By J. W. de Goethe. 4to. 7s.

GEOGRAPHY.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The two Chambers have been prorogued to the 4th of July. Their deliberations of late have been marked by their usual acrimony and violence, and the division between the two parties seems to be increasing every day. The left side, as they are called, appear to be at no pains to conceal their disaffection to the existing order of things, and they are answered by violent clamours from the Royalists. How far the great body of the people are interested in these contests does not appear.

On the 15th April, a debate took place on the budget, when M. Lafitte, in the course of his speech on the general question, making some allusions to the affairs of Naples, and the revolt of Piedmont, some one exclaimed, "Do you wish to be the eulogist of rebels?" "When they shall be victorious," cried General Foy, "they will no longer be regarded as rebels." M. Lafitte proceeding, complained that the alleviation of the land-tax proposed by the budget was intended for no other object but to diminish the number of electors, and to deprive the people of their constitutional rights—"of those rights which the Charter had given—" Gen. Donadieu interrupted him—"Say the King has given." Gen. Foy—"The King is comprised in the Charter. What the Charter says, the King says." Gen. Donadieu (striking his hand on the bench before him)—"The King and the Charter." General Foy—"France and the King." M. de Lalot was heard in reply. He reprobated, with much animation, the attempts to excite discussion by the introduction of irritating topics, and forcibly urged the indispensable necessity of maintaining inviolate the rights and dignity of the Crown. General Foy followed, and, amongst other remarks of the same kind, said, that it was now time to explode the unmeaning and useless words of legitimacy and usurpation.

A report was made in the Chamber of Deputies on the 16th, on the second petition of Mr Loveday. The report adverted with much harshness to several parts of the petition, and expressed an opinion that Mr Loveday had been merely a tool in the hands of designing enemies of the French Monarchy and the Catholic Faith. After considerable debate, the report, which recommended that the petition be rejected, was agreed to.

The incendiary fires in certain departments of France have caused considerable alarm, as the object of their perpetrators was not known. Two individuals implicated in the late Saumur conspiracy were tried before a court-martial at Tours, on the 18th April. One of them, named Sirejean, was condemned to death, and the other, Condett, sentenced to imprisonment for five years. A new plot has been discovered at Metz, which was instantly disconcerted, and some military officers engaged in it were arrested.

SPAIN.—The Spanish papers state that the King seems to shew some predilection for the Liberals, and is not on the best terms with his Ministers. Riego is admitted privately to the royal levee; and Count Montejo, a no less decided Liberal, was appointed Colonel of a regiment by the Sovereign, in opposition to his Ministers, who refused to countersign the appointment. In the provinces tranquillity generally prevailed. Two notices of some importance have been given in the Cortes, by a Deputy named Velasco—the one for abolishing a system of extortion practised upon the Spanish peasantry in different parts of the kingdom, under pretence of obtaining means of defraying the expenses of certain festivals in honour of the saints—the other for expurgating what may, we suppose, be called the Spanish Book of Common Prayer, in some passages in which the Pope is acknowledged to be liege lord of all the princes of the earth, and authorised, at his good pleasure, to dispense their subjects from their oaths of allegiance to them.

NETHERLANDS.—This kingdom, it appears, is suffering as deep agricultural distress as England. In a report made to the Second Chamber of the States General, on the petitions of several landholders, requesting that measures might be adopted for the relief of agriculture, rents are stated to be for the most part unpaid, and the fortunes of the landlords are endangered, as well as those of the farmers, by warrants of distress, while, in the midst of "a ruinous abundance," foreigners are allowed to overwhelm them with their produce. The remedy proposed is, of course, a stop to this unlimited competition.

TURKEY.—It appears that the efforts of England and Austria are still employed with success in preventing a rupture between Turkey and Russia; and notwith-

standing the warlike tenor of the note of the Riss Effendi, noticed in our last Number, the negotiations of the mediating powers with Turkey still continue. On the 10th of March, Lord Strangford and the Austrian Intern presented another note, and these representatives were accompanied by a note from the French Minister, M. Latour Maubourg, earnestly requesting the Turkish Government not to push matters to the extremity of a war. The joint note pressed in the most earnest manner for the withdrawing of the Ottoman troops from Wallachia and Moldavia, the mediating powers pledging themselves, it is reported, that, in the mean time, no advantage should be taken of this by the Russian troops on the eastern bank of the Pruth. This last note the Divan had consented to take into consideration, which was supposed to argue a less hostile spirit than was indicated by the last note. Here matters for the present rest. To what resolution the fluctuating counsels of the Turkish despotism may finally incline, it were vain to conjecture.

The following article, dated "Frontiers of Moldavia, March 11th," gives a deplorable picture of the condition of that and the adjoining province of Wallachia.

"On the 9th, in the evening, a fire broke out at Jassy, and destroyed, before the morning, five hundred and eighty houses. The others had already been so devastated by the Turks, that that city, which contained many elegant buildings, in the most modern European taste, resembled a heap of ruins. The janissaries in Jassy were accused of having been the cause of the fire, and got into a quarrel, on account of this accusation, with the other troops (Tilmes), so that a sharp conflict ensued between them, which was not over when the post departed at ten o'clock P. M. of the 11th. The janissaries fought with great fury in the streets of the unfortunate town; the Tilmes defended themselves from the houses, by which 100 of the inhabitants were killed or wounded, on the first day. Of the janissaries 190 killed, and 20 wounded, were brought into the yard of the Prince's Court. The loss of the other party could not be conjectured. Some Germans who have arrived from Jassy cannot find terms to describe the misery that reigns in Moldavia. The land is nowhere tilled; all the merchandize, especially cloths, have been seized by the Turks. In the streets, which are never remarkably clean, dead horses, half putrified, lie about, and only a few half-naked gypsies are to be seen. Were not the peasants in Moldavia and Wallachia already accustomed to live un-

der the severest oppression, they certainly would not endure the treatment of the Turks; but as there is very little difference between the treatment they experienced from the Boyars and their agents, and that they receive from the Turks, and the peasants are so simple that they have no idea of their melancholy situation, but approach every superior, consequently the Turks, with the most abject humility—they find all this quite natural. As well the peasants as the gypsies have been partly relieved by the Turks from the burden of bringing up their children, almost every janissary having appropriated to himself some boys and girls, and sent them to his own home. It may be imagined what influence this state of things has on the dull-minded, lazy, covetous Boyars, who have a natural aversion from all industry and mental occupation, though in general they are used merely to kill time, and to live in luxury, on the revenues of their lands, and the contributions exacted with great rigour from their inferiors. These Boyars, who are now almost all fugitives, trouble themselves about political events, and even read the newspapers, which is an extraordinary exertion for them; their entire hope is in the Russians, whom they have not forgotten since 1812; time will shew how far these hopes are well founded. At this time there are hardly ten thousand Russian troops in Bessarabia, including the garrison of Chotyń; as the rest have retired behind the Dniester, probably from want of forage, and perhaps also to get into more convenient quarters."

Ali Pacha.—Many different accounts have been given of the manner in which this chieftain, who had so long defied the power of the Porte, came by his death.—The following particulars (says the Morning Chronicle) are derived from a respectable source:—"Ali Pacha came by his fate in this way: In consequence of repeated offers made to him by Chourschid Pacha, of the Sultan's pardon, on condition of his surrender, Ali was at length induced to negotiate. The result of the negotiation was, that an instrument was drawn up and signed by himself, and all the seven Pachas opposed to him, by which he engaged to surrender himself, his fortress, and treasures, on the condition of his receiving the Sultan's pardon. During the interval, while measures were understood to be in progress for obtaining the promised pardon, both parties remained inactive. At length the arrival of his pardon was announced to Ali, but he received notice at the same time that it was necessary for him to give up his fortress, &c. before the pardon could be delivered

to him. Ali now saw that he was lost; but he had already gone too far to allow of his receding. Arrangements were made for giving up the fortress. When possession had been taken, one of the Pachas, with other officers, went to read to Ali the supposed pardon. Having entered his chambers, they found him surrounded by a few faithful followers, and they announced to him that the firman of the Sultan contained his death-warrant, and recommended to him, as his fate was inevitable, to make no resistance. Ali on this drew his pistol, and, declaring that he would not allow himself to be taken alive, fired, and wounded the Pacha. A bloody scuffle now ensued between Ali's followers and the Turks, in which Ali received a wound in his breast and fell. His followers, who amounted in number to about 150, were at length overpowered, and most of them shared his fate. His treasure was secured in the place where he himself had deposited it, to wait the pleasure of the Sultan respecting it. The news of this event had scarcely been made known, when most of the Turkish troops dispersed, and proceeded immediately to their homes. The command of Janina was given to Emir Bey Vrioni, and Chourschid Pacha himself was to set off for Thessaly."

GREECE.—A private letter, of a recent date, states, that the Greeks have proclaimed the independence of their country, and the formation of a Provisional Constitution and Government, by which Christianity is declared the religion of the state, and the executive power is confided in five persons, chosen by the representatives of the nation. At present Greece is composed of four provinces—the Peloponnesus, Western Greece, Eastern Greece, and the Islands of the Archipelago. Each has its particular congress; of the first, Prince Ypsilanti is president; of the second, Marrocordato; of the third, M. Negri; and of the fourth, one of the principal inhabitants of the island of Hydra. There will be formed other provinces, as the other parts of Greece free themselves from the Turkish yoke. There is also an Arcopagus in each of the great provinces, for the administration of civil justice. The National Congress sits this year at Corinth, and remains in permanent session all this first year. It is stated, on the same authority, that in a solemn assembly of the Greeks lately held at Corinth, it was decreed to send four Ambassadors to the principal European Powers—Russia, Austria, England, and France, but for what purpose is not mentioned. We may suppose, however, to solicit their support, or at least their

neutrality, in the arduous and sanguinary struggle between the Greeks and the Ottoman Government.

AFRICA.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Cape Town Gazettes have been received to the 10th February. In consequence of the previous scanty harvest, and the second partial failure of the wheat crop, which had been attacked by a blight, the Governor (Lord Charles Somerset) has issued a proclamation for admitting wheat and flour from foreign countries, at a duty of three per cent. instead of ten per cent., which had before been paid.—The proclamation is dated on the eighth, and was to be in force for ten months.

AMERICA.

COLUMBIA.—Advices from Caracas state, that the Constitution of the Republic of Columbia has been framed on the most generous basis. It generally follows the system of the United States; and contains improvements extremely gratifying to the friends of humanity. The tarnish of slavery is wiped away.—The children are declared free, and a fund is set apart for emancipating the parents. There are no restrictions in respect of religious faith.—Provision is made in every parish for schools on the Lancasterian mode.—The press is declared free, and a commencement has been made to trial by jury.—The Congress at Cucuta, by whom the constitution was voted, is described as composed of men who, for intelligence and ability, might challenge comparison with any assembly in Europe. The term of the office of President is fixed at four years; but, in order to give time for consolidating the Government, Bolivar has been appointed for double the usual period.

A Caracas Gazette of the 25th of February, states that Bolivar had returned from Quito, after securing the independence of that section of the south. The people had declared in favour of a complete separation from Old Spain. A letter of a subsequent date announces the recapture of Coro by the patriots.—An expedition was fitting out to blockade Porto Cavello by sea, and the arrival of Commodore Daniels was impatiently looked for to take the command. The last accounts left General D'Evereux at Truxillo, on his way to join the President. A decree has been issued by the Columbian Government, ordering the foreign officers in the service of the republic their back-pay, with other allowances; this will give to each of the Irish officers under General D'Evereux, and those who

went out under the late General English, a very handsome sum—to Lieutenant-Colonels, for instance, about 15,000 dollars, and to other ranks in proportion.

BRAZILS.—A vessel from Rio Janeiro has brought letters to the 26th February. The increasing desire to separate from Portugal has been evinced by an address to the Prince Regent, from the inhabitants of the different provinces, in which they call upon him to order the election

of representatives for each of them, who shall advise with his Royal Highness what measures will be most beneficial to the country. This measure would, in fact, be a defiance of the Portuguese Cortes. The Prince returned for answer, that he would take the affair into consideration. It has been determined, if any more Portuguese troops arrive from Europe, they shall not be allowed to disembark.

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

The Commons met on the 17th, and the Lords on the 18th April, after the Easter Recess. Up to the end of the month, nothing beyond routine business had occurred in the House of Peers.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—April 17.—Mr W. Dundas presented a petition from the Incorporation of Candlemakers of Edinburgh, praying for the repeal of the Candle Duty. Lord A. Hamilton presented a petition from Perth, and Mr Kennedy a similar one from Ayr, complaining of the defective state of the Burgh Representation. A petition was presented by Mr Peel from the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, praying the House to refuse its sanction to the measure announced by Mr Canning, for the repeal of the Act of Charles II. relative to Roman Catholic Peers. The petition complained of Mr Canning's measure, on the supposition of its being an attempt, by way of a side-wind, to carry the main question of Catholic eligibility; and Mr Peel pledged himself distinctly that he would take the sense of the House of Commons on Mr Canning's first motion.

18.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed the appointment of a Committee for devising the mode of keeping the Public Accounts in an intelligible manner. At present no one can tell the real amount either of the income or the expenditure, or of any branch of them.

22.—*State of Ireland.*—Sir John Newport moved an address to the King, "assuring his Majesty of the co-operation of that House, in the pursuit of a progressive and permanent amelioration of the condition and moral habits of the people of Ireland." The debate upon this motion brought into view all those painful topics which are connected with the state of that unfortunate country. The principal speakers in support of the motion were Sir John Newport, Mr S. Rice, Mr N. Calvert, and Mr Grattan. The following is a condensed summary of the causes

to which they attributed the distracted state of that country: The spirit of tyranny introduced by the original conquest of the island, the virulence of which has been kept up and even augmented by perpetual infusions of the same despotic principle. Ireland was treated for centuries with all the harshness of a conquered province, and no attempt had been made to conciliate the conquered, or to amalgamate them with the conquerors. The government of it was avowedly administered upon the principle of exciting disunion among the people; and one of the Lords Justices in the reign of Queen Anne deprecated the adoption of a measure, on the ground that it would tend to unite the people. The excess of taxation, and the mode in which the taxations were collected, powerfully contributed to the distress and irritation of the peasantry:—taxation had arrived at that pitch, that new imposts served only to increase the burden of the people, without producing any benefit to the Exchequer, and the only revenue reaped was a harvest of discontent. The absence of the land proprietors, driven away by the increase of taxes, also powerfully tended to disrupt the social relations. The people, deprived of the presence and protection of those who had the greatest interest in their well-being, were given up to the extortions of subordinate agents, a state of things which broke down that gradation of ranks, and annihilated that reciprocation of kind offices, which, in a well-ordered state, unite in one chain the cottage of the peasant, the mansion of the noble, and the palace of the monarch. The tithe system was also another fruitful source of evil. This obnoxious impost was rendered still more irritating by its collection being placed in the hands of underlings, who ground the people to the very earth. These causes were still further aggravated by disabilities inflicted on account of religion; and the virulence of all those evils was

still farther enhanced by the general neglect of the education of the peasantry, which composed the great mass of the native population. Such were the most prominent of the causes which have rendered a country, naturally fertile, inhabited by a brave, high-spirited, and generous people, the seat of poverty and despair, the scene of the most turbulent excesses, and the theatre of the most atrocious crimes. In support of the motion, it was argued, that the deep-seated evils which afflicted Ireland were not to be effectually removed by civil or military coercion; that imprisonment, exile, and death, were not among the best expedients of an enlightened government; and, however liberally administered, would produce nothing beyond a temporary calm, to be succeeded by renewed and more violent tempests. It was also contended, that it was the more expedient that Parliament should interpose its influence in recommending a system of amelioration, as it had recently been called upon to enact strong measures of coercion. The truth of this representation of the state of Ireland was not called in question by the speakers on the Ministerial side of the House, and who opposed the motion, mainly on the ground that it would tend to throw a stigma on the present government of Ireland, which, from the recency of its appointment, could not be supposed to have had time to carry into effect any measures but those which were rendered indispensable by the emergency of the moment: but Mr Goulburn, Mr Plunkett, and Mr Peel, held out assurances that the state of Ireland should receive the most serious and early attention of Government, and upon these assurances Sir J. Newport consented that his motion should be negatived without a division.

24.—The House was occupied, a great part of this sitting, with the subject of the imprisonment of Henry Hunt, for his concern in the meeting at Manchester in 1819. Sir Francis Burdett brought the matter under discussion, and contended that the punishment of Mr Hunt had been more than commensurate to his crime; and that, in fact, from the manner in which his confinement had been aggravated by ill usage, and every species of vexation on the part of the jailor, and some of the visiting magistrates, it had exceeded the degree of punishment contemplated by the judge who had passed sentence upon him. He concluded a long speech, by moving that an Address be presented to the King, praying that he would be pleased to remit the punishment which that offender has still to undergo according to the sentence

of the law. The Honourable Baronet was replied to by Mr Secretary Dawson and Mr Peel, and his motion was lost by a majority of 139—the numbers being, 223 to 84.—In the early part of the evening Mr Huskisson again alluded to the Brewers and the price of porter, and repeated his promise that he would bring in some measure to ensure to the public a fair participation in the advantages arising from the reduction of the Malt Tax.

25.—Lord J. Russell brought forward his motion for a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament. His proposition was, “That the present state of the Representation of the people required the greatest consideration of the House.” His Lordship argued that the interest and the wishes of the people are not now represented in the House of Commons; that the House was formerly more popular in its election, and that while the middle classes were daily increasing in intelligence and wealth, and ought therefore to possess increased influence, the House of Commons was becoming more and more the property of the Aristocracy. Mr Canning was the chief opponent of his Lordship’s motion. He maintained, that it was not true that the House of Commons was defective, because it did not respond to every impression of the people. That if the House of Commons should feel that it was immediately deputed from the whole people, that it met to speak the will, and not to consult for the benefit of the people, it must of necessity soon swallow up the whole power of the State: that a House of Commons freely chosen, if admirable in theory, was not the constitution under which we lived: that the House as at present brought together was perfectly competent to the discharge of its functions, and therefore that the mode of its election was of secondary importance. Mr Canning’s opinions were eagerly listened to, and received with the utmost respect.—Nevertheless, the advocates for Reform hailed with loud cheers the accession to their numbers on the division, being 164 to 269. This majority of 105 thus left to Ministers, although sufficiently decisive of the question, exhibits, doubtless, a considerable change in the public sentiment in respect to Parliamentary Reform.

29.—The Marquis of Londonderry brought forward his resolution, founded on the Report of the Agricultural Committee; the object of it was to raise a million sterling for the purpose of making advances to the owners of British corn, which should be warehoused under certain regulations. The importing price for wheat to remain for the present at 80s.

a quarter, but subsequently to be reduced to 70s. with the addition, however, of a protecting duty, the amount of which is to be determined by the House. The Noble Marquis seemed inclined to propose 15s. a quarter, which, united with the expenses of importing foreign corn, calculated at 12s. a quarter, would give an operative protection of 27s. a quarter over the importing price of 70s. against the competition of foreign growers. For the relief of the starving peasantry in the south of Ireland, his Lordship stated, it was in contemplation to advance a sum of two millions—one million on British corn, and one million in aid of the public works, which sum put into general circulation would produce the very best effect. Several other propositions were opened by the Noble Marquis calculated to have a collateral effect of a favourable tendency upon the interests of the Agriculturists, as well as upon those of other classes in the community.—His Lordship proposes to facilitate the increase of private banks, upon a principle, however, combined with security.—With this view, the Bank of England has consented to a relaxation of its Charter, so far as to permit firms, consisting of more than six partners, to do business as bankers, in any place not within sixty-five miles of London. In England no private banking firm can consist of more than six partners, a prohibition which does not exist in Scotland; the consequence has been, that while in England several failures have occurred, in Scotland they have been rare. Mr Ricardo contended that the plan of the Noble Marquis was an attack on the Sinking Fund, which might be considered to be now abandoned, and, in conformity with his known sentiments, argued for a free trade in corn. The Hon. Gentleman proposed that the Foreign corn now in bond may be taken out for home consumption, when wheat shall exceed 65s., on payment of a duty of 15s. on that grain. The discussion not having finished at half-past one o'clock, the Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Wednesday.

30.—This evening Mr Canning's motion for leave to bring in a bill to repeal so much of an Act of the 30th of Charles

II. as debars Roman Catholic Peers from the exercise of their right to sit and vote in the House of Lords, was carried by a majority of five, the numbers being 249 to 244. The Right Hon. Gentleman spoke about three hours and a quarter in his usual eloquent style. His proposition was opposed, as it had been announced it would be, by Mr Secretary Peel, and supported by Mr Plunkett.

May 1.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave a more detailed account of the plan for equalizing the burden of the Superannuation and Army and Navy pension-list for a term of forty-five years.—Contractors are to be found to receive for the whole of that period a fixed sum annually, say £2,800,000, engaging to pay during the forty-five years the above list of pensions, amounting now to £5,000,000, and gradually, of course, decreasing by deaths and casualties. Five resolutions were proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, after an animated discussion, were all agreed to without dividing.

2.—Lord Normanby brought forward his former motion for abolishing the office of one of the two Postmasters-General, in the new shape of an address to the Crown for that purpose. Upon a division, the numbers were, 216 for the motion, and 201 against it.

3.—The Marquis of Londonderry presented at the bar his Majesty's Answer to the Address, moved on the preceding evening by Lord Normanby, promising the reduction of the office of the second Postmaster-General. His Majesty postponed the actual abolition of the office until he shall have the opportunity of considering what permanent arrangement may be advisable for conducting the business of that department. The House then went into the consideration of the Report of the plan for the payment of the Naval and Military pensions; no new argument was advanced on either side of the House, and the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for receiving the Report, was carried by a large majority.—Mr Canning's Bill for admitting Catholic Peers to vote in Parliament was then read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

APRIL.

Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain (exclusive of the Arrears of War Duty on Malt and Property,) in the Years and Quarters ended 5th April 1821, and 5th April 1822, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 5th April, 1821.	1822.	Increase.	Decrease.	Quars. end. 5th April, 1821.	1822.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs.....	8,376,464	9,723,704	748,240		1,905,276	2,035,878	130,602	
Excise.....	26,113,957	26,623,623	489,666		3,707,390	3,836,738	129,348	
Stamps.....	6,165,922	6,223,187	57,265		1,467,739	1,523,346	55,607	
Post Office.....	1,589,000	1,288,000		110,000	359,000	320,000		39,000
Assessed Taxes.....	6,280,161	6,216,932		53,200	812,351	832,672	20,321	
Land Taxes.....	1,180,275	1,278,446	98,171		137,127	152,009	14,882	
Miscellaneous.....	302,631	302,553		208	57,573	56,463		1,110
Total.....	30,009,430	31,360,635	1,104,712		10,468,196	10,897,156	428,960	
Deduct Decrease.....			145,507	143,507			40,969	40,969
Increase on the Year, 1821, 235					Increase on the Quar.		428,960	

9.—*Manchester Riots.*—The action, “Redford v. Birley,” &c. for assault at Manchester on the 16th August 1819, came on at Lancaster assizes, and after occupying five days, was brought to a close of this date. The parties were J. Redford, plaintiff, *versus* H. H. Birley and R. Withington, (Officers of the Yeomanry,) A. Oliver, (private, the individual charged with cutting at Redford, and E. Meagher, (trumpeter,) defendants. Counsel for the plaintiff, Messrs Blackburn and J. Evans; for the defendants, Serjeants Hullock and Cross, Messrs Littledale and Starkie.—Our readers, no doubt, remember the melancholy event referred to, and the charge against the defendants was cutting and wounding with swords, &c. There was another count for a common assault, damages laid at £500.—The defendants pleaded, 2. The general issue, “Not guilty”—2. A riot committed by the plaintiff and others—3. A conspiracy, &c. The pleas were originally 51, filling 514 sheets, but the Master reduced them to 14. Mr Justice Holroyd presided; and the whole evidence on either side having been concluded, the Learned Judge, with much precision, enumerated the heads of it, and commented on the previous drilling of parties who had been seen at this meeting—their assault on the constable—their bissing before particular houses when marching into Manchester—their bissing before the Exchange, and again at the soldiers; and after dwelling upon these topics for upwards of two hours, at six o’clock the Jury retired for about six minutes, and returned with a verdict for the Defendants.

Edinburgh.—At a Meeting of the Town Council on Wednesday the 3d instant, it was agreed to convert the old meal-market in the Cowgate into a weigh-

house, and that measures shall be taken forthwith for removing the building presently used as a weigh-house. A letter was read from the Deputy Keeper of the Signet, announcing, that the Society of Writers to the Signet had rejected the scheme of founding a House of Refuge, with the money under their management, known by the name of Watson’s Fund; and had determined, by a majority, to apply the same to founding an hospital for destitute orphans.

11.—*Horrible Parricide.*—Some days ago, a barbarous murder was committed at Kilsyth, twelve miles from Glasgow. A quarrel took place between a father and son, under the following circumstances:—The father, coming into the house, found the son lying drunk, and was angry with him. Some words ensued, but the father, aware of the vindictive temper of his son when in that state, left him, and went out to a little distance from the house. The son soon after got up, and seizing a large knife, which he was accustomed in his drunken fits to wield, rushed out, and going straight forward to the place where his father stood, seized him, by the throat with one hand, while he made three deep stabs into his parent’s bowels with the knife which he held in the other hand. The poor man, who had some distance to walk, reached his house with difficulty, literally carrying in his hands part of his bowels; which had obtruded through the wounds. The cruel monster fled, but had the savage hardihood to return on Sunday last, go into the house, and survey the dead body of his murdered father! The murderer has, for the moment, escaped.

The late Ducl.—On Tuesday last, the Earl of Rosslyn attended at the Sheriff’s Office here, and gave bail for his appear-

ance, if called upon, to stand trial for his connection with the late duel. The Honourable Mr Douglas, the other second, we understand, has also given bail for his appearance.

Union Canal.—Monday, one of the Union Canal passage-boats commenced her regular duty. The boats land their passengers at East Shielhill Bridge, near the entrance to the tunnel, about a mile from Falkirk, and one mile and a half from Lock 16 on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

13.—*Constitutional Association.*—The case of “the King, *versus* Murray, Sharp, and others,” was tried this day in the Court of King’s Bench, London. It was an indictment for a conspiracy against certain Members of the Constitutional Association.—The first case against the defendants was that of William Atkinson, of the London-road, bookseller, who was arrested by the Society for selling Carlile’s “Address to the Reformers” in March 1821. Murray said, if witness would give up the rest of the obnoxious books, and sign an agreement to sell no more, the prosecution would be dropped. In the course of the next week, he received a message from Murray by a man on horseback; witness attended him at the Judges Chambers. The person on horseback demanded £8.16.8d. for expenses. He objected to the exorbitancy of the demand. Afterwards Murray told witness that the Committee had taken his case into consideration, and reduced the expenses to £5. After various interviews with Murray he paid the £5. and received a receipt for it from the latter, on behalf of the Society.—The next case was that of Wardle of the *Statesman*. By the evidence of a witness named Bastow, Mr Wardle acknowledged the lenity of the Society in putting a stop to the prosecution.—The other alleged instances of extortion and conspiracy existed in the cases of Dolby, Turner, and Thelwall, and were supported by the evidence of those individuals.—Mr Gurney addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendants, and contended, that not even the slightest grounds had been laid either for the charge of conspiracy or extortion.—The Chief Justice summed up; and, in doing so, laid it down as his decided opinion, that the Association was legal, if it confined itself to the prosecuting seditious and blasphemous libels. The Jury would now determine, on the evidence before them, whether the charges contained in the indictment were made out; in his opinion they were not.—The Jury retired for a quarter of an hour, and returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty* in favour of all the defendants.

Agriculture.—Within the last thirty years, it is calculated that, in Lincolnshire alone, upwards of 300,000 acres of heath, wolds, and fen-lands, have been converted into arable.—*Line ‘s Gazette.*

15.—*Convicts.*—From a return of the number of convicts sent out of the United Kingdom from January 5. 1816, to January 5. 1822, which has been printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the number of males transported during that period has been 15,218; while the number of females has been only 1155.

Earthquake.—Extract of a letter, dated Comrie, 15th April:—“About half past nine on Saturday (the 13th instant.) while at breakfast, we were visited with the smartest shock of an earthquake that has been felt in this neighbourhood for the last fifteen or twenty years. It was accompanied by two very loud reports, one apparently above our heads, and the other, which followed immediately afterwards, under our feet. The noise of these, which were much more terrific than thunder, lasted, I should think, fully thirty seconds. It set our kitchen utensils a-ringing, and brought down some of the covers of the pots and pans.—I have felt much severer shocks in the West Indies, but not accompanied with such a noise. The sensation it created in me was exactly like that I have felt on the deck of a vessel on her guns being discharged.”

22.—This morning, between nine and ten o’clock, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Dunkeld, accompanied by a rumbling noise resembling the falling of a building.—It was felt and heard also in Strathray.

Dublin, April 25.—We think we may congratulate our readers on the restoration of tranquillity—or at least upon the absence of outrage in several counties of the south. There is no news, worth stating, from Cork, and little from Kerry. The adjourned assizes of Limerick have terminated. Nineteen persons were capitally convicted, and sentence of death passed upon fourteen. The surrender of arms continues, and so exemplary and active have the Catholic clergy been in the work of peace, that we find one of them included in a vote of thanks by the Grand Jury of Limerick.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

27.—*Chain-Pier at Trinity.*—This ingenious and beautiful structure has withstood all the violent storms of the late winter without the least injury. We understand that the proprietors, being now fully convinced of its stability and great utility, are now making farther improvements for the comfort and convenience of

passengers by the steam-boats resorting to it, as well as of parties waiting for their friends by the boats, or visiting the pier. A neat handsome lodge is, we hear, to be erected on the outer point of the pier, which will command the finest views of the beautiful scenery of the Frith of Forth in every direction, and is to be furnished with good telescopes, for noticing the approach of the different steam-vessels from London, Aberdeen, Grangemouth, Alloa, &c.

Burns the Poet.—Mr Flaxman, whose talents as a sculptor do honour to our country, and would have done so to any other at any period, has composed a model of a statue to the memory of the Caledonian bard. The poet is represented in his native costume, in the attitude of contemplative reflection; in his right hand is placed the mountain daisy, emblematical of one of his sweetest poems; in his left he holds a roll, on which are engraved the words "*Cottar's Saturday night*," a poem equally remarkable for its genuine piety and poetical simplicity. The likeness of Burns is very striking, being executed from the original portrait by Nasmyth, procured for the occasion by Mr Flaxman, from the venerable widow of the bard. The statue, which is to be colossal, and of bronze, will be placed, by the kindness of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, in one of the most appropriate situations in the New Town in that city.

JUSTICIARY CIRCUIT COURTS.—

Western Circuit.—*Stirling, April 8.*—Only one case occurred at this Circuit.—Wm. Watson, charged with housebreaking and theft, pleaded *Guilty*—fourteen years transportation. The Advocate-Depute abandoned further proceedings against seven individuals charged with assault, connected with a strike for wages, who were accordingly dismissed from the bar, which closed the business here, and which scarcely occupied an hour.

Inverary.—The Circuit was occupied here two days, the 13th and 15th instant; but the only case of interest was that of Duncan Kennedy, sen. and Duncan Kennedy jun. tenants in Strone, parish of Lismore, who were put to the bar, accused of stealing from the farm of Glenlochmuy, in the said parish, fifty sheep, the property of Lieut. Donald M'Phie, tacksmen of the said farm, in the course of the months of June, July, or August last; as also of stealing from the farm of Auchnacraon, in the possession of the said Lieutenant M'Phie, sixty sheep, in the course of the months aforesaid; and also four sheep from the said farm of Glenlochmuy on the 25th day of December

last. The prisoners pleaded *Not Guilty*. After a very long trial, which lasted from ten o'clock forenoon till past twelve at night, the Jury returned a verdict, by a plurality of voices, finding the charges in the indictment *Not Proven*. It is understood that the prisoners escaped by only a majority of one—seven of the jury being for finding a verdict of *guilty*, and eight for *not proven*.

Glasgow.—The Court opened here on Thursday the 18th, and did not terminate its labours till Friday on the week following. Above forty cases came before the Court—two of which occupied their Lordships about fourteen hours each. There were no political cases. Four men were sentenced to be hanged for various acts of theft and housebreaking; three were ordered to be transported for life; and five men, the active leaders in a late riot which occurred in Glasgow, were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation; two for seven years; a considerable number were ordered to be imprisoned for different periods; and a number of cases were ordered to be certified to the High Court of Justiciary—among these, the case of Mr Lee, for suborning mechanics to leave the country, it having been objected, on his arraignment, that the time was past in which an indictment could lie.—A woman accused of child-murder was found *Not Guilty* by a majority of the Jury,—nothing to the satisfaction of the Judge, who thought the evidence conclusive of her guilt.—Mr Borthwick, late a proprietor of the Glasgow Centinel, was brought to the bar, on a charge of breaking into, and stealing various papers from that office. (These were the papers the discovery of which occasioned the late fatal duel, in which Sir Alexander Boswell lost his life.) The Advocate-Depute moved to desert the diet, and commit Mr Borthwick on a new warrant. He intimated at the same time his readiness to liberate the accused on very moderate bail, if applied for. Mr Cockburn, as Counsel for Borthwick, declined accepting of this offer, because it would lose him the benefit of the act of 1701, by which alone he could force on his trial; and stated that, as there was nothing he more wished for than an open trial of the charges preferred against him, he rather chose to remain in jail, for the period specified in the act, and so force on either his trial or full liberation, as to go out on bail, with the charge hanging over him. Mr Borthwick was therefore re-committed to prison.

SOUTH CIRCUIT.—*Edinburgh.*—The Court sat here two days, which finished

on the 23d; but there was nothing particularly marked in the cases before their Lordships. One man, named William Robertson, quite unmoved, received sentence of death for housebreaking; two, for rioting at Lauder, were ordered to be transported for fourteen years; and one received a like punishment, for robbing the King's mail near Galashiels; three for theft, and a woman for assault and wounding, to be transported for seven years; and three men, for petty theft, to be imprisoned one year.

Dumfries.—The Court sat here on the 25th and 26th. John Campbell pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing wearing-apparel out of the coach-house of Thomas Beattie, Esq. of Fwcs, and was sentenced to twelve months solitary confinement. Alex. Patton and Alex. Cockburn, were indicted for that they, on the 19th November last, did enter a wood, plantation, or inclosed ground on the lands of Glen Stewart, and surrounding the house of Glen Stewart, the property of the Marquis of Queensberry, in the parish of Commetrees, and county of Dumfries, with the intent illegally to destroy, take, or kill game, or rabbits; and of being there found at night, armed with bludgeons, contrary to the act passed in the 57th of his late Majesty's reign, entitled, "An act for the prevention of persons going armed by night, for the destruction of game." The charge was very clearly proved, and they were found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for a period of three months each. Alex. McMillan pleaded not guilty to a charge of having inflicted a wound on the head of Eliz. Smith, at Springholm, with a grape, of which she died, after lingering several months. After a most minute investigation, the jury found the prisoner guilty of an assault merely, and the Court awarded the lenient punishment of two month's imprisonment.

Ayr.—The Court opened here on the 30th. William Henderson, schoolmaster in Kilmarnock, who was out on bail, was next brought to the bar, charged with assault and culpable homicide, having in his school-house; on the 5th of February last, struck Robert Houston, one of his scholars, one or more blows on the head with his clenched fist, in consequence of which the boy was seized with a pain in his head, and languished till the 10th October last, when he died. After the examination of a number of witnesses, the case was given up. The Court, in dismissing Mr Henderson, said he returned to his useful and respectable occupation with peace of mind, and an unsullied reputation.

The following other convictions and

sentences took place:—Dougal Campbell, Robert Ferrier, John Furlow, and Daniel McPherson, banished for seven years, and John Dempster, for fourteen, for housebreaking and theft. John Smith and Peter McDonald, imprisonment for six months, on assault. James Sellars, imprisonment for six months, for mobbing.

MAY.

Riots in England.—There has been some rioting in Monmouthshire and Staffordshire, in consequence of a reduction of the wages of the persons employed in iron-works, the masters not being able to afford the former rates, owing to the ruinous state of the trade. On the 2d inst., in the former county, there was a series of actions between the military and the rioters, along the rail-road from the Croom colliery to the iron-works at Penny-Caer. The Chepstow Yeomanry were appointed to guard a convoy of coal waggons along this road, and were assisted by a party of the Scotch Greys. The colliers tore up the road in several places, and planted themselves on the high grounds, commanding the various defiles of the road, whence they threw down large stones and missiles.—The Greys had to make a detour, and take them in the rear, before they could be dislodged. The same obstructions were renewed at every other defensible point, and at last, the soldiers, after evincing great forbearance, were obliged to fire at their assailants, and it is supposed, that several were wounded, but were carried off by their comrades. The convoy did not reach its destination till nine at night. The soldiers were on horseback from six in the morning till midnight.—A magistrate, who was reading the riot act, was knocked off his horse at one of the defiles. In Staffordshire, the refractory colliers duck and otherwise ill-treat their brethren who are willing to work.—There have been some riotous proceedings in the isle of Ely, among the Agricultural labourers, five of whom have been committed to prison. Acts of incendiary fire-raising have occasionally taken place in some of the southern counties.

14.—IRELAND.—The accounts from this country contain deplorable descriptions of the distresses of the peasantry in many parts of that country. In the counties Kerry, Limerick, Mayo, and Clare, they are suffering all the effects of famine and disease, as their potatoes are exhausted, and the typhus fever has made its appearance. To alleviate these calamities, their brethren both in England and Scotland, have generously and liberally come forward with subscriptions in money. In

London more than £20,000 have been already subscribed, and are dispatched to different parts of Munster and Connaught. Subscriptions have also been opened in different other cities in England—Bath,

Bristol, Liverpool, Gloucester, Chester, Plymouth, &c.; and this day a meeting was held for the same purpose in Edinburgh, at which upwards of £500 was subscribed on the spot.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

April 10.—Right Hon. the Earl of Morton, to be his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

19.—Knighthood conferred on Robert Henry Blosset, Sergeant at Law—Charles Kerr, Esq. of Gateshew, Roxburghshire—and W. Franklin, Esq. one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

March 28.—Rev. Andrew Bell ordained minister of the parish of Torphichen.

April 6.—Rev. Alex. Webster, to be second minister of the Scottish Church at Madras.

10.—Mr Andrew McMillan ordained minister of the parish of Kilmorie, island of Arran.

—Dr William Muir, of St George's Church, Glasgow, appointed minister of the New Gray-Friars Church in Edinburgh.

11.—Rev. William Tulloch admitted minister of the parish of Dallas, presbytery of Forres.

25.—Mr Robert Bryden ordained minister of the parish of Dunscoate.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Lieut. Col. Hon. H. B. Lygon, 1 Life G. to be Colonel in the Army

24 March 1822.

Maj. Lord J. T. H. Somerset, h. p. Watteville's R. Lieut. Col. do.

2 Life G. J. Cuthbert, Cornet & Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Lord F. Conyngham, 9 Dr. 19 July 1821.

R. H. G. Lieut. Lord W. P. Lennox, Capt. by purch. vice Villiers, ret. 28 March.

3 Dr. G. Cornet Hotchkiss, Lieut. by purch. do. Cornet Greene, do. do. vice Abercromby, 12 Dr. 21 do.

1 Dr. W. Mitchell, Cornet do, do. Hon. H. T. Leeson, do. do. vice Knatchbull, 1 Dr. G. 4 April.

2 Lieut. Shurges, Capt. do. vice James, ret. do. do.

Cornet Hornam, Lieut. do. do. W. Hall, Cornet, do. do.

Lieut. Hon. G. B. Molyneux, Capt. by purch. vice Douglas, ret. 11 do.

Cornet Inge, Lieut. by purch. do. Lord A. Paget, Cornet do. do.

18 R. Unwin, do. do. vice Scarlett, 9 Dr. 4 do.

Green. Ods. Ens. & Lieut. Cameron, 1st & Capt. by purch. vice Hon. M. V. Vernon, ret. 28 do.

4 F. Hon. J. St. Clair, Ens. & Lieut. do. do. Lieut. Gregg, Adj. vice Kelly, Quart. Mast. 28 do.

Ens. & Adj. Kelly, Qua. Mast. vice Mulally, dead do.

17 Assist. Surg. Ardill, Surg. vice Maxton, do. 21 do.

26 Ens. Campbell, Lieut. by purch. vice Kyles, do. 28 March.

Ens. & Adj. Enns, by purch. do. 28 March 1822.

Dr. Lieut. Col. Price, from 5th F. Major do. vice Fox, dead do.

Ens. Greenwood, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Newall, dead do.

Lieut. Powell, Capt. by purch. vice Minchin, ret. do.

54 F. Lieut. Burnett, Capt. by purch. vice Emmet, ret. 24 March 1822.

58 Lieut. Firebrace, do. do. vice Montgomery, ret. do.

Ens. Seymour, Lieut. do. do. Hon. R. Petre, Ens. do. do.

62 Lieut. Godfree, Capt. by purch. vice Eaton, ret. 4 do.

Ens. Wilson, Lieut. do. 11 do. Geut. Cadet, G. Berkeley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.

82 J. S. Gore, Ens. by purch. vice Charleston, ret. 28 do.

91 Cornet Fancourt, from 17 Dr. Lieut. by purch. vice Farmer, 7 Dr. G. do.

1 R. Vt. Bn. Capt. Gibson, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Mitchell, cancelled 25 Dec. 1821.

Capt. Chisholm from late 4 do. Capt. vice Young, cancelled do.

Capt. Appleton, from late 8 do. Capt. do.

Lieut. Young, from late 7 do. Lieut. vice Lynch, cancelled do.

Lieut. Longworth, from late 10 do. Lieut. vice Hann, cancelled do.

Lieut. Fergusson, from late 4 do. Lieut. vice Anderson, cancelled do.

2 Capt. Galbraith, from late 4 do. Capt. do.

Lieut. Herbert, from late 8 do. Lieut. vice Hood, cancelled do.

Ens. Edgelow, from late 8 do. Ens. do. Ens. Norton, from late 9 do. Ens. do.

3 Ens. Mair, from late 4 do. Ens. do. Capt. Douglas, from late 10 do. Capt. do.

Lieut. Ireland, from late 6 do. Lieut. do. A Vet. Bn. Paym. Hounsom, from h. p. 4 do. Paym. 4 April 1822.

AVet. Comp. Bt. Maj. D'Alton, from 90 F. Capt. do. Lieut. Burgess, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

Ens. Walker, from late 5 do. Ens. do.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

1st. Lieut. Hennis, from h. p. 1st. Lieut. vice Lovett, h. p. 1 March 1822.

Royal Engineers.

Genl. Cadet J. Radcliff, 2d Lieut. 28 do.

Genl. Cadet E. Vicars, do. do.

The undermentioned Officers of the Hon. E. I. C. Serv. to have Temporary Rank of Capt. in the Army:—

Capt. Macfarlane, Adj. of Depot at Chatham 28 March.

Capt. Paterson, on Recruiting Service do.

Exchanges.

Colonel Campbell, from 6 F. with Colonel Taylor, h. p. 30 F.

Dt. Lieut. Col. Willson, from 4 F. with Lt. Lieut. Col. Sir E. K. Williams, h. p. Port. Ser.

Major Robinson, from 14 Dr. with Lt. Lieut. Col. O. FitzClarence, h. p. 24 Dr.

Major Bries, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Major Martin, 33 F.

Major Gordon, from 21 F. with Major Lenn, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.

Capt. Holbach, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Major Dunn, h. p. 91. F.

Capt. Fenton, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Major Aitken, h. p. 21 Dr.
 Lieut. Miles, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. J. Kennedy, h. p. 7 F.
 Lieut. Cuffe, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Everard, h. p.
 Lieut. Cobbold, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Daubuz, h. p. 10 Dr.
 Lieut. Kilton, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Jolliffe, h. p. 19 Dr.
 Lieut. Griffiths, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Graham, h. p. 36 F.
 Lieut. Franklin, from 14 F. with Lieut. Maxwell, h. p. 8 F.
 Lieut. Barnetson, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hope, h. p. 92 F.
 Lieut. Barnetson, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Butler, h. p. 22 F.
 Lieut. Mill, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dalrymple, h. p. 2 W. J. R.
 Lieut. Tinning, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Keating, h. p. 1 Dr.
 Lieut. Lewin, from 71 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dashwood, h. p. 19 Dr.
 Lieut. Maclean, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Grey, h. p. 33 F.
 Lieut. Uniske, from Rifle Brigade, rec. diff. with Lieut. Bodreau, h. p.
 Ens. & Lieut. Glenville, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Davidson, h. p. 19 Dr.
 Cornet Page, from 4 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Brooke, h. p. 19 Dr.
 Cornet Ainslie, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Eccles, h. p. 9 Dr.
 Ensign Bely, from 2 W. I. R. with Ensign Henry, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
 Qu. Mast. Sheridan, from 89 F. with Qu. Mast. Edwards, h. p. 22 Dr.
 Ass. Surg. Steele, from 8 F. with Assist. Surg. Scott, h. p. 5 Vet. Bn.

Resignations and Retirements.

Capt. Villiers, R. Horse Gds.
 — James, 2 Dr.
 — Hon. H. V. Vernon, Gren. Gds.
 — Minchin, 51. F.
 — Emmet, 34 F.
 — Montgomery, 58 F.
 — Eaton, 62 F.
 Lieut. Hewitt, 8 Dr.
 Ensign Charleton, 82 F.

Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Cgm. Gen. John Seaman.

Appointment Cancelled.

Assist. Surg. Greig, 4 Dr.

Deaths.

Maj. Gen. Hardyman, 17 F. Bengal, 28 Nov. 1821.
 Lieut. Col. Stuart, h. p. 1 F. Edinburgh, 17 March 1822.
 Major Scott, 50 F. on passage from Jamaica on board the Ship Lady Popham, 22 March.
 — Berbie, h. p. Roll's Regt. 14 Nov. 1821.
 Captain Savage, 89 F. Alleppe, Madras, 13 Oct.
 — De Sebiech, h. p. 7 Line K. G. L. 22 Dec.
 — De Rougemont, h. p. 8 do. Hanover 12 do.
 Lieut. Short, 44 F. April 1822.
 — D'Aere, 65 F. on board the Ship Arab 29 August 1821.
 — Blacker, 85 F. Surat, Bombay, 4 Oct.
 — Pollington, 1 Ceyl. Reg. Ceylon
 — Lynch, 3 Vet. Bn. 4 April 1822.
 — Grant, h. p. 46 F. Limerick
 — Sutherland, h. p. 122 F. Dornoch 8 March 1822.
 — Lawford, h. p. 2 Ger. Bn. 8 Dec. 1821.
 — Sir B. E. H. Soame, Bt. h. p. Elford's Corps 21 Jan. 1822.

Ensign Wheatley, 28 F.
 — M'Leod, 78 F. France 23 March.
 — Heise, h. p. 1 Light Inf. King's Ger. Leg. 12 do.
 Hanover
 Quart. Mast. Mulally, 4 F.
 — Bourke, h. p. 22 Dr.
 — Smith, h. p. 25 Dr. Bellsbridge, near Dublin 31 March.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Dockard, h. p. 19 April.
 — Roy, h. p. Fort George 7 March 1822.
 Staff Assist. Surg. Napier, Chatham 15 April.
 Assist. Surg. Boyd, 21 F. Berbice 6 Feb.
 — Agnew, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
 — Jam. O'Heime, late of 14 F. Lucknow, Berhampore, Bengal 23 Sept. 1821.

Additions and Alterations too late for insertion in their respective places.

Brevet Capt. Gray, R. African C. to be Maj. in the Army 7 March 1822.
 1 Life G. Lieut. Locke, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut. vice Terry, exch. rec. diff. 23 do.
 T. Millard, Cor. & Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Locke, 54 F. do.
 1 Dr. G. Cornet Davies, from h. p. 12 Dr. Cornet, vice Campbell, exch. rec. diff. 18 April.
 1 F. Lieut. Suter, from h. p. 28 F. Lieut. vice Orrok, dead 25 July 1821.
 Ens. Sherburne, from 70 F. Lieut. vice Wardrop, dead 18 April 1822.
 8 A. H. Lord Dorchester, Ens. by purch. vice Ward, ret. do.
 30 Capt. Gray, from h. p. Capt. vice Fullerton, exch. rec. diff. 22 Sept. 1821.
 Lieut. Barlow, from 39 F. Lieut. vice Garvey, dead 1 Aug.
 34 Lieut. Rice, from 46 F. Lieut. vice Ashurst, exch. 25 Oct.
 44 Lieut. Williams, from 86 F. Lieut. vice North, exch. 18 April 1822.
 46 R. Lawrie Ens. vice Carrol, cancelled do.
 30 Lieut. Browne, Capt. vice Scott, dead do.
 Ens. Willes, Lieut. do.
 Ens. Ross, from h. p. 87 F. Ens. do.
 81 Ens. Miller, Lieut. by purch. vice Powell, prom. do.
 Sir W. Scott, Bt. Ens. by purch. do.
 64 Ens. & Adj. Dowdall, Lieut. do. vice Burnett, prom. 17 do.
 Ens. Thomas, Lieut. 18 do.
 Gent. Cadet L. P. Townshend, from 8. Mil. Cpl. Ens. by purch. do.
 65 Ens. Fitz Maurice, Lieut. vice Madden, dead 15 June 1821.
 Lieut. Carrol, from 87 F. Lieut. vice Mainwaring, exch. 10 Oct.
 R. Campbell, Ens. vice Fitz Maurice 18 April 1822.
 67 Capt. Dwyer, from h. p. 84 F. Capt. vice Howan, exch. 10 Oct. 1821.
 70 Lieut. Laing, from h. p. 51 F. Lieut. vice Smith, exch. rec. diff. 11 April 1822.
 74 Capt. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice Manners, ret. 18 do.
 80 Maj. Pitt, Lieut. Col. do. vice Cookson, ret. do.
 87 Capt. Harpur, Maj. do.
 D. A. Courtayne, Ens. vice Burney, E. I. C. Serv. do.
 1 R. Vet. Bn. Ens. Doyle, Adj. vice Ross do.

Miscellaneous.

Heep. Assist. Sillery, Assist. Surg. to the Forces 18 April.
 Rev. R. W. Tunney, from h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Senkka, dead 8 March.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
April 1	M. 34.4 A. 44	30.140 .159 A. 46	M. 47 A. 46	N.	Frost morn. fair day.	April 16	M. 58 A. 48	29.733 .614 A. 47	M. 50 A. 47	SW.	Dull, with sh. of rain.
2	M. 53 A. 38	.188 M. 49 .241 A. 50	M. 49 A. 50	Cble.	Rain with sunshime.	17	M. 56 A. 42	.611 M. 46 .592 A. 48	M. 46 A. 48	Cble.	Mild with showers.
3	M. 52 A. 45	29.982 M. 50 .964 A. 50	M. 50 A. 50	W.	Frost morn. fair day.	18	M. 47 A. 44	.519 M. 49 .510 A. 49	M. 49 A. 49	NE.	Rain morn. fair day.
4	M. 55 A. 47	.900 M. 52 .925 A. 50	M. 52 A. 50	W.	Fair, with sunshime.	19	M. 55 A. 45	.556 M. 50 .210 A. 51	M. 50 A. 51	W.	Fair, but dull.
5	M. 51 A. 47	.724 M. 51 .612 A. 50	M. 51 A. 50	W.	Dull, but fair.	20	M. 55 A. 47	.210 M. 51 .101 A. 49	M. 51 A. 49	SW.	Mild with showers.
6	M. 55 A. 46	.525 M. 51 .655 A. 46	M. 51 A. 46	Cble.	Fair foren. th. & light aft.	21	M. 59 A. 50	.175 M. 55 28.990 A. 52	M. 55 A. 52	SW.	Fair & mild day, rain m.
7	M. 52 A. 39	.781 M. 46 .812 A. 45	M. 46 A. 45	NW.	Frost morn. fair day.	22	M. 55 A. 49	.817 M. 54 .889 A. 50	M. 54 A. 50	Cble.	H. rain mor. showers day.
8	M. 51 A. 41	.890 M. 48 .890 A. 45	M. 48 A. 45	NE.	Frost, with sh. of hail.	23	M. 54 A. 49	.979 M. 55 .999 A. 52	M. 55 A. 52	Cble.	Mild with showers.
9	M. 55 A. 39	.969 M. 44 .998 A. 47	M. 44 A. 47	E.	Frost morn. sh. of h. aft.	24	M. 56 A. 49	29.217 M. 51 .552 A. 51	M. 51 A. 51	Cble.	Dull, with showers.
10	M. 59 A. 40	30.128 M. 49 .350 A. 44	M. 49 A. 44	E.	Snow morn. sh. of h. day.	25	M. 54 A. 46	28.857 M. 50 .868 A. 40	M. 50 A. 40	Cble.	Cold with sh rain & hail.
11	M. 28 A. 37	.164 M. 45 29.499 A. 42	M. 45 A. 42	E.	Cold with h. h. hail snow	26	M. 50 A. 49	.974 M. 49 29.151 A. 47	M. 49 A. 47	SW.	H. rain foren. fair aftn.
12	M. 28 A. 39	.835 M. 40 .656 A. 41	M. 40 A. 41	E.	Dull with sh. of rain.	27	M. 55 A. 54	.655 M. 52 .791 A. 53	M. 52 A. 53	Cble.	Fair but fair.
13	M. 54 A. 45	.560 M. 45 .495 A. 50	M. 45 A. 50	E.	Rain fore. th. & light aft.	28	M. 58 A. 51	.880 M. 53 .906 A. 56	M. 53 A. 56	SW.	Fair with sunshime.
14	M. 54 A. 50	.646 M. 49 .688 A. 49	M. 49 A. 49	SW.	Dull, with rain.	29	M. 12 A. 49	.975 M. 58 .972 A. 57	M. 58 A. 57	Cble.	Ditto.
15	M. 53 A. 49	.766 M. 49 .788 A. 50	M. 49 A. 50	Cble.	Ditto.	30	M. 41 A. 41	30.104 M. 58 .120 A. 57	M. 58 A. 57	F.	Foggy foren warm aftn.

Average of Rain, 1.779 inches

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the middle till the 24th of last month, showers were frequent. The mean temperature for that period was 45°. These showers were favourable to vegetation, and improved the appearance of young wheat, which had previously required a yellowish tinge. From the 24th till the 2d of the present month, the mean temperature was about 50°, without rain. Cold easterly winds prevailed from the 2d till the 12th, during which time vegetation made little progress, the mean temperature being only 44°.72. The wind shifted to the west on the 12th, and the mean for the last two days has been as high as 56°. The depth of rain, since our last, amounts to 1.82 inches. Growing wheat, in general, has a fresher appearance than at the date of our last. The braird oats has been fair and regular. Barley sown about the beginning of the month continued a long time in the ground, and the braird is only making its appearance. Pastures exhibit a lively verdure, and, in sheltered situations, where the ground is in good condition, afford a good bite. Clover comes forward boldly; and though the plants stand thin in many instances, a middling crop of hay is expected. The planting of potatoes, and sowing of Farley, commenced about the beginning of the present month: in many instances, both these operations are over; in others, they are going rapidly forward. Grass parks have let at high rents, farmers being unwilling to part with their stock at the present low prices. In the prices of farm produce there has been little alteration since our last. Labourers are pretty regularly employed, and receive from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. per day.

Perthshire, 15th May 1822.

PRICES CURRENT.—MAY 4, 1822.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
	—	@ —	—	@ —	—	@ —	2s. 5 ³ d. @ —	—
TEA, Bohea, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....A.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2s. 5 ³ d.	3 6
Congou,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2s. 6 ¹ d.	4 6
Souchong,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 8	4 6
SUGAR, <i>Musc.</i> cwt.								
B. P. Dry Brown,.....	54	60	53	57	54	57	55	59
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid.	70	82	59	68	58	74	62	69
Fine and very fine,.....	80	82	70	82	75	78	71	75
Brazil, Brown,.....	—	—	—	—	18	24	17	21
White,.....	—	—	—	—	27	38	29	37
Refined, Double Loaves,....	130	145	—	—	—	—	106	115
Powder ditto,.....	100	110	—	—	—	—	82	98
Single ditto,.....	88	102	98	110	—	—	81	98
Small Lumps,.....	86	90	88	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,.....	82	86	90	85	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,.....	44	56	82	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British,.....	28	—	27	28	—	—	25	26 6
COFFEE, <i>Jamaica</i> ,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	110	103	110	102	115	102	112
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	110	120	—	—	115	125	—	—
Fine, and very fine,.....	—	—	—	—	125	135	—	—
Dutch, Triage & very ord.	—	—	—	—	80	103	—	—
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	—	—	104	114	—	—
St Domingo,.....	122	126	—	—	100	105	102	104
PIMENTO (in bond), lb....	9	10	—	—	8 ¹ / ₂	9	—	—
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 160.P.	2s. 0	2 2	1 8	1 10	1 10	2 0	1 0	2 0
Brandy, gal.....	4s. 3d.	4 6	—	—	—	—	4 3	4 5
Geneva,.....	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 4	1 7
WINEs, Clor. 1st Gr. hhd..	£.45	55	—	—	—	—	20	52
Portugal Red, pipe,....	34	46	—	—	—	—	24	55
Spanish, White, butt....	31	55	—	—	—	—	25	65
Teneriffe, pipe,.....	28	30	—	—	—	—	12	15
Madeira,.....	45	65	—	—	—	—	40	80
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,...	£.7	7 7	—	—	9 15	10 10	10 0	11 0
Honduras,.....	—	—	—	—	10 0	10 15	10 10	11 0
Campeachy,.....	8	—	—	—	10 10	11 0	11 10	12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,.....	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	7 0	8 15
Cuba,.....	9	11	—	—	12 15	13 10	10 0	12 0
INDIGO, Caracaras, fine, lb.	9s. 6d.	11 6	—	—	9 6	10 0	10 3	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,.....	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany..	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	12 0
TAR, American, brl... ..	20	21	—	—	14	15	16	18
Archangel,.....	16	17	—	—	—	—	17	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	40	42	45	46	43	—	40	—
Home melted, cwt....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,...	46	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Clean,....	42	—	—	—	53	—	42	—
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	50	—	—	—	—	—	50	—
Dutch,.....	50	90	—	—	—	—	42	47
MATS, Archangel,.....	85	90	—	—	—	—	90	100
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts,...	13 10	14	—	—	—	—	13 15	—
ASHES, Petersburgh Pearl,	45	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal ditto, cwt....	48	—	46	47	45	—	48	49
Pot.....	34	35	36	38	36	37	34	36
OIL, Whale, tun,.....	£.22	—	21 10	22	—	—	21	—
Cod,.....	—	—	20	—	—	—	20	—
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb....	7 ¹ / ₂ d.	8	7 ¹ / ₂	8	0 6	0 8	7	7 ¹ / ₂
inferior,.....	5	5 ¹ / ₂	3 ¹ / ₂	4	0 2 ¹ / ₂	0 3	3	4 ¹ / ₂
COTTONS, Bowd Georgia,	—	—	0 8 ¹ / ₂	0 10 ¹ / ₂	0 7 ¹ / ₂	0 10 ¹ / ₂	8 ¹ / ₂	10
Sea Island, fine,.....	—	—	1 8	1 10	1 6	2 0	—	—
Demerara & Berbice,...	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 9 ¹ / ₂	1 1	—	—
Pernambuco,.....	—	—	1 0 ¹ / ₂	1 1 ¹ / ₂	0 11	0 11 ¹ / ₂	1 0 ¹ / ₂	1 0 ¹ / ₂
Maranham,.....	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10 ¹ / ₂	0 11	—	—

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.				Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck.	1822.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal.	
	Boll.	Prices.	Av. pr.								Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
April 17	448	s. d. s. d.	s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.	April 16	406	s. d.	s. d.	
24	532	25 0 32 0	27 1		17 6 23 0	15 0 17 6	13 0 15 8	8	8	25	412	1 1	47	0 10
May 1	385	25 0 30 6	27 10		18 6 23 0	14 0 16 6	12 6 15 0	8	8	30	410	1 0	62	0 10
8	572	25 0 30 0	27 6		18 6 22 6	14 6 17 0	12 0 14 6	8	8	7	432	1 1	48	0 10
					17 6 20 6	14 6 17 6	12 0 14 0	8	8				61	0 10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.				Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pea.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantsic.	For. red.	British.		Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.			
April 18	—	—	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	—	—	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
25	—	—	30 31 0	26 32 0	15 0 18 0	16 0 20 6	—	—	19 0 21 6	14 6 17 0	16 0 17 0
May 2	—	—	30 31 0	26 32 0	16 0 18 6	16 6 21 0	—	—	19 6 22 0	14 6 17 0	16 0 17 0
9	—	—	30 31 0	26 32 0	15 0 18 6	16 6 21 0	—	—	20 0 22 6	13 0 17 0	16 0 17 0
	—	—	30 31 0	26 32 0	17 6 19 0	19 0 21 6	—	—	20 0 22 0	15 0 17 0	16 0 18 6

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.	
	Bells.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.
April 29	705	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	April 15	s. d.	s. d.
25	611	21 0 31 0	26 10	16 21 0	13 17 0	9 13 0	9 13 0	22	13 6 14 3	1 0
May 3	636	22 6 30 0	27 5	16 21 0	13 18 3	10 12 6	10 13 6	29	15 0 14 0	0 11
10	667	23 0 29 6	27 10	16 20 3	12 16 6	10 12 6	10 14 0	6	13 9 14 3	1 0
		21 0 30 0	27 5	16 20 6	13 17 0	19 14 6	10 12 6		14 6 15 0	1 0

Dalkeith.

London.

1822.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Douling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
April 16	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. d.
22	26 65	20 24	14 24	12 20	17 21	23 29	17 23	24 27	21 23	45 50	38 42	10
29	30 58	20 24	14 24	13 21	18 22	23 29	18 24	25 29	21 24	45 50	38 42	10
May 6	32 60	20 24	14 24	14 20	19 23	24 30	19 25	27 31	22 27	45 50	38 42	10
	30 63	20 24	14 22	14 20	19 23	24 30	19 25	27 31	22 27	45 50	38 42	10

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat.		Oats.	Barley.	Rye.	Beans.	Pease.	Flour.		Oatm. 240 lbs.	
	70 lb.	45 lb.						Eng. 240 lb.	Irish. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
April 16	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
25	4 0 9 6	7 3 0 2	8 3 9	26 28	23 29	20 30	21 37	36 37	27	24 26	22 23
May 7	4 0 9 9	7 3 0 2	8 3 9	26 28	24 30	21 37	35 37	35 37	27	24 26	22 23
	4 0 9 10	8 3 0 2	8 3 9	26 28	24 30	21 37	36 38	36 38	30	25 27	23 24
	4 0 9 9	8 3 0 2	8 3 9	26 28	24 29	21 37	35 37	37 37	35	25 27	23 25

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
April 6	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
13	45 8	21 4	18 10	16 1	21 6	22 2	0 0
20	44 2	19 8	18 2	16 4	20 11	21 7	0 0
27	44 0	19 8	18 10	16 1	21 11	21 9	0 0
	44 7	18 7	17 11	16 5	21 1	21 11	0 0

Course of Exchange, London, May 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 5. Ditto at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 1. Hamburgh, 37 : 2. Altona, 37 : 3. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 20. Bourdeaux, 25 : 50. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 134. Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn 48½. Genoa, 44½. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 46. Cork, 9½ ⅓ cent. Dublin, 9½ ⅓ cent.

Prices of Bullion, &c.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 = 17 = 10½. New Doubloons, £3 = 15s. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.

Premiums of Insurance—Guernsey or Jersey, 15s. 0d.—Cork or Dublin, 15s. 0d.—Belfast, 15s. 0d.—Hambro', 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 17th April to 8th May, 1822.

	April 17.	April 25.	April 30.	May 8.
Bank Stock.....	242	240½	—	239½
3 ⅓ cent. reduced.....	77½	77½	77½	78
3 ⅓ cent. cons.....	78½	78½	78½	77½
3½ ⅓ cent. do.....	88	88	—	—
4 ⅓ cent. do.....	94½	94½	94½	—
5 ⅓ cent. navy annuities.....	102½	102½	102½	102½
India Stock.....	—	241½	—	—
Bonds.....	64 p.	56 p.	—	—
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000).....	6 4 p.	3 5 p.	—	4 1 p.
Consols for account.....	78½	78½	78½	78
French 5 ⅓ cents.....	86 fr. 75 c.	87 fr. 45 c.	88 fr. 25 c.	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th March and the 20th April 1822 ; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Abbots, T. and R. Skinner-street, wine-merchants.
Acland, H. Leadenhall-street, butcher.
Arnsby, S. Fishtoft, Lincolnshire, and T. Arnsby, Tansor, Northamptonshire, horse-dealers.
Artherton, W. Everton, near Liverpool, brewer.
Baker, W. Rew, Devonshire, farmer.
Barnes, W. Liverpool, merchant.
Barnby, T. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, clothier.
Bradthorp, W. sen. Hull, and W. Barthorp, jun. Bradford, woolstaplers.
Baylis, J. Duntun, Warwickshire, coal-merchant.
Beltham, G. London, master-mariner.
Birmingham, F. Wellington Brewery, Charles-street, City-road, brewer.
Boulbee, T. Litchfield, coal-master.
Branwhite, P. Bristol, fringe-manufacturer.
Brown, S. Fulham.
Brownie, W. J. & W. Kernmode, Liverpool, merchants.
Buckle, C. Manchester, draper.
Chalmers, J. sen. High Holborn, shoe-maker.
Corbett, E. Liverpool, brewer.
Creston, T. Weethoughton, Lancashire, manufacturer.
Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cooke, Bethnal-green, brewers.
Davidson, W. and A. Garnett, Liverpool, merchants.
Doekworth, E. Ribchester, Lancashire, victualler.
Emmett, W. Leicester-square, tailor.
Evans, J. Sheerness, haberdasher.
Findlay, J. L. Minoros, clothes-salesman.
Furnstone, J. jun. Lower Milton, Worcestershire, dealer.
Foulds, A. Lovedough, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Friend, J. Bristol, maltster.
Frost, G. Sheffield, haberdasher.
Furnival, W. and J. Hardy, Stratford-upon-Avon, corn-merchants.
Garnett, A. Liverpool, merchant.
Garnett, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Gratty, W. and Moss, Liverpool, cordwainer.
Handforth, D. Manchester, victualler.
Harrison, J. Mount-terrace, Whitechapel-road, flour-factor.
Herbert, P. and J. London, merchants.
Hobson, G. Middleton, Lancashire, corn-dealer.
Holmes, W. Milton, Kent, grocer.
Hoyle, T. J. Loni, J. Chatham, and W. Fothergill, Manchester, calico-printers.
Hudson, W. Ebenezer-place, Commercial road, ship-owner.
Hughes, M. H. and J. H. Dudley, Worcestershire, iron-founders.
Ivatts, J. Gerrard's-hall, Basing-lane, wine-merchant.
Jefferson, W. Framlingham, Suffolk, apothecary.
Jeremy, D. Strand, linen-draper.
Jullion, J. Holborn, jeweller.
Lacey, J. Bristol, earthenwareman.
Loutten, G. West Teignmouth, Devonshire, rope-maker.
Lyes, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
McClure, S. Wigan, shopkeeper.
McShane, M. Foley-place, Portman-square, upholsterer.
Major, J. W. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
May, W. Newbury, maltster.
Miles, S. Ludgate-street, watch-maker.
Miller, W. Chapel-street, Pentonville, merchant.
Morrington, W. Chesham, grocer.
Murphy, P. Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, wine-merchant.
Paull, W. Bolehall, Warwickshire, tanner.
Penrith, W. Bath, draper.
Pexton, J. Skipton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.
Pickergill, J. Wood-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Pickett, J. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, builder.
Pitlor, J. jun. Witham, Essex, miller.
Quirk, P. jun. Liverpool, corn-merchant.
Ramsden, W. Leeds, victualler.
Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, saddler.
Richardson, J. Hull, corn-dealer.
Richardson, J. Webb's County Terrace, New Kent-road, corn-factor.
Ripley, B. High-street, Wapping, mathematical instrument maker.
Robinson, M. Sebright-pl. Hackney-road, plumber.
Robinson, W. Botesdale, Suffolk, maltster.
Robinson, R. Liverpool, corn-dealer.
Rodd, C. W. Broadway, Worcester-shire.
Saunders, T. Stratford-upon-Avon, coal-merchant.
Sharp, J. Houndsditch, auctioneer.

Sharpley, J. W. C., merchant.
 Smithurst, J. sen. and R. Hindle, Torkington,
 Cheshire, calico printers.
 Striden, T. Lancaster, slater.
 Steel, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, insurance-broker.
 Steele, J. Liverpool, map and chart-seller.
 Tate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller and stationer.
 Thornicraft, J. Coventry, victualler.
 Thomings, E. and J. Dimmock, Kingswinford,
 Staffordshire, pig-iron manufacturers.
 Tomlinson, J. Bedfordbury, woollen-draper.
 Trevasick, J. Commercial-road, tailor.
 Trowbridge, J. Shaftesbury, stocking-manufactu-

Turner, W. Leyton, Essex, horse-dealer.
 Vixett, N. Northampton place, Old Kent-road,
 draper.
 Waber, J. Kingston, linen draper.
 Wotton, W. Litchfield, brewer.
 Wautt, W. Arnely, Yorksburg, cloth-manufactu-
 rer.
 Welford, W. Tower-hill, merchant.
 Westbrook, J. Redburn, Herts, innkeeper.
 Westlake, J. Morstonhamstead, serge-maker.
 Wickham, W. jun. Chichester, butcher.
 Wilcock, W. F. Plymouth, dealer.
 Young, W. and J. Renard, Downes' Wharf, Her-
 nutage, wha-fingers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced April 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Anderson, John, brazier and quarrier in Inver-
 kithen.
 Brown, John, merchant at Seilouts.
 Cranston, Thomas, merchant and general agent
 in Edinburgh.
 Hunter, Robert, merchant in Glasgow.
 Laidan, Wemyss, umbrella manufacturer in Edin-
 burgh.
 Paterson, Malcolm & Co. fire brick manufacturers,
 Port Dundas, near Glasgow.
 Stewart, Robert, cattle-dealer at Blantmore, Stir-
 ling-shire.
 Wilson, David, merchant in St Andrews.

DIVIDENDS.

Coats, John, manufacturer in Glasgow: by Hector
 Grant there.
 Duncan, Robert, shoemaker and spirit-dealer,
 Glasgow: by James Boar, accountant there.
 Johnston, George, surgeon and apothecary in
 Annan: by William Thomson, writer in Dum-
 fries.
 Laird, John & Co. merchants in Greenock, and
 William Law, Liverpool: by John Deniston,
 merchant in Greenock.
 Mairs & Coulter, paper manufacturers at Nethe-
 lee: by Archibald Lawson, Glasgow.
 Wedderburn, David, merchant in Perth: by
 Robert Robertson, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1821. Oct. 20. At Negapatam, the Lady of Alex.
 Faiche Bruce, Esq. a son.
 1822. Jan. 21. At Milton, the Lady of Vice-Ad-
 miral Sir Graham Moore, K.C.B. a son and heir.
 March 16. At Rome, the Lady of John Crau-
 ford, Esq. of Auchmaries, a son.
 25. At Ladyhill Cottage, Mrs Mackenzie, a son.
 At Monkhouse, the Lady of Capt. Hunter, of
 the Sir David Scott Inn, a son.
 29. At Whitehall Place, London, Lady James
 Stuart, a son.
 30. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Stirling,
 Esq. a son.
 April 2. At Killarnoy, the Lady of Major Car-
 vichael, 6th dragoon guards, a son.
 — At Milton House, Lady Milton, a daughter.
 — At Glascote, Hamilton, the Lady of Captain
 Macintosh, a son.
 5. At Broomhall, the Countess of Elgin, a
 daughter.
 4. Mrs Baillie, of Mellerstain, a daughter.
 5. At Newhall House, Mr. Brown, a daughter—
 her 15th child.
 6. At Aberdeen, the Lady of Dr Hardings Wal-
 ker, late Surgeon in the 60th and 75th regiments,
 a daughter.
 9. At North Castle Street, Edinburgh, the Lady
 of Captain Flint, a daughter.
 10. At Paisley, Mrs Lowndes, of Arthurlie, a son.
 11. At Kilmurray, Mrs Ferguson, a son.
 12. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, the Lady
 of the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice
 Clerk, a son.
 13. At 56, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Rat-
 tray, a daughter.
 — At his Lordship's house, in St James's Square,
 London, Lady Stewart, a daughter.
 16. At Arnage, Mrs Ross, a daughter.
 — At Balbemo Castle, the Lady of Capt. Ram-
 say, half-pay 11th regiment, a daughter.
 23. Mrs Ferrier of Bellside, a daughter.
 24. At Sea Cot, Mrs Balfour, a son.
 26. At Veer House, the Marchioness of Tweed-
 dale, a son and heir.
 Lady, at Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Orr,
 (late Royal Fusiliers), a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1821. Nov. 15. In St John's, Cathedra, Calcutta,
 David S. Nisbet, Esq. to Anne, daughter of the
 late John Dixon, Esq. of Knightwood.

1822. March 25. At Woodside, near Hamilton,
 Gavin Statters, Esq. of Reding, to Marion,
 youngest daughter of the late John Dykes, Esq.
 of Woodside.
 27. At Hutton Chapel, parish of Runcorn, Sir
 James McKie Riddell of Ardmurghan and Su-
 rina, county of Argyll, Pat. to Mary, youngest
 daughter of the late Sir Richard Brooke of Nor-
 ton Parry, county of Chester, Bart.
 28. At Craigleith House, Andrew Tansie, Esq.
 W. to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late
 Alexander Benar, Esq. of Ratho.
 — At London, Frederick Francis Thompson,
 Esq. to Caroline Amelia, daughter of the late
 Adam Callender, Esq. of New Cavendish Street,
 and grand-daughter of the late John Callender,
 Esq. of Craigforth.
 30. At London, Colin Bruce, Esq. to Helen,
 youngest daughter of Lieut. Burton, late of the
 Scots Greys.
 April 1. At Bolton, Mr Thomas Irving, young-
 est son of Sir Paulus Emilius Irving, Bart. Rob-
 ert Tower, Annandale, to Miss Jackson.
 — At Edinburgh, Dr Samuel McGavin, Glasgow,
 to Anne, youngest daughter of Mr Hugh Monro-
 son, at Greenlaw, near Penicuik, formerly of Kil-
 berg, Null.
 2. At Edinburgh, William Pollock, Esq. solici-
 tor at law, to Frances, youngest daughter of Peter
 Howat, Esq. Dundas Street.
 — At Greenock, Arthur Oughterson, Esq. to
 Janet, youngest daughter of Geo. Robertson, Esq.
 4. At Lismore, Dr Kennedy, R.N. to Catherine
 Pearey, fourth daughter of Andrew Pearey, Esq.
 late of Milton Duff.
 9. At Glasgow, James McInroy, Esq. younger of
 Lude, to Margaret Seaton, eldest daughter of Da-
 vid Lillie, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.
 — At Polton House, Robert Dundas of Arnis-
 ton, Esq. to Miss Lillias Durham, only daughter
 of the late Thomas Dunham Calderwood of Pol-
 ton, Esq.
 10. At Marfosse, near Havre, Capt. H. Parker,
 R. N. to Lady Frances Hastings, eldest daughter
 of the Earl of Huntingdon.
 — In Walcott Church, Heth, Andrew Ruther-
 ford, Esq. advocate, to Sophia Frances, youngest
 daughter of Sir James Stewart, of Fort Stewart,
 county of Donegal, Bart.
 11. At her father's house, Wester Newington,
 Edinburgh, Miss Mary Miller, daughter of Wil-
 liam Miller, Esq. to Mr Walter Richard, of the
 Stamp Office, Edinburgh.

April 12. At Aberdeen, Niman McGilp, Esq. Glasgow, to Mrs Alex. Hingud.

15. At Alton, John Hutton Syme, Esq. to Miss Isabella, eldest daughter of Peter McFarlane, Esq. of Bfidgnd.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Tod, Esq. advocate, to Mrs Erskine, Coates Crescent.

— At Richmond, the Hon. Pownall Bastard Pellew, M. P. eldest son of Viscount Exmouth, a Captain in the royal navy, to Miss Georgina Janet Dick, eldest daughter of M. Dick, Esq. of Richmond, and of Pitearrow House, Angus-shire, N. B. formerly Member in Council, and President of the Board of Trade at Madras.

16. At Walecott, Bath, William Lockhart, Esq. of Gimm-toun, Lanarkshire, to Mary Jane, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir Hugh Palliser Palliser, of Bagnyforth, in the county of Wexford, Sec. Baronet.

— At Libb-tion manse, J. Waidie, Esq. to Isabel, youngest daughter of Mr John Stevenson, of Gilminton.

17. At Paris, M. De Chevienvy, Sub-Intendant of the French Guards, to Miss Seymour, grand-daughter of the Earl of Yarmouth.

— At Dalry House, Capt. Wauchope, R. N. son of Andrew Wauchope, of Niddrie-Marschal, Esq. to Anne, fourth daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie of Southwick, Bart.

18. At Leith, Robert Buchanan, Esq. M.D. to Ellen, eldest daughter of Captain Robert Fraser, and niece and co-heiress of the late Major William Fraser, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

19. At Edinburgh, the Rev. David M. Hugh, Stockbridge, Berwickshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr John Bell, Dunslass.

22. At Glasgow, Robert Watt, Esq. merchant, to Janet, second daughter of the late Rev. James Oliphant, Dumbarton.

25. At Edinburgh, James Alexander Haldane, Esq. George Street, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Doctor Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

21. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Daniel Baird, of the royal navy, to Helen, daughter of the late Rev. John Macara, Perthshire.

26. At Edinburgh, Henry Joy Tomb, Esq. of Belfast, to Thomasina, daughter of Thomas Gordon, Esq. W. S.

29. At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Robt. Morehead, E. F. Orson, Esq. to Marion, youngest daughter of Mr Taylor, Cumnock.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Laimont, jun. Greenock, to Christina Carters, second daughter of Mr Thomas Reynolds, London.

Lately, at Stirling, Lieut. Charles Wightman Newwright, 11th brigade, to Miss Christina Watt, daughter of the late John Watt, Esq.

DEATHS.

1821. Sept. 22. In camp, near Baroda, East Indies, Lieut. Colonel Lindow, C. B.

Oct. 10. Near Kedgarce, in India, Capt. George Lindsay, of the corp. of engineers, in the service of the Hon. the East India Company on the Bengal Establishment.

Dec. 24. At Tophill, in St Elizabeth's, Jamaica, at the advanced age of 121 years, Ann Rochester, a woman of colour. She enjoyed her health until the week preceding her death, leaving a family consisting of 153, being five sons and two daughters, 58 grandchildren, 68 great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

1822. Jan. 12. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John McLaren, surgeon, from Edinburgh.

Feb. 25. At Christiansand, in Norway, Mrs Gron, sister of the late William Leslie, Esq. of Denlagas.

March 9. At Weymouth, John Rushby Maitland, Esq. of Exeter.

10. At manse of Huntly, the Rev. George Ross Mouro.

17. At Edinburgh, Lieut. Colonel Alex. Stewart, Royal Scots.

17. At Durwash, in the county of Sussex, Christian, the wife of the Rev. Wm. Mackenzie, A.M. Rector and Vicar of that parish.

18. At Buckinch Place, Mrs Brown, relict of the Rev. John Brown of Haddington.

19. At Perth, Mrs Peebles, relict of the Rev. Adam Peebles, minister of the Episcopal Chapel there.

20. At Bath, Mrs Alexander Robertson, daughter

of the late James Sandhur, Esq. of Durran county of Caithness.

21. At the Abbey of Luce, in the 80th year of his age, the Rev. William Learmont, 47 years minister of the gospel of Old Lu.

22. On board the Lady Pelham, on her return from Jamaica, Major Scott.

— At Broughby Ferry, Captain Robert Hill.

— At East Cumbage, near Fort George, suddenly, James Roy, Esq. surgeon to the forces.

— At North Berwick, Mrs Hannah Westwood, wife of the Rev. George Brown, minister of the Associate Congregation there.

— At Newtonhill, Mrs Janet Allee, relict of the Rev. Andrew Mitchell, minister of the gospel, Berth, in the 80th year of her age.

23. At Port Glasgow, Capt. Hugh Douglas, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Dundee, Miss Boyd, daughter of Mr Boyd, architect.

— Mr Joseph Mills, of Hobart's Green, in the parish of Tenworth, aged 111. He was a labouring man, been resident in the parish of Tama 111 80 years, and enjoyed good health till within a few days of his death.

24. At Edinburgh, in the 92d year of his age, Mr Hugh Robertson, maker of bag-pipes.

— At Ails, in Province, Roderick Norman, Esq. 79th regiment.

25. April 19, Charlotte Augusta, wife of Evan Baillie, Esq. junior of Dochow, and daughter of the late Rev. Archibald Pathe Hamilton.

— At her house, in Inglis Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Clerk, relict of James Clerk, Esq.

— At Northwick, Dumfriesshire, Mrs Young, widow of Thos. Young, Esq. some time Chamberlain to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, at Dumbarton.

27. At Torhouse, David McCulloch, Esq. of Torhouse.

28. At her house in Cupar, Mrs Wynnyss, son. of Wynnyss Hall.

— At Stirling, Mrs Catherine Stewart, spouse of Mr John Dick, manufacturer.

29. At Glasgow, the Rev. James Couper, Rector of the united parishes of Llandough, Leckwith, and Cogan, and Vicar of Roath, in the county of Glamorgan, second son of the Rev. Dr Couper, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Trotter, relict of Robert Trotter of Castleak, Esq.

30. At Stirling, Mrs Mary Wardrobe, wife of Mr Crystal, writer.

— At his house, Bloomsbury Square, London, at a very advanced age, Sir John Sylvester, Bart. Recorder of London.

— At the Globe, near Athlone, in his 80th year, the Rev. Thos. Young, brother to the late Bishop of Clonfert.

— At Prestonpans, Mr John Taylor, aged 87.

— At Enslin Hall, O. Jerdine, Colonel Peter Hay, of the Bengal Establishment.

— At Yetholm, Mr George Story, in the 71th year of his age, after having been 50 years schoolmaster of that parish.

— Mr William Morrison, merchant, Glasgow.

— At Moy, near Forres, Colonel Hugh Grant, of Moy, late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At London, Lady Charlotte Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland.

— At Cheshill, in the 21th year of her age, Mrs Lillias Merries, spouse of the Rev. James MacLaurin, minister of Glenlyon.

5. At Edinburgh, aged 68. Mrs Agnes Tennant, widow of Mr Thomas Heiot, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Maitlandfield, Colonel Charles Maitland, of Maitlandfield.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Hester Anne Merneill, second daughter of John Macneill, Esq. of Colonsay.

4. At Bichham, Thomas Haig, Esq.

— At Greigston, Mr Robert Tullis, in the 90th year of his age.

— At Howth Castle, near Dublin, the Earl of Howth, in his 70th year. His Lordship is succeeded

ed in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Viscount St Lawrence, now Earl of Howth.

April 5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Colquhoun, wife of Frederick Colquhoun, Esq.

— Mrs Christian Macnaughtan, spouse of John Macfarlan, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hope, wife of James Hope, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Moubay, wife of William Caddell, Esq. of Tranent.

7. At Edinburgh, Jane, daughter of the late Robert Robertson, Esq. of Auchleeks, Perthshire.

— At Edinburgh, in the 24th year of his age, Mr Arch. Geddes, son of the late William Geddes, Esq. of Alloa, and nephew of John Geddes, Esq. of Verreville.

8. At Alloa, Mrs Jean Christie, wife of Mr Alex. Beld, senior.

— At Musselburgh, James Black, Esq. late of Trelawny, Jamaica, in the 64th year of his age.

9. At Haddington, Ann Macfarlan, daughter of the late Colin Macfarlan, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

— At Moffat, Thomas Wilson, Esq. late writer in Edinburgh, aged 79 years.

— At Jardenfield, Mr John Routhead.

10. At Whitefield, Mrs Elizabeth Robertson, wife of Robert Robertson, Esq.

— At Dumfries, Helen, eldest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Inglis.

11. At Deanbank, Mr James Mason, late merchant, Edinburgh.

12. At St Ninian's, Mrs Anderson, wife of the Rev. James Anderson, St Ninian's.

— At Portland Place, London, Sir Nathaniel Conant, aged 76.

— In London, Robert Wilson, Esq. late Superintending Surgeon in the East India Company's service, on the Bengal establishment.

13. At Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, Edward, youngest son of Thomas Miller, Esq. of Glenlee, advocate.

— Mrs Hibbert, wife of Dr Hibbert, of Argyle Square, Edinburgh.

— At Dumfries, David Paterson, Esq. late of Glasgow.

— At the manse of Drymen, in her 22d year, Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane, D.D.

— At Moore Park, Mrs R. A. Oswald, relict of R. A. Oswald, Esq.

— In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Boyle, wife of the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk.

— At Grahamston, near Falkirk, Mr Alexander Wilson, late of Sir William Forbes and Co.'s Bank, in the 34th year of his age.

— At Aberdeen, Margaret F. Nicol, infant daughter of Mr L. Nicol, advocate in Aberdeen.

— At Aberdeen, Mr John Logie Arnold, son of the late John Arnold, Esq. Calcutta, in the 14th year of his age.

15. At Newburgh-Shore, Fife, Mrs Euphemia Clark, relict of the late Alex. Anderson, Esq. merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, Harriet, youngest daughter of Mr George Steadman, solicitor before the Supreme Court.

— At Midshore, Newburgh, Fife, Mrs Anderson, relict of the late Mr Alexander Anderson, merchant there.

— At Kirkcubright, Henrietta Melville, daughter of Alexander Melville, Esq. of Barquhar, and spouse of the late Archibald Brodie, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr George Lyon, Broughton Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Arch. Younger, brewer, aged 35 years.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Laidlaw, late Assistant Surgeon of the 66th regiment of Foot.

17. At Arbroath, Mr John Ferrier, in the 35d year of his age, and long in his Majesty's service.

— At Leith Fort, Frederick Brudenell, youngest child of Colonel Walker.

18. At Edinburgh, Miss J. Patrick, eldest daughter of the late John Patrick, Esq. of Trearrie, Ayrshire.

19. At Dumfries, Miss Newall, daughter of the late David Newall, Esq.

20. At Dumfries, Janet Wilson Gracie, youngest daughter of the late James Gracie, Esq. banker, Dumfries.

21. At Crieff, Christian Hantome, wife of Mr John M'Ewen, merchant.

23. At Glasgow, Miss Janet Somerville, only daughter of the late Mr John Somerville, merchant.

24. Colonel Robert Stewart of Fincastle. Lately, at the White Hart and Punch Bowl, Ipswich, aged 101, Mrs. Sarah Prime.—She was

and she sung several songs a few months before, her death.

— At Huntly, aged 80, Mrs Mary Starks, widow of the late Rev. James Munro, minister of Cromarty.

— At Versailles, near Paris, Cesar Coleclough, of Daffry Hall, in the county of Wexford, Esq. late Chief Justice of Newfoundland.

April 9. At Poole, Argyleshire, suddenly, Catherine, aged nine years; and, on the 14th, after the patient endurance of a long illness, Donald, aged 21 years; son and daughter of Major Brodie.

15. At Thurso, in the 42d year of his age, Mr William Carnaby, resident Surgeon there, and Lieutenant and Assistant-Surgeon in the 5th British militia.

19. At his house in Elder Street, Edinburgh, Alex. Stewart, Esq. accountant.

— At Leith, on the 10th March, Laurence Skeen, jun. shipmaster, aged 21; and, on the 10th instant, Colin Skeen, aged 17, both sons of Mr Laurence Skeen, shipowner, Leith.

22. At Glasgow, Mrs Euphemia Johnston, wife of Mr Andrew Gardner, manufacturer.

24. At Liverpool, Roderick McNeil, Esq. of Barra.

25. At Upper Tenements of Caldham, Brechin, Isabel Cowie, at the advanced age of 101. She had been about sixty years married. Till of late, she was capable of performing the ordinary functions of life, and her memory was retentive to the last. Shortly before her death she repeated many passages of scripture applicable to her situation.

— At Haddington, George Robertson, second son of the late Mr Wm. Robertson, merchant in London.

26. At Edinburgh, Miss Marrion Scott, aged 39, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Scott, farmer in Craiglockhart.

28. At Rosefield, Troqueur, Peter Ewart, Esq. of Rosefield.

— At Newburgh, Fife, Mr James Livingston, merchant.

29. At the Herald's College, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King of Arms. He was in the 92d year of his age, and had filled the distinguished office of Garter since April 1784.

— At his house at Tannach, Caithness, Captain Peter Innes, late of the 79th regiment of foot.

— At Aberdeen, James Brechin, at the very advanced age of 102 years. He followed, during the early and middle part of his life, the occupation of a butcher: he Old Meldrum; and for the last 40 years has been resident in Aberdeen in various employments, but in the enjoyment of good health, retaining his faculties until within a week of his death.

May 1. At Portobello, in the 74th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, Mrs Isabella Murdoch, spouse of Mr William Marshall, plumber, Edinburgh.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr Robt. Glenore, ropemaker, Grassmarket.

5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Milne, wife of Mr James Milne, merchant, Johnshaven.

— At Edinburgh, Walter, son of William Roy, Esq. of Nenthorn.

Lately, at Huntly, aged 80, Mrs Mary Starks, widow of the late Rev. James Munro, minister of Cromarty.

— At Montreal, Mr William Gray, proprietor of the Montreal Herald, a native of Aberdeen.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JUNE 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
	H.	M.	H.	M.		H.	M.	H.	M.
July 1822.					July 1822.				
M. 1	—	—	0	19	Tu. 16	0	2	0	36
Tu. 2	0	45	1	7	W. 17	1	5	1	32
W. 3	1	27	1	47	Th. 18	1	58	2	23
Th. 4	2	7	2	25	Fr. 19	2	45	3	7
Fr. 5	2	44	3	2	Sa. 20	3	27	3	47
Sa. 6	3	20	3	39	Su. 21	4	4	4	22
Su. 7	3	58	4	14	M. 22	4	40	4	57
M. 8	4	34	5	3	Tu. 23	5	13	5	31
Tu. 9	5	14	5	34	W. 24	5	18	6	5
W. 10	5	54	6	17	Th. 25	6	24	6	45
Th. 11	6	40	7	6	Fr. 26	7	7	7	35
Fr. 12	7	35	8	6	Sa. 27	8	4	8	44
Sa. 13	8	43	9	22	Su. 28	9	27	10	9
Su. 14	10	3	10	44	M. 29	10	49	11	25
M. 15	11	24	—	—	Tu. 30	11	56	—	—
					W. 31	0	24	0	47

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	M.	H.
Full Moon, ~Thur. 4.	45	past 10 morn.
Last Quart, ~Thur. 11.	59	— 10 after.
New Moon, ~Thur. 18.	54	— 1 after.
First Quart, ~Thur. 25.	40	— 10 after.

TERMS, &c.

- July 9. Royal Burghs meet.
11. Court of Session rises.
19. King Geo. IV. crowned.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to LONGMAN and COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be particularly addressed.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JUNE 1822.

NAVARCHUS AGAINST PREJUDICE.

"Oh! would some power the gift but gi'e us,
To see oursel's as others see us."

BURNS.

SIR,

HABIT, we are told, is a second nature. The metaphor is strong, but expresses, with much felicity, a fact in human character, from which many of its virtues and vices originate. To the power of habit may be imputed most of our prejudices; or of those rash and partial judgments which we form of the actions of others, while we are unconsciously measuring them by no other standard than their agreement or disagreement with the practice to which we have ourselves been accustomed, and which we have, from this circumstance alone, come to consider as exclusively natural and proper. From prejudice, not even the taught and the travelled are exempt: and can a wise man wonder that its influence should be almost omnipotent over those, whose minds and bodies have never been directed beyond the mill-horse circle, which, from their cradle to their grave, nineteenth of our species are destined to tread? "What absurd people are those English," said a Frenchman, "to call their food *bread*! While in France, we speak quite naturally, and call it *pain*, as it is." This was the remark of one, who, from constant unreflecting habit, had identified the sign with the thing, never once conceiving them to be separable. To every man, the object of the greatest interest and importance is himself;

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and from this egotism, if uncorrected, he regards any departure from his own practice as a departure from nature. The confusion of thought, therefore, which occasioned the remark of the Frenchman, he easily transfers from language to every thing in which communities differ, and even to any difference in the means employed for attaining the same end. I once had a maid-servant who had never been in any place of worship but her own Presbyterian church. This girl formed a warm friendship for an English fellow-servant, who had been as exclusively confined to the Episcopalian chapel. One Sunday they resolved to accompany each other, and to attend church in the morning, and chapel in the evening. The result to both was disappointment, and even a mutual diminution of esteem and attachment. "I'll gang nae mair yon gait," quoth the fair Calvinist; "it's a' papistry and idoiatry. Thae folk speak i' the kirk. They're aye sitting down on their hunkers, and rising. They stand at the psalms, and gar pipes play i' the time o' the singing. The minister, doited body! wears his sark aboon his gown; and he says nae prayers ava, but reads a' the time out o' a book. Na, na, yon 'll never da!" The South British damsel was equally displeased. "Your people," she said, "have no religion at all. They go to church, indeed, but they don't join in the service. They leave every thing to their priest, as much as the papists do; and think it enough if he pray for them, since

they don't pray for themselves, but may, all the time of worship, be letting their minds run on what they like. Nay, they know not what prayers he is to make for them, as he says just what comes into his head, and may disturb their attention with something different every day. They won't even take the trouble of bowing their knees to their Maker; and they loll at their ease, while they sing, though it be the only thing in which they take a part. They refuse all help, however, to make them sing true; and think the worst music, as well as the worst manners, good enough for the Almighty. I should consider myself in great danger, if I were of so heathenish a church." Such were the contradictory feelings of two persons, who, if their views had been enlarged by information, or their reflection called forth by circumstances, before their habits had stiffened into opinions, might have seen that the forms they were comparing differed little more than the words *bread* and *pain*, both of which, though one, perhaps, be softer to the ear, are equally serviceable, as mere audible marks of the same idea. They might have seen, that a man of candour and intelligence could, in either place of worship, cherish the same pious thoughts and devotional emotions, without finding them disturbed by the difference of the means which had been devised for exciting them. They might have seen that, though neither service is wholly unexceptionable, and though a reformer might perhaps, by selecting from them both, compound something more perfect, yet that, by all the rules of human prudence, such a change would be inexpedient, till they ceased to serve so well, as they severally do, the purpose for which they were intended. It must, at the same time, be allowed, that as long practice in a foreign language is requisite, before we can employ it with the same ease and effect as our own, so a high degree of mental cultivation is necessary, to wean us from undue partiality for modes of acting to which we have been early and constantly habituated, and which we cherish with fondness, as the bequest of parents, whose care in training us to them we naturally

interpret into a tacit inculcation of their superiority. Philosophical enlargement of mind falls to the lot of few. But though it would have been preposterous to expect it in the simple damsels to whom I have just alluded, we might surely look for more of it than we find, in some of those authors who give an account of customs and communities very different from their own. Even Tacitus has not been guarded, by the deep and discriminating force of his understanding, from viewing many things connected with the Germans, as strange and singular, and almost as aberrations from propriety, chiefly because they differed from the established practices of Rome. I do not say, that any direct assertion of this kind is to be found in his work, but I draw my inference from the general cast of expression in which his information is conveyed. It is the phraseology of one who feels that he is describing very extraordinary beings; and as the excellence of the treatise has rendered it a model for every writer, whose subject is similar, or, perhaps, because what was natural in Tacitus is also natural in them, we find the style of all our voyages to countries newly or little known, tinctured with the same indirect avowal of their own wonder, and of their claim to that of the reader.

Some portion of this feeling, and of the style which it suggests, is probably unavoidable; but it may go too far, and may betray contracted views of human character, and of that diversity in the exercise of human reason, which is the most obvious and satisfactory proof of its difference from instinct. To prevent this, it might be useful, frequently and fairly, to state ourselves as the subjects of description; and thus to learn, how easily the language which we apply to the natives of obscure and distant lands, might, by them, be applied to those of our own. Attempts of this sort have been made by various authors—by Montesquieu, for example, in his *Lettres Persanes*; and by Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*; and though the tendency of such works ought to be salutary, in aiding the cure and abatement of self-importance, yet this effect is trifling, compared with that

which is produced upon the mind of men, who, like myself, have had an opportunity of hearing our customs and characters discussed among nations, that differ from us in ideas, as widely as in position, and almost, indeed, among the Antipodes themselves. Some of their remarks it is my intention to report to you, that you may have it in your power, if you think proper, to communicate them to your readers. •

I must, in the first place, however, mention, very shortly, the circumstances which led me to regions so remote, and so rarely visited. I was born in Aberdeen, and bred at its schools and University. Tiring of books, I went to sea, and during the late war, having heard of the high wages given by American ship-masters, I entered with one of these as a mariner. After some years, I got the command of a vessel belonging to Baltimore, and engaged in the South-sea whale-fishery. On one of my voyages to the Pacific, finding my ship in want of repairs, I lay for a considerable time at Atoui, one of the minor islands of the Sandwich group. Here I hired the assistance of several of the natives, one of whom, having shewn a great attachment to several of the ship's company, and more especially to myself, I proposed his sailing with us, to which he joyfully consented. His name was Ulimoa. He was about twenty-five, and possessed much intelligence, together with keen curiosity, and the power of shrewd observation. As I had caught a little of his native language during my stay in the island, and he a little of ours, during the voyage, we contrived, on matters of easy expression, to make ourselves mutually understood, though, as might be expected, not without frequent mistakes. He accompanied me to Baltimore, where I remained only to load a cargo for London, in which port I lay for some months, waiting to be chartered back to America. During this unoccupied interval, I introduced Ulimoa to some of my friends, who, in my long absence, had risen to mercantile respectability, and by these he was conducted to all the scenes of greatest interest in their splendid metropolis. Their recompence for this trouble was the plea-

sure they received, from watching his countenance, and observing his emotions; for, as he was dressed like themselves, he excited little attention in others; and, from the difficulty of verbal communication, they were gratified with few of his remarks, and had no means of preventing, by explanation, his silent misconceptions. Owing, I presume, to the same difficulty, he spoke but little of what he had seen, during our voyage to America, and from thence to his own island, which, after so full a glut of novelties, he was impatient to revisit. This impatience might easily be excused, if he foresaw, as he probably did, the good fortune which awaited him; for his consequence and dignity were inconceivably increased by his travels. During his absence, the chief of the island had paid a visit to Owhyhee, where a number of European objects and customs had by that time been introduced. In these he took a lively interest, and continued to do so, after his return to his little native domain. Nothing, therefore, could give him greater delight than the reappearance of a subject of his own, who had actually beheld the very scenes and circumstances which his imagination was perpetually labouring to picture. All other favourites were soon superseded by Ulimoa, of whose company and converse he never tired; and of the importance to which the traveller was advanced, I, also, as his guide and protector, had a considerable share. I was frequently admitted to the royal banquets, and there I had an opportunity of hearing the narratives of Ulimoa, who was now as communicative as he had before been reserved; not only from pleasure, since he knew he could make himself fully understood, but from duty, since he was obliged to answer the questions of his prince. In these narratives I felt both interest and amusement; for though I could still speak the language very imperfectly, and could not, therefore, interfere, to correct the misrepresentations of the narrator, yet I apprehended, with tolerable correctness, the purport of his discourse. The following extracts of it, which I take from notes, (for my education had given me more curiosity about such mat-

ters, and more expertness in recording them, than is common to seamen,) will shew how we appear in the eyes of strangers, who catch only such partial glimpses of our customs, as our busy mariners or hasty visitors do of theirs. Though the information was communicated at different times, I shall, for the sake of convenience, couch it the form of one connected dialogue.

Chief.—Do these people perform any sacrifices as we do?

Ulimoa.—Yes; and with excessive barbarity, as I can declare, from having seen one. I was told that something extraordinary would be exhibited on a particular morning; and, when the time came, I was conducted by my guides to an open space, by the side of a huge stone house, or temple, where I found myself closely pressed by a crowd of worshippers. At first, I observed only four ropes, hanging from a beam above a wooden stage; but, after a short time, the same number of victims, with their arms pinioned, were led in from a door of the temple, attended by its priests, in various dresses. One of these, covered with a long piece of black cloth, repeated many words, which he seemed to address to the god to whom the sacrifice was made. When he ceased, he stepped backward to make room for the chief priest, (as I supposed,) who thrust the head of each victim through a loop at the end of the rope prepared for him, and then retired a little. In this situation, with their faces veiled, the victims remained for a minute or two, when the stage on which they stood fell suddenly from under them, and, strangulation being the consequence, they almost immediately expired. I was informed that some of the bodies were to be carried to a place, where certain persons (other priests, I suppose) would cut them in pieces. What was to follow I could never learn; but I entertained no doubt that, as their flesh was to be divided, it was for the purpose of being eaten. One of them was to be distinguished by exhibition in the open air, as we exhibit our dead in the *Morai*.

Chief.—From what sort of people do they take their victims?

Ulimoa.—From their very bad men,

or those with whom they think their gods are most offended; but they never make the choice, till twelve good men declare, after enquiry, that they are bad enough to qualify them to be victims.

Chief.—Do they never sacrifice the captives made in war?

Ulimoa.—No; with the exception of those who are taken in the act of procuring intelligence for their friends; a service which we consider as the most useful and honourable of any in which a warrior can engage.

Chief.—What coverings for the body have they in England, and of what substance are they made? This I could never learn from those of them who are here.

Ulimoa.—Their dresses are of different fashions, and, though far inferior to ours in elegance, are not unskillfully made; but some of the materials are so abominable, as only barbarians would think of using. These are either the hair of wild beasts, or a species of long grass, or the substance of a nut, or the excrement of a worm. The people are certainly ingenious in preparing these materials; yet they can make nothing of them so graceful as our war-helmets, or the robes of our dancers. They have a beastly custom, which I never could endure, of smearing the fat of hogs upon their hair, and then scattering over it the pounded seeds of which they make their food. This, being white, gives them an appearance of great age; and, as it is most carefully done when they go into the presence of their King, I suppose it is intended to impress him with an opinion of their wisdom. The most disgusting circumstance in the dress of the females is a method they take of making one believe that they have sores on the face, by fixing plasters on it. This, I am told, though now less frequent, was, in former times, almost universal, and shews a pitiable perversion of the rational powers. Both sexes wear the skins of beasts upon their hands and feet; and, when the ladies wish to be uncommonly fine, they hang in their ears, and round their necks, small stones, or an excrescence got from a diseased fish; but neither of them so becoming as the shells and cylinders of green

leaves, which our females employ in the same manner. Nose ornaments they have not yet invented.

Chief.—Pray how do they manage what concerns the alliance of the sexes?

Ulimoa.—In a way which made me frequently blush for its grossness. It is quite inexplicable, and outrages every natural feeling, that, in matters of this sort, the women who are most selfish and cold, and who make the hardest bargains for their consent, are held in the greatest respect; while the liberal and kind are treated as the vilest scum of their species. In the great villages, there are numbers of these generous creatures, who make no terms whatever, and trust to the affection of their lovers. Others are to be found much more unreasonable, and, therefore, somewhat less despised. They will ask you to give them a certain present during every year they may afterwards live. But the great majority are unnatural beings, who seem to have no idea of love, and are enraged if the subject be mentioned, unless by those who do it only on the previous understanding that they are to give them a right to all they possess, and never afterwards to have an engagement with any other woman. Such sordid avarice is sufficient to chill every feeling of tenderness, and to extinguish altogether the most ardent passion of the soul. The mothers and elderly females are not ashamed to encourage this degrading barter, and assist the young ones in disposing of their charms to the highest bidders. Even at the great meetings in the King's house, I have seen the matrons using all their address to draw the attention of the rich to their daughters, and wheedle them to solicit the attention of the latter. The young women, too, are extremely immodest, and talk, without scruple, even in the presence of men, about the sale of their chastity, provided only it be at the higher rate; and they will even mention to many the time when such bargains are to be consummated. A certain word, (*marriage*, if I sound it properly,) meaning something which our young women never have the impudence to name, theirs use on all occasions, without a blush, and oftener, indeed, than any other. Nay,

the parties in such an affair go before a man covered with black cloth, and tell him and others what they are purposing to do. Surely no custom of ours is so offensive and unnatural.

Chief.—None, certainly. Did you see any service performed to their gods, except the sacrifice you described?

Ulimoa.—A great deal; and in this they are as contradictory as in every thing else. In one place, I saw a man, in white cloth, utter words, without much emotion, or lifting his eyes from the dark marks which they use, on so many occasions, to aid the memory. In another, a man in black cloth continued speaking with a sort of frantic agitation, and seemed to be scolding the crowd around him. He beat upon the boards where he stood, and would sometimes, I thought, have gladly leaped over them, to apply the same discipline to his hearers. In a third place, where all were habited in one dingy colour, nothing of any kind was done. There was a deep and wearisome silence, only interrupted, at times, by a piteous and causeless groan. I was taken to a different assembly of worshippers, where the priests were adorned with glistening robes, as fine as those of our dancing girls, and the show which they exhibited bore a strong resemblance to the plays which the latter perform. They made a great many motions with their legs and arms; they had perfumed smoke flung around them, which they returned by flinging water among the people; tinkling pieces of iron were rattled at different parts of the show, and sometimes even under their own robe; and the people listened to what was said, and looked at what was done, with the deepest attention, but with none of that mirth which we enjoy on such occasions. I was taken, also, to a crowd upon the brink of a river, who seemed about to sacrifice a girl, by submerging her in the water; and, afterwards, to a small assembly of men, with long dark beards, and loose flowing cloaks, who were mutilating an infant of a week old. By all these devices, so various and inconsistent, I understood they were endeavouring to please their gods. In

our rites there is more judgment, or, at least, more agreement.

Chief.—By your account, they must be exceedingly addicted to superstition.

Ulimoa.—Yes; it shows itself in every thing. I was once admitted to an assembly of their wise men, where I saw many things which surprised me. A person sat in a high chair, with his face peering from a huge bush of larded and dusty hair, (part of it the hair of animals,) which was placed on his head. On a table before him lay an idol of the yellow iron they think so precious. This idol they seemed to regard with much veneration. Sometimes a man, repeatedly bowing his body as he approached it, lifted and concealed it below the table, and, at the same moment, the person with the hairy crown left the chair, on which another sat down. The idol was afterwards replaced with the same childish ceremony, and the first sitter resumed his station. They told me that the removal of the idol made the assembly become smaller, but I could perceive no change. It was at both times equally full of people, who were very noisy and quarrelsome, upbraiding and mocking each other; and, when I asked the occasion, I was told, to my astonishment, that they were making laws.

Chief.—This, indeed, was ridiculous.

Ulimoa.—Once I went to a spacious apartment, where I understood people were to eat and drink more than usual, because it was the day of the year on which their King was born. Here I found a great multitude collected, but they did not begin their superstitious fooleries till the eating was finished. We then drank much of a sort of *kava*, at which the following strange and barbarous ritual took place:—After we had filled our vessels, a person at the end of the table having called out something in a loud voice, we drank, and uttered nine dreadful yells. We continued till a late hour, drinking and screaming in this savage manner. I was taken to another uproar of the same kind, which was an act of worship to the memory of one Fox, who was dead. On asking why he was thus distinguish-

ed? they told me that he had been a great statesman, and that a statesman is a person who knows what is good for the people. I went some time after to celebrate, in the same way, the memory of another statesman, whose name was Pitt. These men, they say, always contradicted each other; but how they could both be great statesmen, when advising things directly opposite, no explanation enabled me to comprehend. I conjectured, however, at last, that the difference between them had not been very great. I was told that Fox was a friend to liberty, and Pitt not; but what liberty is I never clearly understood. "Is it," I asked, "a release from all controul? Your people do not seem so well qualified as ours, for such a condition." "No," they answered, "it implies considerable restraint. But Pitt was for more of this, and Fox for less." "Both, then," said I, "appears to have been friends to liberty, differing only about the more or less. Was the difference great?" I could not understand what was said in reply, probably because the word Liberty, when the portion expressed by it is not fixed, must have a very loose and unintelligible meaning. I only gathered, that whatever measure of it Pitt recommended, Fox was always for more. In short, they wanted a subject of dispute. One person told me, that there was but a single place, and that a part of the head village, where a proper degree of liberty was enjoyed; and that the liberty consisted in a sufficient number of the inhabitants being allowed to chuse the men who should speak for them in the Great Assembly. He offered to shew me them in the act of making their choice; and conducted me to an immense crowd in a state of extravagant disorder, struggling, and bawling, and throwing dirt at each other, and at the persons they wished to chuse. Notwithstanding this appearance, however, I learned that they pitched upon the two most wise and judicious individuals of the nation, whose names were Burdett and Hobhouse.

Chief.—Do the English love their King.

Ulimoa.—I cannot tell; for in

this they are as uncertain as in every thing else. I twice saw him go to the Great Assembly. He was in a huge box, tied to some of those animals, which I can describe to you only as large hogs, and which dragged him at their tails. On one occasion, the crowd uttered sounds of joy and applause, and on the other howled and groaned, and shewed every mark of dislike. I was also informed of several particulars relating to his government. There are a number of men who think themselves qualified to be his servants, and when he has made his choice, those whom he rejects go daily to the Assembly, and angrily declare that all he does by his servants is wrong, and that he is bringing misery and ruin upon the land. What they say is repeated through the whole island, till, by its daily repetition, the people are persuaded to believe it, and to urge the King to change his servants. When the outcry is confined to the low and ignorant, who are no judges of such matters, and can say only what the disappointed teach them, he pays little attention to their requests; but when these are joined by the wise and wealthy in the different provinces, he complies, by dismissing his servants, and taking the grumblers in their room. Then every thing is done as before, but the characters of the actors are reversed. The angry complainers declare that all is right; and those, who had represented the people as prosperous and happy, now tell them they are undone, and are, or ought to be wretched; and so they proceed till another change take place.

Chief.—It is useful to have a King, for the purpose of making these changes, without being exposed to removal himself. But his place must be troublesome among such unsteady beings. Did you see any of the things with which the people here make lightning and thunder?

• *Ulimoa.*—Abundance; and I found them employed, not only in fighting, but for a sort of speaking, as they can express meanings which are quite opposite. One day I heard them intimate that a prince was dead, and another that a princess was born. I heard them also com-

municate to the people that a great number of their enemies had been killed; and the same sound (for I could perceive no difference) told them afterwards of the happy conclusion of peace. The English seem to express every kind of emotion by preparing to fight. On the birthday, or at the burial of their chiefs—on receiving or taking leave of some foreign king, their warriors assemble in battle order, and brandish their weapons, with a number of threatening gestures. They also fire the deadly engines, about which you are inquiring; but I never heard of much bloodshed on these occasions.

Chief.—All you have told me, Ulimoa, is extremely curious and amusing. It leads me to suspect, however, that the people you have described as so unaccountable, are not possessed of the same portion of rationality as we are. Different tribes of mankind are subject to different defects, and theirs, I suppose, is a partial insanity. There can be no question that they are highly ingenious, and have thought of many arts of which we are destitute, and in the practice of which they excel; but in legislation, in morals, and, above all, in consistency of conduct, they should certainly take a lesson from us.

Such were the sage inferences drawn, in his own favour, by this Antipodean potentate; and let us be on our guard against a similar self-delusion of *amour propre*, founded on the reports of travellers, as imperfectly informed as my friend Ulimoa.

NAVARCHIUS.

THE REPORTER'S BUDGET.

No. 1.

Being the first of a series of Letters from a Reporter to his Brother Brush in London, descriptive of the MEMORABILIA ET MIRABILIA, in the Scottish Metropolis.

Vous savez bien de quoi je veux parler.

Je vous croyais plus sage, à ne vous rien celer.

Vous venez m'amuser de vos belles paroles, Et conservez sous main des espérances folles,

Voyez-vous, j'ai voulu doucement vous traiter;

Mais vous m'obligerez à la fin d'éclater.

Molière.

MY DEAR TOM,

HERE I am at last, as snug and safe as a thief in a mill; and really, if one *must* speak the truth, this same Auld Reekie, though abused and abhorred by our own surly Sam, is not, after all, *quite* so horrid a place as you thorough-bred Londoners suppose. The people I have found amazingly "*ceevil*," I assure you. There is an honest frankness about them, at once unexpected and seducing. The effects of their ancient uninterrupted connection and intercourse with France, are still sensibly felt in that ease, openness, and vivacity of manner, which all foreigners who have visited the "Intellectual City" have united in praising, and which is uniformly contrasted with English pride, stiffness, and haughty reserve. You were never more *taken in* (I always except the affair of Moll Jenkinson) than in the opinion you have formed, or been led to form, as to the national character of this hospitable, and warm-hearted people. Believe me, you cannot have the most distant idea of the specific qualities and bearings of the Scottish character, till you come to Scotland. You must see the people in *their own country*; you must mingle freely with all denominations and classes; you must put off all the *Johnny-Bull-ism* of your country; you must clothe your villainously sardonic phiz in the light and sunshine of smiles; you must come, not for the purpose of growling and grumbling like a hungry bear gnawing a bone—but with a resolution to please, and be pleased: I say, Tom, you must visit Scotland, only *after* you have put yourself through this course of regimen; and believe me, if you do, you shall not, from Terra de Fuego to Cape Farewell, find a pleasanter spot, or more kindred and buoyant spirits, than in this same Auld Reekie, the present object of your utter abomination.

I have been with "*otie*" since I came here. Don't misunderstand me, now. I know you have, like all the world, been devouring Colonel Stewart's admirable work; and may take this same monosyllable "*otie*" in a sense which I never meant it to bear. Recollect I am not writing a history of the Forty-five, or com-

menting on the delightful narrative of the Chevalier Johnstone*; but endeavouring to impress on your perversely quizzical mind the hospitality and kindness which have been shown to me, an utter stranger, without the least possible claim to such flattering distinction. In fact, the kindness which I have uniformly experienced, has been productive of considerable inconvenience;—I have had no time for seeing sights, and noting down *memoirs*. Patience, my dear Tom! Rome was not built in a day. I have not forgot my promise: "Such things as I have, give I unto thee;"—only mind, you are not to clip my letters into paragraphs for *The Times*—that's all. I grant I could sketch some portraits which would not only amuse *you*, you rampant dog, but might tickle the many-headed monster whose caterer you are *ex officio*. But this "blazon must not be." You lack discretion, Tom—with all submission be it spoken; and I have a few odd grains of prudence intermingled with that non-descript anomalous compound which I take the liberty to call *myself*. So "I bridle in my struggling inuse," not absolutely "with pain" neither, but from necessity—the necessity of caution. I know you will swear by all the eloquence of Canning, and the fine philosophy of Mackintosh, that I have caught the *maladie du pays*. I can't help it; only, when you swill your port in Bellamy's of a morning, after an adjourned debate, and curse my new-found Scotch prudence, swear, I pray you, by the beard of Apollo, and that's a *true* oath for an Englishman and an Oxonian to swear by—*n't* it, Tom?

In your last (which, *en passant*, is

* We know not the name of the Goth who tagged his brutal annotations to the charming narrative of this *précis* chevalier. He knows as little of Scottish history as a blind man does of colours. He is uniformly wrong in every instance—where he controverts the statements of his author: and yet the creature is so dogmatical! We wish tough old Lauderdale could rise from the dead, to send this impudent scribbler to hug the MAIDEN, or take a squeeze from the THUMB-KINS!

curdled, dull, puffy, and prosy, and as formally pedantic as a speech of Sir Henry Parnell: you used to write a style perfectly *phlegmethonic*, you allude to a recent affair which has made much noise over the whole country; and ask me what new lights have broke in upon me, in relation to it, since I became a sojournner among the "intellectual" children of the North? Why, my dear fellow, as matters are situated at present, that is an affair of no common delicacy; and probably, to use the proverb of this country of "wise saws and ancient instances,"—"least said is soonest mended." One thing, however, I may tell you, without hesitation, that this unhappy affair has satisfied me, that retributive justice is as often to be discovered at work, in the common affairs of men, as in the more nicely-balanced pages of fiction. Bacon never erred more egregiously than when he controverted this position, in order to found on its falsehood, his celebrated eulogy of the powers and purposes of fiction. If the blood, unhappily spilt, shall be so far blessed as to seal the extinction of that infernal system of personal scurrility and libel, which, arising in this same "moral" and "intellectual" city, spread itself like a pestilence over the land, believe me, it will not have flowed in vain; and although you and I, and every lover of wit and genius, may deplore the untimely doom of the highly-accomplished victim who has bled in this dishonourable cause, the public will have reason to rejoice. The system already totters to its fall. It has ceased "*to pay*," and must therefore crumble down piecemeal. That is the surest index of its approaching fate. *Καὶ τὰς μὲν τῶν Φαύλων συνθηκίας ὀλίγος χρόνος διόλου.* So said Isocrates to his friend Demonius—and so say I: but are not the public themselves very greatly to blame for all the strifes and heart-burnings that have sprung up, and the blood that has flowed in both ends of the island? The system thrived by the patronage it received. Calumny was on demand, and brought a high price in the market—higher than sterling sense and real science; and "the fellows of infinite tongue," bronzed foreheads, and hearts of gall, took care that the sup-

ply should be as extensive and ample as the demand. The manufacture of *Lampoons* accordingly prospered, when more virtuous labourers wanted bread. Productions which held up the personal defects and infirmities of one's friend, or their family secrets, to public scrutiny and derision, were greedily run after and bought up. At first, nothing seemed capable of allaying the voracity of this insane appetite. The violators of all the decencies and sanctities of life had moreover the satisfaction to discover, not only that their libels *sold*, but that the *virus* they contained was powerful and prompt in its operation; and they sat chuckling and gloating over the flame they had kindled by the firebrands which they had scattered in the friskish wantonness of their demoniacal sport. The worst passions of our nature were fostered on both sides, and Rochefoucault's celebrated, but odious maxim verified. Every man laughed, so long as *he himself* was not exhibited, like a merryandrew, to make sport to the mob. Men's eyes, it is true, are now opened, and a vigorous reaction has taken place: better feelings have returned, and gained the ascendancy: the novelty of this savage warfare has wore off: "a powerful hand," now cold in the dust, rent asunder the delusive drape, in which the horrid monster had been for some time enveloped, and exposed it to every eye, in its revolting deformity: the aim and purpose of the confederacy of traducers, equally sordid and cowardly, is now confessed and notorious: and, besides, it has at length been discovered, that the trade of the libeller is one of hazard, both to the purse and the person. All this is true—"true as proofs from holy writ;" yet still I cannot help laughing in my sleeve, to hear the bellowings and lamentations of some on whom the rod has fallen; but who, while their friends only were on the task, were as niggard of their sympathy, as they were liberal in their loud "gaffaws." But Shakespeare has described the genus of libellers, and the manner in which their labours should be treated, too well to leave me any thing more to do than quote his well-known words—

I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so 'fools
 have;
 And they that are most galled with my
 folly,
 They must must laugh. And why, Sir,
 must they so?
 The *why* is plain, as way to parish church;
 He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smurt,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Ev'n by the squand'ring glances of a fool.

You desire me to write you freely, all I see and hear. This is a very modest and comprehensive request, and plainly betrays the quarter whence it proceeds. I cannot say "*Sit mihi fas audita loqui*," for I see much that is very unfit to be committed to black and white, and I *hear* a great deal, of which, with your good leave, I shall continue for the present the custodier. You cannot suppose me such a brute as to imitate Old Mother Morgan, by retailing what passes at the tables of those hospitable and confiding friends, who, trusting to my honour, have admitted me into the most sacred privacies of domestic and social life; nor, indeed, would I ever forgive myself, if, even in a moment of frolic, I dragged before the gaze of the curious, the envious, or the malicious, any one of those circumstances of a private nature which I have had occasion to observe, and which should remain for ever as "*res altâ terrâ et caligine mersus*." Never shall I become an example of that which I so heartily condemn. But just not to inflict on you the mortification of an entire disappointment, and to give you a morceau of information of a kind I know you will like, (who does not know your fondness for *bijoux*?) I will chiefly confine myself, in this my first epistle, to the relation of a little adventure I lately had, which has afforded me the double pleasure of forming two very pleasant acquaintances, and of acquiring the privilege of lounging in one of the most charming little cabinets into which the foot of man, aye, or woman either, ever entered,—and where "the chaste-eyed queen" herself might have spent an hour every forenoon, and been the better for it.

My friend Jemmy Thomson and myself, both early risers, had sauntered out to the Calton Hill, to inhale the caller breath of the morning, at this vernal season, when nature is rapidly undergoing a renovation equally salutary and necessary to man and beast. A more heavenly scene never dawned on the eye of the self-named lord of the creation. The habitations of nearly a hundred thousand human beings lay at our feet, their tenants still locked in the arms of slumber and forgetfulness. To the south-west, the ancient fortress, grey with years, but unimpaired in its strength, crowned the summit of the acropolis of Dunedin, and at once frowned defiance, and ensured protection. Below us, and on the right, were those last receptacles of mortality, in the east, so picturesquely and poetically denominated "the cities of the dead," the sleepers in which, no morning sun, however resplendent in light and majesty, shall ever arouse. Immediately before us, the sun was slowly ascending heavenward, his broad and glorious disk of flame yet endurable to the eye from his horizontal position, just beginning to tower above the apex of Arthur-Seat, in the full effulgence of magnificence and beauty, and looking down with complacent benignity on the beings whom he cheered and sustained, by the exhaustless emanations of his divine light. The dew-drops, in all their variety of prismatic hues, glistened on every leaf, and every thing invited to contemplation and delightful reverie; the only mood of the mind in which it enjoys something approaching to perfect felicity. What an almost infinite variety of the purest and most etherealized pleasures do the sons of Sloth forego, without being perhaps aware of the subtraction of so much entire and unalloyed enjoyment from the sum-total of their existence, to which delights so refined and spiritual must be nearly as rare as snow on the banks of the Niger!

In this happy state of imaginative quiescence, interrupted now and then by an exclamation of wonder or delight, like the drowsy sentinel over his watch-fire, by the distant dropping shots of the enemy's videttes, the vision was as suddenly dispelled as

that of Mirza, by a person of bluff but prepossessing appearance, who suddenly appeared, and accosted my friend Jeremy with the unceremonious but affectionate *insouciance* of ancient friendship. In a moment I was introduced to the stranger, a Mr F. and in less than five minutes more, we had laid the foundation for what boarding-school misses, in the *Minerva Novels*, call an "eternal friendship." We had not pursued our joint promenade above a quarter of an hour, however, when another gentleman, who proved to be Mr. F.'s partner in business, joined our party, and, by his jovial and joyous spirit, threw additional animation and glce over our conversation, which, after various roundabouts, and wheelings, and evolutions, settled at last in discussing the merits of a club dinner, of which all present, myself only excepted, had partaken, and which the Ettrick Shepherd had enlivened and exhilarated by his honest jollity, and, above all, by singing some of his *own* best songs, among which "The Drunken Laird of Lamington" came in for a pre-eminent share of praise. After rambling about, gossiping and laughing, quite *con amore*, till near eight o'clock, Mr F. invited my friend Jeremy and myself to eat a Scotch breakfast with him. The *bonhomme* of this honest fellow admitted of no demur or hesitation, although I pleaded a prior engagement; so without more ado, we adjourned in a body from the Calton Hill to Mr F.'s parlour. The breakfast was luxuriously exquisite, and would have driven Dr Kitchener fairly out of five of his seven senses; although were it in man to describe it, the doctor is the boy to do it in his own lively, piquant style. I renounce the task in utter despair. Breakfast over, Mr F. proposed a visit to their *boutique*, to which we cordially acceded. We had only to undertake a "*facilis descensus*" of one flight of steps, the dwelling-house and Museum being contained within the same premises, and both almost opposite the hotel where your brother used to establish his head-quarters in his annual visit to Auld Reekie, previous to his geological expeditions to the Highlands—Maclean's, I think, they call it, or called it, which comes

to the same thing. What a "charming surprise" awaited us! We, or rather I, had simply expected to be ushered into a common jeweller's and lapidary's shop, and to discover nothing but the very common-place glare of plate and trinkets—when all at once, as if the magical wand of Antar, or some Arabian Enchanter, I found myself in a sort of fairy land in miniature. Alabaster vases of the most elegant and classical forms, which the classical workmen of Italy could execute—mineralogical specimens scientifically arranged and carefully labelled—jewels and precious stones of all kinds and without number—the most beautiful, and, I have reason to believe, the most complete collection of Scottish gems in Britain—insects tastefully arranged, according to the most approved forms, and placed under large inverted glass covers, so perfectly transparent, that they added greatly to the general effect—stuffed birds of the rarest species, classed in a separate cabinet—a boa constrictor in the highest preservation, in the act of salivating a goat, previous to gorging the unhappy animal;—these, and many other things equally worthy of notice, arrested and repaid our curiosity. Nor must I omit the peculiar elegance and splendour of the different cabinets of this *Musée de bijoux*, or the chaste but finished manner in which the suite of rooms is fitted up. The whole, indeed, indicates the predominance of a mind of no vulgar order; and I had soon occasion to observe, that my acquaintance of the morning was no mere common-place tradesman, whose ideas and information were bounded by the precincts of his own counter, and the affairs thereof transacted,—but had stored his mind with general information, and formed a very remarkable example of the general mental cultivation for which many persons in the middling ranks of life are so creditably distinguished in this highly-educated country. Mr F. and his partner seemed to enjoy very much the surprise I felt on the first *coup d'oeil*, and to be very well pleased with the praise I liberally bestowed on the taste and judgment with which the whole had been planned and arranged. To this homage they are richly entitled, from

every pretender to connoisseurship. Such men improve and elevate the character of their country. By applying the principles of art to the daily business of life, they extend its dominion ; and while the actual products are improved in value, the public mind is liberalised and refined. That persons of such taste and spirit are going on prospering and to prosper, is a very pleasing proof of Scottish taste and discernment.

But I must have done. Be assured I shall, at my convenience, take a peep into the College, and give you my honest opinion as to how things are managed there. I know you detest the Scotch Philosophy, as some poor wittling has called the Speculations of Reid, Campbell, and Stewart ; but I yet remain to be convinced that you know any thing of the subject which you and your *diables confidés* are so prone to vituperate. A beautiful specimen of this shameful ignorance occurred some time ago, in an attack upon Dugald Stewart in the "London Magazine," in a miserable article, entitled "A Popular Retrospect of Science and Philosophy," the object of which was to deify the late amiable and ingenious Dr Thomas Brown, by first demolishing the reputation of his illustrious masters and contemporaries. This pitiful scribbler was answered by a caustic matter-of-fact man, in a letter which appeared in the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, signed MURDOCH MACFLAGEL, which demonstrated, that the wretched calumniator of Stewart and of Alison had never read a word either of the works he praised or condemned, and could not have comprehended a sentence of them, even if he had ! *Take care lest mutato nomine de te fabula narretur.* The proprietors of the "London" were "neither to hold nor bind," in consequence of this rap on the knuckles ; but they had the sense to remain silent. I know Murdoch a little ; he tells me he had put on all his armour, and I have reason to believe that the surly Aberdonian Diogenes would have shown more pluck

than would have suited the stomach even of the "*Imperfect Sympathist*." But I am becoming "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a sea-voyage." Don't imagine, however, that I am become the hater of my own country, because I do justice to this, or address me in the words of *Rosalind* : "Farewell, Monsieur Traveler ; look you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are." No : "*mais allons, le temps me presse, et nous aurons tout le loisir de nous entretenir ensemble.*"

Compliments to all friends, and believe me, my dear Tom, yours, "through good report and through bad report,"

WILL. JENYNS.
Edin. June 1822.

T. Blagdon, Esq. }
London.

P. S. How little you have had to do in the House since I left you ! Canning must have been downright glorious on the Catholic Peers' Bill. Peel is almost his match, however ; less fanciful, and enthusiastic, but more argumentative and solid. Poor Scarlett has come off as his paltry, inadequate measure deserved. He's a noble fellow, for all that, but not the man for St. Stephen's. Brougham and Mackintosh leave him nothing to hope for. His late speech, if you have done him any thing like justice, is the best specimen of a Parliamentary Sermon I ever read. If Cobbet were in Parliament, to chafe him a bit, I have no doubt he would ascend far above his present level. As a judicial orator, and profound lawyer, he has not, and I believe never had, any peer. Nature intended him to be the Prince of Jurisconsults, and he has not baulked her purpose. I wish to see him engaged in something that is really *practicable*, and worthy of his great talents. The Poor Laws, that *inmedicabile vulnus* of the State, are not to be amended by parchment, but—by Providence ! Once more adieu.

W. J.

FALKLAND. A VISION.

I stood on FALKLAND'S smooth and daisied green,
 Looking, with sorrow, on the weedy walls
 And mould'ring casements of those empty halls,
 Where royal revelry so oft hath been.
 Falkland! the STUARTS' chosen dwelling-place,
 Retreat from cares of rule and factious broil;
 Where monarchs came, each slacken'd nerve to brace,
 And doff'd the king, to be the man a while!

The cold and chilling splendour of a court—
 The distant awe and reverence came not here!
 No! 'twas the brave and beauteous' gay resort,
 To quaff red wine—to chace the fallow-deer.
 But now! her mirth and jollity are gone!
 The sooty raven all her tenant now—
 Wild weeds deface her tempest-stricken brow:
 Slow she decays to dust, and moulders stone from stone.

Between her roofless walls the swallow flits,
 Careering through the windows where, of yore,
 King JAMES hath mark'd the kindling strife of wits,
 Or music found its way to MARY'S melting core!
 While thus I musing stood, and wept to think
 On all the parted glories of the spot;
 Mournful that STUARTS' mansion thus should sink—
 The ruin vanish'd from me like a thought!

And up, in beauty, sprang a square,
 With turrets furnish'd, passing fair;
 With pillars carv'd on ev'ry side,
 And casements in their gilded pride;
 Statues and busts, that all but breath'd,
 With stony flow'rs around them wreath'd.
 And round, on ev'ry side, were rife
 The hum and busy sounds of life;
 The neighing steed, the stag-hound's bark,
 The voice of men; and I could mark,
 High above all, the silver tone
 That waits on woman's lips alone.
 While much I marvel'd at the change,
 So deeply pleasing, yet so strange,
 From far I heard the bugle-note
 O'er moor and mountain wildly float,
 And mark'd a busier stir around,
 As page and vassal heard the sound.
 The damsels left the casements then,
 Flew to the porch the serving-men;
 While, nearer now, of hoof and horn
 To my rapt ear the sounds were born,
 Till, entering gaily to the place,
 Came the companions of the chase.
 Oh, many a lord, and lordly knight,
 The merry hunters, met my sight!
 And ladies, too, on tiny steeds,
 Yclad in bright and blushing weeds:
 Their gowns, cloaks, hoods, and orillets,
 Quoifs, vaskens, vardingalls, doublets,
 Of satin, velvet, damas, robe,
 With furring, ermine, gold, o'erlaid!
 'Twere worse than vain for me to say
 The order of their rich array:
 For ev'ry hue that rainbows own,
 Around the smiling damsels shone!

Smiling—for noble youths were nigh.
 With ready hand, and eager eye;
 Some lightly held the silken rein,
 And some the falcon's silver chain;
 All striving gallantly to share
 The smiles and service of the fair.

Not by his dress of Lincoln green,
 Nor by the collar's dazzling sheen—
 The order of Saint Michael blest—
 That shone and sparkled on his breast;
 Nor by the ruby, blushing deep,
 That serv'd his bonnet-plume to keep;
 Nor by his spurs, that glitt'ring shone,
 To me the King of Scots was known:
 But by the laughter-loving eye,
 The graceful nose, the forehead high,
 The golden beard that deck'd his chin,
 And by the smile, so well could win
 The hearts of Scotland's lovely dames—
 By these I knew the good King James.
 Around him rode full many a peer,
 In sport or danger ever near:
 But, nearer still, on palfrey white,
 Array'd in gems that mock'd the sight—
 So many were they and so bright!
 A damsel, in whose ready ear
 Whisper'd King James—what none might
 hear.

They seem'd not secrets of the state,
 Nor ill-designing hints of hate;
 For, ever and anon, she'd smile,
 Then blush, look cold, and frown a while,
 Or, with a look, the King revile,
 But well I mark'd the smile was true,
 While in the frown deceit shone through—

Ay, and the flush of happy pride,
She bloom'd with us she look'd aside;
Anxious to know that every eye,
Was witness of her triumph high.
They reach'd the door, where many a
knight,

As James prepar'd him to alight,
Stretch'd out to catch the bridle rein
And stirrup of the envied twain.
The King sprung knightlike from his seat,
Then turn'd his lady fair to greet;
Slyly around her slender waist,
With loving look, his hands he laced;
And while she struggled in her seat,
Denying with such pretty heat,
Adding yet lustre to her charms,
He caught her, blushing, in his arms.—
They pass'd, and after them a band,
The pride, the beauty of the land.

I too resolv'd to seek the hall,
Where Scotland's lords were feasting all;
I clomb the stair, I op'd the door,
I stood upon the frieze-clad floor.
It was a noble spacious room,
Breathing of odours and perfume—
Befitting kingly taste and pride;
The arras, hung on every side,
Shew'd forth the wanderings of the chief,
Who sought on Latian lands relief;
From whom the mighty Cæsar sprung,
Whom Venus bore and Virgil sung.—
I saw, hemm'd in by love and wit,
King James among his nobles sit.
His doublet coat and hose were white,
Of silk and velvet richly dight;
Bright gems were glittering on his hand,
And blazing from his collar band;
With kindly, kingly look he sate,
Beneath a crimson cloth of state;

Dispensing, as became an host,
His smiles around, to ladies most.
The smiling damsel held her place,
Yet at the bosom of His Grace;
But on his right sat one whose eye,
At once was fiery fraught and sly.
With smile his cheek was ever cloath'd,
As if sobriety he loath'd:
Yet seem'd it not mirth's open smile,
But one of scorn and witty wile:
And still he made some quaint remark,
At which, while Pontoun's eye grew dark,
The good King James with laughter
shook,
But quickly calm'd his joyous look;
Then said with frown, no wrath that bore.
“Sir David Lindsay, jest no more.”

And near I spied another face,
Where the dark features of his race
Were moulded to a saintlike grace. }
His mild, meek look, his furrow'd brow.
His white hairs few and straggling now,
Befitted well the sober weeds,
That him an holy priest areads.
He gave no heeding to the loud
And dinning laughter of the crowd;
But bent his eye where, on the wall,
Was shewn old Ilium's fated fall;
And in that look might well be read,
His thoughts were with the mighty dead.
I saw him mark Æneas' form,
That suffering chief of strife and storm,
With all the kind regard that one
Eyes features of a banish'd son!
Till James cried loudly, “Leave a while
Poetic thoughts and ornate style;
Leave Castaly's cool stream divine;
Virgil, for me, one hour resign;
Lord Gawain Douglas*, quaff thy wine.”

Even while I listen'd for his meek reply,
The merry King and all his guests were gone;
'Mong mould'ring walls, beneath the summer's sky,
In Falkland's grassy court I stood alone!

G. B.

A DESULTORY EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

IMPERIAL Sir, array yourself in charity—
I would approach your Editorial throne;
Extend your sceptre, pardon my temerity,
Nor blight my homely numbers with a
frown;
Most fervently I deprecate severity,
Because of late my Muse has skittish
grown;
And should your influence her productions
wither,
She'll probably desert me altogether.

I dearly love your attic Magazine;
I feast upon your critiques and essays;
A thousand times have I enraptur'd been
With your transcendently poetic lays;
(If you're like certain Editors I ween,
You can't be proof against a little
praise;) [aside:
You're likewise fam'd for meekness and
humanity,
Then print my piece, and gratify my—
vanity.

* Though I am afraid, that if ever the illustrious Gawain Douglas, the best, yet most neglected translator of Virgil, met Sir David Lindsay at the convivial board of Falkland, it must have happened when the latter was very young, and before his keen satire had pointed him out as the foe of the church; yet I could not resist the pleasure of bringing together so noble a pair in the company of the “(Gude-man o' Dalnagelsh;” and hope, that for that reason the anachronism (if, in truth, there is one) will be forgiven.

I'm not like certain lovers of the lyre,
Who to some pedagogue their lessons
stammer'd;

No! I was heated in your College fire,
And upon Ritchie's classic anvil ham-
mer'd—

Books love the summit of the village spire,
And eaglets arc of Alpine heights ena-
mour'd—

So, from my infancy, I lov'd to climb
The summit of Parnassian steep's sub-
lime.

Some would-be poets "build the lofty
rhyme,"

Because, forsooth, composing is a plea-
sure;

Believing their ideas are sublime,
Their words well chosen—harmony
their measure:

For me, I'm all humility;—my prime
Intention is to occupy my leisure;
Then to preserve the fruits of my exertion,
I've sent them to your Journal for in-
sertion.

"Full many a flow'r is born to blush un-
seen,"

So sings the prince of lyric poets, Gray;
Strong intellect and diffidence have been
Inseparable—since man was made of
clay.

And but for your unrivall'd Magazine,
The world had wanted many a beaute-
ous lay,

Which shall (with your permission) grace
your pages,—

Perhaps transmit my name to future
ages.

Oh! what a deluge of poetic light
Blaz'd forth, when Spenser's banners
were unfurl'd—

And Shakespeare's glowing numbers met
the sight

Of an admiring and astonish'd world!—
When Milton sung of "Chaos and old
Night"—

Of Satan's cohorts down to Tophet
hurl'd;

And how that throng which form'd a
heav'nly choir,

Blaspheming, lay upon a flood of fire!

Oh for immortal Dryden's heav'n-taught
mind,

The energy of Lee, and Otway's fire—

The wit of Swift and Addison combin'd—

The dulcet harmony of Thomson's lyre,
Whose "airy harp," struck by the view-
less wind,

Produced the tones of heaven from
earthly wire!

Then I'd be happier, spinning out a stanza,
Than were I heir to Bourbon or Bra-
ganza.

Imperishable names your country's
boast!

I am of your fraternity. Be still,
Thou twining Conscience! I shall gal-
lop post

To immortality—for write I will.

Prudence! thou babe of grace, thou pret-
ty toast,

Go mind thy business! let me drive
the quill.

Intrusion would be apt to hurt my rea-
son;

I'll hear thee at a more convenient sea-
son.

Yes! glorious immortality's my goal!

I've started—be propitious, great Apol-
lo!

Speed, Pegasus, and dart beyond the Pole!
For only few thy rapid steps can follow!

I feel the Muse's influence on my soul,
And therefore I shall beat the Laureate
hollow!—

Your pardon, Sir, though I profess'd hu-
mility,

I'm prating like a scion of nobility!

Imperial Sir! a parting word with you:
My Muse has done her best, so do not
scorn her;

Some merit let your charity allow,
And place her efforts in the Poet's Cor-
ner:

For she's a genuine friend to yours, and
you,

Therefore, at least you'll gratitude re-
turn her;

And, should my hostess chalk another
score,

I'll drink your health (here's t'ye!) o'er
and o'er.

I am, &c.

V. D.

P. S. This simple caution I forgot—

Pray mind the reputation of your poet;

And, should you send my poetry to *pot*,
For Heaven's sake, don't let the public
know it!

Trust not your *quid*—your printers, trust
them not;

The very devil (ugly elf!) may *blow* it.
Be *mute*, or *publish*, and I'll be you
debtor—

The carrier waits, so I must close my
letter.

MUSINGS.

THERE is a something in the rushing
wind,

Wakening the latent energies of soul;

Bursting asunder all those chains that
bind

The spirit that has bow'd to grief's con-
trol;

And conjuring up remembrances, that
roll,
In solitary hours, to fancy's view;
And sad imagination clothes the whole
In rainbow vestment, of ethereal hue,
And fiction lends a charm reality ne'er
knew.

Oh! who has bounded on the moun-
tain's side,
And revel'd in the freshness of the breeze,
Or sail'd upon the breast of the dark tide,
Where the wild winds their gambols
never cease,
And has not felt his nobler mind increase,
Casting away the burden of its cares;
And hail'd to his sad heart the wand'-
rer, Peace;
And joy'd in reminiscence of past years,
The ling'ring bud that blows in Sorrow's
Vale of Tears! J. V. Surrey.

MOUNTAINEERS.

How sweet, in the morning of life, 'tis to
dwell,
Where blossom the daisy and red heather
bell;
O'er mountains and mosses to wander at
will,
As free as the blast that sweeps by on the
hill;
To think of the times of our sires that are
fled,
And the wars of the brave who now rest
with the dead,
Then in fancy, from years that have
perish'd to roam,
And dream of the ages that yet are to come!
Caledonia, thou land, so bleak, rugged,
and lone,
Where meadows and rich, sunny valleys
are none;

Thou land of the steep, where the dark
pine-tree waves
O'er the mounds that are rais'd on our
forefathers' graves;
May thy mountains be as majestic
and green,
And thy sons be as free as their fathers
have been!
For 'mong thy grey glens, when the gloam-
ing is nigh,
Oft alone roams the hero, he cannot tell
why.

With bold heart and step he wends over
the sod
Where none but his fathers before him
have trod;
And gazing around, on rock, ruin, and tree,
His heart beats with love, and he vows to
be free.
And when, in fierce combat, he draws his
claymore
In defence of the rights that were bled
for of yore,
Ah, woe to the foe that would dare to
withstand,
The falchion of doom in the Highlander's
hand!
When approaches the foemen in serried
array,
And the pennons flap proudly, as chiding
delay,
He thinks of the days of his childhood
gone by,
And the friends he has left, with the tear
in his eye;
He thinks of his mountains—'tis gone,
and his brand
Firm grasp'd till the death plitters bright
in his hand;—
"If I fall, 'tis for Scotland!"—Impe-
tuous in wrath,
He bursts on to battle, regardless of death.
T.

SONNET: WRITTEN AT MAGUS MUIR, FIFESHIRE.

(On Magus Muir are still pointed out the Tombstones of the Covenanters who were
executed for the murder of Archbishop Sharpe.)

HAIL, Magus Muir! thou noiseless solitude,
Once more I tread thy consecrated keep
And hollow'd tomb-ground, where, in slumber deep,
Repose the ashes of the great and good!
Their hearts were holy, though their deeds were rude;
And would, that in this age of little men—
When zeal is gone, and gone all hardihood—
With all their failings, they were here again!

The sun careereth in his fields of light,
Beautifously o'er the heath-bed, where they rest;
But fields more fair, and beams more ruby bright,
They witness where they mingle with the blest!—
Oh may they haunt this spot, and of their might,
Impart a portion to my warm behest!

C. L.

EBEN. ANDERSON'S VISIT TO LONDON.

LETTER III.

“*Edmonton Fair.*”

MINE hostess of the Bull and Mouth having notified to me, at breakfast time, the departure of her bar-maid; who was accustomed to wait upon me in all the graciousness of smile and smirk,—for Edmonton Fair,—after taking two or three strides across the room, and surveying my list of “sights worth seeing,” with which I had been favoured by the Durham parson, I resolved at last to make one of the many, and to indulge myself with a solitary lounge through one of the most noted fairs in the neighbourhood of London. So strolling out by Bishopsgate-street, in spite of various invitations to coach it, I walked quietly on, stick in hand, and mentally prepared for observation and reflection.

This is a method of travelling, whether through a crowd or through a solitude, which I prefer to all others. I never yet had the pleasure of a companion, however intimate, or however amusing and intelligent, of whom I was not at last completely tired, and to whose conversation I would not, at the long-run, have preferred the reveries of my own imagination, the freedom and elbow-room of following out, into every labyrinth of undefined phantasy, those lights and shadows of mental feeling and materialized thought, which weave their gossamer net-work, in easy negligence, around one's pathway. What can the voice of talkative companionship supply, equal in fascination to the experience of the soul, when it brightens, and warms, and works up, and ferments, (like Barclay's large vat!) under surrounding impressions, made by the varied and unforeseen objects and incidents, which muster up, and dance, in beautiful and courteous reference and attractiveness, past. I have lain, whilst a boy, for hours in my bed, looking through my eyelids, and perceiving, actually describing, in the rich and rosy canvass, every shape, and size, and movement, from the checked, and square, and simultaneous, to the round, and oblique, and successive. I have shut my eyes, after staring keenly and per-

tinuously against the flashy and darkening effulgence of the setting sun, and have beheld a whole envelopment of suns, within which I was whirled and moved, in ceaseless sweep around. I have enjoyed pleasing dreams, as much, perhaps, as any body, and more than I shall ever choose to express; but my chief and favourite amusement, ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and my eyelids have become more opaque, and my dreams less cheerful, has been a solitary ramble amongst men; a privilege of walking out or in, unknown, and comparatively unnoticed; of peeping through the loopholes of Nature, and surprising even myself with most important discoveries, when and where no such good fortune seemed at all likely. When one deals with men in the character of mutual benefit and accommodation, or even when one meets together for the purpose of social gratification, there is a particular side of the dye, which is regularly turned up for the purpose, thrown for the occasion; but when one surprises Madam Nature free and disengaged from all restraint, she is worth the looking at; and will not fail, by the interest and power of her true features, either to arrest attention, or to command delight. No man is a great man to his “valet de chambre;” and no man will put himself to the trouble of wearing a domino, unless when at a masquerade; and, what is more to the present object, no man will make long digressions, in the midst of a narrative, without running the risk of repelling the eye of the reader from print to porter—from the clean and newly cut-up page, to the more entertaining attractions of “beef-steaks and gin-twist.”

It was scarcely one o'clock, and yet, the road by merry Islington was crowded from side to side; and, in addition to foot and coach travellers, there was a large supply of lengthy and capacious waggons, from the hinder extremities of which a ladder was thrown out, as over ship-board, along which, as in the case of Jacob's vision, foot passengers were constantly, and without any interruption of the onward motion of the vehicle, ascending. Finding the road longer than I had anticipated, and my own

private and purely mental cogitations less interesting, than, from the excellent breakfast I had swallowed, I had been induced to expect, I condescended at last, after many very significant signs and beckonings to that effect, to lay hold of this travelling gang-way, and to ascend into one of the most joyous, but most motley crews, I ever found bottom-room amongst. By far the larger and more prominent proportion of this collection consisted of womanhood, in that amusing state of excitement, which never fails to render her communicative to an extreme degree, and capable of every species of attack, sally, wit, and repartee. One observed, as I was looking around me for sitting accommodation, that I might find a comfortable resting-place in a neighbour's "lap;" whilst another was disposed to put me into her band-box, for fear I should get my new coat spoiled by the dusty roads. By the time that I had squeezed myself into an opening of no very inviting dimensions, betwixt a gentleman and lady, who were kind enough to narrow their dimensions, to let me slip in, as a wedge does into the rift of a split tree, we had come immediately opposite to John Gilpin, who still continues his unfortunate horsemanship on a sign-board at Edmonton. A somewhat sagacious-looking figure, one of the few male exceptions who were scattered, like salt, over this offensive stew of femininity, observed to me, with a nod, and a look of vast information, that this was only a foretaste of what we should have in much greater perfection at the fair; being neither more nor less than the redoubted "Tailor riding to Brentford." I suggested my suspicions of his "Gilpin" origin; but to this he seemed rather difficult of assent; observing, at the same time, that, as he had travelled the road *any time* these twenty years, and had never heard the name of Gilpin mentioned, he could not credit the accuracy of my information. Hereupon, a round fat woman, with a head stuck in like the nose-bridge of a pair of spectacles betwixt an eastern and a western hemisphere of breast-work, interposed her opinion in favour of the horsemanship of the whole Gilpin family, from the alderman of King George

the First's day, down to her own husband, "there where he sat."—This led to a discovery of my unfortunate situation; having been accidentally placed betwixt the prejudices of a pair of "Gilpins," zealous and resolute in defence of a name which had graced an alderman of yore, and was, at present, accompanying the proprietors of a "beef-steak booth" to their field of display and attraction on the green at Edmonton.

I was relieved, however, and without any address of my own, from the difficulties, not to say the dangers, accompanying my Gilpin heresy, by a simultaneous rising, screaming, and waving of handkerchiefs, on all sides of me. "The Queen for ever—Queen Caroline for ever," was the shout; whilst coach after coach, in all the display of horses, ribbands, and livery-drivers, passed along, in somewhat slow, but imposing parade. In the first carriage I observed a number of black gowns; and a tall Quixotic figure kept waving "an Address," in the shape of a folded scroll, to and fro, with manifest pride and satisfaction. A band of school-boys had popped their heads over an adjoining wall, like frogs, ready to overleap the precincts of a ditch, and were waving caps, and shouting lustily to the same tune of Reginald acclamation,—when, according to the old adage, "*Nemo est ab omni parte beatus*," they were suddenly attacked by a very sober-looking personage upon the rear, and compelled, in spite of all their loyalty, to sink through the portals of a spacious academy. In a house immediately over the way, I could observe an old-looking woman, moving with amazing rapidity, and with the most unperturbed marble features imaginable, from window to window, pouring forth, at the same time, in her transition, the floating extremity of a somewhat defiled-looking handkerchief, as if she had been shaking off the crumbs from a rug or carpet. This severe and conscientious personage had evidently been hired into so visible a display of Queenly attachment!

When you enter a Scottish fair or market, you find every body engaged in "bargaining." The great and lead-

ing purpose of such a convocation of lieges, is immediately manifested in every species of traffic, from the sale and purchase of a cart-horse, to the still more difficult adjustments which accompany the transfer of "stoups" and "stoubies." Business, in a word, of one kind or another, either real or assumed, as a cover for inclination, brings people, in Scotland, in crowds and droves to a public fair or market. In, and in the neighbourhood of London, and perhaps throughout a pretty extensive range of circumjacent district, this is not the case. Pleasure or amusement seems to be the engrossing object of pursuit; *vive la bagatelle* is written in legible characters over every booth, and tent, and show, and swing, and roundabout. The luxury of staring, wandering, sauntering, eating, drinking, dancing, and laughing loud and immoderately, is preferred to every higher order and range of excitement. Londoners come out into the sunshine of market life, not to make honey, but to dance like flies in the sun-beam, in all the giddy convolutions of perfect harmony, hilarity, and sensualism. Edmonton fair, which may be fairly adduced as a characteristic specimen, is held, not in streets, or lanes, or houses, but in an open and perfectly level and smooth grassy field, amongst fine elm and beech trees, thinly, but picturesquely scattered about, and under the shade or shelter, as may happen to be requisite, of tents, connected together into regular streets or squares, conveying a very exact and lively impression of an Arabian encampment, upon some green sward "Oasis" in the desert. Here are no lowing of oxen—squeaking of pigs—bleating of sheep—eternal vociferation of auctioneer—or trampling, and prancing, and buttocking of straw-tailed horses; but you are met, in lieu, upon your entrance, by a whole band of hucksters and confectioners, each recommending, by a proffered specimen, their various and most tempting delicacies, and all but compelling you to become purchasers. You are regaled, upon your advance, with a flanking *in*, on each side, of sweet-flavoured delicacies, from the ice-cream of the confectioner, to the "Caroline beef-steak," prepared and

served up in the best style imaginable, by my travelling companions the Gilpins, above-mentioned. The fact was, that having now taken possession of their booth in the very centre of this immense mart, they appeared in their proper sphere, and supplied me, for it was now dinner time, with one of the most delicious plates of ox flesh I had tasted since I visited London. Having followed up Mrs Gilpin's juicy and highly-favoured viand with a suitable accompaniment of porter and gin-twist, (my invariable beverage, nor do I imagine there is in the whole compass of drinkables such another,) I sallied forth, bold as a lion, strong as an elephant, and wise as a serpent, in pursuit of every true Scotsman's delight, downright fun. And what, Mr Editor, were this world without it?—a stagnant pool, over which a dark, and damp, and dripping arch-way is cast,—a wide and weltering ocean, covered with sea-weed and glittering insects,—a mine into which men dive to dig up care, and coin misery,—a whirlpool of giddy goosery, where straws reason—and plan—and plot—and resolve—and sink. Why, in my humble and sincere opinion, you may as well convert the old sun into an iceberg, and the new moon into a shoemaker's paring-knife, as interdict us walking, and thinking, and speaking, and consociating rationalities, from the many, and exciting, and delighting entanglements of fun and folly. Keep vice and the devil on the outside of the enclosure, and you have Eben. Anderson's free and full permission to indulge, in all manner and variety of conceit, to pluck the flowers of pleasure as they blossom, and foot it away lightly with John Gilpin; or, if it like you better, with the full and ponderous swing of John Gilpin's spouse! "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" when the toothache racks thy nerves, or the cholic squeezes thee down into a hoop,—when misfortunes come over thee like the rush of a mountain cascade, every jet, and drop, loaded with a leaden ponderosity,—when thy heart fails thee, and thy flesh has melted away into thin air, or into something still less perceptible and more evanescent; will the scale of thy sorrows sink one

grain the lower that thou hast smiled, and laughed, and held thy sides, and peered through thine eyes, and bathed thy whole limbs in all the dewy embalmment of convulsive merriment? Wilt thou perceive thine own faults, and follies, and foibles, the less clearly and distinctly, that thou walkedst abroad, thine eyes armed and aided by tortoise-shell spectacles—thy raven looks sleeked down over thy sinciput, and thy nose and eyebrows elevated into the altitude of peering and prying observation? Wilt thou, in short, prove one whit the less fit for a faithful discharge of the duties and indispensables of life, that thou hast taken advantage of what Providence has thrown in thy way—drunk the sweet milk instead of sour, and preferred the juice of the ruddy and smiling grape to water-gruel and whey posset? Whilst thou art employed, Mr Editor, with the courteous reader, in resolving this question, what prevents me—now that the sun is taking a side-long and sheep's-eye glance at all the gaiety and foolery, at all the petticoated witchery of this fantastical confusion—from imitating so glorious an example, or from making a part in this overflowing cupful of delight. On every side of me, green, and red, and blue, and variegated lamps, are fast suspending, in festoons, and curves, and strings, and letters, and words, and sentences, and devices, for the evening; and the pass-word of popular feeling is legibly inscribed, in large "CAROLINAS," on all that floats in flags, blazes in sign-posts, or undulates in show and exhibition drapery. You may store your pockets, if you will, with Caroline ginger-bread nuts; you may dine on a Caroline rump, fly in a Caroline swing, travel in a Caroline round-about, and have your fortune told you by a Caroline gipsy. There is scarcely an utensil, or an eatable, or a drinkable, or a visible—scarcely a member or portion of nature around you, which is not, for the occasion, in one way or another linked with the name of "Caroline."

At the upper extremity of the green and populous "street-way," where I now stand, there spreads, and widens, and curves out, into one extensive embankment of display, all of rarity, in point of natural production or

of artificial acquirement, which even London itself, the great Babylon of the nineteenth century, can disgorge. Here you have, under a gilded canopy, one volley, and burst, and swell of instrumental music, from Pan's humble, but sweetly classical pipe, to the broad and overpowering blare of the sackbut, trumpet, drum, and clarionet. There, walk upon that carpeted terrace elevated into view, and habited in all the "caricature" of scenic exhibition, the strength of the party, from Don Quixote, (or, as modern philologists, in the depth of their accuracy, would teach us to pronounce it, "Don Quihoté," clothed in armour, long, lank, and contemplative,) to the little merry skip-jack hop-my-thumb pantaloons, who mixes in the dance with grimace and blunderment, facking the sides of the women with jest and buffoonery. And all this outward parade and show is to attract your attention and your shilling to an exhibition of horsemanship! There, a little farther to the right, where the cymbal clashes, and the triangle jingles, and where a large, and fat, and flabby arm is protruded, in perfect nakedness, through a crevice in her boxing, you have, for twopence, a sight the most sightly, an amazement the most amazing, and a curiosity the most curious and astonishing of any in the whole fair, in the person of a woman, weighing and measuring, God knows how much, and carrying more flesh and fat upon her bones than a Yorkshire pig, or a Dunearn ox. All this, however, you are told, by the next exhibitionist, is nothing to the large, live Boa Constrictor, brought home on board the "Bundalore Indianman," from Bombay; whose open and salivating jaws, in all the raw fleshiness of life, stoop upon the living and shivering prey, and present a very lively representation of Nature. For a sixpence you can see the showman put his body within the folds, and his head into the mouth, of this "only five serpent of the kind" in Britain. "Walk this way, ladies and gentlemen, walk this way," and you have an exhibition of every manner, of beast and bird in Polito's collection, from the little chattering ginger-bread nut-devouring baboon, to the huge and sagacious elephant. The tall lady, con-

trasted with one of diminutive stature, holds out *here*; whilst the little gentleman, accompanied with the Yorkshire giant, maintain interesting conversation a little farther on. By and by, you get entangled amidst every variety of rope-dancing, tumbling, and logerdemain; and the crescent terminates on the left, in a little square erection, like the ark of the covenant, containing, as may be read on all the four sides, "a true and an authentic thunderbolt!" As I had never, in the whole course of my life, been so fortunate as to fall in with a shaft of imperial Jove, and as I beheld a constant succession of entrants through the blanket, curtain, or veil, into the concealed and awful recess where the exhibition was made, I resolved, very wisely and judiciously, to be no wiser than my neighbours, and to have my penny-worth of thunderbolt-information as well as they. So in I passed; and, wrapt up in a large bundle of coverings, and reposing as if it had never blazed in heaven, descended through the air, or hissed amidst the damp and resisting earth, I beheld, not the thunderbolt, but the investments thereof. At length an old woman, with a withered and dried aspect, as if she had been shovelled off from the forge of the Cyclops in the shape of a cinder, appeared suddenly from a small concealed enclosure, and, after prefacing, with a long story about her garden in Kent, and the blessing of God, which, in the shape of this thunderbolt, had, in her own presence, descended into it—she proceeded, slowly and cautiously, as if she were afraid, at every approximation, of a sudden explosion, to unfold, coat after coat, as one peels an onion, or as the gravedigger in Hamlet doffs his doublets, this extraordinary visitant of her garden. The last wrapping, which was the sixth, and of linen, being at length uncovered, there was a breathless pause throughout the whole assembly;—I felt a strong and a convulsive grasp upon my right arm; but had not time to ascertain to whom the hand which held me so fast belonged, when the farther corner of the sheeting being withdrawn, and a small section of the bolt exposed, a sudden and most fearful exclamation arose, and down upon the earth fell, or rather sank,

my grasping neighbour; being no other, as I soon ascertained, than my beef-steak and mutton-chop landlady, Mrs Gilpin herself! The plentiful use and application of water upon her formerly rubicund, but now truly indigo countenance, dispensed from a vessel wisely kept by the exhibitionist against similar accidents, served to bring my good lady, first to the use of her tongue, and soon after to the possession of her senses; and the further unfolding of the dreadful agent was proceeded in without interruption. Every one was amazed; and I dare say, even the members of the Royal, and Philosophical, and Speculative Societies, would have been not less so, in contemplating the perfect quietude, inactivity, and peacefulness of the awful existence before us. The bolt (for, in order to benefit science, it is proper to be particular) was of an oblong shape, something in the form of a drop of water when falling from a leaf, of a tear when quitting the most prominent spike of the under eyelid; or of an egg, when properly shaped and proportioned; partaking, in consistency and outward appearance, very much of the features and qualities of a chipped or hewed "granite."

The mind of woman, as well as of man, is naturally prone to speculation and induction; and many, and somewhat ingenious and amusing, were the observations which, after seeing that all was safe, were passed upon this occasion. One lady (for in London even a chimney-sweep's doxy is a lady) took up the stone, weighed it carefully, looked at it, turned it round, tried it with her nail, and then observed, that it was both hard and weighty. Another said it was of a droll shape; and a third wondered how many pounds it might weigh. At last, one more sagacious looking than the rest, cautioned the old woman who kept it, against remaining near it during thunder, as it would undoubtedly make some dangerous movements, in order to regain its former residence in the air, or in the cloud from which it had descended! After a variety of speculation, I found myself in company with Mrs Gilpin, who still stuck fast by my arm, in the midst of a whole forest of "roundabouts" and

"go-up and go-downs." Nothing would serve my companion but a swing in one of these latter machines, which was denominated "the Caroline high-flyer;" so, to oblige her, and gratify my own curiosity, I found myself, almost ere I was aware, seated vis-a-vis, in direct opposition to my large and ponderous partner, in the swing. We held both of us fast by two strap loops which were attached to the machine for the purpose, and ever as we ascended alternately, our persons were placed in fearful suspense over each other. I did not half like this species of "fun," with which my landlady of "beef and mutton" seemed to be perfectly delighted, and had made repeated applications to the swinger to cease, or at least to moderate his pulling, when, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, I was buried up, ears, nose, mouth, eyes, and every frontal protuberance, in a feather-bed of petticoats and fat. I felt as if I had been struggling under the night-mare; and had not another demi-revolution disengaged me from this suffocating oppression, in less time than I can express the fact in, I should certainly have died outright. The hold by which my enormous partner was suspended, like a "glede" fluttering over its prey, had given way; and had not the violence of the descent been broken by the quick motion of the machine, and the address of the helmsman, I really believe you had never heard a syllable of the redoubtable Eben. Anderson. To my utter astonishment, however, and delight, I found myself, in a few seconds, quite recovered; and was able to listen, with great satisfaction, to the entire scolding with which, in language perfectly classical, Mrs Gilpin visited the startled and terrified apprehension of the swing-man. We departed, without paying him a single half-penny; nor did he, in the humility of his misfortunes, seem to anticipate any thing better; but as I owed, in a great measure, my life to his address, I stole back for an instant, and slipped sixpence into his hand, unnoticed by my virago companion.

It was next decreed that we should visit a "camera obscura;" and as my female associate viewed the clock ri-

sing up in towering preeminence over the village, and the smoke ascending in every direction over the white surface of the table, she was perfectly amazed; putting her fingers, again and again, like the unbelieving Thomas, upon the appearances before her, as if suspicious of their reality; and questioning the proprietor, from time to time, "whether that clock of his and the one in the village corresponded;" and "how he contrived to clean the surface of his white table, after it had been all blackened by smoke!" Our last conjoint adventure was in the pit of a theatrical exhibition; where my companion, spying a slit or seam in the green baize which separated us from an adjoining entertainment, thought proper to insert first her fore-fingers, and then her organs of vision; whilst the hero of the play, in the midst of one of his most impassioned parts, descended very coolly from the stage, and admonished my companion, that *as how, and as seeing* she had only paid for one entertainment, she should remain satisfied with one. In this establishment, I could notice that the hands were so scanty, as to compel one individual actor to hold a dialogue with himself; and this he accomplished, not only to the satisfaction of the ear, but even of the eye, by a most ingenious device. When he spoke in the character of a male, we had a complete male profile to contemplate, and a hoarse and husky voice to listen to; but when he found it necessary to assume the female response in the dialogue, the profile was reversed; and a female voice, attire, and deportment, were exhibited to the audience! Mrs Gilpin never discovered the trick, but contrived to laugh as heartily as any of us all notwithstanding.

It would be fatiguing, were it possible, to narrate to you the one-half of the amusing incidents which arose out of my visit to Edmonton. Suffice it to say; in conclusion, that I stumbled here upon my old friend, "Mr David Wilkie," whom I knew in Scotland; that I found him busily engaged in sketching some part of the fair scenery, to be inserted into his "*chef d'œuvre*," the "Chelsea Pensioners;" and that, in "Mr T.'s" hospitable mansion, in the immediate

neighbourhood, we spent an evening which I have ever since considered as one of the happiest of my life.—In the mean time, I remain

Yours, &c.

EBEN. ANDERSON.

N.B. There having been various, and somewhat contradictory surmises, respecting my personal identity, place of residence, profession, and so forth, I take this opportunity of stating, like our good parson, in a *negative* form, what I have occasion to know of myself:—I am neither writer, nor banker, nor merchant, nor mechanic, nor magistrate, nor minister; but just plain Eben. Anderson, Gent., and a faithful and loyal subject of his present Majesty George the Fourth.

VILW OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS
IN AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS
1818, 1819, AND 1820.

THE United States of America, in whatever light they are considered, form an interesting subject of contemplation; and it would, no doubt, be extremely desirable to have a calm and philosophical estimate of the American character and manners. Most of those, however, who have undertaken this difficult task, appear to have been beset by strange prejudices, under the influence of which, in place of giving a faithful portrait of the American character, they have either censured and abused every thing American, or they have run blindly into the opposite extreme of lavish and indiscriminate praise. In place of calmly deliberating on the question, in the capacity of judges, they have descended into the arena of debate, and have entered into the subject with all the zeal and ingenuity of party-spirit. It is not from such suspicious sources that we can draw any satisfactory information. Even in respect to the laws, institutions, and policy of America, and their general effect on the great body of the people, we meet with the most decided and positive contradictions; and although, by comparing the statements of the different writers, we may come to some conclusion as to specific facts; yet, in the more delicate, question of national character

and manners, we are landed into a hopeless controversy. On matters of this nature, there is such a latitude for fancy, caprice, temper, taste, and other feelings, that we need not wonder at the wide discrepancies of travellers on such subjects. Some, too, may have had the misfortune, in visiting a foreign country, to be cast among persons of disagreeable habits and character; and if they are evil disposed towards the people, they will take occasion to fasten the faults of a few on the community at large. If a writer is contented and happy; if he succeed in the purposes of his journey, this frame of mind will throw a charm over external objects, and will make him pleased with every thing. If, on the other hand, he is unhappy and dissatisfied, he will see things under a totally different aspect; his discontented spirit will tinge every thing with its own hue; and, under such circumstances, we can hardly expect from him any favourable account of the people among whom he resides. Where the judgment, therefore, is apt to be biassed by so many circumstances, it is not by giving implicit credit to any single testimony, but from a comparison of different and contradictory statements, that we can extract any fair estimate of the American character.

The present work, on the Society and Manners of America, is by a lady who visited the country in 1818. It consists of letters written to a friend, containing her observations on all that she saw or heard in this new and interesting country, copiously interspersed with reflections, both moral and political, on many important topics connected with Great Britain, as well as with America. The style of the writer is lively and entertaining, and though she occasionally introduces trite and common-place remarks, she is at other times eloquent, as well as philosophical. In this view, the work is far from being destitute of interest. Its chief defect seems to be, that it is one continued and overstrained panegyric upon every thing that bears the stamp of America, even to the minutest particular of her manners and customs. With this writer, America is the standard of excellence,

and every thing is praised or censured exactly as it approaches to or recedes from this model. There are no discriminating traits in the portrait, no variety or relief from the broad and uniform glare of exaggerated praise. No one who considers the circumstances of the American community can be insensible to its peculiar and various advantages. In particular, the immense and unoccupied territory which lies between the Western States and the Pacific Ocean, affords a vast outlet to her superfluous and increasing population; and the wages of labour are thus always kept high in the more populous and settled parts. The great mass of the American community must thus always be prosperous, happy, and contented. That wretchedness and misery which are found in the ancient and overpeopled communities of Europe, cannot be seen here; and no tumults or discontent, occasioned by the high price of provisions, or by want of employment, can occur in this land of prosperity and peace. But with this blessing, which we are far from underrating, are connected peculiar disadvantages, affecting the state of society and of manners, which this writer has thrown entirely into the shade. In a community newly formed, such as that of America, we can no where expect to find, except, perhaps, in some of the oldest towns, the same comforts, conveniences, and luxuries, nor the same polish and refinement of manners, or the same high acquirements, as in the old and long-established societies of Europe; and all accounts accordingly agree, that as we recede into the back settlements, we meet with a state of manners rather coarse and repulsive. Mr Birkbeck, who cannot well be suspected of any prejudice against America, has celebrated the filthiness of the inns, where the motley assemblage of strangers are all crowded into one sleeping apartment, and where they are in a manner dress and undress in public; a trait which evinces a vulgarity and want of delicacy wholly inconsistent with our European ideas of decorum. By the want of domestic service, also, and of other conveniences, a great part of the inhabitants, though they have plenty of provisions, and may

be realising an independence, must be engaged in the meanest and most servile offices, and must, in the end, contract habits suitable to their condition. We do not mention these things in any way reproachful to America. They necessarily flow from the state of manners which must prevail in a community gradually spreading over the desert. Man is the creature of circumstances, to which, as he cannot control them, he must accommodate his habits; and we bring these peculiarities into view, by way of set-off to the perpetual species of flattery and compliment in which this writer indulges on the subject of America.

To such a length, indeed, is this partiality carried, that it detracts greatly from the authority of her statements. From the most trifling circumstances, and from every person with whom she meets in the shape of an American, she draws the materials of panegyric. On reading some of her statements, we might suppose that human nature had been improved by its passage across the Atlantic, and that the selfish passions which distracted the European states found no place in this happy country. It was an American vessel in which this Englishwoman sailed for the United States; and the dispositions of the crew, the character of the captain, and the whole management and discipline of the ship, furnish topics for unqualified praise. "I observed much," she remarks, "and often, upon the quietness and matchless activity of the crew." No scolding from the captain, nor sulky looks from the men; but all was kindness on the one hand, and obedience on the other. The ship was named *Amity*, and, during the whole passage, there never was a dispute, except once, between an Englishman and a Scotchman, in which an American, milder, of course, and less fiery in his disposition, kept the peace between both. The captain was an old and weather-beaten sailor, who had often crossed the Atlantic, and had never lost a single spar; though (adds the writer) I "have conversed with sailors not half the age of the good captain of the *Amity*, who had never made a voyage without losing a spar." It would thus appear, that,

among their other advantages, the Americans are, somehow or other, secured against the tempests of the ocean. The intelligence of the crew is the frequent topic of praise. She often conversed, she informs us, with one of those "sons of Neptune," as he sat piecing a torn sail and mending a rope, and never came from the conversation without having gained some useful information, or without having conceived a higher idea of the country to which the man belonged.

In this happy frame of mind, our traveller entered the Hudson. Here she is furnished with innumerable subjects of admiration, and her description of the scenery, and of the various objects which now presented themselves, is eloquent and striking. As the ship moved slowly up the river towards New York, numberless little boats, manned with active rowers, darted from the different shores, and made various inquiries at the vessel, respecting the length of the voyage, the weather, the winds, the latest news from Europe, &c.; and at the close of the dialogue, they asked if any of the passengers wished to be landed? but always in a manner, we are told, which "expressed a willingness to render a civility, rather than a desire to obtain employment."

Their faces, we are also informed, were unconsciously intelligent; they had piercing, grey eyes, which glanced from beneath even and projecting brows,—and they spoke good English, with a good voice and accent; and, it is added, that she had before observed the same of the crew of the vessel in which she had taken her passage. Every thing that came under her observation, in this land of happiness, our traveller seems to have surveyed with a most favourable eye. In the landing from the ship, she discovers new matter for congratulation and praise. They were beset, we are told, with no needy crowds of suppliants, imploring charity or work; yet the deportment of the citizens was in the highest degree civil and obliging: some laid planks to assist their descent from the vessel, or lent a hand to stay their unsteady feet, while others busied themselves with their portmanteaus. In all this there

is nothing very extraordinary. But this does not satisfy the partiality of our traveller. We are further assured, that "there was in the look and air of those men, though clad in working-jackets, something which told that they were rendering civilities, not services; and that a kind of *thank ye* was all that should be tendered in return." We have various anecdotes and stories, to shew the civil and obliging dispositions of the inhabitants of New York to strangers, of which we do not make the least question; and the servants, also, are vindicated from the charge often made against them, of being disobliging and insolent.

In Philadelphia, which our traveller next visited, she experienced the same hospitable attentions as at New York; for though, she remarks, that there is at first something cold and precise in the general air and manner of the people, particularly when compared to the cheerfulness and open-heartedness of the inhabitants of New York, yet this coldness of exterior, she assures us, wears off, in a great measure, on further acquaintance. Our traveller is remarkably brief in her account of what is the chief province of a traveller to describe; namely, the appearance of the city, and the manners of its inhabitants; and we regret this the more, as her forte seems particularly to lie in these local sketches. From this, she diverges into the wide ocean of political discussion, and speculates at great length on the character of William Penn, about which there can be but one opinion—on the penal code of America—and on the abolition of capital punishments for minor crimes.

The State-house, in which was assembled the first American Congress, and which is now converted into a Museum, next affords her a topic for declamation; and she takes occasion from this, to enter at great length on the subject of the first American war. A great portion of the work is indeed taken up with abstract essays on political questions, which might have been just as well argued on this side of the Atlantic. We have, also, besides various other points which are discussed, a long dissertation on negro-slavery, the chief object of

which seems to be, to vindicate America from the reproach which she is supposed to have incurred on this account, though we do not see that our author's reasonings are very conclusive. The existence of domestic slavery is unquestionably the great blot of the American community. We do not at present inquire where was the original sin of thus defiling the white population by the introduction of blacks. We willingly absolve the Americans from any peculiar blame on this account. Nay, we believe that every enlightened American sincerely laments the existence of slavery in any part of the Union, and the traces of it which are still left, even where it is abolished, in the admixture of the black with the white population. But the evil exists, and the degrading state in which the free blacks are still kept, by the prevailing influence of numbers, is one of the most odious and disgusting consequences of negro slavery. It marks more than any other circumstance, the powerful effect of despotism in corrupting the human heart. The insolent superiority assumed by the whites over the blacks, and the degrading distinctions maintained between the two classes, throughout all the details of social life, are utterly revolting to every principle of humanity, or of right feeling. To the despised black, life is a continual series of unmanly insults, which habit may force him to bear, but which, we have access to know, is in many cases a source of the most cruel mortification. In many countries where slavery prevails, or has prevailed, the slightest taint of negro blood on the unhappy person, stamps indelible disgrace, from which neither moral nor intellectual worth can relieve him. In the southern states of the Union this is still the case; in the northern states, the hardships of the negro's lot may be somewhat mitigated. But in many respects he is still treated with harshness and contumely: the manners of the country still mark him out for scorn and exclusion, as if his society were pollution; and the very facts casually let out by our traveller, in her anxiety to vindicate the conduct of America to the freed negroes, decisively mark their degraded state. The black

children are, it seems, allowed to worship their Maker in the same church with those of the whites; but here, as well as in school-rooms, they are carefully ranged on separate forms: and in cities, the Africans have churches as well as preachers, of their own; as it would be unbecoming the gentility of the white preachers to dispense to them the gospel of peace. In boarding-houses, also, the white and black servants are ranged at different tables, and, in short, all the domestic intercourse of the whites with the blacks is one continued series of what we in Europe would reckon insults, every one grosser than another. It is in vain that our author endeavours to palliate these odious distinctions, by comparing them to those which separate the higher from the lower classes in Europe. In every community, the foundation for distinctions is laid in those inequalities of wealth, rank, or talent, which every where prevail. These distinctions are inevitable; they necessarily arise out of the very nature of human society, and are even recognised by the poor, who are far from grudging, on this account, at the rich. No heart-burnings are produced by these distinctions, because no positive or peremptory line is drawn between the different classes; and any man in Europe has the chance, by industry or talent, of rising to the highest consideration in society. The labouring classes are not considered in Europe as objects of disgust, whose intercourse would bring pollution along with it. The rich do not, indeed, associate in familiar intercourse with the poor, but rather from the natural unfitness of such intercourse, than from any offensive feeling of disgust towards them. But in countries where slavery has been planted, the case is widely different. The foundation for the separation of the two classes is thus laid, in the pride and insolence of the whites; the natural return for which, from the blacks, is resentment and hatred. We are duly sensible that slavery, and its baneful consequences, cannot be suddenly extirpated from the society of the United States, and are far from imputing blame to the government, whose benevolent exertions in abolishing the traffic in slaves, and in the wise and

liberal policy which it has followed towards the free blacks, we duly appreciate. But we wonder how a people, among whom a love of liberty prevails, who are generally well informed, and who in that most important branch of their domestic policy, namely, the administration of criminal justice, are so thoroughly enlightened and merciful, should nevertheless, in their domestic manners, and daily intercourse, trample upon the feelings of an unoffending race of people, in a manner alike repugnant to humanity, religion, and every liberal maxim; and all this, merely because their colour happens to be black, instead of white. The admirable satire of Montesquieu seems here to be strictly applicable. This great man, when he was arguing ironically in defence of negro slavery, contended that the blacks were not men, and were therefore not entitled to the privileges of the species, because, he adds, if they were men, it would follow that we could not be Christians.

The account of Philadelphia is concluded with the following excellent delineation of the American character:

The Americans are very good talkers, and *admirable listeners*; understand perfectly the exchange of knowledge, for which they employ conversation, and employ it solely. They have a surprising stock of information, but this runs little into the precincts of imagination; facts form the ground-work of their discourse. They are accustomed to rest their opinions on the results of experience, rather than on ingenious theories and abstract reasonings; and are always wont to overturn the one, by a simple appeal to the other. They have much general knowledge, but are best read in philosophy, history, political economy, and the general science of government. The world, however, is the book which they consider most attentively, and make a general practice of turning over the page of every man's mind that comes across them; they do this very quietly, and very civilly, and with the understanding that you are at perfect liberty to do the same by theirs. They are entirely without *mauvaise honte*, and are equally free from effrontery and officiousness. The constant exercise of the reasoning-powers gives to their character and manners a mildness, plainness, and unchanging suavity, such as are often remarked in Europe in men devoted to the

abstract sciences. Wonderfully patient and candid in argument, close reasoners, acute observers, and original thinkers. They understand little the play of words, or, as the French more distinctly express it, *badinage*. When an American, indeed, is pressed into this by some more trifling European, or by some lively woman of his own nation, I have sometimes thought of a Quaker striking into a Highland reel. This people have nothing of the poet in them, nor of the *bel esprit*, and I think are apt to be tiresome, if they attempt to be either. It is said that every man has his *forte*, and so, perhaps, has every nation; that of the American is clearly good sense: this sterling quality is the current coin of the country, and it is curious to see how immediately it tries the metal of other minds.

The author also mentions another trait of the American character, namely, a talent for dry humour, which is the weapon (she adds,) they usually employ when assailed by impertinence, or troublesome folks of any kind. This might have passed off very well as a general remark, but we have unfortunately some specimens given of this dry humour, which seems to us to be affectation, or downright vulgarity. One of the stories told is of Mr Jefferson, when he was President, the truth of which we greatly doubt:—At one of his dinners, it appears that the Spanish Ambassador's lady took offence in some point of etiquette, and sent her husband to complain to Mr Jefferson, who, we are told, fell upon the following happy expedient of rebuking this formality:—

Mr Jefferson, while occupied in his library, was informed that the Spanish minister was in an adjoining apartment; he called immediately for his boots, and putting one on, and holding the other in his hand, proceeded to the room. Having half-opened the door, he issued orders to the servant behind him, touching his horse, and then advancing, and drawing on, as he did so, his remaining boot, welcomed his visitor with his wonted amenity. "P'ray be seated; be seated; no ceremony here, my good Sir. Very glad to see you;" and then, without regarding the disconcerted air of the astonished representative of Spain and the Indies, entered with his wonted ease into general conversation, opposing the gentleman to the minister, and the unaffected majesty

of the philosopher to the frozen haughtiness of the diplomatist.

Anxious to explore the country, of which she had such a fervent admiration, our traveller now took a journey up the Hudson, 160 miles, to Albany; thence she proceeded westward to the falls of Niagara, and visiting Canada, returned to New York by way of Vermont. In the course of this journey, she had various opportunities of observing the domestic manners of the new settlers—their plans for improving the country, and the great difficulties they had to struggle with, not only from the labour of clearing the land, but from the diseases occasioned by the pestilential air of the woods, and by the exhalations from the waters. Her observations on all these matters are, as usual, purposely interspersed with political discussion of events, many of them long past. West Point, near Albany, the scene of General Arnold's treachery during the American war, gives occasion for a dissertation on that transaction; and in the character of Arnold, and throughout the whole work, every opportunity is, in like manner, seized for a political lecture.

From Albany, they set forward in the stage coach, and having gained the banks of the Mohawk, traced its course for 60 miles, through a country finely varied, rich with cultivation, and sprinkled with cottages and villas. The valley of the Mohawk is chiefly peopled with old Dutch settlers, who, along with the Germans, thrive the best in this agricultural country,—who set themselves down with wonderful sagacity, and this being once done, is done for ever. The qualities of the other settlers are thus briefly summed up: "As a settler, next best to the German thrives the Scot; the Frenchman is given to turn hunter; the Irishman drunkard, and the Englishman speculator."

They next arrived at Utica, at an inn where fifteen stages stop daily, and of which the master, eighteen years since, carried the weekly mail in his pocket to Albany. Such instances everywhere occur of the surprising progress of the country. On approaching the Skeneateles, Cayuga,

Seneca, Onondaga, and Canadagüa lakes, they found that cultivation had here made greater progress than farther eastward. The villages at the head of these lakes are all thriving and beautiful. But Canadagüa, our traveller is of opinion, bears away the palm. In the country near the river Genesee she took up her residence with a Mr Wadsworth, who, nineteen years before, had settled in the depths of the wilderness.

Leaving Genesee, in one of those light waggons so common in the United States, they traced the course of the Genesee to within four miles of its discharge into lake Ontario, where there are three remarkable falls in the river. At the head of the first fall is the town of Rochester, which is only seven years old, and now contains upwards of 200 houses, well laid out in broad streets; shops furnished with all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life; and several good inns.

From Rochester to Lewiston, on the Niagara river, the country was unhealthy in the extreme—almost every house was the habitation of disease; and the pallid countenances of the settlers indicated too plainly their sufferings: the cabins they passed on the road exhibited nothing of the stir of human life: one solitary figure was sometimes the only moving creature within its walls. At one place, a group of children was gathered, some sitting, some standing, to observe the passing vehicle: "the gaze of their lustreless eyes, and the hue of their sallow cheeks, haunted me for many hours afterwards." The physician who travelled with them in the diligence, told them, that he had five and thirty patients within the stretch of a mile. "We did not, (says our traveller), enter a house in which there were less than two of the family, either in bed, or looking as if they ought to be there:" these evils, however, only fall upon the first settlers in the country; as the forest is cleared away, the *mal'aria* recedes. Arrived at the frontier village of Lewiston, on the Niagara river, they found the country healthy; the inn was filled with a crowd of travellers; and the landlady was worked, as our traveller observes, out of

strength and out of temper, nursing an infant with one arm, and cooking with the other. Relieving her of this incumbrance, her good humour was restored, and supper prepared. From this place they proceeded to visit the cataract of Niagara, of which there is an ample description; and being on the borders of Canada, the scene of the late war, we have a long account of its events—the invasion of the United States by the British force—the rising of the country—the battle of Plattsburg—and the retreat of the invaders.

Passing over into Upper Canada, the writer gives a most melancholy account of the sufferings which frequently await the poor emigrants in that country. But this can hardly be otherwise, in cases where emigration is the last resort of poverty or improvidence. All accounts accordingly agree in setting forth the hardships of emigration as certain, and strongly suggest the inexpediency of all such enterprizes, unless from necessity. No man who can, by any exertion, hold his station in any of the civilized communities of Europe, ought rashly to exchange it for a residence in the American wilderness. It is justly observed by this writer, that the inexperienced emigrants of Europe attempt to proceed too far into the wilderness, when they might settle with more advantage in the cultivated parts of the United States, where there is still abundance of vacant lands. In Vermont there are many valuable tracks unreclaimed in the lower vallies, either arable or pasture, which would suit the emigrants from Scotland. The American, our author justly observes, enters the western wilderness, skilled to vanquish all its difficulties: he is properly placed in the vanguard of civilization; but the foreigner will find himself far better placed in the main body, where he is encouraged by his companions around him.

The inhabitants of Lower Canada differ essentially from those of the United States, or even from the settlers in Upper Canada, in their character and habits. They are still essentially French; and in ignorance and superstition, the modern Canadians are not one whit informed be-

yond their ancestors who emigrated from their native France. The following is the description given of this thoughtless and contented race of people:

The Priests have in their hands some of the best lands in the country, and claim, of course, some fruit-offerings from their spiritual children. Conceiving the security of the tenure to lie in the ignorance of the people, they enforce every prohibition calculated to preserve it entire; such as marrying with heretics, reading any book without the permission of the confessor, and learning the English language. The proximity of the States and their growing power, and, worse than all, their institutions civil and religious, are naturally looked upon by these shepherds of the flock with suspicion and terror. As the union of Canada to the republic would of necessity pave the way to their downfall, interest binds fast their loyalty to the ruling powers: these again, equally jealous of the States, and aware of the precariousness of the tenure by which they hold these colonies, pay much deference to the men who hold the keys of the people's minds. Thus goes the world! and yet with the Canadian peasant it would seem to go very happily: he eats his crust, or shares it with the passenger right cheerily; his loyalty, transferred from Louis to King George, sits equally light on his light spirits. As to the government, if he shares it not, as little does he feel it. Too poor to be oppressed, too ignorant to be discontented, he invokes his saint, obeys his priest, smokes his pipe, and sings an old ballad; while shrewder heads, and duller spirits, enact laws which he never hears of, and toil after gains which he contrives to do without.

We have a long letter on the direction of American genius, which seems to be a laboured apology for the want of any standard American works of science or wit. "It has been common (says this writer,) to scrutinize the literature of America at the European bar, and to pass a verdict against American wit and American science." Without passing any such verdict, or without any illiberal meaning towards America, it is certainly a matter of surprise, and worthy of enquiry, that we have no American work of any celebrity, either in science, literature, or poetry. In the work before us this is briefly accounted for, on the supposition that

the whole talent of America is absorbed in the public service: that America, engaged originally in an arduous conflict for her independence, and afterwards in the hardly less difficult task of establishing her government, has had no respite from the real business of life, for works of speculation or fancy. But this will hardly account for the deficiency of American literature. Has not every nation to attend to the business of legislation and government; and have they not all, in their turn, been involved in the turmoils of revolution? It was in times of civil confusion that the genius of Milton was bred; and it will not be found that obstacles of this nature have ever damped the strong and ardent impulse of the human intellect. Burke, one of the great literary ornaments of his time, was immersed all his life in the contentions of politics; and, in like manner, Addison, Swift, and Steel, were deeply embarked in the factions of the day. But their disputes called forth their wit and their literary powers. On the other hand, many enthusiastic spirits, following the bias of their genius, fly from the active bustle of the world, and aspire after fame, by those effusions of the fancy which require to be matured in the privacy of the closet. To these great efforts of the human mind, the agitations of the world have never yet presented any obstacle; and we do not well see how the political condition of America, even if it had been exposed to greater trouble, could account for her want of literature. But the truth is, that between the peace of 1783 and her late war with Great Britain, America had a precious interval of nearly thirty years of peace; during which, if literature had been much cultivated, some of its flowers must have burst forth, to attract the attention of Europe. It is said, indeed, that in America distinction is chiefly found in the service of the state. Literary distinction would, we apprehend, be a far greater honour to any American than state preferment. An American poet, whose works were read and admired in Europe, would be a phenomenon. He would be like a flower in the wilderness, and would be more run after even than any warlike hero. Liter-

ary eminence is, no doubt, highly honourable every where, but in America it would be peculiarly so; and when, amid such excitements, the prize is not won, what can we infer, but that the people, occupied with more ordinary cares, are deficient in that high taste and cultivation which naturally gives birth to works of genius and imagination. And this view of the American character is quite consistent with a sincere admiration of their capacity for legislation and government.

The nature and causes of the late war between Great Britain and the United States are next considered at great length. We do not see the necessity of reviving the discussion of this unhappy quarrel. We hope it is truly the *last* war that will ever take place between the two powers, and that henceforth they will exist for the more amiable purposes of mutual benevolence. The account given of the American navy is well worthy of attention, and that of the army, including the militia, who appear to have been a disorganized mass, mutinous and wilful, and rejecting, frequently, the control of all orders or discipline; brave, however, and determined, and formidable to an invading army by these qualities, as well as by their unrivalled dexterity in the use of their arms. A short campaign gradually tamed into order this disorderly throng; and it does not appear that, during the whole course of the war, any permanent impression could have been made on the country by the handful of British troops sent against it. Wherever the country was invaded, there the war became national, and crowds of volunteers flocked to the national standard. This was the case on the Canadian frontier, which was penetrated by Sir George Prevost with a corps of excellent troops, the *élite* of the British army, whose onset no body of raw American militia could for a moment have withstood. But they were instantly surrounded with clouds of irregulars, who, declining any regular battle, hung upon them and destroyed them in detail, while they were opposed, face to face, by regular troops. Sir G. Prevost has been censured for his retreat into Canada. But sooner or

that he must have retreated; for he could never have made his way through the mass of force which was daily gathering around him. His farther entrance into the country would have been a repetition of the experiment made by General Burgoyne, during the first American war, with even a greater certainty of failure.

The nature of the American constitution, with the separate constitutions of the respective states, and the ties by which they are bound together, affords a theme on which the author of these letters freely expatiates; and her observations are frequently striking and philosophical, and would be more valuable, were they not often dictated by such a visible and undue partiality to America. She has a letter on the education of the American youth, and on the condition of the women; both of which she commends in the highest terms. Indeed, her remarks are one continued eulogium on the manners and institutions of the country. The following description of the climate is lively and elegant:

This is a climate of extremes; you are here always in heat or frost. The former you know I never object to, and as I equally dislike the latter, I should perhaps be an unfair reporter of both. The summer is glorious; the resplendent sun "shining on, shining on," for days and weeks successively; an air so pure, so light, and to me so genial, that I wake, as it were, to a new existence. I have seen those around me, however, often drooping beneath fervors which have given me life. By the month of August, the pale cheeks and slow movements of the American women, and even occasionally of the men, seem to demand the invigorating breezes of the Siberian winter to brace the nerves, and quicken the current of the blood.

The winter;—those whom it likes, may like it. The season has its beauty and its pleasures. Sparkling skies shining down upon sparkling snows, over which the light *sleighs*, peopled with the young and the gay, bound along to the chime of bells, which the horses seem to hear well pleased. In country and city, this is the time of amusement; the young people will run twenty miles, through the biting air, to the house of a friend; where all in a moment is set a-stir; carpets up, music playing, and youths and maidens laughing and mingling in the mazy dance.

The spring;—there is properly no spring; there is a short struggle between winter and summer, who sometimes fight for the mastery with a good deal of obstinacy. We have lately seen a fierce combat between these two great sovereigns of the year. In the latter days of March, summer suddenly alighted on the snows in the full flush of July heat; every window and door were flung open to welcome the stranger, and the trees were just bursting into leaf, when angry winter returned to the field, and poured down one of the most singular showers of sleet I ever witnessed. The water, freezing as it fell, cased every branch and twig in crystal of an inch thick, so transparent, that each bud appeared distinctly through it; in some places, large trees gave way beneath the unusual burden; their heads absolutely touching the ground, until their trunks snapped in twain.

Her observations on domestic service in the United States evince great good sense, as well as good temper. She strongly dissuades any emigrants from bringing over European servants, who, not being accustomed to the freedom and independence which prevail here, cannot bear it, and generally become so saucy and disobedient, that their masters are soon forced to part with them. The native Americans, she observes, make the best servants. But they have a fixed dislike to household service, and never resort to it but in case of necessity; and they are so proud, that their character requires management. "No American (she observes) will receive an insulting word. A common mode of resenting an imperious order, is to quit the house, without waiting or even asking for a reckoning." As one illustration of this disposition, she tells a story of a female servant, who left her place because her mistress, who was from Europe, locked up the plate, which she held to be an impeachment on her honesty. The poor German and Swiss peasants who are brought over to America, and who are frequently bound to serve for a certain term of years, to defray the expense of their passage, form a valuable class of servants to farmers and country gentlemen. To prevent this class of emigrants from oppression, the most humane regulations have been passed in the different states, and they are executed with

the most exact rigour; an officer, with a salary, being appointed to look after their interest. On this subject our author contradicts, in every particular, and apparently on good grounds, a story circulated to the disadvantage of the American character, in Mr Fearon's work.

We have an account of Baltimore and Washington, the seat of the American Congress, which was visited by the writer of these letters. She was present at some of the discussions, and gives a very favourable account of American eloquence. The work concludes with some observations on slavery in the northern states, and with various suggestions on this subject, so deeply interesting to the peace and happiness of the United States. The multiplication of this servile race is a serious and an increasing evil. The American statesmen are duly sensible of this; but the difficulty is to find a remedy for a mischief so deeply rooted. The formation of colonies on the shores of Africa, to which the negroes might be transported, has been suggested, as the best expedient for ridding the country of this evil; and when this apparently wild and difficult scheme has found supporters, it shows what a deep impression prevails of the miseries arising to the country from the farther increase of the slave population.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

ONE of the most piquant writers of the day, not long ago, classed our nation among his "Imperfect Sympathies," (reconciling, by this term, his conscience and his philanthropy); and I rather think he has elsewhere described a Scotchman as compounded of a dull Frenchman and a superficial German. He seems here to be giving an opinion on a subject of which he knows little or nothing. He never was in Scotland; and it is rather unfair to judge of its inhabitants from the refugees—the money-makers, who swarm to London, under pretence of seeking a competency to maintain them in comfort at home; and who, when they have attained it, forget to return: not forgetting, however, to keep up the appearance

of what they find set down in books, as the characteristic of their countrymen, by babbling, on all occasions, of their love of home; as did lately a certain great law lord, who, at a public dinner in this city, after stating that he had lived forty years within cry of his native county, but without visiting it, proceeded to describe how delighted he should be on coming to the play-ground of his childhood, (some twenty miles farther north,) and next day set off on his return southward, without making the experiment. He deals still less fairly with this nation, if he judges of it on the data afforded by the writings of the much-praised authors it has lately produced. The greater part of our literary manufacture, (as known out of the country,) is only remarkable for conveying, in a highly-polished style, the truths (and sophisms) which the spread of knowledge has carried almost every where, and for acute, sensible reasoning, on some abstract subjects of discussion; and displays (I will grant Mr Lamb) rather the elegant writing of the well-educated gentleman, than the elaborated results of the efforts of imaginative and original minds. The historical writings of Robertson and Hume display research and judgment; but it may be admitted, that no excessive greatness of mind was required for their production. It may also be conceded to Mr Coleridge, as not at all influencing the present discussion, that the philosophical works of the latter are not, strictly speaking, original. For Blair, I ask only the reputation of good sense. Smollet, Thomson, and Mackenzie, may be abandoned as essentially English in their genius and subjects. In estimating the character of the Scottish nation, the writings of these men ought to be kept out of view, as having nothing in common with it, but a sort of sturdy good sense, matured and refined by a good education.

Even although they had not formed themselves so entirely on an English school, still it ought to be remembered, that the portion of a nation's literature, from which its temperament can best be inferred, is not that which consists of works, of abstract reasoning, and of historical narrative; because all such works, from

their nature, partake more of the general than the individual; that is, are produced by the exercise of those faculties of the mind, which are most universally and equally distributed—of the rational part of human nature; and have little connection with the affections and imagination, which are most liable to be modified by the various accidents of time and place, and which are consequently the essential ingredients of those peculiarities which have obtained the name of National Character. Now I could figure to myself the honest face of our “Imperfect Sympathist,” dilating into a hearty chuckle at the thought of Scotland’s claim to the possession of feeling and imaginative mind being rested upon her poets, (his favourite Burns always excepted); and truly had we nothing better to shew than Epigrams, Graves, and certain Tragedies, his laughter would not be very much mis-timed. There are, however, certain ballads and songs, which have built into themselves abodes in our hearts; and which, if they do not quite form a literature, at least shew, that, had it not been for adverse events, Scotland had the stuff whereof to frame a literature as proud and as lasting as that of England.

It may be as well, however, before proceeding farther, to state, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that I am not one of those who consider the Jacobite portion of Scottish song as the only valuable, or indeed as the best part of it. It would have been shameful to this country, if its sons had allowed, what was once an object of the most devoted attachment, to be torn from them, while they were yet ignorant of its unworthiness, without a sigh or a struggle; and it glads me, that more than one poet has bewailed the misfortunes of that dazzling destruction, arbitrary power, which gains upon the affections of a susceptible and imaginative mind much in the same manner as an artful and beautiful courtesan, “sparkling at once in beauty and destruction,” inveigles to herself the heart of an inexperienced boy. But it must have been still more shameful if this hollow pageant, in spite of the awkwardness of those who presented it in this country, had been

able, by mere dint of tinsel, to blind the whole nation to its innate coldness and deformity, and to draw all our genius to its lure. Scotland has been spared this disgrace. There is plenty of good and pleasant feeling woven into song, which has no allusion to these dull things Politics—there is wealth of independent sentiment. I do not remember a Jacobite song worthy to stand in competition with—“Is there for honest poverty?”

Neither am I (now that I am about telling what I am not) of the number of those crack-brained pretenders to enthusiasm, who have lately run tartan-mad; and (like the Humorous Lieutenant of Fletcher, in love with the King, and extending this affection to his cast clothes, superannuated nags, and namesake street) admire every thing Highland:—kilts—high cheek-bones—smoky huts—language—and (mercy on us!) the music. The first of these may be elegant, but, God knows, they are neither decorous nor comfortable. As for the elevation of the cheek-bone, it being a beauty we Lowlanders are said to have in common with our brethren of the mountains, the less said of it the better. The three last articles of the catalogue seem to me much upon a par. In sober earnest, a band of Highlanders, in their native arms and dress, under their natural chief, in proper time and place, with their bagpipes playing, (provided they be at least two miles distant,) is a kind of living poetry; but a parcel of Englishmen, who understand not a word of Gaelic, and know no more of the Highlands than may be learned in a six weeks tour, sitting down to a luxurious dinner in the Highland dress, or walking about a spacious and elegant ball-room, with all the stiffness which fear of exposure in so unusual a garb naturally inspires, is a very ridiculous object; and half a dozen bagpipes, within the narrow walls of the Edinburgh Theatre, are, to my ears, truly diabolical. I do not think, that either the vapouring of the lairds at their fancy balls, or the bringing down two or three dozen Highlanders every year, to play and cut capers on the stage, is the true way to keep up the old Highland spirit. Its more likely operation

will be to supply us with melo-dramatic heroes. After all that has been said of the Highland imaginative and poetic turn of mind, I must be allowed to remain sceptical till I see some fruits of it. As yet, nothing has appeared but Ossian—that rickety bastard, which nothing but the bland atmosphere of the most ridiculous nationality could have kept in existence for a month. The poetical character attributed to the Gaelic language, on which so much stress is laid, seems to me rather the struggling of men attempting to express their ideas amid an inadequacy of words, than the breaking forth of lofty imagination. As far as positive evidence goes, the Highlanders may be the most or least imaginative race in existence. Arguing, therefore, from probability, and it is all that is left us to go upon, I should incline to believe, from the very expressions of their eulogists, that they are in this respect nearly on a level with their neighbours. “The surrounding scenery gives them an habitual melancholy.” Possibly—but are only great minds melancholy?—Have we never heard of the “moping idiot?” A constitutional temperament, whether ardent or phlegmatic, is a thing of itself, and quite independent of the mind. It is most generally the result of the animal spirits, and depends not unfrequently on the state of the stomach. It is the part of our constitution which we have in common with the brutes. Our gaiety is friskiness in the kitten—our melancholy, sluggishness in the ass. The reason and the imagination, these qualities of the diviner something within, call it Spirit, or what you will, are independent of the mere animal existence; and high degrees of them are united indifferently to its strength and its weakness. There is, however, a specious show in a high degree of animal vivacity, that at times deceives bye-standers into a belief of abilities where none exist—as in the case of spirited boys, who are great geniuses at school, and regular dunce for the rest of their lives. Much the same mistake is made when, on the strength of a grave face, men are reputed wise;—and this mistake seems to have been made in the present case. Melancholy, for-

sooth! Why, Master Matthew, Master Stephen, Master Slender, and Master Silence, were as melancholy as the best of them; yet all these together, and involved to what power you will, could never muster one-tenth part of the soul of honest Grattiano, who “spoke an infinite deal of nothing—more than any man in Venice.” “Oh! this villanous melancholy! out upon it.”

I have said thus much of the Highlanders from a real liking; because it is my opinion that they are, at the least, foolish friends, who would recommend them to our liking, by attributing to them virtues they have never shewn themselves to possess; thus elevating them to a height where there is a risk of their being unable to maintain themselves, and thereby hazarding an exposure to ridicule by a fall. I have scrupled the less to question the imagination of the Highlanders, from the conviction that they have virtues enough to compensate the loss of a quality that has been erroneously attributed to them. But to return, my principal object in noticing them at present, was to make them serve as an introduction to a remark on certain weak-headed Lowlanders, who (in consequence of the praiseworthy attempts of some Highlanders to revive the memory of their ancestors—

“Oh! ’tis man’s worst deed,
To let the things that have been ran to
waste!”)

have lately been infected with what the author of *Waverley* calls the “tartan fever.” Now, although it is the sign of a wise and amiable mind, when a man feels pride and pleasure in dwelling on the remembrance of his forefathers, and things connected with them, it does not follow, that he of a different race, whose soul echoes this man’s words with an appearance of feeling, is either better or wiser than his prototype, the parrot. Nay, when he would have us believe that he is deeply sensible to the feelings of country, and, to prove it, joins with foreigners in the abuse of his kindred, (as certain Blues of either sex, and a few would-be poets, do, when they extol the Gael at the expense of the Lowlander,) we must have leave to laugh at his folly. Amidst all my

faults and follies, I cannot blame myself with this. Born a Lowlander, my prejudices are Lowland. It is admitted that the inhabitants of the low country, from want of habit, have seldom evinced so much mechanical courage as the Highlanders; but the materials are in them, and, when rightly trained, "they'll set their feet as far as who goes farthest." Who ran fastest at Langside? For the rest, our hearth-stones blaze as homnily as theirs—as kind and loving hearts sit round them, clinging closer to each other, as the reflected flames light on the blackened glass, while the wind whistles and sighs round the house, and the big rain-drops pelt on the window. If we do not chase the slim deer over heathy mountains, we can pursue our native game over the stubble-field, with these same hills in our horizon, showing more beautifully than when near,—with the same gales bracing our nerves, and the same clouds floating majestically between us and the blue sky. To our fishers, the winding rivers are one continued chain of fresh, healthy, living beauty. Our daily occupations may be of an humble nature; but the human mind, that true alchemist, can transmute the most sordid materials into beauty and worth, by weaving around them its hallowed feelings and imaginations. The carpenter's shop becomes a holy temple, and its deities are nuptial and parental love, in the shape of a dear wife and chubby children. Last, but greatest, we have attained, by our own exertions, a degree of freedom and knowledge (and are attaining more) of which they knew nothing till it was (perhaps, from the circumstances, unjustly) forced upon them. This is true sympathy with the prejudices of other nations, honestly to avow our own, and to defer to theirs, as being the same in nature, though different in form; each children of the best feelings of the heart. If, by this deportment, we succeed not in conciliating our neighbours, it would be alike vain and dishonourable to attempt it by any other. If Highlanders despise us as a nation, what feelings must they have towards him, who meanly attempts to insinuate himself into their favour by abusing his brethren?

Having finished these preliminaries, I commence my Remarks on Scottish Song with the Romantic Ballads. These, it is true, are not peculiar to Scotland, but are possessed by it in common with the North of England. The two nations are, however, sprung from the same stock; and, if we may not call these songs Scottish, we may consider them as an inheritance derived to both Scots and English from their remoter progenitors, and worthy to be noticed at present, as hints of what literature our Saxon ancestors brought with them to this island; for, independent of the well-known resemblance of these ballads to the old Scandinavian songs, their almost entire freedom from any chivalrous mixture, is a sufficient guarantee that their origin belongs to a period before the Norman conquest. All the ballads, too, that have come to my knowledge, are natives of the "North Countree," where Normans and their customs (and the consequent spread of chivalry) were least frequent. Ariosto, in his tale of Ginevra, gives the burning of maidens for incontinency, (an incident frequent in these ballads, but nowhere else to be met with) as a peculiarity of Scottish tradition; hereby lending the weight of his authority to the opinion of the separateness of that tradition from the tales of chivalry. Be this as it may, be these tales prior to, or coeval with chivalrous romance, it is certain that they are tales of a simple age, in which there existed a few marked distinctions of rank, maintained by the external splendour and power of the higher orders, but unaccompanied by any marked distinction in their habits of thinking, manners, and customs. It must generally happen, that until the diffusion of knowledge, which is always monopolized at first by those who have usurped the other good things of this world, the only difference between the master and the slaves will be the greater gaudiness of the one, and the cowardly servility of the other. The passions, (taking the word in its widest acceptation,) the passions of the people were ardent and intense; partaking more of that part of our constitution which unites itself most closely with the material creation, than of

the purely mental. Their moral sense seems to have been yet in its infancy, forcing its way up amid the conflicting of their passions, as the flame (if so homely a simile be admissible) of a new-stirred fire wreathes and *tongues* itself up amidst the severed coals; now twisting itself into some small corner and disappearing, and again returning, with a larger and more lasting light. If any part of their moral constitution could be said to have attained its strength, it was that instinctive honesty which they maintained, with a seeming unconsciousness of its being a virtue; that truth, which rather proceeded from an ignorance of falsehood, than a dislike of it. It would be ill-natured to ask, whether the integrity and veracity of those good people, who retain these virtues because they have been taught, from their youth upwards, that their interest and reputation depend upon their so doing, are more estimable than this blind honesty? Assuredly they are not more to be relied on.

The great charm of these ballads consists in their being pure narratives of events, in their straight forward way of telling their story, without stopping to comment; never giving any broader hint of the author's knowledge of his hero's or heroine's feelings, than a brief exclamation of joy or sorrow. They give the bare, but elegant frame-work of the story; and the flowers that are to twine around it, completing the bower of pleasure, are the imaginations and feelings of the reader or hearer. They merely give hints, to be expanded by him. They act upon the mind like a magnet let down into a heap of iron filings and dust, which draws to it all the valuable particles, and hangs them in fanciful festoons on its edges. The simple state of society to which they refer, and which I have attempted to describe, affords no great variety of event; and hence the original tales are very few, though latterly increased in number, by the forgetful or intentional compounding of one story, with the appearance of novelty, out of fragments of several old ones. A lady of rank falling in love with an inferior, and the dire consequences of their love—faithless servants betraying, or (as in Glenkindie) diverting the success of their

masters—the desolating rage 'of an injured husband—the worm twisting again when trodden on (as in Lamma-kin)—maternal love—and family discord, comprehend almost the whole of their subjects. They are few, indeed, but they are of the deepest interest: and, as the colouring that completes their spirited outlines is every time to be supplied by the mind, it every time finds a delight in its exertions, that gives a continued newness to the old tales. Many of the little embellishments that now hang upon them are, doubtless, the feelings they excited in some young poet, breathed into verse, and hung as votive offerings on the fane reared by some elder bard, and which had, for a time, sheltered him from the pelting storms of adversity, and the heartless, inquisitive gaze of the world.

These praises may be thought extravagant; but whoever takes the trouble to examine their object, will find that they are no more than just. Some quotations, however, will be the best apology for the warmth of my eulogium. The first is that exquisite appreciation of female delicacy in the ballad of Glenkindie, where the lady discovers she has been deceived:—

“ Oh, wha is this,” says that ladie,
 “ That opens nae and comes in ?”
 “ It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
 O, open and let me in.”

She kent it was nae gentle knight
 That she had latten in,
 For neither whan he gaed nor cam'
 Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her when he cam',
 Nor clappit her when he gaed ;
 &c. &c.

The next, which cannot fail to speak for itself to all, is from Lady Jane. The heroine is situated somewhat like Griselda, waiting at table on the day her lord brings home his new wife.

She has serv'd the lang tables
 Wi' white bread and wi' wine ;
 An' aye she drank the wan water,
 To keep her colour fine.

And she gaed by the first table,
 And leuch among them a' ;
 But afore she reach'd the second table
 She loot the tears doon fa'.

She's ta'en a napkin, lang an' white,
 And hung 't upon a pin :
 It was to dry her watery een
 As she gaed out an' in.

It remains to be observed, that as these songs have fluttered down to us on the breath of tradition, it would be ridiculous to assert that we possess any of them in their original form. Many trifles have been interwoven with them—some quite at variance with the nature of the original story. Names and titles are given to the scenes and characters, according more with the age, rank, and place of abode of the people among whom the ballad is found, than the narrative itself: passages are added or lost, with advantage or otherwise. This is natural; for the inclination to tell stories is universal, while the power is rarely met with. According to the talents of the person in whose memory the ballad is deposited, will it be really good, or only rescued from contempt, by the intrinsic value of the story. But there is a peculiarity in the modifications of these ballads. They are (or, more properly, they were,) repeated in a kind of chaunt, in which attention is paid to the time alone, and the notes are slurred over. This was a great assistance in remembering the verse; and I have observed, when writing down ballads from recitation, the effects of this chaunt upon the speaking and hearing—organs so associated in the mind of the chaunter with the words, that it not only recalled what would otherwise have been forgot, but that absolutely the reciter could not separate the thing delivered from the manner of delivery. A whole stanza was chaunted to me; and if, in writing it, I came to a stand, even though a single word, and that the last, were all I wanted, the whole verse must be gone over again. The effect of this association upon the language of the songs has been considerable. The singer sometimes remembered the amount of the narrative, and enough of the words to express it; but the ear also must be gratified—and to this necessity we owe the many strange expletives and unmeaning phrases used to fill up the measure. If to this be added the inevitable debasing of the language in its descent to the lower orders, and the

anomalies which their ignorance of the manners of the great frequently produced, it may be easily conceived what a strange production a ballad would become by the time it was naturalized in a district. I am tempted to subjoin a case in point, which I obtained a few weeks ago:

Such as have Jamieson's Popular Ballads in their possession, may (if they be so inclined) compare the following ballad with his "*Ladie Maisry*." The fastidious may pass over these verses, for assuredly they will displease them. Men of taste, too, will find them caviare to their palate. But every unbiassed person, whose mind is yet unfettered by the shackles of that miminie-pininie delicacy which is now so prevalent, is fit to sit in judgment on them. Be it remembered, however, that they are not produced as affording a favourable specimen of the ballad, but as an example of the grotesque shape it sometimes assumed in passing from mouth to mouth. Amidst all its oddity, however, there remains enough of delicate human feeling to account for the hold it has taken of the peasants' feelings, and to justify me in preferring it to Mr Jamieson's copy. There is, in his, an appearance of patch-work, joining the beginning of one ballad to the end of another, which has been productive of incongruity; for the boy-traitor, in the early part of the ballad, hears the *Lady Maisry* reject her lovers,—who observe nothing particular in her appearance,—and tell them she loves an Englishman: he sets off to tell this defalcation, from national feeling, to her brother; but tells him, instead, that she is with child, which, on going to her bower, he finds to be true. There is a cold heartlessness, too, in the way he takes to punish her—in his unrelenting prosecution of it, and the icy acquiescence of all around. The two lovers, and the brother, are indeed the only persons who seem to have feeling, and his is a hard, obdurate pride, more worthy of a demon than a man. In the copy here given, in spite of all its roughness and alloy, we feel ourselves in this world of human loves, when we are told of her father betaking him "to the grene-wude," and "her brither

to the brume," and of her "sister sitting down to greet," when her cruel sentence is carried into execution,—but, above all, when we hear of that glorious triumph of exceeding love, namely, the lover leaping into the flames for a last embrace. There is grandeur, and keeping, too, in the character of the mother, from her first "standing stately on the flure," and upbraiding her daughter, to her unmoved "sittin' in her gowden chair, to see her dochter burn." I fear I will be thought to say too much in hinting at a faint shadowing of a Shakespearian woman in "Fair Marjory"—a timid, loving girl, yet immovable, while leaning on the strength of her affections. The thought of her lovers supports her in opposing the contumelies of her relations with a mild fortitude; and the sound of his horn, "caught with death's prophetic car," inspires courage to brave her tyrant mother in the midst of her fiery trial. Such merits may induce readers, who can feel, to pardon the blemishes that have crept over them, as a dull scarf will come over the polish of the finest silver, when exposed uncovered to the air; such blemishes, as the extreme youth of the heroine, evidently arising out of the years attributed to her, being the only ones that would rhyme—the minute (Homeric) attention to the hero's boots—the body "breaking in twa"—the language—

Fair Marjory's gaen into the school
Between six and seven,
An' she's come back richt big wi' bairn
Between twalve and eleven.

It's out then sprung her mither dear,
Stood stately on the flure:
"Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune becom a ——!"

"I'm not a ——, mither," she said,
"Nor ever intend to be—
But I'm wi' child to a gentleman,
An' he swears he'll marry me."

Her father, brother, and sister, successively address her in the same polite style, and receive the same answer; except that to the latter, instead of the information contained in the last two lines, she addresses a piece of advice.

"Ye're but a young woman, sister,
An' ye shuld speak sparlin'."

Her father's to the grene-wude gaen;
Her brither's to the brume;
An' her mither sits in her gowden chair,
To see her dochter burn.

The sister she culd do naething,
And she sat down to greet.

"Oh! whare will I get a bonny boy
That wull win hose an' shoon?
That wull rin to Strawberry Castle for me,
And bid my true love come?"

It's out thak spak a bonny boy,
That stude richt at her knee:
"It's I wull rin your errand, ladie,
Wi' the saut tear i' my e'e."

It's whan he cam' to Broken-brigg,
He bent his bow an' swan;
An' whan he cam' whare green grass grew,
Set doon his feet an' ran.

An' whan he cam' to Strawberry Castle,
He thirled at the pin;
An' aye sae ready as the porter was,
To rise and let him in.

He delivers his message in the approved ballad style, and the lover speaks—

"Gae saddle to me the black," he says,
"Gae saddle to me the broun,
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed
That e'er set fute on grun."

It's first he burst the bonny black,
An' syne the bonny broun;
But the dapple gray rade still away,
Till he cam' to the town.

An' aye he rade, an' aye he rade,
An' aye away he flew;
Till the siller buttons flew off his coat:
He took out his horn an' blew.

An' aye he blew, an' aye he blew,
He blew baith loud an' shrill;
An' the little life that Marjory had,
She heard his horn blaw weel.

"Beik on, beik on, cruel mither," she
said,
"For I value you not a straw;
For if ever I heard my love in my life,
He's comin' here awa'."

The few verses following contain her testamentary bequests to her relatives above mentioned; but the person from whom I got the ballad could not repeat them.

When he cam' unto the flames,
He jump in butes and a';
He thoct to ha'e kiss'd her red rosy lips,
But her body broke in twa.

"I'll burn for thy sake, Marjory,
 'toun that thou lies in ;
 'I'll mak' the baby fatherless,
 For I'll throw mysel' therein."

I will not say another word of this ballad, which is given as a fair specimen of the state in which they are generally found, "with all its imperfections on its head." It is only justice to add, that there are two exquisite passages in Mr Jamieson's copy. The first is the extremely natural description of Lady Maisry, when her brother asks who is the father of her child, with the simple and touching words put into her mouth. It is to be feared, however, from the antithetical smartness of the expression, that Jamieson has been polishing the language.

She turn'd her richt and roun' about,
 An' the kembe fell frae her han' ;
 A tremblin' seiz'd her fair bodie,
 An' her rosie cheek grew wan.

"Oh pardon me, my brither dear,
 An' the truth I'll tell to thee ;
 My bairn it is to Lord William,
 An' he is betroth'd to me."

These rhymes are smart and snappish, like the tinkling of iron on the hard ground in a frosty day, while the flow of the old ballads, where they do flow unencumbered by the harshnesses every where sprinkled through them, is indeed "the melody that lightly floats."

"Its are the murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow in the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly."

The other passage is that expression of the eternity of maternal love, which contrasts so finely with the old rancour of offended pride, which is destroying her—

"Oh ! had my han's been loose, Willie,
 (Sae hard as they are bun' !)
 I wuld ha'e turn'd me frae the gleed,
 And casten out your young son."

After finishing what I had to say on the ballads, I intended to proceed to a body of song, more exclusively Scottish ; but, to treat it with proper minuteness, it must be deferred.—Meanwhile, I shall conclude the present subject with some remarks on the late attempts to restore the ballad style of writing.

It is evident, that the nature of the ballad is entirely alien to the poetry

of our age. Even in the professedly narrative poems of this day, the tale is most frequently a mere apology for digressions—a peg to hang dissertations and descriptions on—in short, a bond of union to the most heterogeneous materials, or, to speak hieroglyphically, a rope which binds together a heap of different substances, beautiful or not, as may happen, which, having no principle of attraction, would never have come together of their own accord, and, if accidentally placed side by side, would be separated again by the first wind that blew. What is *Childe Harold* but a nucleus, round which the bright fancies of the author may congregate, and stand "starlike around," until they gather to a god ? Would the *Excursion* be irreparably damaged by omitting the interlocations of the Parson, the Pedlar, and the Solitary ? Would not a succession of wax-work figures, in appropriate attitudes and costume, passing in succession, under the view of Sir Walter Scott's descriptive pen, be as interesting as an overwhelming majority of his poems ? Remember, reader, his *poems* ! All these authors are men of genius, but they know it too well, and will not trust their reputation to works, the worth of which would seem to the vulgar more owing to the materials than the artist. One of them, indeed, goes to the other extreme, and will not allow, if he can help it, his subject to have any share with him in interesting the reader. This peculiar bias in the minds of our poets is a sufficient damper to any hopes of a revival of the ballad style of writing ; but the failure of the attempts spoken of had another cause.

In that species of word-painting which shews us the outline of the succession of events in human life, as one continuous stream of occurrences, and the states of the mind composing it at the different moments of its progress, as merely the physical points, which, in taking the survey of the whole, go for nothing—in this, the pleasure and interest derived by the mind flow from the grace or boldness of the primary windings and sweeps of the line, not from any colouring or peculiarity of conformation, which a microscopic eye might disco-

ver in any of the points. Its beauty or grandeur must, in character, resemble that of a country bare of trees, but where the unprejudiced eye may yet find a beauty in the outlines of the swelling hills, the winding brooks, and the sweeping margins of the lakes; or, the source of a higher-toned feeling, in the abrupt crags and deep glens. Modern poetry—the schools of Tasso and Ariosto, among the Italians, the writings of Chaucer, and of the great men of the age of Elizabeth—bears the same relation to the mere narrative versifiers that a well-wooded country does to such a one as above described. Some kind of earth is necessary to the maturity of the trees that rise and spread, and grow green on it; but its primary conformation is scarcely noticed, and although flat and common-place, passes uncensured beneath the leafy beauties that shroud it. These two kinds of poetry are both good in themselves, and their original difference seems to be this,—that the first, to be good, must be copied from immediate, minute, and long-continued inspection of human life; that the other may take a portion of this, and, by the showers of knowledge, and the genial warmth of imagination, may quicken into existence, and draw forth into beauty the germs that lie hid in it. The labour of the first poet is like that of the workman who purifies the ore; of the latter, like that of the artist who fashions it into graceful ornaments: or the former is like Salvator Rosa, a genius of grandeur and wildness, dashing noble outlines; the latter like one, who, when taking the hint from him, or making outlines of his own, should direct his attention to omitting none, even the most minute elegance of colouring and detail. The work of the one is best viewed at a distance, or in mass; that of the other can undergo and be benefited by the most searching attention.

It follows from the understood nature of the ballad style of poetry,—its stern rejection of all extrinsic beauties, however cognate—that, to give it interest, it must be elaborated from a very minute inspection of actual existence: the picture must be so closely true to reality, that no beauty that is within its limited reach may

be omitted, since all, a hair-breadth beyond it, must be cut off. The copy must be from nature, not from copies of it, however faithful; since, at every transmission, an additional degree of stiffness is necessarily acquired, unlike the original, and destructive of its beauty. Now, in defiance of this plain dictate of common sense, our restorers of ballad literature, (instead of taking for their subjects life as it fell under their view, by which way only could they have had any chance of producing something good, and essentially the same, although formally differing from the old ballads,) have uniformly chosen events which happened in times now living only in vague and remote tradition. The consequence is, that their “grating on their scammel pipes of wretched straw,” is about as like the professed objects of their imitation, as a map is to Switzerland. The map may serve to mark the relative situations of the most important places, but he who has lent a pleased ear to the glowing words of the traveller or poet, while expatiating on that magnificent region, gazes on the scrawled paper with a stupefied, half-sceptical, disappointed “Is this Switzerland?” But worse—mere fragments, of some of these models have come down to us; now, as even accurate copies of them would have an unpleasant coldness and stiffness, what must be the monster produced by cementing these pieces with long passages of modern writing, cut and dried after the most approved fashion? The answer is to be found in the ballads of truly-gifted writers; of Scott, and Hogg, for *he*, too, is, in his rank, a genius. But, oh! what word^s can justly express the failure of the servile imitators of “the Ariosto of the North?” The creatures who, because they can marshal lines containing the exact number of syllables, with rhymes at the end of them, must, forsooth, set up for poets! Only look, gentle reader, at that immense crowd of wittings, who advance, and throw down upon the table, with such a mighty self-satisfied air, certain sheets of paper, whereon they have scribbled meaningless arrangements of the most common-place abstractions,—of those dullest of dullards, who,

with here and there a Scotch word interposed, dare to call themselves the followers of Pope—a farrago as grating to the ears as cold to the heart—a mass of lacquered lead dross—a thing unworthy of a name, and too dull for being laughed at. “Patience, and shuffle the cards.” W. W.

THE LEGEND OF THE BELL ROCK:
A TRADITIONARY STORY.

THE Bell Rock is now known to Europe and America, from its conspicuous light-house, which, although inferior to the celebrated Pharos of Ptolemy, is perhaps the first, for elegance and utility united, in the modern world. Every body knows that the Inch Cape Rock received the name of the Bell Rock, from the traditionary story of a Bell once tolling there, the machinery of which was kept in motion by the fluctuations of the tide. The credit of this benevolent invention has generally been attributed to a pious Abbot Aberbrothock, (Arbroath;) it is also currently told, that the Bell was carried away by an avaricious Dutchman, who, by the retributive justice of Providence, was afterwards wrecked on the same rock.

Hence the poem is conformable to popular tradition, the poetical embellishments being only in the subordinate parts of the story.

See Encyclopædia Britannica, Supplement, Article Bell Rock.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock: the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his feet appear.

Dryden's Virgil.

WHEN Bruce of Edward's iron yoke
Had burst the vile, inglorious bands,
And Scotia saw her fetters broke,
Her sceptre away'd by David's hands;

Then Freedom's fire, long quench'd in night,
Shed morning sweetness o'er the sky;
The lustre of her dawning light
Was seen in every peasant's eye.

With looks of love the matron smil'd,
With kinder glances hail'd her lord,
More fondly clasp'd and kiss'd her child,
His freeborn rights again restor'd.

Vol. X.

Again was heard the roundelay
Resounding o'er the flowery dale;
In court and cottage all were gay,
And shepherds pip'd in every vale.

The village maid, and high-born dame,
No longer now afraid to love,
Indulg'd the fond and secret flame,
And whisper'd soft in shady grove;

The glance of Hope each eye relum'd,
And Independence stamp'd the brow;
The virgin's cheek more richly bloom'd,
And Beauty blush'd with softer glow:

But there was one, in virgin pride,
Whose artless charms unrivall'd shone,
Who every Scotian fair outvied,
And sat supreme on Beauty's throne.

Nor cottage maid, nor royal race,
From Carrick's strand to Caithness' shore,
Shew'd such transcendent virgin grace,
As Kelly's lovely Ellenore!

Her father's castle rear'd its head
O'er Elliot's pure and pebbled stream,
Where waving woods their branches spread,
Impervious to the noontide gleam.

Around the elm the woodbine twined,
The scented wild-rose blushing fair,
The weeping birch its head reclin'd,
The fragrant primrose blossom'd there.

The rude rock, grey in hoary pride,
With cool and crystal drops would weep;

While up its fringed and shaggy side
Would green and clasping ivy creep.

Nature had lavish'd all her care,
To deck this rich romantic glen;
And Brothock youths would oft repair
To breathe the sweets of Kelly-den.

And Ellenore, at early morn,
Would oft her secret walks pursue;
Her breath like fragrant blossom'd thorn,
Her bosom pure as drops of dew.

And she would seek her shady bower,
O'er-hung with buds and branches fair;
Herself the sweetest, fairest flower,
Of aught that climb'd and blossom'd there.

And she would join her matin song
With woodland minstrels warbling round,
While Echo would the strains prolong,
And softly close the mellow sound.

It chanced she sat, at evening hour,
And mark'd the twilight's purple gleam,
The green leaves flicker'd round her bower,
The evening star shone bright between:

5 A

The mavis made the valley ring,
The cushat coo'd in covert nigh ;
She tried to join, but could not sing,
Her heart was sad—she knew not why.

Her cheek lean'd on her ivory hand,
'Till daylight in the west declin'd ;
The shades of night crept o'er the land,
And murmur'd sad the hollow wind.

Soft slumbers o'er her senses stole,
And Fancy sat on Reason's throne ;
Bright visions hover'd round her soul,
And dreams of bliss, on earth unknown.

She rais'd her eye, and wildly gaz'd ;
The evening star no longer beam'd ;
Above her head the meteor blaz'd,
And through the trees the lightning gleam'd.

Amidst the elemental storm
She felt her frame with terror shake ;
When, lo ! a shadowy female form
Before her stood, and slowly spake :

“ Soft be thy slumbers, Ellenore !
Nor dreams disturb thy gentle sleep ;
Yet thou must dream, to wake once more—
Yes, lady fair ! must wake, to weep !

“ But streams will glide, and floods o'er-
flow ;
Dark Winter howl and Summer shine ;
The flower will fade, the bud will blow ;
And smiles and tears be, lady, thine !”

She paus'd, and Ellen, trembling, said,
“ Mysterious being ! speak again !”
But, ah ! the vision'd form had fled—
Had vanish'd in the dimwood glen.

It was a long and dreary night
That Ellenore in sadness pass'd ;
She mus'd till morn's returning light,
And listen'd to the fitful blast.

The sunny morning shines serene,
Again she seeks her fav'rite bower ;
Bright dews imperl the velvet green,
And fragrance breathes from bud and flower.

But who is he, in plain array,
That comes untimely to intrude ;
And thus would cross a lady's way
With glances keen, and footsteps rude ?

A glow suffus'd his youthful cheek,
His simple tale his faltering told,
And lowly bow'd—he came to seek
A vagrant lamb that left his fold.

His manly form, his graceful air,
And modest speech, attention claim ;
In wonder lost, the beauteous fair
Is gazing on his youthful frame.

Oh, lady ! look not on the youth ;
For he is poor, and lowly born ;
And though his heart has worth and truth,
Such graces Kelly's lord would scorn.

And, Henry,—oh ! forbear to gaze
On Beauty's bright meridian sun ;
Or, like the moth, in taper's blaze,
Still hover near, and fall undone !

Resistless Love was lurking there ;
His shaft was fitted to the string ;
His aim was true—it pierced the pair,
Swift as the bolt on lightning's wing.

Regardless of her high-born birth,
She lov'd, and pledg'd her faith sincere ;
Ye proud, but sordid sons of earth,
Suppress that smile, that sapient sneer !

Does not the woodbine's spicy bloom
Round mountain-fir with fondness twine ?
The gentle rosebud breathe perfume,
And in the hawthorn's shade recline ?

But now, on Scotian hills around,
The martial clang is heard afar ;
And Kelly's lord, in fealty bound,
Attends his monarch to the war.

And Henry, too, impell'd by love,
Seeks laurels in the tented field ;
Resolv'd his prowess there to prove,
His crook exchange'd for spear and shield.

“ Oh ! weep not thus—dear Ellenore !”
He said, and sooth'd the sorrowing maid ;

“ Our better fate has bliss in store,
Though Heaven that bliss has long delay'd.

“ I go, your father's life to guard,
In danger's hour by him to stand ;
When we return, I, for reward,
Will kneel, and claim my Ellen's hand.”

What parting tears the lovers shed
It boots not here in verse to tell ;
Nor pause we o'er the “ mighty dead,”
On Durham's field, who fought and fell.

Oh ! why is Ellen's cheek so pale,
While tears her heaving bosom stain ?
Oh ! she has heard the fatal tale—
Her father and her lover slain !

In vain the spring's returning bloom !
Each blossom adds to her despair ;
She seeks a convent's cloister'd gloom,
To mourn her secret sorrows there.

In Aberbrothock's hallow'd pile *,
 Sad Ellenore now hides her head,
 And courts Religion's sacred smile,
 Her thoughts still dwelling with the
 dead.

Her hapless lord is all unknown ;
 And can she now that love reveal ?
 Ah, no ! since life and hope have flown,
 Her lips shall lasting silence seal.

With orisons, at dawn of day,
 And vesper hymns, at evening hour,
 They try to chase her griefs away,
 And cheer this early blighted flower.

But still the Abbess fix'd her eyes
 On Kelly, more than Ellenore ;
 And sought to lure her beauteous prize,
 To leave these hallow'd courts no more.

"The world," she said, "is cross, and
 care ;
 Love flatters only to beguile ;
 And wealth is but a specious snare,
 That lures the heart with syren smile.

"But here is a perpetual calm,
 Each jarring passion hush'd to rest ;
 While hope diffuses heavenly balm,
 'The sunshine of the cloudless breast."

'Twelve lingering months to grief are
 given ;
 And now the youthful Ellenore
 Resolves to yield her heart to Heaven,
 And sigh for earthly bliss no more.

At morn, the bells, with solemn peal,
 Are heard afar, to load the gale ;
 A vestal bride her vows will seal—
 'Tis Ellenore assumes the veil !

The sun with golden lustre shines
 Around St Thomas' hallow'd towers ;
 And imag'd saints, in sacred shrines,
 Are crown'd with wreaths of virgin
 flowers.

The matin song, the choral swell,
 Resounding, strike the raptur'd ear,
 They echo o'er each distant cell,
 And vestals wipe the joyous tear.

The holy rites are now begun,
 And clouds of incense, curling high,
 Obscure the splendour of the sun,
 And scatter fragrance o'er the sky.

* The Abbey of Aberbrothock was
 founded by King William the Lion, in
 the twelfth century, and dedicated to St
 Thomas à Becket. Hence it is called St
 Thomas's.

The solemn anthem's lofty chime
 Is heard—each heart with rapture
 glows ;
 The pealing organ swells sublime,
 Its full-ton'd diapason flows.

It echoes o'er the hallow'd choir,
 Inspires the heart with holy love ;
 It fans Devotion's sacred fire,
 And lifts the soul to heaven above.

The priest before the altar kneels,
 The golden censer smoking near ;
 The spousal hymn triumphant peals,
 And bids the virgin bride appear.

As slow the sacred floor she treads,
 The blushing flowers more softly bloom,
 Anew they raise their drooping heads,
 And breathe around their rich perfume :

But, ah ! her cheek no longer glows,
 For it is faded, blanch'd, and pale ;
 No more she smiles fair Kelly's rose,
 But droops the lily of the vale !

The victim comes, while sisters wait,
 O'er her the sacred veil to throw ;
 When led within the hallow'd gate,
 She'll bid farewell to all below.

One moment's pause—one parting look !
 What hast thou seen—sad Ellenore ?
 Her soul with sudden anguish shook—
 She scream'd, and sunk upon the floor !

Has Henry, whom so long she mourn'd,
 Come from the mansions of the dead ?
 No : he from England has return'd,
 A captive there by conquerors led.

The maid is borne from Brothock's towers ;
 For love and gold can forms defy—
 Again she blooms in Kelly's bowers,
 Her happy bridegroom smiling by.

One "little month" had pass'd away,
 Their hands and hearts in love entwined ;
 Before them bright the prospect lay,
 While every care was cast behind :

But Henry now must leave the fair,
 To London must again sejournd ;
 Stern duty asks his presence there—
 On wings of love he'll soon return.

He's gone—arriv'd—his duty done—
 Why should he now prolong his stay ?
 He knows that Ellen pines alone,
 And, sighing, mourns his long delay.

He finds a bark for Brothock's shore ;
 Unmoor'd, they bend the blacken'd sail ;
 He thinks of love and Ellenore,
 And swiftly scuds before the gale.

But who can winds and waves control ?
 Abroad the furious tempest flies ;
 Rough mountain-billows round them roll,
 And midnight darkness shrouds the
 skies.

Before the gale resistless driven,
 On wings of wind away they go !
 On ruffian billows rise to heaven—
 Now diving deep to hell below !

The Inch Cape Rock lies right before,
 And dark and dreary is the night ;
 Around them winds and waters roar—
 And it is long to morning light !

She strikes the rock—her stately form
 In fragments floats upon the wave ;
 Loud shrieks the Spirit of the Storm
 O'er Henry in his watery grave !

Oh ! weep not thus, sweet Ellenore,
 Sad as the widow'd turtle-dove !
 These tears cannot the dead restore ;
 But he has left a pledge of love.

Yes, Ellen, clasp thy infant boy,
 Who to thy bosom, nestling, creeps ;
 Thy chaunt of "melancholy joy"
 Will soothe his spirit as he sleeps.

The worm of grief has nipt her bloom,
 Young Henry's smiles but rack her
 mind ;

For she is hastening to the tomb,
 To leave an orphan child behind !

She sought St Thomas' Abbot there,
 A meek and holy man was he ;
 And pour'd to him a parent's prayer,
 That he should friend and father be

To infant Henry : "Take," she said,
 "That treasur'd gold, my rents and
 lands ;

In peace I'll lay my weary head,
 My son in your protecting hands."

The grass is green on Ellen's grave ;
 The Abbot mingled with the clay ;
 And borne on time's unceasing wave,
 Full forty years have pass'd away.

But where is now the orphan boy,
 She left to father Francis' care ?
 He shuns the world's tumultuous joy,
 And fills his friendly Abbot's chair.

Above his mother's grassy tomb
 Each morn he bends with humid eye ;
 And o'er his father's hapless doom
 He nightly heaves the secret sigh.

And oft he hears of hapless bark
 Wreck'd on the Inch Cape's rocky steep,

When tempests blow and heavens are dark,
 Ingulph'd within the yawning deep.

For year and day he mus'd and plann'd,
 With patient, persevering mind ;
 And toil'd, with most unwearied hand ;
 To perfect what he had design'd.

Some say, that Becket's sainted sprite
 Came from the fields of light above,
 And join'd the Abbot every night,
 To aid him in this work of love.

'Tis done—on Inch Cape tolls a Bell,
 While restless waves the power supply ;
 By day and night, its ceaseless knell
 Proclaims aloud that danger's nigh.

At home, abroad, on sea and shore,
 The Abbot's name was far renown'd ;
 And when his earthly toil was o'er,
 His dust with grateful tears was crown'd.

For now, the sailor fearless steers,
 Though murky clouds obscure the sky ;
 The warning Bell delighted hears,
 Stands off, and glides in safety by.

It chanced, on Becket's holiday,
 When calm and smooth the summer
 seas,

When keels slow plow'd their watery way,
 And white sails woo'd the wanton
 breeze ;

The sea-fowl sported on the wave,
 The Phoca rais'd his shaggy head ;
 The mermaid deep, in shelly cave,
 Reclin'd upon her coral bed ;

The Inch Cape Rock was cover'd deep,
 With water, ooze, and sea-weed green,
 While round its dark sides shelving steep,
 The playful finny tribes were seen ;

And ever, with the restless tide,
 As rippling waters rose and fell,
 O'er ocean's glassy bosom wide,
 Was heard the far-resounding knell ;

When Vandergroot came sailing past,
 A thrifty Dutchman, homeward bound ;
 On deck, he lean'd against the mast,
 And listen'd to the warning sound.

Anon the rock's brown ridge appears,
 The ebbing tide has left it dry ;
 The wary Dutchman sounds and steers,
 With cautious, keen, observing eye :

The winds in secret chambers sleep,
 The boat is launch'd, Inch Cape is nigh ;
 The oars are plied, with steady sweep ;
 Close to its shelving side they lie.

Now on the rock the skipper stands,
 The wondrous structure to survey ;

And Vandergroot, with felon hands,
Has borne the warning Bell away.

Jan Hanson was a sailor bold;
But when the plunderer's spoil he spied,
His cheek grew pale, his blood ran cold,
And thus, with quiv'ring lip, he cried:

"Oh, Captain! leave that Bell behind;
For it will raise the mountain wave;
Its knell will wake the tempest wind,
And plunge us in a wat'ry grave!"

Vaugroot replies, "Peace, drivelling fool!
Vile slave of superstitious fear:
For juggling priests a proper tool—
But I permit no croaking here!"

"'Tis Achan's prize—th' accursed thing!"
Jan Hanson cried, "let me on shore:
For it thy funeral knell shall ring,
And thou in death this deed deplore!"

Rage fir'd the Captain's boiling blood,
He gnash'd his teeth with horror grim;
Dash'd Hanson in the briny flood—
And cried, "Now, dotard! sink or

Down, down he dives, in Ocean's bed,
The bubbling waters o'er him close;
Now, parting round his dripping head,
Again he to the surface rose.

He grappled with the waves in vain,
And on his murd'rer fix'd his eyes:
"Know, Vandergroot—we meet again!"
He said, and sunk, no more to rise.

Now blows a fresh and fav'ring gale,
They homeward scud, from danger free;
No calm unbends the swelling sail,
Till they have reach'd the Zuyder Zee.

And Vandergroot his vrow has met;
She smiles, he eats, he drinks, and smokes;
And in his chair at evening set,
He with his children cracks his jokes.

Van had a garden, trim and gay,
And there the Bell on high was hung;
And each returning holiday
A merry peal was, joyous, rung.

The busy year revolves around,
And, leaving Holland far behind,
Now Vandergroot for Leith is bound,
And struggling with the waves and wind.

By calms and squalls his voyage is cross'd,
He sees the gath'ring storm arise;
It comes—his bark is tempest-toss'd,
And dark clouds load the low'ring skies.

'Twas Becket's holy vigil night—
And, conscience-struck, Mynheer is dumb;

Each heart is sick with with'ring fright,
They feel the fatal hour is come!

Around their heads loud thunders roll;
Blue lightnings shoot across the sky;
Despair has seiz'd each shiv'ring soul,
And horror glares in ev'ry eye!

Their helm is lost—their sails are riven,
And all around is midnight gloom;
Before the madd'ning tempest driven,
They, wailing, wait approaching doom!

While ev'ry seaman stands aghast,
They hear a shriek—loud, wild, and shrill;

The billows rest—and hush'd the blast—
One little moment all is still!

While slept the winds, and paus'd the storm,

The parting waters show'd a sprite,
That bore Jan Hanson's spectred form,
Amidst a blaze of meteor light!

It spoke, with look of with'ring scorn—
And laugh'd, with wild unearthly glee:
"Inch Cape is near—'tis Becket's morn—
And Vandergroot shall sleep with me!"

The spectre sinks beneath the waves,
The bark is whirl'd—the breakers roar—

The furious tempest louder raves—
And ev'ry heart's last hope is o'er!

The lightning's baleful glare reveals,
A-head, Inch Cape's portentous rock—
She forward flies—she strikes and reels,
Recoiling from the fatal shock!

She strikes again—wild bursts the sound,
The last, loud shriek of dread despair!
Her shiver'd fragments float around—
And all is awful stillness there!

At Amsterdam no tempest blew,
The twilight sky was calm and bright;
Dante Vandergroot, with friends a few,
In pleasure pass'd the joyous night.

The midnight hour is past and gone,
And still they laugh, and dance, and sing;

When echoes deep a hollow groan—
And Becket's Bell is heard to ring!

Bewild'ring fear has dimm'd each eye,
And silence sits on ev'ry tongue;
At last they to the garden hie,
When still the Bell resounding rung:

They saw a spectre bellman stand,
A glistening halo gleaming round ;
A shroud hung dripping in his hand,
His brows with oozy sea-weed bound :

It was Jan Hanson's restless sprite,
Which laugh'd, with loud exulting yell ;
And sinking in the shades of night,
Cried, "VANDERGROOT'S DEPARTING
KNELL !"

ON AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

IT has been observed by some author, that if the humblest individual were to relate his own life, the narrative could not fail to be interesting. The remark is, to a certain extent, just ; for some interest must always attach to the exposition given by a human creature of his own thoughts and feelings. The more circumstantial, indeed, the picture is in its details, the more effectually will it lay hold of the imagination. What is it, for instance, that renders the life of Dr Johnson, with all its prolixity, gossiping, and absurd egotism, so inexhaustible a fund of gratification, but the graphic accuracy, and minuteness of detail, in which the great lexicographer is presented to us, with his gigantic force of mind and strength of language, as well as with all his dogmatism, his headstrong violence, and his recklessness of the feelings of others ? He is made so frequently, too, to speak in his own person, that the narrative has the same effect on the whole as if he himself were the narrator ; and the reader becomes accustomed to regard him as a companion, to whose foibles and peculiarities he must submit, in consideration of the frank and fearless display of his extraordinary character, which may be expected during their mutual intercourse. But, without confining ourselves to this example, to what cause can we impute the insatiable appetite of the public for every species of Private Memoirs and Correspondence, except to that ceaseless curiosity with which we scrutinize all the varieties of human nature, in its minutest and most insignificant, as well as in its most important aspects ? Every situation in which the interests of man are at stake, or by which his passions are

excited, gives rise to a new course of experiments upon our common nature, which we follow with a mixed sensation of curiosity, 'as to the result and sympathy in the feelings of the party, that produces altogether a far more intense interest than can arise from any other subject.

But we feel by much the strongest interest, when the same person is the subject and the author of his own narrative. In the first place, no other person can make us so intimately acquainted with the subject. A man is not probably a good judge of the general outline and bearings of his own character, or of its relative excellence, when compared with other characters ; but almost every man is intimately acquainted with even his own most latent principles of action. When a person, therefore, relates his own life, it is in his power to unfold to us every spring which has set the human machine in motion. To him these are mere matters of fact as to which he can speak with certainty ; whereas, to a third party, who should attempt to write his history, they are subjects of uncertain inference, or conjecture, from his external conduct. Nor is the evidence of a respectable person, with regard to his own course of life, liable to any great degree of suspicion. Every man, no doubt, is a partial witness in his own cause ; but, in the case now supposed, this maxim must be received with great limitations. So great is the force of truth, even on the minds of criminals, that, when questioned with regard to the story of their guilt, they seldom find it possible to conceal all the circumstances connected with it, or to substitute an account which is, in every respect, false ; but, on the contrary, they often state the general train of facts nearly as they occurred ; and conceal, or falsify, only a few of those which tend most strongly to rivet the evidence of their guilt. But the narrator of his own life has generally the strongest inducement to make a faithful exposition of his character. If he has acted a conspicuous part in the world, he is perhaps inclined to glory in his conduct, instead of being ashamed of it ; and, in that case, although he may form a most erroneous estimate of the

correctness of his own motives, the real nature of these motives will be fully unfolded. The Memoirs written by those persons who acted a distinguished part in the English Civil Wars, afford by far the truest picture which we have, both of the views of the different parties, and of the character of the writers. On the other hand, if the Memoir-writer has been initiated in the intrigues of a Court, the vanity of being able to tell an important secret is generally a strong enough motive to make his confessions and disclosures very explicit; and, indeed, that class of persons are more apt to say too much than too little, and to resolve every thing into the operation of those Court intrigues, of which they possess the secret. But all persons, whose narrative relates to public events, independently of their own veracity, which must be the subject of separate consideration in each particular case, are always subject to this check, — that the facts which they state are liable to be confirmed, or contradicted, from an infinite variety of other sources. This consideration, which has increased prodigiously in force since the invention of printing, and has so much facilitated the accumulation of contemporary documents, must always prevent an author, who has any regard to his own character, from sinning very egregiously against truth in his statements. In Private Memoirs, on the other hand, there are not the same strong inducements of political or party prejudice to lead the author to pervert the truth; the chief grounds of suspicion against such narratives consist in the disposition which many people have to relate marvellous adventures for the purpose of exciting interest, and in the natural inclination of every person to place his own character in as favourable a view as possible. There is not probably the same control over these propensities in the present case, as there is with regard to transactions relating to public history, because, as the majority of readers know little of the author's life except what he tells them, he is somewhat in the situation of a traveller through an unknown country, who may relate what marvels he pleases, without risk of contradiction. But,

on the other hand, the test of probability is applied with much greater strictness to private life, the even tenor of which is less liable than public life to the intervention of wonderful incidents, so that any tendency to romance, or exaggeration in narrating it, is the more easily detected. Nor does the self-partiality of the Memoir-writer operate so much as might be at first supposed, in preventing a full exposition of his character; for this very cause prompts him to take a far more favourable view of his own actions than the world at large; and he is thus led to give a full exposition and defence of those parts of his conduct which others may be apt to consider as most questionable. His egotism induces him, as egotism generally does, not to be reserved in his account of himself, but to expatiate upon his own conduct and concerns at a great deal too much length: in so much that, whether he himself forms a correct estimate of his general character, he almost always affords sufficient materials to the world for doing so. In short, when a man sits down to write his own story, he unavoidably retraces the course of his former thoughts and feelings, and thus puts down a full confession upon paper, without thinking much of the public to whom it is nominally addressed. Such a work will probably be of the nature of a written soliloquy; and the higher the author's opinion is of himself, the fuller will his confession be. The Confessions of Rousseau, the Poetical Confessions of Lord Byron, and numberless other memoirs, afford ample confirmation of these remarks. Indeed, we might cite, more or less, almost every memoir of modern times, in support of their truth; for the facility which printing gives to publications of all sorts, has let in a torrent of Private Memoirs and Letters, which throw a much clearer and steadier light on individual character, and on the interior of private society, than was ever before enjoyed.

Memoirs addressed directly to the public let us much more into the secret of the author's character than letters written by him to his acquaintances. A person in writing memoirs of himself does nothing else, as al-

ready mentioned, than make the public his confessor; and the more he is of an egotist, the more will he be apt to give unrestrained vent to his own thoughts and feelings, without considering very much what persons may come to know his secret. The chief difficulty in such a case must be to *resolve* upon analysing our own thoughts and actions, for the purpose of committing them to writing; but, when that effort is once made, we are not perhaps inclined to modify them, with a view to publication, very differently from the form which they would assume at any rate. But the case is different with Letter-writing. A man writes letters of friendship or amusement, (and these are alone now in question,) to gratify his correspondent, as much as to give vent to his feelings; and such letters are, therefore, very essentially modified, with a view to suit the taste or humour of that correspondent. In this kind of letter-writing, people are much more under constraint than in conversation, inasmuch as a person takes more care, generally, what he addresses to another in writing, than what he says to him. But even in conversation, (although we should not altogether assent to the maxim of a French writer, that the use of language is to *conceal* our thoughts,) every person knows that people are often prompted, not perhaps to say what they do not think, but to modify what they do say, and to refrain from many things which they were inclined to have said, in order to harmonize with the feelings of their company. The same inclination must influence them still more strongly in letter-writing. If a person is inclined, in conversation, to make a display of wit or rhetoric, or to affect fine sentiments, or to indulge a vein of grave moralising, in order to suit the taste of his company, he will carry the same propensities to far greater excess when he addresses the same individual in writing. Accordingly, there is an infinite variety of affectation and bad taste in the "Familiar Letters" with which the world has been inundated. In this form, we have heavy dissertations, which possess all the dulness of systematic discourses, without any of their conclusiveness or depth—false

wit, mischievous rhetoric, and, (worst of all,) mawkish sentiment. There are some letters, indeed, (as those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,) written almost professedly with a view to display, which are, notwithstanding, quite delightful, because the author possessed genuine wit and talent, chastened by a knowledge of society, which eminently fitted her for shining in conversation, and therefore found no difficulty in transferring the same spirit of wit and gaiety into her letters. But for ~~one~~ individual that succeeds in striking out brilliant thoughts from among the elegant trifles of conversation or letter-writing, a hundred bewilder themselves among quaint pedantic conceits—the offspring of a barren fancy, and an ill-regulated taste. If "well-contrived nonsense is," as a great orator observes, "the very index to wit and wisdom;" the scarcity of this article affords ample proof that society is neither witty nor wise. Burns, splendid as his genius was, had not much of the pure wit, good taste, or refined feeling of polished society, and hence, a great proportion of his letters, though they display frequent energy, both of thought and language, consist in a perpetual succession of abortive attempts at brilliancy and eloquence, accompanied by a boisterous affectation of ease, which proceeds from real awkwardness. Dr Beattie's letters are equally liable to the same objection, with this difference, that they display the laborious pedantry of a scholar, while Burns affords many instances of the vanity of a half-learned man, who takes pains to shew the little knowledge he has to the best advantage. One of the best examples, probably, of easy, gentlemanlike gaiety, is to be found in Gray's letters, which, though they are not, perhaps, a perfectly natural or unstudied effusion of his feelings, lead us willingly to believe, that, if his conversation was equal to his letters, he must have formed a singularly happy union of the man of letters and the man of the world. Cowper's letters possess a still higher charm; for, with frequent sallies of wit, and a delightful play of fancy, they exhibit the artless picture of a pure and simple mind, which unho-

soons its inmost feelings, with the boundless confidence arising from an innocence and affection that are almost infantine. If all letters were written as directly from the heart as his, letter-writing would indeed afford a most faithful picture of the character. But what mind, or what heart, could bear the full and unreserved disclosure which he makes of his own feelings, without any diminution, but, on the contrary, with the constant increase of our love and admiration? His letters afford a proof, that those letters give the most faithful picture of the character, which are addressed without effort, and without any desire of effect, to a few intimate friends. Sevigné's letters afford an equally striking example of the same kind. For who can read them without feeling assured that the ruling passion of her life was that intense maternal love which appears to have been equally her delight and her torture, and to have formed, indeed, the very soul of her existence? These instances, however, form very rare exceptions to the general character of familiar letters, which may, in a few cases, afford displays of wit and talent, which are the more striking when they are thus expended on trivial subjects, but which very seldom indeed afford any tolerable picture of the writer's genuine feelings.

What degree of light biography, especially when the subject of it is also the author, throws on his real character, and on the structure of private society, and in what respects the moderns have an advantage, in this particular, over the ancients, among whom the expense of publication, and the limited number of readers, tended to discourage the production of such fugitive works, or, indeed, of any but those highly-finished productions, which could stand the most rigorous criticism—these are subjects of great importance, but opening by far too wide a field of discussion, to be comprehended within the limits of the present essay. The desultory remarks which have been made, and which must be now concluded, may probably tend, in some measure, to explain the reason why Auto-biography at once excites such a strong and enduring interest

as it has done, and is the source of so much valuable instruction with regard to the latent springs of human character.

THE LITERARY LEGACY

No. VI.

MR EDITOR,

I BEG leave to inform you, that *Mrs Dorothy Connel*, of Maigrunbracs, my late worthy Uncle's housekeeper, has been kind enough to send me a whole bagful of the finest *black puddings*, I think, that ever sputtered in a pan. Half-a-dozen of them I herewith transmit for your acceptance, which will save me the trouble of saying one word more in praise of their superlative excellence. "The proof o' the pudding's the preceing o't."

But Mrs Dorothy's present, though a valuable one, and "dear welcome to me," is much enhanced by the *envelopes* in which every individual pudding was carefully wrapped. Waste-paper is a commodity, you know, that experience hath taught me to examine well before I deliver it out for general purposes; and I leave you, my dear Sir, to estimate the fullness of my joy, on perceiving the wrappers, one and all, covered with poetry, rhyme, crambo, or whatever else you may please to call it, written in the *gude auld hand* of our forefathers.

On due examination, I found that the manuscripts in question commemorated the exploits of an *auld Witch Wife*; faithfully recorded, no doubt, but too highly seasoned with the marvellous, ever to admit of their being received into the polite circles of modern credulity; though there was a time when our *Carline's* prowess was acknowledged by no less than three counties, and her achievements the theme of more believers, perhaps, than ever lauded the condign punishment inflicted on Satan's nose by the Glastonbury saint's red tongs.

The poem opens with a view of Lincluden Nunnery, a venerable ruin, situated on the conflux of the Nith and Clouden. The *Cistercian* vestals of that eminent seminary, according to the notes, excelled all their contemporaries in chastity of heart, speech, and behaviour, from the reign

of Malcolm Canmore, down to the year 1400, or thereabouts, when Archibald, surnamed the *Grim*, Earl of Douglas, escorted by a party of his Galloway cavaliers, from the Castle of *Thrive*, a strong-hold of the Douglas, situated on a small rocky island in the Dee, visited the ladies rather early on a July morning, and discovered, to his great surprise, a goodly congregation of spruce young pilgrims of the other sex, devoutly worshipping at their respective shrines. On closer inspection, the major part of the pious sisterhood stood confessed, "as women wish to be who love their lords." Confounded at the immorality of their ways, and zealous for the honour of Holy Mother Church, the good old earl, in the peremptory tone of a Douglas, commanded the lasses to doff their veils and be gone. To mend the matter, his lordship garrisoned the hold with a detachment of *Beardsmen*, and appointed a decent old friar to superintend their devotions. In this state of regeneration, the concern went on to the Reformation, when the good fathers gradually dwindled away, and their dwelling-place as gradually fell into the state of dilapidation in which we now find it, without experiencing a visit from John Knox's disciples.

The site of Lincluden Nunnery is peculiarly beautiful and inviting. Here it is that the neighbouring peasantry resort of a Sabbath afternoon, to read their Bibles, and commune with the heart—for the spot is still deemed hallowed; and here it was that *Burns* beheld the Vision of Liberty, so beautifully portrayed in his Ode beginning with

"As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flowers wave i' the dewy
air."

But I am travelling from my subject. The poem being of considerable length, I humbly propose, with your permission, to publish it in four cantos, beginning with the first; and accordingly do myself the honour of handing you No. I. by way of sample.

THE GYRF CARLINE; A TALE.

LINCLouden Nunnery stands by the
Nith,
And looks, i' the gloamin' grey,

Like a hoary pilgrim kneeling him down,
At eve, by the graves to pray.

The grey howlet screams i' the roofless
tower,

The daw i' the roofless aisle;
But the day has been, when the holiest
sounds

Arose from the reverend pile.

The traveller hums, i' the chapel porch,
A light and a careless air;
But the day has been, when the best o'
the land

His bonnet would ha'e moved there.

The schoolboy leaps on the sacred shrine,
And climbs on the hallow'd fane,
And whistles amang the hoary remains:
O' days that are part and gane;

O' days, when the fairest streams i' the
land

Were haunted by elves and fays;
And yelling fiends, on the midnight air,
Were rife than now-a-days.

Ye garrulous dames, ha'e done wi' your
thrift;

Ye maidens, so leal, draw near;
And a tale I'll tell, o' the kittlest carl
E'er waken'd on mortal ear:

A tale begotten amang the auld wa's,
The ruin o' priestly pride;
Whose reverend turrets rock i' the blast,
And moulder on fair Nithside.

Blithely arose the gay summer sun,
And low'd i' the lift fu' hie;
The mavis awoke, and the green wood-
lands rang
Wi' her mellowest minstrelsie.

Sweet as the moorland echo's reply
To the shepherd's pipe on the hill,
As blithely he plays i' the curling mist
That mantles the rippling rill.

The holy song of the choir arose,
And wended its heavenly way;
The early traveller's whistle it staid;
And the milkmaid's roundelay.

And sweetly the bugle awoke, in his den,
The deer o' the distant hill;
When up to the yett, on a foaming steed,
Came *Wat o' Dalgonner Mill*.

Devoutly he doff'd his bonnet sae blue,
And stoutly he pull'd the bell;
And wha sae discreet as the Friar *McGill*,
For he open'd the yett himsel'.

"Waes me," quo' auld Watt, as he wip'd
his een,
And dighted his dusty brow;

"I ha'e come indeed frae a heartless
hame,
Wi' a sorrowfu' tale, I trow.

"Our winsome *Willie*, the plume o' his
kin',
Is raving delect'd, I ween;
And meikle I dread he has met wi' his
dead,
Frae the glamour o' graceless een.

"Nor drouth has he quench'd, nor bro-
ken of bread,
Since the grey cock 'woke the morn;
When senseless we faund him stretch'd on
the grass,
At the root o' the bogle thorn.

"But ay wi' a sigh, he lifts up his e'e,
Like a star on the lonely hill;
And calls on the name o' that righteous
man,
The holy Father M'Gill."

Nor call'd he in vain, for a kindlier heart
Ne'er dwalt in a Christian breast;
As mony a soul that was washen and
bleach'd
By his fatherly hand can attest.

Oh stay, blessed shade! on the evening
cloud,
And list to my rural lays;
Tho' often I lap on thy lonesome grave,
In my youthful and truant days.

Tho' often I leugh where the altar stood,
And sang where the godly kneel'd;
Nor dream'd o' the ghost that guards thy
bones,
When turret and tower I specl'd.

But, sainted man! with a contrite heart,
~~staccant~~ I'll make to thee;
And O may the song that laudeth thy
name
Be carol'd through Christendie!

Come hither, ye vain, ye unthinking men,
Fit food for devouring fire!
And turn owre a new and a holier leaf
On the grave of a godly friar.

And, worthy divines, when your flocks are
assail'd
By the felon fox o' the hill,
Aye flee to the fauld wi' a fatherly care,
Like the holy Friar M'Gill.

"Go saddle," quo' he, "the souplest
steed
That ever in stall arose,
And cannille brush my mantle o' grey,
And also my blue hoot-hose.

"For Satan's disciples shall never enthrall

Nor demon possess a firstling o' mine,
Though Legion his name shou'd be."

A gallant steed, o' the stateliest gro' h
The holy Father bestrode;
The miller he mounted his dusty *dun*,
And roundly they took the road.

And when they arriv'd on Dalgonner Mill
hill,
The bonnetless gulchers ran
Wi' their sonsie auld dames to the loup-
ing-on-stane,
And welcom'd the godly man.

And when they lap down on Dalgonner
Mill-green,
For gravely he hied him away,
Wi' a canoniz'd smile, to the sick-bed
stock
Where poor *Willie Jardine* lay.

There laid a loof on his burning bree,
And ane on his panting breast;
And deeming the lad, from the symptoms
he faund,
By an evil spirit possess;

Quoth he, "As pastor of our holy Church,
And cloth'd wi' her spiritual power;
Fiend, demon infernal, whate'er be thy
name,
Or bearing, I do thee conjure,

"By this blessed hood o' the Scer's gray
cloak,
That smote the astonish'd stream;
By these thumb-nails of Goliath the Great,
Presented to me in a dream;

"And by a' the deaths o' this terrible
jaw,
Whose might and miraculous power
Made hosts o' unholy Philistines flee
Like chaff of the thrashing floor;

"From our suffering brother thy fangs
have intrall'd,
This instant to get thee gone,
And harmless and skaitless for ever to
hold
As sacred his flesh and bone!

"And, Christian, I charge thee to wake
from thy trance,
And answer a querie of mine;
How came it to pass, that the agent of
hell
Got into that bosom of thine?"

The comely youth from his pillow arose,
And lifting a languid e'e;

"Yestreen, as I kneel'd at the grey gowk-
stane,
And fervently pray'd," quoth he,

"The white-flowing beards o' the mar-
tyr'd saints,
Afar I beheld with amaze,

And nearer and nearer the vision ap-
proach'd,
Upon my delighted gaze :

"But just as a saft, an invisible hand,
Was closing my steadfast e'e,
That graceless limmer, *Mcg Oliphant*,
shook

Her *Bridle of Might* o'er me :

"And never wist I o' the horrible change
That waited her weird '*hurray* !'
Till, prancing, I paw'd, i' the loaming sac
loun,
A steed o' the bonniest grey.

"She pu'd the witch-gowan that blumes
on the bank,
Wi' an eldritch, unearthly *whew* ;
And graithing o' scarlet, that glisten'd
wi' gould,
The Jezebel owre me threw.

"Syne withershins round the hemlock
she ran,
As wild as the wanton rac,
Till its mantling shaws wi' the saftest silk
Had clath'd her frae tap to tae.

"Then lightly she lap on her side-saddle,
And awa like the wind she flew,
Brushing the broom wi' her riding skirt,
Like an arrow from the yew.

"And aye she flew owre the tither hill-
tap,
And skinn'd the down and the lea ;
And never a rein o' her bridle she drew,
Till staid by the Solway Sea.

"But the frightfu' cauldrons o' wrath
And dool that were boiling there—
Mine eyes glimmer dinn, my blood's rin-
ning cauld,
And my tongue can move nae mair."

I feel no hesitation whatever in at-
taching this curious old legend* to
the main body of my Legacy. The
author is unknown, and likely to re-
main so, but the notes are all in
Uncle's handwriting ; which convin-
ces me, to use a town phrase, that
these *here* manuscripts constituted a
part of his vast collection, and may
probably have been delivered over to
Mrs Connel for general purposes by
the deceased. I therefore enclose
another portion of the *old affair*,
and continue to remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

SAM'L. KILLIGREW

London, 1842.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Continued.)

"At gloamin fa', when wild revelrie
Is heard on the greenwood glade,
Ye comely dames o' fair Niddesdale
Beware o' the *Fairy Hude*."

Old Rhyme.

THE tidings of Miss Dinwoodie's
elopement were soon disseminated
amongst our wedding-guests, and
sailed not to paralyze the gaiety of
their march. Horse and foot, man,
woman, and child, made a full pause,
not knowing whether to advance or
turn tail, and naturally enough jost-
led themselves into gossiping parties ;
each publishing its own particular
opinions of the bride's deportment,
more or less tinged with scandal, as
the foul fiend prevailed, and all of
them marvelling who the gay gallant
might be ; whilst a few of the more
sedate and sober-minded pushed on
for Balachan Grange, anxious to con-
tribute their respective mites of coun-
sel and condolence. Foremost of this
goodly company were Mr and Mrs
Morrison, a couple altogether worthy
of Nanse Dinwoodie's esteem, and
also of the truly affectionate welcome
they experienced, not only from that
amiable woman, but every body else
whose acquaintance was worthy of
cultivation. "Lang look'd for com-
at last !" quo' Nanse, as she led the
miller and his young spouse ben the
house, her cheek glowing with shame,
and her eye glistening with sorrow.
"O, Miller Morrison! this is a cred-
fu' trial ! I ha'e tho'd affliction with-
out complaint ; I ha'e beheld world's
gear vanishing without a murmur,
and met fair death face to face wi'
Christian composure ; but nanse o'
the name could ever bruik disgrace *."

"We certainly ha'e cause to reflect
on oursels," quo' John Dinwoodie, as
he entered the parlour with Jamie
Scott and Willie Dandison at his
back, "inasmuch as we advised her to
the match ; though I declare to the
Searcher o' hearts, that neither o' us
exercised an undue influence. The

* The gudewife was descended from
a younger branch of the Annandale Din-
woodies, and, if I am rightly informed,
both she and her husband traced their
pedigrees to the same worthy source.

GAB. KILLIGREW

lad's weel enough in respect o' personal appearance. He has gotten his ain gude share o' worldly substance, and a character without blemish. What mair had the like o' us to look for? It was her part to say how the affections were inclined; and had she only expressed the smallest dislike for Gawin, though I respect the lad much, he never wou'd ha'e faund an advocate in me: but naething o' the kind ever escaped frae her lips." "Little did she say," observed the gudewife, "when we mentioned Hughie Twaddie's dying request, and advised her for the best: but O, John Dinwoodie! that little might ha'e satisfied us haith, that heart and hand wou'd never gang thegither! Worton's affections are only playthings i' the estimation o' worldly-minded men; and laying them on the altar o' family convenience, has clouded mony a fair face, and broken mony a gentle heart. Poor lass! I dread she has been judging rashly o' the gude man and me. We never thought o' controlling her; for she was a bairn that promised fair to comfort us in our auld days; and her kindly obliging turn was the theme o' gentle and simple. Even Habbie himsel', wha downa look a woman body i' the face, just doted on her; and weel he might—for never did a poor destitute lad experience mair kindness. She made down his bed, and crish'd his shoon, and scrubbed his luggie wi' her ain hands." An impetuous rush of tender recollections overpowered the gudewife so effectually, that she threw herself in the arm-chair, and burst into tears. Miller Morrison was taking measures to fodder his tooth from a spleuchan of goodly magnitude, in order that he might tender a few words of consolation with stimulated sincerity, when Josie Whaupie introduced himself *sans ceremonie*, having run every foot from Gowdieglen, a distance of four measured miles, and enticed Nause Dinwoodie to the door, by means of a significant wink. "Gudewife," quo' Josie, in a low whisper, "is your Aggie come hame yet?" "She hasna been seen by ane o' the family this whole blessed morning," replied Nause; "and what's become o' her I know not. The dispensation is truly afflictin'!" "I saw her i' the Linn," quo' Josie

"lang before ane o' ye was asteer, and couldna contrive what she could be seeking." "Saw her i' the Linn!" exclaimed Mrs Dinwoodie: "and what was she about, and when did ye see her, Josie? Was there ony body wi' her, and what gate did she gang? Come in owre, laddie, and tell us a' ye ken, for there's nane here but friends and weel-wishers."

Josie Whaupie was by no means backward in complying with Mrs Dinwoodie's request. He laid aside his bonnet, seated himself between the guleman and Miller Morrison without scruple, and told the following artless tale: "I gaed down to the Linn," quo' Joseph, "a wee blink after the sun raise, to cut birk whistles, and wha shou'd I see but your Aggie coming linking up the burn-side. Weel, thought I, thou has ta'en the wings o' the morning, sure enough, to sing a bridal sang; but I'll ding a hole i' the ballad. Wi' that I lifted a stane, thinking the plash o't wou'd mak' her jump; but just as I was gaun to fling't i' the burn, a bonnie young lad, a' clad in green, lap out amang the brakens, and spang'd down the brae like a wull-cat. I never saw a chield lowp like him." "In green, did thou say, Josie?" quo' Miller Morrison. "What sort o' bonnet had he on? and did ye observe his breeks—were they gun-mouth'd, or button'd at the knee? Had he a gude head o' hair, dark or light coloured? and saw ye aught in his face that hadna the appearance o' being kirsen'd?" "He wore a braid lawland bonnet," replied Josie Whaupie, "green trews, and a green plaid. His yellow hair glistened like gould, his een like twa morning stars, and a blither face I never beheld. He jumped the burn where our greyhound stood yowling and couldna get owre, climbed the mermaid craig like onie gait; and when he gripped Aggie, I thought there was something in his looks that didna belang to this world. After the twasome had cuddled a blink, they linked awa, arm in arm, to the Elf-knowe, and I saw nae mair o' them."

Cross-examined by Willie Dandison.—"Are ye sure now, Josie, that ye're no telling a downright lie?" "Mav I never steer frae the stool I

sit on," quo' Josie Whauple o' Gowdieglen, "if it isna as true as preaching; and naier than that, when they disappeared, and not a living thing was asteen, I heard the clatter o' horses' hoofs ayont the knowe, and a sweet voice singing:

"Among the claes, in a cozie cap
O' hauselock warm, enjoying his nap,
The Dominie dreams o' his bonnie bride,
The fairest lily on fair Nithside;
But he will awake wi' an eldritch stare,
And he will arise frae his cozie lair,
To steek the door when the steed is stown,
And look the nest when the bird is flown."

"There's a something i' the rhyme," observed Mrs Morrison, "that brings to any remembrance the owreword o' a fairy sang that *Johnny M'Adam* o' Barnhowrie Mill heard the elves lilting, after they had stown his dochter; and I shou'dna be surpris'd to hear tell o' a *Fairy Rude*: for it's a maxim o' their's to head the procession wi' kirsent's beauty; and every body kens that Aggie Dinwoodie was nae boggle." Mr M. being well skilled in mystic lore, interrogated Joseph at great length anent what he had heard and seen, and cross-questioned him with an ability that display'd much knowledge of elfin mythology, but without eliciting a single item to shake the stability of his testimony. The witness was therefore desired to withdraw, and a most interesting debate ensued, regarding the probability of his story; which terminated in the thorough conviction of all present, with a very few exceptions indeed, that Miss Dinwoodie was awa wi' the Fairies."

I have considered the verdict of this very respectable jury over and over again, and never could find in my heart to quarrel with it. We all know, that when the Fairy Empire was overthrown, like unto our ancestors of old, the tiny Aborigines betook themselves to inaccessible fastnesses, from whence their descendants continue to sally forth, and play all manner of mischievous pranks; such as, drawing the brewster-wives' spigots, elf-shooting cattle, and carrying off the fair daughters of men, whose mental and personal accomplishments, it would appear, are absolutely necessary for the well-being of a demi-spiritual community. Ba-

lachan Linn has been a favourite rendezvous of these sprightly elves from time immemorial; in the choice of which, every connoisseur will allow that taste and judgment were never more judiciously exercised. Exclusive of the very ample security it affords, the retreat is peculiarly rural, and the surrounding scenery full of nymphs, whose fascinating glances go direct to the heart, unerring as the arrows of Morven. Was I a fairy of the first magnitude, there is not a single dell in all his Majesty's dominions wherein I would sooner take up my abode.

To this romantic Linn the gude-wife and her husband repaired, accompanied by a select party of friends, to see if they could possibly lay hold of a thread whereby to unravel the very mysterious clue; for, of a truth, they were all posed, in the stricted sense of the word. Had Miss Dinwoodie been betwitched by the incantations of an uncannie kimmer, every one of her mother's visitors perfectly well knew how to proceed. *Three bear straws*, drawn from the stack by a left-handed vestal, and laid longitudinally on the door threshold, after sun-set, would have brought a sorceress from the uttermost parts of the earth, to undo her cantrips, and make atonement in a manner that delicacy forbids me to mention: and I have known a decoction of rewantree and sweet milk administered to a patient with wonderful success, when bear stacks were afar off; but not one of them (and the party was very select indeed) could prescribe a single antidote against fairy fascination, though every individual, male and female, had abundance of legends at their finger ends, relative to the sudden disappearance of young damsels on Hallowmas-eve, and the substitution of squalling misbegotten elves for thriving gude-natured bairns, whose distracted mothers never had another day to do well.

With tales of this denomination, the good folk edified one another; until a scene presented itself at the Elf-knowe, that I really fear will never be credited by above nine-tenths of my very respectable readers. Josie Whauple, it seems, in place of withdrawing himself entirely, as he certainly ought to have

done, sculked behind the spence door, and there overheard all that transpired, carefully treasured up the result, and decamped with news that put the whole bridal folk in motion, armed with spades, and shovels, and every delving implement they could lay their hands on. The unfortunate Elf-knowe was speedily beset, being little more than a bowshot from Balachan Grange; and wee Josie loudly called upon to point out the spot where Aggie Dinwoodie and her green gallant disappeared, which was no sooner done, than to work they went, with an assiduity altogether unparalleled in the annals of delving; an assiduity that no man would credit, who never witnessed the fervour of human exertion, when stimulated by enthusiasm. John Dinwoodie and his friends were astonished beyond measure, on perceiving what was going forward; and more so, when they beheld Gawin stript to the shirt, and labouring with his hands most diligently in one of those dark grassy belts, commonly called *Fairy Rings*, that encompassed an old brock-hole. But notwithstanding the poor fellow was doing his best, and really getting on surprisingly, considering the delicacy of his fingers, it would appear that such was not the general opinion. "Stand out o' the gate, Shauchleshins," quo' lang *Davie Lawson* o' Gomeragill, "and let me ha'e a spell. It's an elve hole, sure enough, and I nae see the end o't before I sleep. Deil thrapple ye, Gawin, ye ha'e nae mair spunk than a libbed louse; I never saw sic a handless soul." Without further apology, the unmannerly clown seized Gawin's spade, and fell to wark as though he had been digging for dear life. Willie Dandison was just on the wing to commune with David, and rebuke his rudeness, when auld *Gibbie Gowdie*, o' Browniebyke, arose from amongst the bushes, waving his bonnet, and hawling with all his might, "Come a' here, sirs, and listen to the fairy pipes. I never heard them play sic bonnilie. The whole fraternity is at it heiter-skelter, under the grund, to the tune o' *Caroline*, is your dochter reary?" *Gibbie's* proclamation had a most marvellous effect on the whole corps of pioneers.

Every individual, who had an ear to hear, applied it to the ground, and listened until perfectly satisfied with the truth or fallacy of his report. Many were the tongues that corroborated *Gilbert's* testimony.

I was within an ace of suppressing the Elf-knowe affair altogether, conceiving that no human being would believe a story so truly ludicrous; but, like unto very many eminent authors, who give way to the entreaties of supplicating friends, and obligingly favour mankind with their mental labours, I suffered myself for once to be overruled, and accordingly inserted the plain matter of fact, without any sort of embellishment whatever, though much against my will. "What the plague are ye frightened for, Gabriel?" quo' *Saunders Playdell* o' Killycumstran; "tell the truth, and shame the de'il, to be sure. If the gude folk on this side o' the Tweed winna believe in what ye ha'e written, send it awa' south. Ye'll find walth o' believers amang the thousands and tens o' thousands, whase Gutchers and Graunies patronised the *Cocklane Ghost*, and swarm'd awa' in myriads to see a full-grown man creep into a quart bottle, and subscribed to the scheme for converting saw-dust into deal boards, without either cracks or knots. Conscience, they'll gobble up the fattest tale ye can tell, and speer for mair. I ha'e seen a whole regiment o' them watching for a ghost in braid daylight, that haunted an auld house on *Ludgate-hill*." "Charity begins at home, *Saunders*," quo' *Josiah MacGuffock* o' Woody Knowe; "it's time enough to serve the Gentiles when we ha'e nae gowkhunters in our ain land to provide for. What's to become o' the poor *Milleniumites* o' Auchingibbet, wha followed an auld wife out o' Ayrshire, kissing the hem o' her garment, and praising the spiritual riches o' her conversation, and roosing the benign witchery o' her countenance, when every bray else leugh at her? *Lucky Buchan*, I understand, has slipped awa' frae amang them to the land o' forgetfulness; and I se warrant ye, the sorrowing sons and daughters o' *Mercy** would be thankful enough

* I remember. when a younker, of see-

for a glimpse o' Gabriel's writings. But, Lord love ye, there's abundance o' believers to be met wi' amang ourselfs."

These, and a hundred arguments of the like complexion, induced me to give in, after a few severe rounds, and knuckle to the superior judgment of my friends; but with such reluctance, that I will positively leave Gawin and his fellow-labourers to howk for Aggie Dinwoodie at their leisure, without troubling my head any more about them, and hasten to detail what occurred at the Grange, where poor auld Hannah ramped about like a demented woman, praying, and banning, and fretting herself into fiddlestrings, on account of what had come to pass; a circumstance not at all to be marvelled at, when we take into consideration the great professional skill she had exercised in preparing an elegant bridal dinner, and the mighty disappointment she experienced. "Weel, Haggriet Halliday," quo' Mrs Drummond, "what is to be done now? It's truly distressing to see sac mony gude dishes gaun out o' season, and not a living creature to partake o' ane o' them but Ringwood and our twa sels. I never was sac trysted in a' my born days." The lamentations of Hannah Drummond met Sandy Watt's ear as he returned from the Elf-knowe, accompanied by young Gowkbiggin's valet, *Geordie Tweedie*, whose carnal knowledge of syllabubs, lollypops, and custards, was only surpassed by that of his master, a gentleman of great culinary experience; and as our two delvers were absolutely hungering and thirsting after refreshment, they required little or no entreaty to fall upon either boiled or roasted.

"There's a special Maccaroni pudding," quo' Mrs Drummond, "that shoud' ha'e been before the bride a

stricken hour ago. Tak' a spoon out o' the creel, Geordy, and help yourself' to a mouthfu', before it turns cauld and comfortless. Sandy, thou may as weel cut up that goose; she's baith fat and fair, and worthy o' ha'eing her banes pyked."

The lads were not slow in accepting Hannah's invitation. Geordy flew to the spoon-creel, and Sandy drew his jockteleg with a promptitude that evince'd the ardour of their appetites; but scarcely had they partaken of Mrs Drummond's hospitality, when *Jamie Strachan* also arrived from the Elf-knowe, with half-a-dozen delvers at his heels, afflicted with the *puckman's drouth*; and they, in like manner, were speedily followed by others, complaining of the self-same malady; so that, in the course of an hour or so, John Dinwoodie's dwelling was full of hungry pioneers. It is by no means reasonable to suppose that one half of the visitors could possibly get within arm's length of the kitchen table, whercon stood Mrs Drummond's principal dishes. Gentlemen were therefore under the necessity of tightening their belts with more homely, though no less substantial fare; and such was the praiseworthy decorum observed by one and all, in laying hold of whatever came in their way, that nothing like unto a scramble ensued, though the house was extremely crowded, and every man foraging for himself. To be sure, they were all *Glenburn Gentlemen*, natives of a parish famed for the urbanity of its peasantry. It was truly gratifying to see how the very sturdiest of them made way for auld *Samuel Carson* o' the wauk-mill, as he waddled to the door, with a haggis in his plaid neuk, and a bunch of horn spoons under his arm. Samuel sat down on the lowping-on-stane, unbonnetted with becoming serenity; and, after delivering a prologue of some length, he, and a few neighbourly associates, emptied the bag. *Roger Lindsay* o' Glenbewkie also experienced much civility in returning from a very successful in-road, followed by *Tam Dobie* the town souter, and *Davie Laidlaw* o' Logganburn, with no less than five sheep's heads, three gibbet pies, and a whole quarter of roasted mutton in

ing *Kirkpatrick Mill* full of corn sacks, marked M. P. "Member o' Parliament," said I; "my word, Miller, thou hast gotten the right side o' the lug at last. Only keep on the right side o' him, and I'll be bound for't he'll mak' your Jock an Exciseman."—"Nonsense," quo' Ned, "ye ken weel enough they belang to the *Buchanites*; every body knows that M. P. stands for *Mercy's Property*."

SAM'L KILLIGREW.

custody—a booty that was most honourably shared with their comrades. By such means, the whole out-door community was abundantly supplied with *rations*; and *Eatweel* being *Drinkweel's* brother, the *gude brown cow* failed not to stimulate their hilarity, if such it may be called; for nothing met the listener's ear, turn which way he would,* but doleful accounts of fairy seduction, and anecdotes of uncanny kimmers, from the *Witch of Endor* down to the *Gyre Carline*. But John Dinwoodie and his wife paid little or no attention to what was going forward. On returning from the Elf-knowe, they retired with a few friends ben the house, and there endeavoured to make up their minds how to proceed in regard of Aggie's very mysterious disappearance. "I wish Adam had been at hame," quo' the gudewife, "to pass his opinion on what has come to our knowledge. He's a weel-informed lad, and might ha'e been extremely usefu', not only in advising what was best to be done, but also in preventing that shameful piece o' wark at the Elf-knowe. Oh, Mr Dandison, our house will just be a laughing-stock to the whole parish!" Lintylinn endeavoured to comfort Nanse as weel as he could, by observing, that the ludicrous affair was excusable, in some measure, on the score of popular belief,—that many creditable witnesses solemnly declared in favour of Gibbie Gowdie's testimony,—and that whatever evidence might be forthcoming, not a morsel of it could be fairly laid at the gudewife's door, none of her family having sanctioned the measure. "For my ain part," concluded Willie Dandison, "I neither believe in fairies nor witches, and ha'e also some doubts o' ghaists and boggles."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs Simpson, "d'ye no believe in familiar spirits? Was ever the like heard tell of in a Christian land! Open that beuk!"—pointing to the ha' Bible that happened to be lying on a chest lid—"and see what the word says anent witches. Bless me, Willie Dandison, I marvel much to hear a young man o', your education speak sae rashly, when it's weel kend that the synagogues o' Satan, and the emissaries

o' the Evil One, were never sae weel filled, nor yet sae rife. As for the fairies, I canna just pretend to say meikle about them; but was my mither alive, she wou'd cure my unbelief wi' a vengeance. I remember o' hearing her declare to the gudewife o' *Bruckshawfell* that every green knowe was just fu' o' them; that it was very unsafe for young women, particularly about the Hallowmas time, to venture out after the sun gaed down, where the scythe and the sack had never been at wark*; and then she tauld a most extraordinary story about the amorous elves, worthy o' belief: for my mither was a woman wha spake within the bounds o' her ain knowledge. *Francie M'Ghie*, o' the Damhouse, had a dochter that was counted the bonniest lass in a Nithsdale. She was not only a weel-faured personable lassie, but accomplished withal in her manners and conversation, and every thing else that makes a woman-body desirable. A' the lads o' the parish, and mair especially the young laird o' *Spunkhill*, were just crazy about her. Weel, as I was gaun to tell ye, for mony a night the family was sorely disturbed wi' strange whistlings at the house-end, and patterings at the spence window, and rumblings at the back o' the house, just for a' the world as though ye had ta'en a gude sizeable stane and rattled it along the wa'. *Francie* and his wife were in great distress about *Susie*, for they jealousd that the fairies had faun in luvie wi' her, and accordingly kept a strict look-out—but a' their precautions were in vain. Ae night, when the neighbours were assembled as usual, misca'ing the audacious elves, and listening to the strange noises that every now and then made the hairs o' their flesh stand on end, and saining themselfs among hands wi' becoming sobriety o' countenance, *Susie M'Ghie* slipped awa' frae among them, just like a knotless thread, and was never mair heard tell of—though some pretend to say

* I presume that, in expressing herself to this effect, Maggie's mither had her eye on the well-known adage, "Where the scythe maws, and the sack rives, ha'e done wi' *Fairies* and *Bee-Rykes*."

that she was seen i' the King's Park, at Edinburgh, a twalmouth and a day after she was stoun, a' rustling in silks. The lassie's departure was sae unco sudden, that nane o' them a' had the presence o' mind (and likely enough something else was wanting) to rin out and chace her; and when they did muster a sufficiency o' resolution, and were just on the point o' sallying forth, the most melodious concert was heard at the house-end that ever delighted mortal ear. It just seem'd as though a dizen o' flutes, and fiddles, and bagpipes, were a' playing at ance; and a shrill, sma' voice sung a bonnie sang about Susie M'Ghie, that naebody cou'd remember a syllable of, though the words were baith audible and distinct."

Mrs Simpson was interrupted in the winding-up of her fairy tale, by a sudden burst of wildly-harmonious music at John Dinwoodie's spence window, similar to what she had just been describing, accompanied by a voice of exquisite sweetness, warbling the following song:

The Bride o' Balachan sought the Linn,
Where sprouts the birk sae green;
And mus'd on the dear, the delightful
dreams,

That hcs'd her heart yestreen.
And carol'd a song to 'waken the birds
In bower and briary dell;
But sadness reign'd in the cheerless
boughs

Where blithness wont to dwell.

The cushat wail'd i' the tufted pine,
The fluttering linnet cower'd,
The mavis wildly scream'd in her nest,
In greenwood shaw imbower'd.
She gaz'd around in silent amaze,
And cens'd her roundelay;
And she was aware o' a bonnie boy,
A-greeting on the brae.

His yellow hair, like streamlets o' gould,
Loose on his shoulders fell,
His bonnie blue een like dew-blobs shone,
Bright on the heather bell.
Wi' daisy flower was his doublet gar'd,
His trows wi' blossom'd bean,
And gracefully a mantle he wore,
O' glistening forest green.

"What weets your cheek," quo' the
smiling May,

"What draws the shining tear,
And what seek ye i' the lancesome Linn
O' Balachan sne drear?"

"Oh well may I grieve," quo' the bonnie
boy,

"For I ha'e cause to maen;
The hawks ha'e herried my gouldie nest,
And gorfines I'll ha'e nane."

"Come owre the burn," quo' the smiling
May,

"Come owre the burn to me,
For I lang to kiss that cherry cheek,
And wipe that watery e'e.
And when I ha'e kiss'd your cherry cheek,
Aye, and your rosie mou',
I'll show ye a heather-lintie's nest,
O' gaping gorfines fu'."

He lap wi' delight, and down the bank,
From bough to bough he swang;
He jump'd the burn, and round her neck,
His faulding arms he flang.
She kiss'd the rose on his glowing cheek,
She kiss'd his cherry mou';
And laigh as the elve that woo'd her
lips,
The damsel's stature grew.

And when she wip'd his comely face,
Wi' her soft snawie hand,
The fervour o' warm and lowing love
Wi' startling heart she found.
And when she lifted her glowing loof
Frac his twa glenting een,
Her kirtle, white as the snawie drift,
Was chang'd to shining green.

Then up they rose frac aff the grass,
Fu' lovingly I trow;
And arm in arm, to the fairy knowe,
Like new pair'd linties flew.
The green-sward heav'd like the tossing
waves

O' Solway's swelling tide;
And down sank the blooming
May,
Balachan's bonnie bride.

Then did there arise a lively laugh,
The woodlands green amang;
And a voice of risen melody,
Wi' dulcet sweetness sang—
"Come owre the burn," quo' the bonnie
lass,

"Come owre the burn to me,
For I lang to kiss that cherry cheek,
And wipe that watery e'e."

"And freely she may, where the bloomy
briar,

And spangled jessamine,
Around my bower, wi' smiling delight,
Their fragrant arms entwine.
Gae spread down the sheets, ye blithe
bride-maids,

And spread them speedilie;
For the bonniest lass in a' Nithsdale
Maun wairm their fuulds wi' me."

As it is morally impossible for me to describe how the company felt at the conclusion of this wild ballad, I shall abstain altogether from attempting it, and hasten to settle my Tuesday affairs, by informing the reader, that Willie Dandison, and a few more unbelievers, were converted.

They needed not a sterner sound,
To marshal them for death !

So mov'd they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan ^{old},
Or on it proudly borne.

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

"IT was at once a delightful and terrible sight," says Plutarch, "to see them (the Spartans) marching on to the tunes of their flutes, without ever troubling their order, or confounding their ranks ; their music leading them into danger with a deliberate hope and assurance, as if some Divinity had sensibly assisted them.

See Campbell on the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.

"T'WAS morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dress'd the vines,
There was sunlight on Cithaeron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly through his reeds and flowers
Eurotas wander'd by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the shepherds' choral strain,
That hymn'd the forest-god ?
Or the virgins, as to Pallas' fane,
With their full-ton'd lyres they trod ?

But hœtins were glancing on the stream,
Spears rang'd in close array,
And shields hung back its glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day !

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swell'd through the deep-blue sky,
While to soft strains mov'd forth a band
Of men that mov'd to die.

They march'd not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel-woods, as on they pass'd,
Rung with no battle shout !

• They ask'd no Clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high ;
But the Dorian reed, and the Spartan lyre,
For the sons of Liberty !

And still sweet flutes their path around
Sent forth Eolian breath ; • •

MEETINGS OF THE WELSH BARDS.

THE character of sanctity attached to the ancient British bards, in the times when the nature of their institutions entirely separated them from all other orders of men, was not upheld by any of those mysterious ceremonies or pretensions to supernatural power, which operate so forcibly upon the minds of an unenlightened people. The means of obtaining such an ascendancy were in their hands, as their system embraced a knowledge of all the discoveries and inventions belonging to science in those early days ; but the principle so nobly expressed in the motto of the order, "*The Truth against the World*," was beautifully exemplified in the actions and regulations of the men who vindicated their claim to the lofty titles of "Bards of the Isle of Britain," and "*Those who are at Liberty through the World*." It is a remarkable fact, that, during the darkest ages of papal superstition, the Bards drew upon themselves the implacable enmity of the priesthood, by the zeal and courage with which they unanimously exposed the corruptions and abuses of the Romish Church, and strenuously exerted themselves to maintain the original purity of the Christian religion. In conformity with some of their leading maxims, the *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the Bards, were ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon, or, according to the striking expression employed on these occasions, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the *Circle of Federa-*

• During the time when the Bardic Institution was universally acknowledged throughout Britain, these meetings were frequently held upon Salisbury Plain.

tion. The presiding Bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the Stone of Assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting; and was emblematic of that universal peace and good-will, the inculcation of which was the fundamental precept of the Bardic Order*. The Bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the Circle of Federation; and, after the recitation of their ancient traditions, which was an indispensable duty at the celebration of these solemnities, they deliberated and determined upon whatever business might be laid before them. At the close of a meeting, the sword was taken up from the Stone of Assembly, but not unsheathed, and the ceremonies were concluded with a few words appropriate to the occasion.

The following was the general form of the proclamation with which the proceedings commenced: "The truth against the world. Under the protection of the Bards of the Isle of Britain, are all who repair to this place, where there is not a naked weapon against them; and all who seek for the graduation and privilege appertaining to Science and Bardism, let them demand it from Jolo Morganwg, Ilywel Erysi, &c. &c. they being all graduated Bards of the Isle of Britain.—The truth against the world. †"

These particulars will sufficiently explain the allusions in the following lines, written for an *Eisteddfod*, or meeting of Welsh Bards ‡, held in London, May 22, 1822.

* The Bard, wherever he appeared in his uni-coloured robe, was considered as a herald of peace. If he interposed between two armies, even in the heat of action, they would immediately desist; and such was the veneration attendant upon his character, that he could pass unmolested from one hostile country to another.

† For the above particulars, see Owen's Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Ilywarq Heli.

‡ The term *Eisteddfod* was more particularly applied to the provincial meetings.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

WHERE met our bards of old—the glorious throng,
They of the mountain and the battle song?
They met—oh! not in kingly hall or bower,
But where wild Nature girt herself with power!
They met—where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves,
They met—where woods made moan o'er warrior's graves;
And where the torrent's rainbow-spray was cast,
And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
And 'midst the eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
The crested Roman, in his hour of pride;
And where the Carnedd*, on its lonely hill,
Bore silent record of the mighty still;
And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech† frown'd,
And the oaks breath'd mysterious murmurs round.
There throng'd th' inspir'd of yore!—on plain or height,
In the sun's fier, beneath the eye of light.
And, baring unto heaven each noble head,
Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.
Well might their lays be lofty!—soaring thought,
From Nature's presence, tenfold Nature caught!
Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
Which startled eagles from their lone domains;
And, like a breeze, in chainless rapture went
Up thro' the blue, majestic firmament!
Whence came the echoes to those numbers high?
—'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by!
And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest,
With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;
And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
Sever'd, by cloud and storm, from all below;

* Carnedd, the Welsh name for a stone-barrow, or cairn.

† Cromlech, a druidical monument or altar. The word means, a stone of covenant.

And the turf-mounds, once girt by ruddy
spears,
And the rock-altars of departed years !

Thence, deeply mingling with the tor-
rent's roar,
The winds a thousand wild responses
bore ;
And the green land, whose every vale and
glen
Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,
On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
Sent forth proud answers to her children's
voice !

For us, not ours the festival to hold,
'Midst the stone-circles, hallow'd thus of
old ;
Not where great Nature's majesty and
might,
First broke, all-glorious, on our wandering
sight ;
Not near the tombs, where sleep our free
and brave,
Not by the Mountain Llyn *, the ocean
wave ;
In these late days we meet !—dark Mo-
na's shore,
Eryri's † cliffs resound with harps no
more !

But as the stream, (though time or art
may turn
The current, bursting from its cavern'd
urn,
To bathe soft vales of pasture and of
flowers,
From Alpine glens, or shadowy forest-
bowers,)
Alike, in rushing strength or sunny sleep,
Holds on its course to mingle with the
deep ;
Thus, though our pains be chang'd, still
warm and free,
Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to thee !
To thee, our thoughts, our hopes, our
hearts belong,
Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of
song !
Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling less,
To the green memory of thy loveliness,
Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from
every height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light !

MR MATHEWS' AT HOME.

THE public have learned to look
for this extraordinary and unrivalled
artist's entertainment, as for some-

thing that of right belongs to their
yearly supplies of novelty. It has
become a part of our regular expect-
tancies ; our most compendious an-
nual register of fun, frolic, whim,
character, and drollery ; the best item,
in our Budget of Ways and Means,
to carry on the interminable war a-
gainst the Napoleon of the idle world,
Emmü. It is, sans question, the best
periodical work going—except the
Edinburgh Magazine ! People think
of it for months before it comes out,
and wonder what it will be about ;
and any unaccountable delay in its
appearance, after the usual time,
would create as much consternation
and disappointment, as do the closed
doors of a country bank at noon on a
market-day. And with reason, too ;
for country banks, at best, do but
return you what you deposit with
them, and seldom that, now-a-days ;
but the concern in question is a
Savings Bank, into which we pay
our five shillings, and thereby lay
up a self-multiplying store of gay
thoughts, pleasant images, and de-
lightful associations, that last us all
our lives.

We certainly wish Mr Mathews
all the worldly advantages his ex-
traordinary exertions merit ; and he
need not wish himself more than this ;
—but we do hope that he is some-
what inordinate in his views on this
head, and that it will be a long while
before the *otium cum dignitate* enters
his thoughts :—for, when the time ar-
rives for his “ At Home's ” to cease—
(and he may confidently reckon that
we, the Public, shall not be the first
to cry, “ Hold ! enough ! ”)—when Mr
Mathews shall cease to be At Home
in London, Mirth herself will put on
widow's weeds, and retire into the
country in dudgeon—Momus will go
into mourning, without an order from
the Lord Chamberlain—Dullness may
again think of raising her “ un-dim-
inished head,” and may bring forth
her dreary progeny of farces, with
some hope of their not being still-
born—in short, (Chaos (or, what is
worse, *Kais*) may “ come again ; ”
and the theatrical Major Sturgeons
of the day may impatiently exclaim,
“ the world's at an end ! ” without
being guilty of a *non sequitur*.

As this delightful entertainment
has now been for some time before

* Llyn, a lake or pool.

† Eryri, the Welsh name for Snowdon.

the Public, it is, of course, not our intention to enter into any detail respecting it. Our object in noticing it, at present, is to enquire whether, after having witnessed his performances of this and the last year, persons are to be found, who still persist in affirming that Mr Mathews is no more than an accomplished mimic? When he first began to give to the public his extraordinary exhibitions, this worse than cant about mimicry (for envy and malignity are worse even than cant) obtained a temporary circulation—taking its rise among would-be critics, and thence unaccountably propagating itself to many of the public, in the face of what must have been nothing less than an absolute conviction of its futility. But it must be confessed, that the said Public (with all respect be it spoken) is a little headstrong, and not very ready to be “convinced against its will.” Seeing that Mathews combined in himself the qualities of almost every kind of acting, in a degree that it had never before witnessed, it was a little staggered at first, and was not very ready to admit that such *could* be the case: for there are numerous instances of people not believing the evidence of their own senses and understanding.

Taking advantage of this belief, or rather unbelief, certain before-mentioned would-be-critics, (who naturally enough see no “soul of goodness” in that which cannot be found fault with,) with their usual left-handed logic, argued, or rather asserted, that, in point of fact, it could not be so; for no other apparent or divineable reason except that, *so it was!* We refrain from arguing at any length against this impudent and self-destroying paradox, because we believe that it has now become altogether needless. If ingenuity itself can frame a definition of an actor which shall exclude Mr Mathews, the public will perhaps again be willing to allow that he is *not* one; but not till then. And even if that time should ever arrive, we shall then ask the question, If he is not an actor, *who is?* Did any one ever think of asserting that John Kemble's performance of Coriolanus was nothing more than an admirable piece of mimicry? The very question

has a gratuitous extravagance about it, which makes it sound ridiculous “to the meanest capacity.” But is it less ridiculous, and less ungrateful, to apply the title of a mimic to him who has created, and indelibly impressed upon our minds, almost as many original and exquisitely discriminated characters, as the author of the Scotch Novels has? The old Scotchwoman, Dr Prolix, Mr Hubblebubble, and the bone-and-muscleman of last year, and Mr M'Idewellin and Major Magnum of this, are equal, as far as truth and distinctness go, to Bailie Jarvie, Ambicdykes, and Dominie Sampson; and if they have less force, richness, and variety of detail, than these latter, it must be considered, that they are hit off before us in an hour or two, while the author of the Novels has two or three volumes, in which to develop and work up his conceptions. In fact, speaking with reference to their respective *comic* characters alone, and, of course, without meaning to place them on any thing like a level, even in this respect, we have no scruple in asserting, that if Mr Mathews is only a mimic, the Great Unknown is no better.

It will be seen, that in the view we are taking of the subject, we are considering this Artist as the virtual author and discoverer of the chief, if not all the original characters he brings forward. And such he is, in fact, understood to be. This entertainment may be arranged and “got up,” as it is called, by others; but it is now pretty generally known, that Mathews himself furnishes all that part of the *materiel* which relates to *character*. Away, then, with this vulgar and ignorant cant about mimicry! When Mathews is imitating his brother actors, he is a mimic, and he pretends to be no more; but when he is detecting and developing the various characters and passions of his fellow-men, or, to use a favourite phrase of the old poets—their “humours”—then he is a great and distinguished actor; and to regard him in any other light is to defraud him of that fair fame which is his due, and which (if he possess the genius we think he does) is probably more the object of his search, and dearer to him, when attained,

than all that mere pecuniary payment which is so lavishly bestowed upon him. If the Public thus give him only "bread," when he asks them for "a stone"—that is to say, a

deathless memorial in their thoughts,—he has no better cause to be satisfied with their treatment of him, than those dead poets who met with exactly the reverse.

VERSES DESCRIPTIVE OF A MOON-LIGHT EXCURSION TO ARTHUR SEAT.

Copied from a Manuscript in the possession of W. B. C.

THE moon was rising calmly o'er the hill,
And we the noisy city left behind,
In love of nightly solitude—where still
Celestial thoughts and feelings fill the mind.—
Oh ! what is all the bustle of mankind—
What all their trappings, pleasure, pomp, and power,
'To that sweet quietude the soul can find
'Mid Nature's loneliness, in wild or bower,
At opening morn, or noon, or evening's peaceful hour !

Is there aught lovely in those narrow ways
Which many mortals in confusion trace ?
Is there a pleasure in the endless maze—
A sound, a lesson in the form or face
Of those who love such giddy groupings to grace—
That musing mind should ever long to read ;
Or which, when read, could satiate the race
Of worm-like woes which from this life proceed,
And on the lonely heart with ceaseless gnawings feed ?

If such there be—seek not these scenes afar,
Ye whose best longings bustle can fulfil,
Sally not forth wild Nature's bliss to mar,
Let solitude be solitary still ;
Reserv'd for those to whom, of earthly ill,
Forgetfulness by her is kindly taught ;
Reserv'd for those, whose beings own a will
'To range still onward in their world of thought,
Through scenes the more belov'd, the more by man unsought.

We climb'd the mountain ; and the moon, the sky,
The din of men died on the airs of night ;
Clouds there were none, save such as often lie
Asleep on heaven, thinly spread, and white
As lawn, o'er maiden's bosom heaving light,
In simple loveliness ;—while many a star,
With beams of glory beautifully bright,
Came curling onward in its little car,
And seem'd to woo our thoughts to blissful worlds afar

We climb'd the mountain—bounding over cliffs
And time-worn precipices—with the toil
Our souls seem'd dignified—wild Nature's gifts
Are these ; which avarice can never spoil,
Else were they spoil'd—for man, of soul most vile,
Could burn creation, were its ashes gold ;
Nor think of Nature's loveliness the while,
Of trees, or flow'rs, planted by her of old,
Nor rocks, nor rills, nor aught that mortal eyes behold.

The works of art to me can yield no charm,
Till Time and Tempests their assistance lend ;

What were the palace that ne'er stood the storm,
 The tower's high pinnacles—the polish'd pend ?
 Let warring elements these masses rend,
 And Time bestrew of moss his mantle hoar,
 And Nature forth her creeping families send,
 Of little woodbines wild, to warp them o'er,
 Binding together that which art but bound before.

And then the eye which hates the barrenness
 Of human grandeur, shall unwearied roâm,
 Counting the beauties—then the soul confess
 Sensations that would claim it as its home ;
 And the fond soul still lavish on the dome
 Its own eternity of mystic thought—
 These attributes of being far which come,
 In strong associations wildly wrought,
 Of all remembrance time or fancy ever brought.

We turn'd aside to trace the aged walls,
 Rising in grayness 'neath the loftier steep,
 On which moon-light *fs* long before it falls.
 The nightly shadows round them were asleep,
 And all was solitude and silence deep ;
 Enchanted loneliness ! which still would scan
 Such wildering influence o'er the soul to keep,
 That fled of life is every other scheme,
 Save that it evermore might here enjoy the dream.

Our very beings seem'd in calmness bound,
 As if even Nature would exert a power,
 That none who came should break the stillness round
 The massy rocks and melancholy tower :
 Ages would here seem shorter than an hour,
 Spent mid the noisy mortal-crowded ways.
 Oh ! Nature is no tyrant—we endure
 What blessed load she to the heart conveys,
 Nor of the weight complain—save in congenial lays.

To those who love her she can charms impart,
 Purer than aught that comes to life below,
 Rooted are, in the feelings of the heart,
 The loveliest blossoms of the mind that blow ;
 The waters these, through solitude that flow,
 Nursing the little garden of the soul ;
 Whose happy scenery no change shall know,
 But bloom in beauty, while far ages roll,
 And ages yet shall bring no tempest nor control.

And man shall yet be glorious and free,
 Even with the earliest moment he may spend,
 Within the circle of eternity—
 But where shall I my longings thus extend ?
 Nature, with thee, oh ! let my being blend,
 Even with thy elements and grandeur wild,
 Mingling in love, that cannot dream of end—
 Love to an immortality beguil'd,
 Of all thy glorious charms by mortals undefil'd.

And thus I love thee, Nature, yet can claim
 No spot of earth on which thy seeds are sown !
 Yes these are scatter'd—where my father's name
 Marks of mortality the mournful ~~scene~~ :
 Marks of mortality the mournful ~~scene~~ :

And this is mine—this little earth alone
 Of which, those who have most would most be free ;
 But this full heart shall the possession own,
 Pouring thereon its tear-drops—though it be
 Hopeless to weep for those who cannot weep for me.—

* * * * *

S. H.

THE DREAM.

From the same Manuscript as the above, and probably the work of the same hand

I would not wish to sleep again,
 Till death have brought life's latest gloamin',
 If I could think, that to my brain
 Such dreams as came last night were coming ;

For all the pain that comes to life,
 Throughout the years that mortals number,
 May equal not one hour of strife,
 Waged with the fancies of the slumber.

A wond'rous form appear'd in view,
 And long my lone couch linger'd over ;
 It told me of—ah ! were it true !
 It told me of a faithless lover.

With listening to the words it spake,
 My being's inmost sense seem'd shaken ;
 I struggled much, that I might wake,
 But, ah ! I had not power to waken.

Chain'd, as if in a weighty chain,
 My powers all adverse to complying ;
 It seem'd the slavery and pain
 Of one who cannot die, when dying.

It pass'd—it slowly pass'd away,
 My slumber's powerful spell was broken ;
 O would but from my soul decay
 The memory of what was spoken !

S. H.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION.

PHILOSOPHY, properly understood, is the only sure friend of man. When adversity, poverty, and reproach, scare all other friends, then is the assiduity of Philosophy most intense ; then her consolations most earnest ; then her admonitions most tender. But, before we proceed further with the well-herited panegyric, it may be right to define the character and province of this divine and inseparable friend. Let not the religious be alarmed ; we look not for happiness independent of the faith and hopes of religion. But we contemplate that combination of cultivated sense and disciplined feeling, which is the honey of the soul, and

which consists of the extracted sweets of science and experience. The ill-fed labourers may envy the peer lolling in his carriage, which bowls pleasantly along :

See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
 When the knees tremble, and the temples beat ;
 Behold them, leaning on their scythes,
 Look o'er . . .
 The labour past, and toils to comb-explore.

In all the gorgeous enjoyments which a goaded fancy can pourtray, they imagine his lordship fully blessed. But his lordship, callous to his enjoyments, because he never felt

their want, or sought their possession, has no sensation but of his disappointments, precarious expectations, or insatiable desires. He envies the labourers, who, to his fancy, appear perfectly contented with their lot. Philosophy removes the mask, and shows the labourer oppressed with weariness of limbs, and languor of spirit; but, at the same time, presents to view the anxious bosom and the livid liver of the peer. Philosophy, then, is only the unmasking of Life. She raises the veil, and exhibits the real lineaments of the face. She persuades not to submission, resignation, contentment, by the sanctions of duty, expediency, or justice merely; but, by the full disclosure of truth, she withers to the root every disposition to envy, covet, or repine. She says not, "Keep far from this sunny bank, for a snake lurks in the grass;" but she removes the grass, and shews the snake coiled, and charged with venom. She proclaims—not that all who enter the gates of Sloth shall perish; but she throws wide the gates, and exhibits the mouldering bones of thousands. Philosophy is the science of morals, illustrated by the results of experiments. She wearies not with dull repetitions of precepts and persuasions; but she gains your entire assent, and inspires your determined resolution, by presenting a vivid picture to your eyes.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

Philosophy being thus 'the actual development of Truth, what can she have to do with Fiction, but to destroy it? To think so, is to mistake the nature of Fiction, and the character of Philosophy. We need not here enter into a learned and soporific history of the tales of the Troubadours, the Romances of the Knights-errant, and the Novels of Sentimentalists. Fiction blessed the world with all her sweets and charms long before such productions were heard of. All Greek and Roman poetry, and all Greek and Roman history, were but varied combinations of fiction. Examine Homer and Herodotus, Virgil and Livy, and separate, if you can, "truth severe," from "fairly fiction." In history, dates and events

are more substantial. 'Thucydides is more accurate and faithful in his description of the time and circumstances of the plague in Athens, than Homer in his account of the plague in the Grecian camp. Livy deserves more credit, when he relates the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, than Virgil, when he sings the descent of Æneas to Hell. But what are dry dates and naked events? What is it to know that Rome was built in a certain year, and that the battle of Pharsalia was fought in a certain other year? The whole value of history is to be estimated by the knowledge it gives of human character, and by the fidelity of expression which conveys that knowledge. According to this standard, Virgil must rank higher than Livy; Horace, than Sallust. Take an example from each of the former. The defeated, but unconquered *Turnus*, repels, with loftiest indignation, the malignant charge of cowardice, and with finest dissection of truth, dissuades from unmanly despondency:

Multa dies variisque labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius: multos alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.

Is this observation less philosophically just, because it is attached to fictitious incidents?

Livy records, we may suppose with chronological accuracy, the progress of *Fabius* against Hannibal. The admonition of that general to his Master of Horse, we may ascribe to the invention of the historian; but if it were literally expressed by *Fabius*, it cannot possess the authority or the force of the poet's lines. *Ne nihil actum censeret, exactâ prope æstate per ludificationem hostis. Haud parvam rem esse, ab totius victore hoste vinci desisse, et ab continuis cladibus respirasse.* The sentiment is both just and beautiful, and is most elegantly expressed; yet it gives but a faint image of an obvious truth. The poet, on the contrary, dazzles our vision with an image the most just and luminous—of a truth at once reconcilable and important.

In this sketch of ancient history and poetry, *Tacitus* has been studiously omitted, although he is incomparably the most faithful and the most poetical of historians. Every character

he delineates—every analysis of motives and actions in his pages—every speech which is imputed to the actors in his drama, bears that stamp of verisimilitude, which would make the unwary swear to the truth, without the slightest consciousness of perjury. The fidelity is such as to extort the most confident belief. Thus a gentleman, viewing a panoramic painting of a Turkish scene, fixed his eye on a group of Turks at their favourite enjoyment of smoking, and exclaimed—"How very silent those Turks are!" Yet *Tacitus* has unquestionably embodied more fiction in his history than *Lucan* in his poem. But he was a perfect master of the Philosophy of Fiction; and this being the title of this Essay, brings it back to its right course.

Philosophy improves fiction as much as it improves logic, politics, or scientific discoveries. Its influence upon fiction may be divided into two great branches. First, it teaches the art of preserving consistency in the several characters of fiction among themselves, and of suiting their respective actions to the characters. In the second place, it instructs the fiction-monger to make the human heart the centre of all his fabrications.

It may occur to most persons, that the second division ought to be made the first; but it will appear, as we proceed, that philosophy, in modern times, has been much more occupied in regulating false and unnatural fiction, than in establishing delightful and instructive fiction upon the eternal basis of nature. Our romances are now too little known to make criticism upon their defects intelligible. Who of ten thousand has deliberately read, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with, the knight-errantry which employed every pen, and inflamed every mind, in the sixteenth century? How few now read the adventures of *Don Quixotte* and of *Hudibras*? We must come still closer upon holy ground, and ask, how many are the enamoured admirers of the *Fairy Queen*? Mr Canning once avowed, that he still delighted more in reading the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* than any other book. It may be a proof of the insensitiveness of his mind, but it is also

a proof of its antiquatedness; for the Canning of Westminster School now will not bring the same taste into the House of Commons. The truth is, that the characters in all such writings want consistency, and their actions verisimilitude. Philosophy is not only disregarded, but literally kicked out of doors. The infant mind may be moulded into aptitude for the wild and ridiculous extravagancies which they detail, as the infant head may be made square or conical; but nature is violated in both cases, and philosophy refuses to sanction the violation.

The novels of *Fielding*, *Richardson*, and *Smollett*, benefitted greatly by the light of philosophy; yet they retain much of the old incongruity of that species of fiction which sought only the wonder or the horror of readers; and we are apprehensive that this unhallowed heaven will leaven the whole lump, and doom the once warm volumes "to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot." Broad caricature soon loses its hold of our imagination and attention. *Lovelace*, *Grandison*, and *Clementina*, are caricatures, and, after seeing them on the stage, we are satisfied; certain it is, that we do not desire a more familiar acquaintance. *Tom Jones*, *Squire Western*, *Parson Adams*, and, we fear, the charming *Sophia*, are not always in keeping. *Roderick Random* is a rough dog, quite unfit for modern society; and all our great countryman's fictitious offspring must be, in like manner, remanded to the study of philosophy.

Great is the quantity of poetry which we must treat with severity, if not utterly condemn, for the same reason. "The Seasons" are read, and will probably continue to be read, because their representations of landscape, sunshine, and storms, accord pretty faithfully with the overcharged pictures which we draw of those objects of grateful contemplation, when we are removed from their living influence. Of human life there is happily little in "The Seasons," for what there is of it appears monstrously distorted. Take, for instance, the episode of *Lavinia*, and it is not the worst.

The lady who judged *Thomson* to be an ardent lover from his writings,

could never have been in love. This is precisely the description of love which an old bachelor would write, and an old maid admire. A rich *Palemon* may, in sooth, fall in love with a poor *Lavinia*; but it requires all the authority of truth to reconcile us to it; the business of the poet is with less violent incidents. "The Castle of Indolence" is still more lifeless, and more unnatural in the life it contains. The verse is sweet, but it soon lulls to sleep. Even Goldsmith fails to interest us, when he sings of the "gentle hermit of the dale," and "Angelina, ever dear." Beattie, too, must lose much of his immortality by his forced and fantastical fictions. Who ever heard of a courtly hermit in the Grampians? or what gentle reader can recognize the monster for a fellow-being? Edwin, too, charming enthusiast as he often is, offends against the Philosophy of Fiction. It is not the human head stuck upon the equine neck, but it is the professor's head upon the neck of an untutored boy.

"Thence, musing onward, to the sounding shore
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
List'ning with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide weltering waves. In black array,
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day—
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran."

This is utterly incongruous and incredible, when predicated of an amiable, docile, contented boy; but exceedingly just and affecting when said of the cultivated, chagrined, indignant mind of a man advanced in life, and full of ten thousand recollections of disappointment, wrong, and perverse buffetings of fate. Lord Byron, coping, in stormy rage, with the agitated lake of Geneva, or the terrific lightnings of the Alps, is a natural and grandly impressive representation; but it is monstrous to represent an innocent boy seeking, of choice, such convulsions of nature.

It is not the magnificent scenes and elements of nature which, of themselves, give delight to the mind; but it is their correspondence with latent impressions and associations, previously engrafted on our stock of consciousness by the incidents of life. To represent the external elements as giving delight to him who has not laid up any internal associations to be awakened by them, is, therefore, an egregious violation of the Philosophy of Fiction.

The fiction which most aptly illustrates the first branch of our division is "Gulliver's Travels." Swift was a genuine philosopher, and his philosophy is no where so conspicuous as in his fictions. His Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians are, in their way, most accurately consistent, and act in perfect suitableness to their respective characters; but the great preservative is the perpetual presence of Gulliver, with our own size, our own ideas, our own hopes, and our own fears. The satire, indeed, conveyed against our pride, vanity, and political fury, is the great charm of the fictitious representation of our nature, magnified like the Brobdingnagians, and diminished like the Lilliputians. The satire, however, would be unmeaning, if the address of the writer did not preserve the illusion so effectually, that we look up with awe to Mr Gulliver in Lilliput, and look down upon him with pity in Brobdingnag. "But I confess," says the ingenuous traveller, "that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughter, asked me, whether I was a Whig or Tory? Then, turning to his First Minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, nearly as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I! And yet, says he, I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows

that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated."

This quotation is not in the least intended as a sneer upon our ardent and meritorious controversies in politics. Be it remembered, that he who slighted politics in this libertine style, had been a violent Tory, mortified, disappointed, hopeless. To the credit of the Whigs let it be admitted, that none of their party ever made jest of political principle. But the object of the quotation is to show the perfect humanity with which his Majesty of Brobdingnag is invested; for he turns to his queen, and laughs at Whigs and Tories, just like such a man as Sir William Curtis, when he laughs at a pair of flies making love on his window.

Voltaire's *Candide* is another felicitous illustration of the advantages of adhering to the Philosophy of Fiction. The foundation of the tale is quite incredible; yet, by preserving a strict consistency in the characters, and an appropriate fitness in their conduct, the author fixes our attention; kindles in our minds a deep interest; and carries us along by his narrative, as effectually as by his history of Charles XII. Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, is the only other foreigner who has succeeded in this delicate species of writing; and he is by no means free from vulgar burlesque and coarse caricature. He is mentioned here because he is the only other foreigner who comes properly within the scope of this essay; but he ought more properly to be classed in the second branch, the hero and his adventures being perfectly natural, so far as the *substratum* of the work is concerned. Rousseau may, perhaps, be attended to hereafter, though his title is not yet quite allowed. As for the German Visionaries, their fictions have no

connection with nature, or with man: we therefore abjure them.

It will be observed, that Milton is entirely inadmissible under this head, because his fable and characters were indisputably regarded as solemnly true. That they often fail to interest us, is quite another question. The influences of Heaven on the agitated, anxious mind of mortal man, may be the subject of poetry; but into that place, into which "shall in nowise enter any thing that maketh a lie," poetry can never obtain admission. There, hope is fruition, and fear is not.

A great part of *Paradise Lost* is thus no fiction, but serious truth, which subdues the fancy, and excludes our sinful sympathy. Almost the whole of *Paradise Regained* is theological truth. There are splendid bursts of earthly feeling and human wisdom; but the general character is dull, and the volume slumbers on the shelf. The infernal parts of *Paradise Lost* gain our attention by the resemblance to earthly scenes of our acquaintance. You may there hear better debates than in St Stephen's, without paying half-a-crown; and you may, without shame, cherish a fellow-feeling with Satan, in many of his high conceptions. On earth, Milton "is indeed divine," and his fictions there (for, strange though it may seem, that is the only fictitious part of his poem,) will claim our attention in the next department of our subject.

It is hoped that the reader has not neglected the many hints thrown out, of reserving the remainder of this subject for another Number, and that he is now prepared for such a result. In the meantime, let him be assured, that the more of his attention he withdraws from the angry controversies of the day, and devotes to honest and soothing fiction, the better he will like himself, and enjoy this life.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I NEVER arrogate to myself the right of obtruding advice upon a gentleman in your situation; and I am inclined to think, that those who

do obtrude advice, in any circumstances, deserve but little attention. It may not, however, be useless, if I give you a faithful account of my own feelings, when I read your Magazine, which I do most punctually as it comes forth. I may not be singular, and therefore my feelings may be considered as common to many of your readers. Know, then, that I care not a straw about the results of political agitations. Whether Liverpool or Grey be *premier* is to me as unimportant as whether Vansittart shall ever wear a wig. To me, personally, it can make no difference; and, God help me! I cannot see what difference it would make to my country. The parties themselves consider it, however, of vital importance; but that is natural for all parties, political or religious. Now, feeling this total freedom from party bias, I am quite eager to know every movement made on either side—the attack, the defence, the stratagem, the courteous accusation, and the vehement retort.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,

Et terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

Every man who comes from the field, I question with eagerness, and listen to with attention. This is a great part of my amusement. Other subjects take their turn in affording me ease from the load of life; but politics are my most frequent resource, because my neighbours keenly vex themselves with them, while I treat them as the warfare of frogs and mice. Now, in your Magazine, I find too little of the partizan. A neutral politician I cannot endure, probably because I am one myself. The Quarterly Review I read with the greatest avidity, and with as much amusement, at least, as your great Edinburgh Review. But the London Magazines I would not have a gift of, because they have no politics; or, if they touch that theme, deal with it as the clergy with obscenity—

Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina: Quid rides?

"The New Monthly" I have seen, and most heartily despised, for its

sacred abstinence from the most interesting topics of the day. "The London" seems to sink under the splendour of its name: it has nothing less infectious than opium. Poor Sir Richard's pony can only amble in the mud, far from the glorious affray of heroes. But what shall I say of you? Your principles are whiggish. Why don't you defend them heartily? Are you in earnest? It may be, that you may find it better politics to turn the left cheek to him who has smote thee on the right*, only uttering a gentle *reprimand in transitu*. I regret much this defect of energy, because it detracts greatly from my enjoyment. You have seen an idle loiterer long busy in getting two boys to make a regular set-to. If one at length positively declines to show fight, how mortified our friend feels! Of such a treat am I disappointed as often as I get your Magazine. I would I could get a Whig Magazine, that would give hit for hit, and bandy blows with all the zeal of an honest politician! On the other side, not one is even moderate.

DEMOCRITUS.

Carlisle, April.

ACCOUNT OF A SCOTCH WEDDING,
IN A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH
GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND IN
LONDON.

August 14th 1821.

MY DEAR FRANK,

A FEW weeks ago I arrived in the Land of Cakes for the first time in my life, on a visit to W—, a clergyman of the Scottish establishment, whom, you know, I have frequently met with in London, and with

* We have printed the letter of our Carlisle friend to convince him that we take his suggestions in good part. We are not political partizans. Our motto is, "*Nullius addictus, &c.*" Political bickerings and heart-burnings we utterly detest, and would cautiously avoid. Notwithstanding this spirit of moderation, we have not enough of hypocrisy to turn the left cheek to him who would smite us on the right. Smiting! "Aye, there's the rub!" Let our enemies "Beware!"

whom I have long lived on terms of the strictest intimacy. He received me with that cordial welcome and unaffected kindness, which, I am told, are ever to be found at a Scottish parsonage; and I spent with him some very happy and adventurous days. He lives in one of the most romantic situations imaginable, at the head of an extensive and beautiful lake, adorned with several wooded islets. It washes, on one side, hills which hide their summits in the clouds, and veil, as they approach the lake, their rugged steepes, in woods of ash and birch, through the foliage of which the white torrent may be perceived thundering from rock to rock, or the goat waving "her beard of snow," on cliffs that rise abruptly from the waters. Gently-swelling fields, of the greenest pasture, or waving with grain, interspersed with trees and hedgerows, and contrasted with the picturesque and gloomy ruins of two ancient castles, rising on the brink of the lake, form its boundaries on the other side. Still more distant from the head of this piece of water rises a mountainous amphitheatre of a more sublime and imposing character, where the eagle builds her nest, and, what will afford you more interest—where *grouse* and *black-game* are found in great abundance. But the fox is the most destructive inhabitant of these haunts of sterile nature, and will kill, in a single night, twenty sheep or lambs. Like a vampire, he merely sucks their blood, and leaves them on the heath, to shew next morning, to the desperate shepherds, the wrath of this fell destroyer. Beneath this mountainous ridge, there stretches a beautiful pastoral country, swelling into green knolls, or sinking into wooded declivities, white with sheep, and echoing with the low of cattle. Occasionally, with the young ladies, relatives of my friend, I made excursions to the summits of some of the nearest hills—rambled amongst the sylvan glens, at the bottom of which, the never-failing brook is seen to wimple—or fished in the mountain streams, abounding with the most delicious trout. But what you would have liked more than all, my friend the clergyman, and myself, frequently sailing in our little pinnace round

the lake, landed on its wooded islets, the shores of which abounded with flocks of wild-ducks and teels, and sometimes, in high floods, with swans—fished for *pike* and *perch*, which are here of great size—and while we admired the beauty of the landscape, I now and then indulged my favourite amusement, by taking drawings of its most striking scenes.

The peasantry here I found very unlike our uneducated boors—simple without being rude, and civil without being officious. They have all received so much education as to be able both to read and to write; so much for the inestimable advantage of their parochial schools. Nay, I learned that some of them had even got a smattering of Latin; and, along with *Boston*, *Flavel*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which my clerical friend told me were their favourite divines—for every Scotsman, you must know, is a theologian—we frequently found a volume or two of the *Spectator*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and some of their native poets, *Ferguson* and *Burns*, in their cottages. There is much shrewdness in these people, hid under a coarse exterior; as their native oak conceals a sound heart under the rough bark. Their education often gives rise to a spirit of enterprise and adventure: many try their fortunes in distant climes, and some were pointed out to me, who, from a very humble origin, had raised themselves to situations of opulence and respectability. Thus it has been observed, that there is no part of the world in which one will not find a crowd of Scotsmen.

By way of giving me a little farther insight into the manners and character of these mountaineers, my friend prevailed upon me one day to accompany him to a country wedding, at which he was himself to officiate. The bridegroom, a brawny son of Hercules, was a small farmer in the neighbourhood of the parsonage, and the bride, the daughter of a mountain shepherd, quite a *heather-bell* in those wilds: and the nuptials were to be celebrated at her house, according to the custom of the country. The abode of this mountain beauty was about eighteen Scotch miles off—an appalling distance, I conceived, when I surveyed the blue

hills we had to ascend, and the rocky defiles through which we had to pass; but the clergyman viewed it as a light matter, though, he observed, we would have to return, under night, through a country, where, even at noonday, it was somewhat difficult to thread the road. I found that this would be quite a different thing from a gallop to Hampstead or Richmond; but in this thinly inhabited region distance is little regarded, and persons situated three or four miles from each other consider themselves almost as door neighbours.

After having fortified our stomachs with some *chops* of their delicious mountain mutton, with a mug of porter, which had contrived to travel all the way down from Meux's cellar to this out-of-the-world corner, and a glass of Highland whisky, which is to be had here in still greater perfection, we prepared to set out on our journey. Just as we were about to mount our nags, a messenger came galloping up to us, to acquaint us that the bridegroom's party were at hand, and it was expected that the minister and his London friend would accompany them. We joined the cavalcade, in all about thirty persons of both sexes, gaily apparelled, and all mounted on draught horses, excepting a few, rather of a genteeler sort, who rode cattle of a superior order, and which would have made excellent chargers in a troop of yeomanry cavalry.

It was pretty obvious that some of the party had united "with the spirit of love, the love of the spirit;" they were evidently ROZZIED; so that the blooming damsels they carried *en croupe*, appeared to me not to be in the safest situations in the world—but they harboured no apprehensions themselves, and for a short time we all jogged on together, with much steadiness and jocularly. How it happened, I know not, but we quickened our pace as the road became worse; and as I rode a smart blood hack, not much accustomed to such rugged marches, I was continually afraid of his stumbling, particularly as I saw some horses belonging to our party come down upon their knees. What surprised me was, that this accident was only reckoned a good joke, and I own it was sometimes laughable

enough. The horse of one fellow, who had happily no lady behind him, but in lieu thereof a bottle of spirits in each of his coat pockets, which he was conveying to our place of rendezvous, came suddenly down upon his knees on a piece of soft mossy ground, when the rider was pitched quite over his ears. Instead, however, of trying to save his head with his hands, as most persons would have done, in a similar situation, he clapped one on each pocket, to save his bottles, and allowed his head to take its chance, as the least brittle vessel of the three. And indeed he was in the right, for this well-secured part of the system did not appear to have suffered the smallest injury. "You must mend your roads, friend," said I to him, "in these parts, or I fear you will frequently be in like jeopardy." "Faith," replied the fellow, "I am glad we ha'e na to mend our noddles; and if our roads are bad, I am sure, Sir, they giv' ye plenty into the measure. We are still five lang miles frae the house of the bride." So saying, he and a few others bolted off at the gallop, moving their legs and arms like Punch in a puppet-show, and my horse being in high mettle, it required my utmost power of rein to prevent him from joining in the race.

"Let these mad-caps go forward," said my friend the clergyman; "some of them will probably pay dear for their temerity, ere they reach the end of their journey. They are riding," continued he, "for the *brose*, as it is called, a custom common at pay-weddings; and he who first reaches the house of the bride will have won his dinner."

What surprised me not the least was, that these roystering blades never passed a gin-shop, and there were two or three on our road, without making the whole party halt at the door, and every one of us *à cheval*, was obliged to drink a glass of their favourite beverage. Though I took care not to turn up my little finger, as tossing off a bumper is here termed, yet partly from the exhilarating influence of the fluid, and partly from the bracing effects of the pure air of these sublime regions, I found my animal spirits unusually elevated. To pass an inn without drinking,

I learned, would be reckoned quite unlucky, and if there were twenty upon the road, the bridegroom and his attendants must "taste" at them all. Were he not to do this, he would run the risk of being made a cuckold, or cursed with a shrew, or some other misfortune incident to matrimony.

We now passed through several rocky defiles of a most savage character, with steep rising above steep, like so many successive battlements, crowned with pads of blooming heath, and on the summits of which were observed sheep and goats, carelessly grazing at an immense height. Sometimes the most frightful rocks overhung our path, as if they would tumble down on our heads, and overwhelm our whole party. We crossed, also, several deep and sandy brooks of the purest water, that fell in foamy sheets from ledge to ledge, or leaped and danced round their pebbly channels, as if conscious of the present festive occasion. I observed, that several narrow wooden bridges, or trees covered with turf, were thrown across these brooks, to allow the sheep to pass from either bank; and some of these fragile structures resting upon projecting cliffs of considerable elevation, had a very picturesque effect. And to one, my dear Frank, who, like myself, had seldom been a hundred miles from the British Metropolis, the whole scene was quite novel, interesting, and, I may add, occasionally grand and sublime.

We now rode along the green and undulating banks of a deep and sombre lake, environed with hills and precipices, rising, in some places, five or six hundred feet perpendicularly from the flood—where the eagle builds her eyrie above the clouds. One of my fellow-travellers told me, that while some shepherds were making hay on the side of this lake, an eagle suddenly darted down from one of those stupendous cliffs, and snatched up in its talons a child, who had been left by his mother on a haycock wrapped in a plaid, and flew quite across the bosom of the lake. The agonizing feeling of the mother, who beheld the scene, may easily be conceived, when, whether from the screamings of the infant, or the hollowings of the shepherds, the

king of birds was induced to drop his prey, which happily fell on the soft heath, wrapt in its tartan covering, and was taken up by one of the haymakers, who had run round a narrow corner of the lake, without the little trembler having sustained the smallest injury. Leyden, you know, alludes to a similar incident in his "Scenes of Infancy," which, however, had a more tragic result.

"Quick from a brake, where tangled sloe-
thorns grew,
The dark-wing'derne impetuous glanced
to view;
He darting, stoop'd, and from the wil-
lowy shore
Above the lake the struggling infant bore;
Till, scar'd by clamours that pursued his
way,
Far in the wave he dropp'd his helpless
prey."

This is likewise the land of the adder; and I found that almost all my fellow-travellers believed in its powers of fascination. During the warm gleams of sunshine, as we rode through the tall heath, we perceived several of these reptiles, and saw one of them swimming across a narrow part of the lake, which it did more quickly than, from its structure, I could have supposed it capable of. They never come abroad under 40° of Fahrenheit, in the shade: like the rest of the serpent race, they cast their skins annually, and are extremely tenacious of life. One of our party assured me he had kept one in a long glass-bottle for upwards of three months, without its having received the smallest food, or appearing weaker, or less lively, from the want of it. Many stories were told of these creatures, and particularly of one of an enormous size, which had recently been seen on the banks of an adjoining lake, and which had been magnified, perhaps by fear or the love of exciting wonder, though the shepherds generally kill them wherever they meet them. Their bite is extremely venomous, and has been known to produce death. But to return to our wedding.

We could now observe, through the "ærial perspective," a small cottage, at a considerable distance, under a steep hill, which the movement of some female figures in white

announced as the house of the bride. Every one now put spurs to his horse, and in a few minutes we were close to the scene of the wedding. As we approached under the shade of some limber birch trees, whose pendent festoons waved with every breeze, we perceived, on a small plot of green ground immediately before the cottage, a number of gaily-attired young persons, tripping it briskly "on the light fantastic toe." They danced to the music of two fiddles, the performers on which sat under the shadow of an old ash, and tickled the cat-gut with most energetic effect. Many of the girls, as they figured upon the green, appeared to me very handsome, though somewhat stouter, and a little more *en-boupoint* than their town sisters of the same class; their cheeks blooming with the hue of youth and health, and their eyes sparkling with intelligence and vivacity. The Scotch, you know, are all fond of music and dancing, as indeed are the mountaineers of every country; and though there was certainly a greater display of agility than grace, yet I own I was much delighted with this novel and picturesque exhibition. What pleased me more than all, was the happy countenances of the old persons, who were seated around the dancing group, and who seemed to grow young again in their children, and to realize the adage, that the "lookers on have sometimes as much pleasure as those who are engaged in the game."

We were now required to halt a few paces from the cottage, when two or three of the bride's party, accompanied by one of the performers on the violin, welcomed our arrival with a kind, but rather formal greeting. The never-failing bottle and glass were again presented, and every one was intreated to whiff off another bumper to the festivities of the day. I own I shuddered at the thought of imbibing so unconscionable a quantity of pure alcohol; but my companions sucked it up like cold water, without appearing to be more affected by it than if it had really been so.

We now entered the house, but sat apart by ourselves, none of the bridegroom's party being permitted to enter the bride's apartment, where

she was now seated in state with her attendants, except the bridegroom's best man and myself, at my own particular request. I was surprised to observe, that no sooner had this privileged person been admitted, than he went round, and, with the utmost nonchalance, kissed every girl in the room.

In a few minutes thereafter, all the rest of our party were summoned into the apartment, when the bridegroom and his privileged attendant, without even exchanging a salutation or a word, seated themselves next to the bride and her *maid*, and the marriage ceremony was immediately performed by my clerical friend. As I know, Frank, that you will like to hear something of it, I have to observe, that it began with a preface, explanatory of the nature of the ordinance; after which, the parties were required to join their right hands, when the glove was pulled off the right hand of each by their respective attendants. The nuptial vow was then administered, and they were declared to be married persons. The whole ceremony, which was quite new to me, closed with a prayer imploring the blessing of Heaven on the newly-married couple, and that they might be rendered fruitful, &c.—a petition which, from the appearance of the parties, I thought there was every probability of being answered. The ceremony being closed, which was not without its solemnity, the bridegroom's best man presented the clergyman with a pair of gloves, which is all the fee that, in this cheap country, he receives for his trouble.

Every one now shook hands with the young couple, and wished them joy, after which, we were shown into a large anti-chamber, where a very long table was spread out, groaning under the load of viands which were piled upon it. Two matrons did the honours of the tea-table, and pyramids of wheaten-bread, oat-cakes, biscuits, cheese, ham, and large slices of cold mutton and lamb, were handed round. The latter I observed each carried to his mouth with his fingers, like the Chinese, as I was told that, in this mountain solitude, it would have been no easy matter to have procured knives and forks

for so large a party. You will smile at my minuteness, but I wish to give you an exact idea of the whole scene.

The two principal persons, as might have been expected, were the bride and bridegroom—the former seated at the head, and the latter at the foot of the table—who exchanged, through the long vista of the company, some very tender glances. My friend the clergyman was treated with much attention and deference, and I could easily see how much he was at once beloved and respected by his flock; and your humble servant, as being a stranger and a Londoner, was likewise treated with great distinction, and made the subject of many interrogatories. “We are plain folks,” said the bride’s father to me, a venerable-looking old man, whom a painter might have drawn for the Father of the Faithful; “but we hope you will make yourself as happy as you are welcome; ye are far frae hame, and though you ha’e seen much, a Scotch wedding is aiblins a new sight, for a’ that.”

A ceremony now took place which implied good fellowship. Every one, with his arms crossed, grasped the opposite hands of his neighbour on each side of him, when, after three lusty swings of the arms, all clapped hands at once, most energetically. These crossings of the arms, and plaudits, were continued, likewise, three several times, and with such effect, that the echoes returned the sounds from the neighbouring rocks.

A large bowl of smoking toddy was now placed upon the table, half and half, as one termed it, which produced its usual exhilarating effects. Jokes past, some of which, so far as I could understand the language of the country, were not remarkable for their delicacy; and some of these honest rustics shewed a great talent for broad humour. Then several garlands and ditties were sung with greater simplicity and pathos than I had ever before heard. How unavailing, thought I to myself, so much art and study to produce musical effect! here it comes, at once powerful and effecting, from the lips of untaught nature.

The sound of the violin now called every one to the dance; and I

had the honour of tripping down the floor with the blooming young bride; but so many aspired to the same honour, that I could not help commiserating the poor girl on the fatigue which she was thus called upon to endure.

There was, among others, a rustic beauty, whose gay dress and superior charms procured her peculiar attention from the young beaux around her; for beauty, you know, Frank, levels all distinctions, and a handsome girl always commands admiration. This, I perceived, excited some uneasiness among her rival shepherdesses, and drew forth such taunts and sneers, as shewed me that envy and detraction are not absolute strangers to these simple people. A few ruddy-faced old blades enjoyed themselves in making and in drinking strong punch in a corner, which was handed about in tankards; and as the drink went round, the dancing became brisker, and the fiddlers quickened their time, till at last all was mirth, motion, and excitement—where heads, hands, and feet, moved in unison to the irresistible magic of the Scottish Reel; and if the floor had not been composed of the most durable materials, it must have sunk beneath the simultaneous collision of a hundred heels.

But it was now high time for my friend and me to depart, though I almost regretted I could not remain to witness the young wife and her paramour drinking, *in bed*, the health of the company, according to the strange custom of the country-people in this place; and all the mirth elicited by the *throwing of the stocking*, which was to conclude the festivities of the night.

I left these honest mountaineers quite in a hubbub of merriment. A guide conducted us over the difficult part of the road, with whom the clergyman joining in conversation, left me a few moments for romantic and solitary musing. The moon shone bright; and the awful stillness of these stupendous mountains, only interrupted occasionally by the falling torrents which we passed—the gleam of the moonshine, reflected from the numerous rills that fell down their rocky channels, or eddied round their sandy basins—the blue mists that

crept along the hills, rising in white and gleaming folds;—all conspired to excite in my mind a train of sublime and peaceful emotions, strikingly contrasted with those I had just experienced. We reached our home in safety, and I need not add, that I enjoyed a sound sleep, after the fatigues of the day, not unmingled with confused dreams of savage hills, sombre lakes, and blooming lasses measuring on the green, like so many fays, the mazy dance.

I am now about to leave, I fear for ever, this romantic wilderness of woods, mountains, and lakes; but I shall not soon forget the happy days I spent amongst them—the exhilarating influence of whisky-punch—and the mirthful festivities of a Highland wedding. I am,

My dear Frank,
Yours, &c.

V.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

View of the present state of this Settlement, with the prospects held out by it to British Emigrants.

It is the glory of British enterprise to have drawn together the remotest extremities of the earth. There are scarcely any spots on our planet so distant from each other as Britain and New Holland; perhaps, indeed, no two can be more so, since it is usual, in going and returning, to make the complete circuit of the terraqueous globe. Yet this voyage over so many vast oceans is not, perhaps, in the eyes of our daring countrymen, beset with so many dangers as, a hundred years ago, the journey to London was to a Scotsman. It is not enlivened now with those flattering expectations which were wont to attend a voyage to the Indian seas. It is no longer with the hope of returning in regal pomp, and laden with the spoils of empires, that our countrymen seek these farthest boundaries of the earth. They deem themselves but too happy, if, on these distant shores, they can secure for their families that food and raiment which home denies them! Colonies are not now to Britain the pillars of her prosperity, but the refuge of her distress.

We have the consolation, however, of reflecting, that the tide of emigration, which has set in so strong from Britain, involves a material improvement in the general condition and prospects of the world. It is filling all the desert and distant tracts with a race, who, amid all their failings, must still rank with the most improved and intelligent of their kind. These emigrants, therefore, unconsciously act a part in the beneficent designs of a Higher Power, and will be the fathers of greater nations than that from which they have come. We do not, indeed, anticipate any aggrandizement to Britain from the possession of those distant colonies. Let them prosper as they may, we are persuaded that they will always continue rather a burden than otherwise upon us. The period, indeed, is not probably very distant, when they will begin to manifest a desire of independent existence, to which, we trust, they will be made heartily welcome. It is quite enough for Britain, to provide at once for the exigencies of her distressed citizens, and to diffuse herself so widely over the face of the earth. Meantime, without entering deeper into these speculations, it may be useful to those who are going out, and interesting to those who remain, to collect such notices as recent travellers have afforded relative to the rising settlement of Van Diemen's Land.

Our time and limits do not allow us to enter largely, at present, into the early discovery of Van Diemen's Land. It was made, in 1642, by Abel Tasman, a Dutch navigator, who gave to it the name of his employer, the Governor of Batavia. The same name was also given to a cape situated to the north of New Holland. Van Diemen's Land, however, with the great continent to which it is attached, were very little known or visited till the time of Cook, who, in 1777, made the complete circuit of New Holland. In coasting Van Diemen's Land, we had considerable intercourse with the natives, whom he found a race of negroes, with woolly hair, painted red, but quieter and more peaceable than the natives about Botany Bay. La Billardiere and D'Entrecasteaux, in the voyage which they undertook in search

of La Peyrouse, made many observations on this country, particularly in respect to botany and mineralogy. They remarked the singular fact, that, though abounding in the finest trees, it did not, abandoned as it was to nature, produce any plant that afforded nutriment to man. D'Entrecasteaux discovered that remarkable channel bearing his name, which forms the finest harbour in this, or in almost any part of the world.

The complete exploration of these coasts was reserved for Captain Flinders and Mr Bass, who, in 1798, undertook an official expedition, with this important object. They discovered the strait between Van Diemen's Land and the continent, to which Mr Bass's name was given; also Port Dalrymple, and the mouth of the Tamar, destined to be one of the two principal stations of settlement. These observations and discoveries led, a few years after, to the formation of settlements upon this island, calculated to receive the surplus from Port Jackson, where the most advantageous positions were already occupied. These establishments rapidly increased, and, within the last few years, have become the favourite resort of those who emigrate from this country. We proceed, therefore, to consider the present, or rather the daily changing state of this rising settlement, with the prospects which it holds out to the British emigrant.

Although Van Diemen be only a recent settlement, partly, indeed, from that very circumstance, it affords a more favourable theatre for the colonist than the old territory about Port Jackson and Botany Bay. It is true, the bulwark opposed by the extraordinary, and once supposed unbroken and impenetrable wall of the Blue Mountains, has been completely overcome, and great tracts of rich and finely-watered territory discovered beyond it. The active research of Mr Throsby has even traced a route thither, which, though somewhat circuitous, is impeded by none of the difficulties that attend the direct route across the Blue Mountains. At the same time, as the territory is penetrated by no navigable rivers, land carriage is too heavy to admit of conveying to market any part of

the rude produce of land, except cattle, which can convey themselves. But the character of a grazier, in a track so wild and remote, has little attraction, unless for the rougher class of emigrants. The disorders introduced into the society, and the stigma attached to the name of the parent colony, were circumstances revolting to respectable settlers. The fine shores of Van Diemen presented to these a much more agreeable establishment. This island exhibits a surface more uniformly fertile than New Holland; its climate is more congenial to the inhabitants of the north of Europe; and it is penetrated by very fine navigable rivers. In proportion to its extent, therefore, the quantity of the lands, affording at once the means of cultivation and the convenience of water carriage, is much more considerable. It is to Van Diemen's Land, therefore, that the tide of settlement and emigration has, for some time, been almost exclusively directed. Two leading establishments have been here formed; one on the east, and the other on the north side of the island. The one is at Hobart's Town, situated on the Derwent; the other at Port Dalrymple, on the Tamar.

The settlements on the Derwent, forming what is called the county of Buckingham, are the most important. The Derwent falls into Storm Bay, which is bordered on the south by a long island, called Brune, and is enclosed by such a variety of winding shores and peninsulas, as to produce an extent of coast, almost unparalleled within the same circuit. The entrance, called D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, between the main land and the long island, forms one continued harbour, which, combined with the part of the Derwent navigable for large vessels, contains a line of about forty miles, in almost every part of which vessels may lie with perfect safety. This channel receives a river of some magnitude, called Huon, affording easy access to vessels into the interior, but on which no settlements have yet been formed. On the north side, Storm Bay is connected with North Bay, which is bordered by a great extent of fertile coast, now brought under high cultivation. The most import-

ant channel, however, is that of the Derwent itself, which forms a broad stream for about thirty-four miles up the country, admits the largest vessels, and affords every where the most excellent harbours. Fish are very plentiful; even whales often come up, and are harpooned under the eye of the inhabitants of Hobart's Town. The scenery along the whole course of this stream is beautiful, and in many places highly romantic and picturesque. Its banks are adorned by lofty perpendicular rocks, rich groves of evergreens, neat cultivated farms, and luxuriant pastures. The capital, Hobart's Town, is situated on a cove about fourteen miles up from the mouth of the Derwent. It lies at the foot of a considerable hill, which, from a resemblance of shape to that at Cape Town, is called the Table Mountain. It is traversed by a beautiful stream, which, besides turning a number of mills, would afford a supply of water to twenty times the present number of inhabitants. In 1811, Hobart's Town consisted only of a few wretched cottages; now it reaches for about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. A great part of this space is covered with substantial buildings, some of which are two stories high, and laid out in regular streets. A government-house, a handsome church, a commodious military barrack, a strong gaol, a well-constructed hospital, and a roomy barrack for convicts, have now been built. A pier, or quay, was, by the last accounts, erecting in Sullivan's Cove, which would render it one of the best and safest anchorages in the world. A general spirit of industry and enterprise appeared to pervade the inhabitants. In 1821, Hobart's Town contained 421 houses, and 2700 people.

The Derwent, for about twenty-four miles above Hobart's Town, is navigable for vessels of twenty to twenty-five tons; and its banks are lined with farms in a high state of cultivation. Here the broad part of the river terminates, and the falls of New Norfolk prevent any vessels from proceeding higher up. At this point has been lately founded Elizabeth Town, for the accommodation of settlers residing above the falls. The Shannon, here, comes from the

north-west, from an unknown source, but supposed to lie among a range called the Western Mountains. It receives successively from the north, the Jordan, the Fat Doe, and the Big River. The land upon and between these rivers, though in some places marshy and hilly, is in general fit for every purpose of cultivation; sometimes highly fertile. To the east, is a particularly rich and beautiful agricultural district, situated upon Coal and Pit Rivers, which fall into North Bay.

The *Tamar*, on which the northern settlements are placed, exhibits a very different aspect from the Derwent. The soil near its mouth is sandy and barren; and numerous rocks, reefs, and shoals, render its entrance dangerous. For thirty miles up, it exhibits no promising appearance; but after that, and as far as Launceston, which is about ten miles higher, the country is excessively rich, and particularly agreeable, being diversified with fine hills that abound in game. Launceston is only a village, not containing a population of more than three or four hundred souls. The broad channel of the Tamar here terminates, and it receives the North Esk and the South Esk, which last has the tributary of the Macquarrie, nearly as large as itself. The banks of these rivers contain many fine and beautiful plains, and are, in general, perfectly susceptible of culture. Near Launceston, is a mountain almost entirely composed of iron, which, however, has not yet been considered worth working. The North Esk, which runs for about twenty miles, is navigable for boats only a short distance; and the navigation of the South Esk is broken by a cataract, which occurs a little before its confluence with the Tamar. The district upon these rivers forms the county of Cornwall, the capital of which had hitherto been Launceston; but Governor Macquarrie has recently founded George Town, upon Port Dalrymple, at the entrance of the Tamar, and made it the seat of government. This is considered a convenient arrangement in a commercial view, as no large vessels can go higher up; at the same time, Launceston, situated in the heart of this fertile terri-

tory, must still be a considerable and growing place.

From Hobart's Town to Launceston, a land route leads directly across the interior of the country. The traveller, after leaving the former place, proceeds nine miles along the Derwent, and then finds a ferry across that river. He then ascends the valley, closely enclosed by hills, of the small river Jordan, after which he proceeds in a northerly course, through open plains, interspersed with hilly tracks, till he arrives at Launceston. Many of these plains possess singular beauty and fertility; and the whole track, taken generally, well calculated to support a numerous improved population.— This road is about 130 miles in direct distance, but its windings increase it to 160. Another route extends from the eastern district, on the Coal and Pit Rivers. Originally these communications were merely formed by notching the trees in the direction, by which the travellers should pass; and the waggons then worked out for themselves a passable track. Bridges were formed by merely felling two or three large trees, laying them across the stream, and covering them with branches and earth. Of late, however, under the inspection of Major Bell of the 48th regiment, roads on a more systematic plan have been undertaken, and, by the last accounts, were in rapid progress towards completion.

The remainder of Van Diemen's Land has as yet been but very imperfectly surveyed. To the west of the occupied tracks stretches a plain of very great extent, which appears to possess the same general character, and to be susceptible of the same improvement. This plain is closed by a range of mountains running along the western coast, on the summit of which is a lake about fifty miles in circumference, from which the Derwent is supposed to take its rise. The southern part of the island is elevated and barren; and it presents a range of tremendous cliffs to the seas of the Southern Pole. This range is as much distinguished by irregularity of form, as by ruggedness and elevation. It presents a succession of peaks and ridges, gaps and fissures, which disclaim the small-

est uniformity of shape, and are continually changing their aspect to the eye of the navigator. The western coast, on the other hand, is equally remarkable by the uniformity of its appearance. Lofty ridges of mountains, bounded by tremendous rocks, project from two to four miles into the sea, at nearly equal distances from each other, sandy beaches occurring between them. Even these rudest sides of Van Diemen's Land, however, afford, like the others, a number of secure harbours and anchoring-places.

Van Diemen's Land is considerably colder than the vicinity of Port Jackson; its temperature being, on an average, about ten degrees lower; which brings it nearly to that of Britain itself. Its climate is thus more congenial to the natives of this country, who may reside without any danger of their health suffering. Compared to this, it is of very small detriment that some of the finest tropical fruits will not ripen here. In return, they have abundance of apples, pears, gooseberries, and all British fruits; and they enjoy the more substantial benefit of grain, cattle, and culinary vegetables, in full perfection. Excellent opportunities are afforded for hunting, though the game be quite unknown in a northern hemisphere. The kangaroo, that singular animal, which, with its two hind legs only assisted by its tail, runs swifter than the hare, forms the chief object of sport, and its flesh is more delicate than venison. These animals are now rare within the limits of the cultivated territory, and sportsmen are obliged to make excursions into the uninhabited tracks, where they are found in great flocks; but the havoc at present making among them threatens to deprive the next generation of this source of amusement. The *emu* is another animal which affords sport to the colonist. It is a bird of the nature of the ostrich, with short wings and long legs, and rather formed for running than flying. This island enjoys a singular exemption from noxious animals; the only formidable quadruped being a species of panther, which often commits considerable havoc among the flocks, but flies at the sight of man. Unfortunately,

the small number of the human race who were natives here, have been rendered hostile, solely, we suspect, by the misconduct of Europeans. They are excessively rude, indeed, as to arts, but to Cook and Flinders they shewed themselves harmless, and even friendly. At the first settlement, however, the military officer in command, seeing a large body approach, with hostile intentions, as he supposed, though it is now believed erroneously, caused a discharge of grape-shot to be fired upon them. This unjustifiable act naturally gave rise to reprisals; and a train of hostilities ensued on both sides, which has been matured into irreconcilable rancour. This enmity, however, of the poor Diemeners, is supported by so small a portion of courage, as to be by no means formidable, and there is even no instance of their attacking two Europeans together.

It is now time to take a general view of the destiny of the Briton, who leaves his native land to transport himself to this distant colony. The first step which he must take, is to make an application to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. To this a favourable answer is returned, provided the applicant can show himself to be possessed of a capital of £500; a regulation condemned as impolitic by Mr Wentworth; but to us there appears an evident advantage, in preserving the land from being engrossed by persons who have not capital to cultivate it. The situation and precise quantity of the land is left to the governor; but, for the ordinary class of emigrants, it usually consists of from 600 to 800 acres. The next object is to effect a passage to the colony. This was formerly furnished by government, who even allowed rations; but the emigrant must now do all for himself. The passage, in an ordinary trader, is charged at a hundred guineas, including victuals; but where there is a family, or a knot of friends, a saving may be effected, by providing their own stores. The most expensive part consists in fresh meat, some supply of which is necessary both for health and comfort, on so long a voyage. Mr Wentworth condemns the practice of taking out live stock, which is with great difficulty

kept in good condition. It seems there are persons in London, who prepare dressed meat in tin cases, exhausted of air, and hermetically sealed, so as to keep perfectly fresh during the whole voyage. It is sold at 2s. 6d. per pound, which Mr W. considers as remarkably cheap; a sentiment in which we cannot altogether concur: possibly, however, the taking out of live stock might be still dearer. We entirely agree with him in the advice to take out hard dollars (which, it seems, bear a premium) instead of goods; the disposal of which would be attended with much delay and risk in a fluctuating market, and in a place where no one's person and character was known to the emigrant.

On arriving at the colony, the settler ought immediately to wait upon the Governor, exhibit a schedule of his property, and state the nature of the grant which he wishes to obtain. Besides this allowance of land, he receives, from among the convicts, as many servants as he may have occasion for; and he, his family, and servants, are victualled by government for six months. He is advised, on obviously good grounds, to linger as little as possible in the towns, where he both loses his time and wastes his capital. If his family have not yet courage to quit all the accommodations of civilized society, he had better leave them there, and go himself. Some courage, however, is required to plunge into the depth of the woods, far from society, and all the comforts of life, and where immense accumulations of trees and brushwood must be cleared off, before he can sow a handful of grain. His only companions and assistants are two or three servants, entire strangers to him, and exiled for their crimes. If, however, he applies himself, vigorously and with spirit, to his task, he will find the difficulties not so formidable as they at first appeared. Mr Wentworth calculates the expence of clearing forest land at only £2: 18s. per acre, and that of clearing brushwood, at £3: 19: 6d. Even the half of these sums may be saved, if the planter chuse to leave the stumps standing in the ground, which, though far from ornamental, does not materially obstruct the oper-

tations of the plough. If capital abounds, there would be a saving in building at once a house and offices, such as would suffice for the permanent accommodation of the family; but as this abundance rarely exists among the class of persons who emigrate, it is generally more advisable to get up a log-house for present accommodation, (which can be done for £100,) and employ the whole capital upon the farm, depending upon its profits for the future means of rearing a more comfortable house.

The settler, in a country where every thing is yet to be done, has many hardships to encounter at first. For two years, he cannot depend upon drawing from his lands any thing whatever. He must support himself entirely by his original resources, and by the half year's rations allowed by Government, at the daily rate of a pound of beef and a pound of bread to each person. Severe exertion and severe privation must for that time be his lot; but he has the satisfaction to reflect, that thenceforward his situation will be in a continued state of improvement. This will arise, not only from his being able, by the exertion of judicious industry, to bring his lands always into a more productive state, but from the continual rise in the value of land. In the augmenting state of the colony, the grounds most conveniently and advantageously situated being successively distributed to colonists as they arrive, become scarce, and consequently increase in value. Land in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson sells for £5, and, if cultivated, £10 an acre. The emigrant, therefore, whose hard labour now can scarcely earn him a subsistence, has the prospect, before his death, of being a considerable land-proprietor, and of leaving his family in flourishing circumstances.

The mode of culture must be suited to the circumstances of an infant colony. It is complained of as slovenly, and as not yielding nearly so much produce as such land would do in the hands of a skilful English farmer; but these strictures are founded on want of reflection. No other system could be pursued with any advantage, where the land is so wide, and the labourers so few. It is

indeed remarked, that those who are no great farmers, or, at least, who came from rude, cold, and mountainous districts, succeed better here than the regular farmer from a rich agricultural district.

The settler may reckon confidently upon soon obtaining, from his farm, the necessaries of life, with a surplus; but the question is, how is he to exchange that surplus for those accommodations which are considered necessary to the enjoyment of civilized life? At present, the only resource is in the expenditure of Government, which takes off the corn and cattle, for the subsistence of its officers and of the convicts. Such is the attention paid to the welfare of the colonists, that even in times of extraordinary agricultural depression, Government takes from each a certain quantity of grain, proportioned to the land he has in cultivation, for which it pays 10s. per bushel. The extending cultivation of the colony, however, must soon produce a quantity far beyond what Government can consume, and must oblige the colonists to seek abroad a market for their surplus produce. The great length of the voyage to Britain renders it impossible to convey thither with advantage any article except wool. Van Diemen's Land seems favourable to this production, and with a few more crossings from the Spanish breed, its wool may be brought to the very finest quality. As it can be transported to England for ninepence per pound, and the best will bring four or five shillings, it will pay the expence of transport, and find an extensive market. It is never, however, with Britain, that Australasia can carry on a trade, adequate to its probable future greatness.—India, the Indian islands, and China, seem evidently the natural sphere of its trade. Among three hundred millions of men, food must always find some market or other. Meat preserved in some luxurious form, tongues, hams, &c. have been supposed likely to suit this market. It seems obviously from these countries that the Australasian settlements must draw teas, sugars, spices, and other tropical luxuries. With South America, also, they can carry on communication; for, notwithstanding the

distance, the regularity of the winds and currents in the Great Pacific enables vessels to sail thither in less than two months. Brazil might take off a considerable quantity of grain, which is consumed, but not produced there. After all, Australasia will probably find it necessary to begin sooner than America did, to manufacture her own rude produce, and to produce within herself the most bulky articles of her annual consumption.

The European settler will no doubt look with interest to the species of society which he is to meet with in this region, where the remainder of his life is to be passed. So far as he is a farmer, this must evidently be determined by circumstances. In a district so thinly inhabited, his intercourse must be chiefly confined to his nearest neighbours, who will still be abundantly distant. A close intimacy between neighbours, and a hearty hospitality to strangers, will probably mark the manners of persons whose society is so limited. In towns, the disunion to which such small communities are liable, is fomented by many peculiar causes. The civil officers, their connections and dependents, assume the pretension of being considered as the nobility of the settlement, and claim a superiority over the settlers which the latter are not at all willing to concede. The convicts, on the other hand, and their descendants, who have now obtained their liberty, and even acquired property, demand to be admitted into the society of the other colonists; while the latter obstinately treat them as a degraded caste, with whom it would be disgraceful to be seen holding any social intercourse. This is a most unfortunate circumstance; since it tends to perpetuate that degradation which this class might have risen above, if they had been admitted into respectable society, or even if there had been no society except their own; and yet, can we blame the conduct of the other party?

From these causes, it appears that a rooted ground of discontent must for many years remain in the colony. Another source is in the political constitution, which has not yet made any approach to the British model.

There is as yet no colonial legislature, not even a council, and every thing is administered by the arbitrary will of the Governor. The supreme court of law consists of military officers, who sit and determine causes in full uniform; a spectacle strange and odious to British eyes. Hitherto, indeed, it could not well have been otherwise, considering the nature of a population so little fitted to govern themselves, and that, except military officers, there were scarcely any fit to be judges at all. But now, when the colonial materials are so much improved, a large body began to call for the privileges of British subjects; a representative body, regular courts of justice, and trial by jury. These, no doubt, they must and ought to obtain, sooner or later.

According to the latest accounts, the population of Van Diemen's Land amounted to 7400. The number of acres in cultivation was 14,940, of which 12,956 were in wheat. The live stock of the colonists consisted of 35,000 horned cattle, 170,000 sheep, 550 horses, and 5000 swine.

THE FINE ARTS IN LONDON.

Spring Exhibitions.

IN inviting the reader's attention to the above fertile subject, it is proper, on his account, as well as my own, that I tell him what he has to expect; or rather, what he has *not* to expect, in these papers. To present myself before him in the character of an Instructor, is what I would not do, even if I were qualified—which I *hope* I am not. Dull dissertations, on the nature and principles of art, and prosing parallels between that which *has been* and that which *is not*, may be good things enough in their way—but I profess not to meddle with them. They are above my reach, perhaps, but certainly I am not disposed to prove whether they *are* or not. These "windy suspirations of forced breath" are well enough applied, in giving to emptiness the appearance of size and solidity; these "ink-cloaks" of criticism are useful enough, in covering and concealing

the nakedness of pretence. But where there is no pretence, there is no call for concealment; where there is no desire to look great, there is no inducement to apply adventitious aids. I shrewdly suspect that I am not a bit wiser, or better informed, than the generality of my neighbours; but only that I happen to have more leisure to look about me, and, perhaps, by dint of habit and practice, have acquired a greater facility in describing and expressing what I feel in common with the rest of the world. In exposing what passes in my own mind, on any given subject, the utmost I shall claim credit for, will be the power of interpreting what has passed in the minds of a thousand others on the same subject; and the good I propose to extract from the exercise of this power, is the excitement of similar feelings in the minds of those who may not happen to have access to the primary sources.

In short, the sphere in which my ideas move, and in which I would have them to move, is that of common perception and common feeling: the light by which I would see all things that are within, and about us, is not the dim and misty twilight of rule and system; nor the Will-o'-the-wisp light of morbid sensibility; nor even the piercing sun-light of pure reason; nor the glittering star-light of poetical fancy;—but the sober, pleasant, wholesome, and enduring light of common day, as it comes to us, softened and subdued, by passing through the atmosphere of society and custom.

In a word, I propose, occasionally, to invite the reader of the Edinburgh Magazine to take an imaginary walk with me, arm in arm, through the various scenes connected with the Fine Arts, which, from time to time, may present themselves in this Metropolis. I invite him to listen to what I may have to say, not in the character of a pupil, but of a companion; and to believe that I can tell him nothing, which, if he were present, *in propria persona*, he could not just as well tell me. In fact, the sole superiority on which I am disposed to pique myself, in the present instance, is, that I happen to live in London instead of Edinburgh. And if the inhabitants of the latter

city should regard this as a very equivocal circumstance on which to pride myself, they will, at all events, admit, that, *en revanche*, it affords me the collateral advantage of having all the talk to myself—an advantage they will be the last persons in the world to dispute the validity of!

Without further preface or preamble, let us proceed to Somerset-House; and, winding up the elegant stone staircase, let us first take a general glance at the kind of entertainment the R. A.'s have this year provided for us. But, first, let us observe, that it is difficult, and not at all desirable, to mount this staircase on a fine day, when the lady visitors are entering or retiring, dressed in their brightest looks, and gayest attire, without ("not to speak it profanely") being reminded of the ladder on which Jacob beheld angels ascending and descending on heavenly missions. At least thus it is with me; there is I know not what of magical illusion connected in my mind with this staircase. When I arrive at the Great Room at the top, the blaze of various attraction which meets my senses, first confuses, and then fatigues and overpowers them. They can preserve no self-possession, and consequently they can enjoy no great delight for the present, and lay up no distinct and effective recollections for the future. They shrink up, and close themselves, as the eye does, against the excess of light. But it is not so in ascending or descending this delightful staircase. Those "heavenly bodies," which have shone but as a "milky way," when collected together above here, take the form of "bright particular stars," or of beaming little constellations, presenting themselves by "two's and three's," and thus permitting us to select such of them as please us, and to insert their images in the map of our memory, under whatever meridian of latitude may seem best to suit them. I suppose the "mind's eye" of every one is occasionally presented with glimpses and reminiscences of certain female forms and faces, which have crossed his path, he knows not when or where. I happen to be blessed with the acquaintance of a host of these "fair unknowns," who pay me "angel visits," which, if they are

"short," are seldom "far between;" and I refer the greater part of them to this very staircase: so that the good-natured reader will not wonder or be angry at my having lingered upon it so long. In truth, if I were to consult my own inclination merely, I believe I should take my stand on this spot all day long, and not enter the picture-rooms at all; for, as far as regards myself, I think I could make better pictures *here*, than I shall find *there*. But this would probably not much amuse my companion, the reader, to say nothing of its looking rather particular into the bargain; so we will, "without more circumstance at all," ascend the staircase, and enter the Great Room. And yet, now I think of it, what good reason is there why I should have "all the talk to myself," as I anticipated above? Though I have called it an advantage, I do not consider it as such, as far as relates to my own gratification merely. However strange it may appear to the good people of Edinburgh, I had rather be a listener than a talker, at any time. We will, then, if the reader will please to put on his best imagination, lounge into this Exhibition together; and he shall have *his* share of the talk as well as I.—And, if it should result, from this arrangement, that all the piquant remarks, which may happen to be made on the occasion, proceed *from me*, my companion must not "cudgel his brains" to discover how this is; but must conclude, that if *he* held the pen which is to record our discourse, instead of *me*, exactly the reverse would naturally ensue.

Great Room, Somerset House,

May 9th, 1822.

[Enter A. (i. e. I.) and B. (i. e. T.)]

A. Remember, now, we are to have no pompous preachments on the nature of Art: no formal disquisitions on the art of Nature; no—

B. Do you remember all this—and that you don't begin by doing exactly what you are deprecating; but let us plunge in *medias res* at once. Whose picture is that "sober-suited" one in the centre of the

room, on the opposite side—the principal figure of which I seem to meet with elsewhere—as Mr Sneer says of a certain line in the "*Rehearsal*?"

A. Why, that is Wilson's Caledonian Hunt, (128); and the resemblance you trace, (in the words, but not, I hope, in the *spirit*, of Mr Sneer) is not an imaginary one, if you happen to have ever seen Titian's glorious picture of Bacchus in Naxos; for the Meleager about to strike the boar, in the present picture, is almost a fac-simile, as to form and attitude, of the Bacchus in that of Titian. But, unluckily, the expression which is conveyed by this form and attitude in the one, and which constitutes it one of the noblest and most wonderful works of art, is altogether affected, and out of place, in the other. In Titian's picture it is the god exultingly descending from his car, to greet his mortal mistress. He has quitted the car, but has not reached the ground, and seems to be self-supported between the two,—drawn to the one by his earthly love, yet sustained in the other by his celestial nature. The effect of this, in the original, is truly wonderful; but what can have induced so judicious an artist as Mr Wilson to adopt an expression of this kind, and at second-hand too, into a picture on the present subject, it is difficult to conjecture. In other respects, the work is extremely creditable to him. The expression of the face, in the Meleager, is good; and there is a naturally anxious and eager hurry about the nymphs, and others, collected in the left corner of the composition, added to that artificial boldness usually excited by the kind of scene they are engaged in—all which is very appropriate and effective.

B. What is that picture round which such a number of gazers are collected?

A. Oh! that, you may be sure, is your own Wilkie's "*Chelsea Pensioners*." We must not attempt to get a sight of that till the crowd is a little cleared away.

B. In the mean time, then, look at that handsome young fellow, standing there to your left, in a graceful cavalier-like attitude, with his hat under his arm, and his fine

curb his hair carelessly disposed on and off his clear high forehead. It doesn't seem to be "the fashion," to be uncovered here.

A. No;—(though ~~it ought to be~~)—and he has too fashionable an air to permit the supposition that he is doing it merely to gratify his passion for admiration; for the desire to look fashionable is even stronger, where it exists at all, than the desire to be thought handsome. There must be some other motive. And look!—"Portrait of a Gentleman," (No. 12.) The mystery is solved. It is his portrait! the love of admiration, in his own person alone, was not sufficient to counteract the love of looking "like a gentleman;" but rather than his portrait, which is his other self, should not have justice done to it, and be thought "like," he pretends carelessly to put off his hat, and combs his hair with his fingers, that you may have a fair opportunity of judging. You smile—as if you were thinking that I'm disposed to be critical and ill-natured, if not towards the pictures, at least towards the spectators. But you are mistaken, I assure you. "There was no such stuff in my thoughts." To me, the fact we have just been observing affords any thing rather than a subject for contemptuous laughter. I should conjecture that the sense of personal beauty is, while it lasts, one of the most unequivocal goods which can be bestowed on a human being; and if it is but of short duration, and is purchased at the price of bitter regret and disappointment, when it comes to fade away, this is only a reason why it should the more readily be tolerated while it does last. But we must recal our attention to the pictures, and leave originals to themselves, or we shall never get through our task. Instead, then, of looking at our catalogue, to see whom we ought to admire, we will, if you please, merely consult that, in order to learn whom we are admiring—for otherwise we shall stand a chance of only looking, where we ought to admire, and of admiring, where we ought only to look. There can be no need of consulting our guide, to learn to whom we are indebted for this glowing piece of mannerism, on the subject of Cupid and

Psyche. It can belong to no one but Westall, that prince of mannerists, whose sameness is better than most other people's variety. What a rich cloud of voluptuous warmth, as it were, *glooms* over the whole scene—seeming to take its rise in the eager eyes of Psyche, as she gazes on her sleeping lover, and thence to spread itself heavily on all around, till it is carried quietly away in the corner of the picture, and reluctantly blends itself with the breaking day! The face of the sleeping god is very intense—he seems dreaming of the waking beauty that is hanging over him, gazing on her celestial lover for the last time. And yet this picture is, doubtless, full of faults. There is no ethereal delicacy of expression, either in the Cupid or the Psyche. In the former, this perhaps might be justified; but in the latter, looking to the allegory, it cannot. Indeed, the conception of the Cupid is a failure altogether, with the exception of the face, which is fine. The colouring of the flesh, too, in both the figures, has been nearly spoiled by the *glazing* which has been given to it. This has taken effect, almost exclusively, in the indentations of the coarse canvas which has been used, and has given a spotty appearance to the whole, exactly like what I once saw in a portrait of Rembrandt's, representing a person pitted with the small-pox. This is a picture that the critics will like better than most others in the room—because they will be able to find plenty of faults in it; and I commend it to them accordingly. They'll find plenty to praise, too, in this sleeping Bacchante (17.) just beneath, because it is Stothard's, and because it is the fashion to praise Stothard. This, too, I leave to them; for to me, with the exception of the mere *form*, it is worse than indifferent. "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures;" and this picture seems intended to shew, that there is no difference between them: for it represents the one just as much as it does the other. But, from sleeping Nymphs and Cupids, let us turn to living, waking, breathing Nature, as it looks out upon us in all its truth and simplicity, from this delightful

little view by Collins, (33.) Collins has this year given more room and attention to still life, in his pictures; he has duly shared himself between external nature and human life; and his pictures are the more attractive for it. His Wood-cutter (80,) is, to my mind, the best picture he has painted for a long time past. It is more in the style of an admirable one of his, in Sir John Leicester's Gallery, in which the landscape is not made subservient to the figures, any more than the figures are to the landscape; and this equitable and judicious apportionment is not enough attended to by any of the painters of the day who profess to combine the two.

B. Pray, who is it that has thus dared to meddle with the airy imaginations belonging to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and to give them "a local habitation," and a shape, that are no more fitted for them than this confinement in the hard oak was to the bounding spirit of Ariel? This personification, too, of Manfred, and the Witch of the Alps, (for such, I suppose, it is intended to be,) is evidently by the same hand; and is little less presumptuous and inefficient than the others (72, 76, 108.). I suppose these are among the first efforts of a young candidate for fame, who thinks more of himself than of his subject.

A. Stay, my good friend, you are treading on dangerous ground. These are productions of H. Howard, R.A., a name standing deservedly high among his contemporaries. And yet there is no denying, that part of your remarks on these pretty, but feeble works, are such as they might naturally call forth; though I cannot admit, that it was "presumptuous" in Howard to chuse such subjects, because he has shewn many evidences of a practised hand, and a poetical imagination, guided by a correct, and frequently an elegant taste. But these three pictures are certainly quite unworthy of his reputation; as, indeed, most that he has lately painted have been. The Witch of the Alps, who is one of the most ethereal and imaginative creations of poetry, has in this picture not a poetical trait about her; and this fancy, of setting three or four strong-

backed porters, to tear open the oak and let out the "delicate Ariel," is

rather to ~~advance~~ ^{advance} the character, of their art, for these two or three years past. In confirmation of the remark, look at this little rock by Turner, without exception the greatest of living painters. This is the only picture he has sent to the Exhibition; and he gives it the appropriate title of "What you will!" (111.)

B. I "will," then, that it is not a picture at all, but a mere impertinence. But whose is this admirable little work, which seems to have been hung down here on purpose that it might *not* be seen? The attitude, and the expression of that white terrier, bearing the cat from the other dog's mouth, is life itself.

A. That is young Edwin Landseer's, the cleverest of our rising artists; and I'm glad to see that he is extending the nature of his subjects, and giving us more of human life. The contrast between the eager gaze of the boy who is watching the scene, and the quiet satisfaction of the old practitioner, is good; and the scene, altogether, though perhaps overstocked with figures and objects, is an obvious improvement on his representation of animals alone, to which he ought, on no account, to confine his sole, or even his principal attention, for he is evidently gifted with rare and valuable powers. But stay, I shall not direct much of your attention to portraits; but pray do retire a few paces back, and look at that charming picture by Shee, (119), because it presents a remarkable confirmation of a favourite theory of mine, -that what is called the *Ideal* in Art is a blunder, in the sense in which it is usually taken, -and that, in point of fact, Nature has made faces and forms which never were equalled by Art, and never can be. A few nights ago, at the theatre, I happened to sit in the next box to the originals of those two females; and certainly, for perfect beauty of form and character, and intense power and unity of expression, I never beheld any thing equal to the face of the standing figure in that

picture—for I see, at once, that it must be a portrait of her, though I had never seen her before the picture. I intention, and have not seen her since. The likeness is admirable; but it makes scarcely an approach to the beauty of the original. While the likeness of the sitting figure, which is equally striking as to its resemblance, considerably heightens the beauty of the original;—and this is always found to be the case in fact, though it is seldom admitted, or at least the reason for it is not admitted. In portraits of commonplace faces, both male and female, it is generally remarked, that the artist has given a *flattering likeness*, as the phrase is, while in his first-rate faces this never happens. The truth is, that, in the former class of faces a likeness can scarcely be obtained without heightening the character; whereas, in the latter class, in order to preserve the individuality in which the likeness consists, the general beauty of the original must be kept under, even if it could be given; which, in cases like the present, I'm convinced it cannot. And look!—as a lucky confirmation of my theory, there stands the lady herself! I'm afraid I must have employed more words than you would have had either time or patience to listen to, before I could have quite satisfied you as to the truth of my position; but I think a single look at her will save us both all this trouble. Her appearance is not near so striking as it was last night; for then her head stood "fair exposed," in all its ripe luxuriance of bacchante curls; and there was an intensity of life and spirit called forth by the scene she was witnessing, and by the circumstance of her being the object of the fixed gaze and admiration of two or three persons who had the sense to appreciate her exquisite beauty, (myself among the rest!) and to which admiration she was evidently not insensible. But still, in spite of an embowering bonnet, there is enough of her face visible to satisfy you that my theory is just.

B. There is enough to satisfy me, that, in the present instance, your facts are correct; but as to your theory—

A. What!—you doubt the validity

of that?—Well—I'll press it no farther, then; for when I believe, (as, to say the truth, I do in the present case,) that I'm more knowing than my neighbours, I'm always well content to remain so, if it requires much arguing to bring them to my way of thinking. I take care they shall not talk me out of my theory, if it happens to be a pleasant one, and I don't give myself much trouble to talk them into it.

B. Do you know who that exquisite creature is, passing along on the opposite side of the room?—'There—she is just now entering the anti-room. I seem to have seen her somewhere before,—and very lately too,—and yet she looks much more beautiful than the vision of her that I seem to possess—more beautiful, too, to my thinking, than your bacchante lady, with all her classical air, and intense depth of expression. There is a Hebe-like softness, and, at the same time, a glowing freshness, and a rich simplicity, that come more home to my notions of what is most attractive in woman expression. She seems to—

A. My good friend, you seem to be so rapt in the contemplation of her, that you have forgotten your enquiry of, *who* she is:—That is the lovely Countess of B——n; and you have seen her before,—at least in spirit and effect—for you have seen Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of her, which hangs at the other end of the room. And now what do you say to my theory? Is there any comparison, in this instance, between the likeness—(for it is an admirable likeness)—and the original? But really we must have done at once with our theories and examples, relative to female beauty; for I find, that if we indulge in them much longer, we shall not leave ourselves light to see the rest of the pictures by: and theories, you know, we can prosecute at any time; though, I confess, that when those theories relate to female beauty, there is no other occasion throughout the year which presents so good an opportunity of meeting with illustrations as this Exhibition does—for there is no other occasion on which can be met so bright an assemblage of fair faces, shewing themselves fairly in the open day-light, as

they do here. But while the light properly permits, let us admire this noble picture of Callcott's, (171.) "Smugglers alarmed, by an unexpected change from hazy weather while landing their cargo." It is, with the single exception of Wilkie's, the finest work in the Exhibition; and perhaps the only work, except that, and Lawrence's portraits, which evinces real genius. Callcott's pictures are almost as fine, in their way, as Wilkie's are. Both exhibit the absolute truth of nature, and nothing else. But then mere external nature is the element in which Callcott's genius moves; while that of Wilkie blends and interfuses itself with the many-coloured changes and varieties of human life, though only in a particular sphere. The mingled effect of the different kinds and degrees of light in this admirable picture is wonderfully powerful and true; and the near and distant cliffs, just emerging from the mist that is suddenly clearing away, produce a magical effect. The influence of this sudden change on the smugglers, and the scene of character that is made to spring out of it, are not by any means so good; for Callcott's genius is at home only when depicting the simple appearances of external nature, and their direct and necessary effects on animated life. There is a great sameness in the faces and expressions of the smugglers; and very little character in any of them. The picture is, nevertheless, a rich ornament and credit to the British school; and there is no other school of the present day which could have produced any thing like it. But we must hasten to take a look at Wilkie's picture, and then quit this room at once, or we shall not have time to catch even a passing glance at the rest of the Exhibition—unless you think of visiting it *again*. And what say you to this plan?—I can promise you there is still remaining more matter for amusement and admiration *here*, than in all the other Exhibitions united, elsewhere. For my part, I'm of opinion, that, now we *are* here, to hurry away before we have partaken of what is offered to us, in order that we may not lose what may present itself elsewhere, will prove to be no wiser than to rise and retire in the

midst of a rich and substantial feast—of half-a-dozen courses, in order to *in* time for a cold supper, or a *and* turn-out."

He ~~has~~ *had* ~~put~~ *put* myself under your guidance in the present instance, I shall leave this entirely to yourself—premissing, however, that I shall be disposed or not to accompany you on a future occasion, just as you cater for me on this.

A. On that understanding, ~~then~~, we'll look well at Wilkie's picture—(for you see the increasing thinness of the room will now put it us to do so at our ease)—and then part company for the present.

"Chelsea Pensioners receiving the London Gazette Extraordinary, of Thursday June 22d, 1815—announcing the Battle of Waterloo!!!" Notwithstanding these three notes of admiration, with which the catalogue-makers have somewhat innocently, as well as impertinently, indulged themselves, the picture of which this is the subject is doubtless a high and admirable work—perhaps the most so that has yet been achieved by one of the most extraordinary geniuses of his age. Look at the old pensioner who is reading the Gazette, to the eager, intent, and, as it were, magic-stricken company. ~~There is~~ not one among them who does not seem to feel—but not to *exclaim*—"Had I three ears I'd hear thee!" But *he* is absorbed in his task, and seems to think, that to be able to read the details of such a victory to his companions, is as good as to have been present at it. After he has done reading, he may perhaps have time to think and feel on the *subject* of his reading, but, to read, and think, or feel, at the same time, is evidently more than he considers himself called upon to do. Besides, you see, by the catalogue, that he was "at the taking of Quebec with General Wolfe;" and what are twenty Waterloos compared with that—in *his* estimation!—Next, in prominence of character, and perhaps even above him, is this soldier leaning out of the window, with his whole mind, heart, and strength, concentrated in his sense of hearing, or rather of *listening* for what, it appears, he can with difficulty hear. I think there is more intensity of Expression thrown into this

face than into any I have ever seen on canvas. The same kind of power is shown in this head of the black, and to an equal degree, perhaps; but the effect is not so interesting, because the expression is neither so varied nor so characteristic: it is an expression of mere joyous exultation. — But observe this dry, hard, withered old wood-cut of a soldier. What avails it to bawl into his deaf ear, (as this Irish light horseman is doing) the details of an achievement which was begun and ended in three days, or, rather, in one day? Was not he “with General Elliot at the Bombardment of Gibraltar,” which lasted twenty-one months and twenty-one days? You may spare your breath, my good-natured friend; for he to whom you address yourself is rendered deaf by inclination as well as by age. — But pray turn to this delightful touch of nature in the right-hand corner of the picture. See! this lovely young creature, from whom that dragon seems to have just taken the child he is holding up, is putting up her beautiful auburn hair, with as much quiet self-complacency, and as conscious a feeling as to its effect on her personal charms, as if she were alone before her mirror. The victory of Waterloo may be a good thing enough in its way, for any thing she knows or cares to the contrary; but what is it to her, compared with her own sweet face, and her desire to let it be seen to the best advantage! — These are the touches by which Wilkie evinces his exquisite genius; and perhaps they are more unequivocal proofs of it, than even his unrivalled power of producing intense and concentrated expression. It may, perhaps, be worth both our whiles to return to this admirable work; for as yet we have but glanced at its most prominent features. But, at present, the time warns us to break away from it; and betake ourselves each to our several occupations. “For my poor part,” I could be content never to pass a happier day than I do “the first Monday in May,” every year, at the Exhibition; provided I could ensure the not being obliged to listen to any after criticisms on it—still less to read such—and, least of all, to write them!

THE PROVOST. BY THE AUTHOR OF
“ANNALS OF THE PARISH.” &c.
EDIN. 1822.

“WHEELIE,” as we predicted, has proved a ponderous commodity. The snivelling, greasy, impudent, upsetting little porcupine, was received, on both sides of the Tweed, with a very general expression of contempt or disgust. We say nothing of the literary poverty—the enormous blunders—the utter ignorance of life, especially high life—the entire absence of any thing indicative of scholarship—the drivelling, nanby-pamby, puffy, pithless style—the witless attempts to be witty, and the droll efforts to be droll—the improbability, incongruity, and chaotic confusion, that pervade the memoirs of this notable baronet: all this we have forgiven, or pitied, or simply laughed at, just as the “lights and shadows” of our humours happened to alternate for the time being; but the conceited, self-satisfied ignorance—the bustling forwardness—the encajing, grovelling, crouching, time-serving cunning of this ugly little imp of an Asmodeus, did, we admit, move and stir up our atrabilious humours; especially when we reflected how admirably such a sketch of the “rise and progress” of a “pawky,” vulgar, expatriated, fortune-hunting Scot, was calculated to make the whole John Bull genus chuckle and gloat over our supposed national meanness and baseness of spirit;—and how readily it might be seized on, to point anew those pointless sarcasms, in which Englishmen, from the days of *Robin*; *Jamie* (if the author of “*Nigel*” may be in aught believed) to the present hour, have been eager to indulge at our expense. Positively, we would have received, with more tolerance, a republication of some dozen odd numbers of the villanous North Briton itself. With the Scotch, therefore, who possessed any of the *perferendum ingenium* of their forefathers, it was thoroughly detested; with the English, who, perhaps, were more alive to its prominent *maiseses* and *hutes* than to the implied national libel, it was very cordially laughed at and despised. The affair of Lord Sandford and his wife trenched on the aristocratic

cal feelings of the latter, (for, with all his grumbling, growling, and outcry, John Bull is an aristocrat at bottom); while the former looked on the history of *Wheelie's* preferment as a vulgar and clumsy, though perhaps unintentional, attempt to satirize that ambitious spirit of persevering enterprise, which has conducted so many of our countrymen to rank, fortune, and distinction; and which, we trust, will long continue the enviable characteristic of the children "of dark glens and mountains wild." The *thing*, accordingly, fell, in some sort, "dead-born from the press," or was strangled in the very first days of its spurious existence. Ours, indeed, was the only literary journal that deigned to notice it; and we now regret that we condescended to bestow on it that distinction: it was really breaking a fly on a wheel!—erecting a gibbet to hang a dormouse!—wielding the club of *Hercules* to crush a gnat!—But, "in for a penny—in for a pound."

This worthy and ingenious author, whose epidermis, we have reason to believe, no critical shaft can penetrate—so happily insensible is he to the exposure of his blunders and faults—and upon whom we never calculated on making the least impression, appears, however, to have come to the knowledge, that *Wheelie*, and such as he, would not go down; and hence he has now "changed his hand," to inflict on us a transmogrified re-impersonation of the reverend Micah Balwhidder, the gossiping, "auld-farrant," many-wived parish priest of Dalmailing. Forth, therefore, trots "Provost Pawkie of Gudetown", a-masquerading in the borrowed or purloined habiliments of the uxorious parson;—as "mawkish," "sice," selfish, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," as his more godly predecessor. To write English, or imagine English characters, might be competent to other men, but was not *this* author's forte. The dog has, therefore, returned to his *voy* it again; and, before we advance over the matter of two dozen pages of this notable *new* work, we are chin-deep in the petty politics, low-bred passions, and uncouth slang, of a nameless borough,—which are very naturally and properly supposed to possess

great interest to persons of education and refinement, in a refined and enlightened age! If, however, there be any who take pleasure in such exhibitions, we must now certifyate them, that we do not, on this occasion, intend to cater very liberally to such an elegiac *propensity*. Our notice of the "Provost" must be brief, and we have no intention that it should be very minute. His merits, we trust, will be duly appreciated; and we certainly think he is not the first worthy gentleman of the genus, who knew how to cloak ever-watchful cunning in the snuff-coloured drab and "unbrageous beaver" of plain-dealing and sincerity—who resorted to the most paltry and contemptible tricks and juggleries, to secure and preserve an ascendancy in town politics—who has helped a drumly, foggy-headed preacher, to a warm fat living, on condition of his marrying a mouldy, superannuated female cousin—or who has liberally lined his own pouches from the contents of the public purse, pleading prior example, to sweeten the acidulated feeling of dishonesty which clung, in despite of him, to his conscience, like a thistle-top to a silk mantle. Agreeing so far with our author, that such a portraiture is not wholly destitute of verisimilitude, we now proceed to lay before our readers such an account of this *magnum opus* as is consistent with our very circumscribed limits.

Pawkie had been brought up—the "tayloring," as the author elegantly words it; and having contrived to get "a nest egg," (*Anglicè*, a legacy), which "he did not fail to lay and cloke on to some purpose"—(was he a *hen* after all?)—he sets up a shop—soon becomes a thriving man—intermeddles not, for a season, with the esoteric *arcana* of borough politics; but, at last, when he had "taken the measure" of his soul, plunges in over head and ears—helps himself, according to use and wont, to some of the good things that fell *par accident* in his way, and which our learned author describes as "grasums, or *gratus* gifts"—thrice reates the apex of burghal ambition, "the Provosty"—contrives, by a pitiful and miserable juggle, to get the Town Council, who seem to have

had a rough guess of their man, to cover and sweeten his retirement from office, by a spacious piece of "silver-plate" (we use the author's words again)—and resigning his flashing honours immediately after, to give place, if not to a better, at least *not* a worse man. And here the curtain drops, and we hear no more of the worthy Provost Pawkie! This is, after all, but scurvy treatment to the First Magistrate of a Royal Burgh. The mind is naturally eager to penetrate into the retirement of great men; and it was any thing but fair in the author to clap a padlock on the Provost's mouth, the moment he had doffed his gold chain, and descended to the rank of a "common man." We know only three great men whom we should have been proud to converse with, in exile or retirement, and these are—Napoleon Bonaparté, Lord Sidmouth, and "Provost Pawkie!"

But as we cannot have all the talk to ourselves, we must suffer the Provost to jabber a morsel or two of his appropriate lingo; and, first of all, we shall permit him to describe an electioneering trick of such devilishly-clever device, that we verily believe its parallel is not to be found even in *Wheller*, aided and abetted as he was by the fortune-telling Gipsy Sybil.

By and bye, when the harvest in England was over, the parliament was dissolved, but no candidate started on my lord's interest, as was expected by Mr. Nabob, and he began to fret and be dissatisfied that he had ever consented to allow himself to be hoodwinked out of the gildry. However, just three days before the election, and at the dead hour of the night, the sound of chariot wheels and of horsemen was heard in our streets, and this was Mr Galore, the great Indian Nabob, that had bought the Beerland estates, and built the grand place that is called Lucknoo-House, coming from London, with the influence of the crown on his side, to oppose the old member. He drove straight to Provost Picklan's house, having, as we afterwards found out, been in a secret correspondence with him through the medium of Mrs Picklan, who was conjunct in the business with Miss Newby, the Nabob's maiden sister. Mr M'Lucre was not a little confounded at this, for he had imagined that I was the agent on behalf of my lord, who was of the government side, so he wist not what

to do, in the morning when he came to me, till I said to him briskly—

"Ye ken, Bailie, that ye're trysted to me, and it's our duty to support the Nabob, who is both able and willing, as I have good reason to think, to requite our services in a very grateful manner." This was a cordial to his spirit, and, without more ado, we both of us set to work to get the Bailie made the delegate. *In this I had nothing in view but the good of my country, by pleasuring, as it was my duty, his Majesty's government,* for I was satisfied with my situation as Dean of Guild. But the handling required no small slight of skill.

The first thing was, to persuade those that were on the side of the old member, to elect Mr M'Lucre for delegate, he being, as we had concerted, openly declared for that interest; and the benefit to be gotten thereby, having, by use and wont, been at an established and regular rate. The next thing was to get some of those that were with me on my lord's side, kept out of the way on the day of choosing the delegate; for we were the strongest, and could easily have returned the Provost, but I had no clear notion how it would advantage me, to make the Provost delegate, as was proposed. I, therefore, on the morning of the business, invited three of the council to take their breakfast with me, for the ostensible purpose of going in a body to the council chamber to choose the Provost delegate; but when we were at breakfast, John Snakers, my lad in the shop, by my suggestion, warily got a bale of broad cloth so tumbled, as it were by accident, at the door, that it could not be opened, for it bent the key in such a manner in the lock, and crooket the sick, that without a smith there was no egress, and sorrow a smith was to be had—all were out and around the tolbooth waiting for the upshot of the choosing the delegate.—Those that saw me in the meantime, would have thought I had gone demented: I ramped, and I stamp'd; I banned, and I bellowed, like desperation. My companions, no a bit better, flew fluttering to the windows, like wild birds to the wires of their cage.—However, to make a long tale short, Bailie M'Lucre was, *by means of this device*, chosen delegate, seemingly against my side.—But, oh! he was a wee tod, for no sooner was he so chosen, than he began to act for his own behoof—and that very afternoon, while both parties were holding their public dinner, he sent round the bell to tell that the potatoe crop on his back rig was to be sold by way of public roup the same day. There wasna one in the town, that

had reached the years of discretion, but kent what na sort of potatoes he was going to sell; and *I was so disturbed by this OPEN CORRUPTION*, that I went to him, and expressed my great surprise. Hot words ensued between us, and I told him very plainly, that I would have nothing further to say to him or his *political profligacy*. However, his potatoes were sold, and brought upwards of three guineas the peck, the Nabob being the purchaser; who, to show his contentment with the bargain, made Mrs McLucre, and the Bailie's three daughters, presents of new gowns, and prin-cods that were not stuffed with wool.

This truly edifying horror of a bribe sits very gracefully on the incorruptible Provost, who loses no future occasion of indemnifying himself for being outwitted at this turn, and who fairly confesses, that he only abandoned speculation when the encroaching intelligence, and inquisitive spirit of the age, rendered ultimate detection and shame completely unavoidable.

A young woman, by name Jeanie Gaissling, had been found guilty of child-murder, and sentenced to die the death in the Royal Borough of Girdetown. Pawkie was youngest Bailie when this happened; and Jack, the finisher of the law, who had been sent for from Ayr, not having arrived at the expected time, our hero narrowly escaped being made hangman. Ketch, however, at length casts up; and the poor thing dies in a state of lethargy, which must have rendered her death little better than a judicial murder, especially as she had given signs of mental infirmity and estrangement even before her trial. An execution in a country-town invariably produces a holiday to schools; shocks sentimental Misses; affords a topic of gossip to greybeards and grandams; and, in short, excites what is called "a great sensation." This occurrence is well-enough described, but with the usual propensity to quiet exaggeration, for which this author is somewhat remarkable. We have not room for it.

No office or dignity is without its accompanying measure of annoyances and drawbacks. Pawkie, now become Provost, was occasionally pelted by meal-mobs: but with him discretion was the better part of valour; and if he sometimes got no

stinted allowance of scorn, he took good care that "the representative of Majesty" (as he modestly styled himself) should receive the least possible *harm*. This was sometimes "a hair in his neck," as Bailie Jarvie says. But an accidental occurrence served to efface the remembrance of this infirmity of a Provost's mind. A French spy was seized with a fearfully-looking and suspicious mass of appurtenances about him; and, in the absence of "the representative of Majesty," carried before a gruesome old dolt of a medal, or officious Bailie, who, in testimony on his judicial vigilance, and his active loyalty, commits the unfortunate *speculator* to the Tolbooth, and transmits his voluminous papers, by express, to the Lord Advocate for Scotland for the time being,—expecting, no doubt, to be "distinguished with great glory," as Lord Byron's classical biographer would say, for his promptitude in saving the country from such imminent peril. Poor Bailie Booble! we must record the mishaps of thy luckless loyalty.

"I' gude faith," cried the Bailie, with a keekle of exultation, "here's proof enough now. This is a plain map o' the Frith o' Clyde, all the way to the tail of the bank o' Greenock. This muckle place is Ayr; that round one is the Craig o' Aik; the wee one between is Plada. Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is a sore discovery; there will be hanging and quartering on this." So he ordered the man to be forthwith committed as a king's prisoner to the Tolbooth; and turning to me, said:—"My Lord Provost, as ye have not been present throughout the whole of this troublesome affair, I'll e'en gi'e an account mysel' to the Lord Advocate of what we have done." I thought, at the time, there was something fey and overly forward in this, but I assented; for I know not what it was, that seemed to me as if there was something neither right nor regular; indeed, to say the truth, I was no ill pleased that the Bailie took on him what he did; so I allowed him to write himself to the Lord Advocate; and, as the sequel shewed, it was a blessed prudence on my part that I did so. For no sooner did his lordship receive the Bailie's terrifying letter, than a special king's messenger was sent to take the spy into Edinburgh Castle; and nothing could surpass the great importance that Bailie Booble made of himself, on the occasion, of getting the man into a coach,

and two dragoons to guard him into Glasgow.

But, O, what a dejected man was the miserable Baulie Booble, and what a laugh rose from shop and chamber, when the tidings came out from Edinburgh, that "the alien enemy" was but a French cook, coming over from Dublin, with the intent to take up the trade of a confectioner in Glasgow; and that the map of the Clyde was nothing but a plan for the outset of a fashionable table! The Baulie's island of Arran being the roast beef, and the Craig of Ailsa the plumb-pudding, and Plada a butter-boat. No-body enjoyed the jocularity of the business more than myself; but I trembled, when I thought of the escape that my honour and character had with the Lord Advocate. I trow, Baulie Booble never set himself so forward from that day to this.

We give the following with pleasure, because it contains *one* touch of simple and effective pathos (*oh! si sic omnia!*). It is from the chapter entitled "The Meal Mob."

The grief, however, of the business was na visible till the Saturday, the wonted way for the poor to seek their meat, when the swarm of beggars that came forth was a sight truly calamitous. Many a decent auld woman, that had patiently eked out the slender thread of a weary life with her wheel, in privacy, her scant and want known only to her Maker, was seen going from door to door, with the salt tar in her eye, and looking in the face of the pitiful, being as yet unacquainted with the language of beggary; but the worst sight of all, was two bonny maids, dressed in their best, of a genteel demeanour, going from house to house, like the hungry babes in the wood; nobody kent who they were, nor whar they came from; but as I was seeing them served myself at our door. I spoke to them, and they told me, that their mother was lying sick and ill at home. They were the orphans of a broken merchant from Glasgow, and, with their mother, had come out to our town the week before, without knowing where else to seek their meat.

Various incidents occur to disturb the somnolent obesity of the worthy magistrate during his second reign. The volunteering then *came in*, as people say here; and with that never-failing regard to the interest of the first person singular, which distinguished the Provost throughout the whole of his brilliant career, he at-

tempted, by a side wind, (for, like all the tribe of politicians, from Machiavil downwards, he did nothing in a straight-forward manner,) to manage so as to get a job thrown his way, namely, furnishing clothes to the feather-bed heretics. But the hook was ill-baited and the fish would not oblige him with a single nibble; or, what is more likely, the character of the angler was more than a match for his own dexterity in baiting his line. He is disappointed, in short; and to render the mortification complete, he is beaten at his own game, and by the very person whom he had employed as a *stake goose* to play for his benefit. A press-gang also disturbs the peace of the town, by a nocturnal incursion; but are soon expelled by the infuriated mob. This proved a sore matter to Pawkie. He had got credit with the "sovereign people," for having, in his capacity as Justice of the Peace, signed the Press Warrants, the which leads to the summary demolition of every pane of glass in his house. By the advice and aid of Keelvine, the town-clerk, he contrives, however, to get liberally indemnified. His next achievement is to burn his wig at a Tory dinner—an approved testimonial of the genuineness of his loyalty,—and, to crown his attachment to Church and State, by getting mortal drunk,—than which no minister or minister's satellite could desire a more convincing proof of a man's being a real "life-and-fortune" Tory. To this succeeds "Windy Yule," which naturally brings shipwrecks, and the shipwrecks as naturally usher in a "Subscription" for the sufferers, in the disbursements of which, he having been appointed Treasurer, Pawkie, as his manner is, fails not to laud his own conduct out of all moderation. "Public Lamps" are next got by his activity—an improvement, as the author wittily observes, which could hardly fail to be "clearly and luminously useful." But we cannot chronicle all the wonders of Provost Pawkie's Mayoralty; and must be content with adding only one more of his illustrious achievements; namely, discovering, in a certain Captain Armour, the identical brother of Jeanie Gaisling, who had been hanged for the crime of child-nur-

der. The whole of this episode is so brutally stupid, that we could almost find in our hearts to wish the sage Archon a dangle at a rope's end à la Haman, for his impudence in trying to contest the palm with the renowned Major Longbow. That Captain Armour's brother officers should have looked askance at him, when it was discovered that his sister had been hanged, was not wonderful; but we beg to inform the author, that, when an officer is sent to Coventry by his mess-mates—men, jealous of honour, and not easily brooking interference in such matters—the person upon whom the brand is fixed is not to be restored to the privileges of a gentleman by a carpentered Provost, incompetent to think or act in such matters; or by a rusty Earl, who only certifies that the individual in question had once been his *flunky*. It is curious enough, that the author has not condescended to inform us by what sort of evidence the sister of Captain Armour had been found guilty of the crime for which she suffered; nor can we conceive how child-murder could have been brought home to poor Jeanie, seeing the *corpus delicti* had never been discovered. The author will explain this as he best may; meanwhile, he will permit us to suppose, that our review of *Sir Andrew Wheellie* may have given him a slight distaste for descriptions of legal proceedings.

But we must really have done; the which vigorous resolution compels us to omit "The Town Drummer," who appears to have been a sad thorn in the Provost's side,—and "The Duel," of which the less that is said the better,—and "The Stramash in the Council," where some lusty blows were both given and received,—and the whole manœuvrings about the silver-plate," as it is called in the author's tautological jargon. We leave these fields to be hunted over by more industrious and ill-natured critics than ourselves.

In our review of *Wheellie* we observed that this author's mind appeared to us to be a species of "intellectual barrel-organ, capable of playing only a limited number of tunes." The remark was perhaps severe, but it appears also to be

just, as this production testifies. "*The Provost*" is merely the echo of the "*Annals of the Parish*,"—the shadow of a shade. Every thing is painted by the same pencil, and with the same colours. The subject is only nominally changed. We have the same minute and tedious particularization—the same odious, quaint, and vulgar slang—the same cast of characters—the same manners and habits;—in short, the author building up a second house with bricks and mortar purloined from the first. He should try to shift the cuckoo-note for a season:—a failure in a new department is not so nauseous as a slavish and unskilful copy from what has already been achieved. The style of the *Annals of the Parish*, and of *The Provost*, is naturally somnolent, and incapable of relief, or variety, or flexibility;—and we infer the necessity of this immediate revolution of purpose from the undoubted fact, that, like his own Dr Swapkirk, when about to kick the bucket, he is getting "*groozy, and cozy, and dozy*," HIS FACULTIES BEING SHUT UP, AND LOCKED IN by a DUMB PALSY"!!!

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF "ILL TAM."

No. V.

THE period at last arrived, when the Bible and the Collection, and the Lord's Prayer and the Petitions, were destined to give place to Ruckman, with all his perplexing arrangements, of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, &c. As I had been somewhat initiated previously, I held a respectable place in my class for some weeks at the outset; but this advantage in starting proved prejudicial to my progress in the end; for, as I could always say my new lesson ere it was read out, I acquired the habit of trifling, and tormenting my class-fellows, who were disposed to learn what they were yet ignorant of; and, in the course of a month or two, I had the mortification to find myself not very far from the bottom of a class containing upwards of a score of boys. In the upper regions of the class there was something like peace, and order, and discretion; but towards

the extremity of the serpent tail, the rattle obtained—every species of misrule and mischief prevailed; pinching each other's arms, tramping on each other's toes, and blowing away marks from each other's books, were constant and habitual sources of secret fun and tittering amusement; so that when the watchword came "to correct," we of the lower regions were seldom prepared to obey. Thus a kind of league, offensive and defensive, was formed amongst us; and if, at any time, one of us dunces, more adventurous than his fellows, contrived, by a random hit, or chance correction, to attain a higher and more honourable station, he was instantly chased, by his new and degraded associates, down to his starting-peg again, where a sufficient quantity of sneer, quiz, and derision, awaited his return.

It was customary with us to correct or rectify the slips of our superiors in the class, all at once, and at the word of command given by the master; consequently, whenever an error was detected, a general appeal of the inferiors in the class was made for leave to "correct;" and the master having pronounced *that* word in a smart and imperative manner, every mouth opened, every throat swelled, and bawled, and screamed, to the tune of "Devil take the last, and the lowest." In these circumstances, it was often difficult to determine who had the priority of vote—and this point, too weighty and invidious for the decision of any one, was generally referred to the collective voice of the class.—All this was most just, and judicious, and equitable in its principle; but, in its practical application, it proved highly injurious, and eminently liable to the most serious abuse. As every boy, who did not himself take a share in the "correction," was invested with the privilege of a vote upon the priority of the correcting voices, the lower boys, who took less interest in the contest for places, became, as it were, the arbiters and judges of the merits and claims of their superiors. Hence, we were canvassed, by the duxes, in the most regular and systematic manner; and bribes, even up to the amount of French piques, fishing-rods, and

sparrow-hawks, were applied to secure permanent and available votes. In cases, too, where bribery might not avail, intimidation was resorted to; and I have been several times most unmercifully beaten, because I dared to give my vote past some one of my class-fellows who had thought proper to calculate upon it. In order, under this arrangement and tacit adjustment, to benefit by the votes of others, it was not at all necessary to know any thing of the subject of investigation; it was quite sufficient to ensure the object, that the candidate for preferment had opened his mouth, and ejected a certain proportion of vociferation into the indistinct and collective rush of sound; and when the master's finger went round the circle, seconded by the important enquiry, "Who was first?" it never once entered into the heads of the jury, that the fact of a "correction" having been actually made, was any subject of consideration. Sometimes unfortunate occurrences would result from this arrangement; and at one time I had a most severe whipping, for voting for a boy who had unfortunately never even opened his mouth at all; and, on another occasion, one of the unsuccessful candidates was detected in the very act of shaking his fist, knitting his brows, and nodding his head, at some one amongst his opponents. But, upon the whole, things went on pretty smoothly, and served to preserve both extremities of the class, contented with, and even attached to their respective privileges—the duxes having the honour, and the dunces the profit of preferment. Let those patriots, and high-flyers in the cars of Utopian government, who would abolish corruption, and annihilate bribery in the election of our Honourable Members to Parliament—let them, in the midst of the very heat, and, as I may say, whirlwind of their patriotism, recal to mind their own conduct, and that of their class-fellows, when at school, and the collection may perhaps, if any thing can, serve to moderate their expectations, and cool their zeal.

The declensions, the conjugations, the irregular, and, what was of still more intricate and perplexing memory, the defective and preterative verbs, having been mastered—the

rules of syntax, from "An adjective agrees," to "Utinam sapieres," having been carefully conned, and committed, both in their Latin and in their English garb, to memory, the interesting morning at last arrived which was destined to open up before us all the mysteries of "Explaining lessons," which was to initiate us into the labyrinths and sinuities of Grecian wisdom*, in the shape of "Omnibus placeto." Our plan was, first to analyse, or say the parts of speech; in the next place, to parse or construe; and, latterly, to explain, or give the English: a method of proceeding, which, in this age of innovation and abridgement, I would still earnestly recommend to all school-masters. It is indeed a slow process, but it is, "*e contra*," a sure one. Education does not consist so much of absolute knowledge conveyed, as of ideas and impressions retained, and these latter can never prove either vivid or permanent, according to the 'Lancastrian' system of advance. A boy is now-a-days marched through the classics, like an army in retreat; and provided that, at every step, he is so much further on in his way, has actually thrown so much of the travel to his rearward, there is no enquiry made respecting his acquaintanceship with the country through which he is passing. It is quite possible, by means of modern abridgement and rapidity, to bring the memory of a boy into contact with an immensity of useful and interesting knowledge—to teach him to repeat and acquire more in one twelvemonth, than, by the slow, but sure method adopted with us, we could master in three; but then no means have hitherto been discovered of rendering this knowledge permanent; of "fixing the mercury," and of preventing the young and plastic mind from resembling the sea, which, though ploughed and furrowed by the keel of the ship, instantly closes in, and resumes its former aspect. I appeal, not only to those who are philosophically acquainted with the nature of the human mind, but, directly and immediately, to all who have any recollection of their own education; and I have no doubt that,

when the subject is fairly and dispassionately considered, deep and lasting impressions, though slowly, and even painfully received,—few, but distinct and indelible ideas, will be held as preferable to a whole phantasmagoria of mental picture-work, which passes before the mind's eye, like the quickly succeeding and evanishing displays of a magic-lantern. I have known a boy reading Virgil in twelve months after his initiation, and reading it, too, to the astonishment and delight of all who heard him—who, with every successive season, regularly lost the past year's acquisition in the present, and, at the end of an academical education, was only distinguished by a superficiality of acquisition, and an impatience of systematic and continued study, which fairly placed all excellence and even respectability of scholarship, beyond his reach: and I have likewise had occasion to know many boys, who came on slowly at first, learned every thing with difficulty, and apparently wasted several years in vain efforts to advance, who have yet, after all, become first tolerable, and, latterly, excellent scholars, and most useful members of society—merely and simply, by remaining seven, instead of five years, at the grammar-school. Time consumes iron and stone—the drop hollows the rock, not by main force, but by often falling: and he who would have his son run the best chance of permanent and useful classical acquirements, must carefully avoid all that modern quackery to which Bell and Lancaster have at last given rise and countenance.

In the days, however, when I entered upon "*Omnibus placeto*," there were no Bells nor Lancasters; and our learned and sagacious master taught us to proceed step by step, with the most teasing, but judicious scrupulosity. Thus it behoved us to discuss "*omnibus*," in respect of case—number—and, lastly, gender—and it astonished us not a little, when we came to discover, that "*omnibus*," being masculine, must be restricted to "*men*;" and that consequently, as we were led to infer, "*women*" were excluded. This was perfectly in keeping and consistency with Mr MacGill's preach-

* Note—"Dicta sapientum e Græciæ."

ing, who, whenever a curse or two was under discussion, and to be dealt out upon our sinful race, took special notice of both sexes, by the regular reiteration of "he," and consequently "she;" but who, when a blessing or two happened to be in the wind, remained satisfied with the simple specification of the masculine gender "he." Next we came to discuss "Placeto," which was by no means so easy a task; by the help, however, of the dictionary, we at last fixed upon "placeto;" and one imp, more knowing than the rest, discovered the identity of this word, as he supposed, in the ablative of the perfect participle passive. This, however, happening not exactly to coincide with the master's views, we were condemned to "go through" the whole verb "secundum doceo," from beginning to end, a punishment which rendered us more scrupulous of admitting conjecture for truth in future. The "parts" having been discussed, next came on the "constructions;" a kind of aerial existences, which seemed to rest rather in the arbitrary adjustments of the master's fancy, than in any external intimations exhibited in the sentence. Here "placeto" took the lead, and, to accommodate his widowhood, a partner in the shape of the pronoun "Tu," was united with him, whilst the words of the marriage ceremony were pronounced in "a verb agrees with its nominative." "Hominibus" being, for the sake of support, put as a prop beneath the dependency and insecurity of the adjective "omnibus," the whole sentence was clenched in, and dove-tailed, by means of "placeto" governing "hominibus" in the dative, and the adjective "omnibus" contriving to live in harmony, or, as the style has it, "to agree," with the borrowed and accommodating substantive. Last of all came "the English," which, after this previous investigation, was easily made out. And thus the whole process was concluded in a moral adage, the practicability and reasonableness of which it did not belong to us, in opposition to the wisdom of one of the wise men of Greece, to doubt or to question.

• When I see the Masters of the High School of Edinburgh stereo-

typing Corderius—than which a more injudicious manual for the earliest stage of Latin education cannot easily be conceived—I am not less surprised than mortified, to think that there has not yet appeared a judicious, and properly-arranged, and adapted substitute, for this Roman Catholic and involved colloquial absurdity. I have amused myself in constructing a manual of this kind *.

* I have looked through my Uncle's papers for this manual, as he termed it, here referred to, and have only discovered a kind of skeleton, or sketch, upon the subject. My Uncle being a man of a somewhat volatile turn of mind, it is at least possible, that this plan was never fully executed, and that a letter, which I find addressed to him by the Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, dissuading him from the undertaking, on account of the stake which one of the masters possessed in a stereotyped edition of Corderius, had the effect of deterring him from the fulfilment of his purpose. For the benefit, however, of any one who may chuse to follow out the idea, I shall here submit an abridgment of my Uncle's sketch.

Plan of an Initiatory Book, intended to supersede the use of Corderius in Schools.

1st, This book to consist entirely of sentences and passages, selected from the purest classics; and to commence with such sentences as are free from ellipsis, and as are analogous to the English language, in point of verbal arrangement.

2d, The rules of syntax to be exemplified in these sentences, upon the following principles:—

1st, A sentence to be considered as a proposition, and that proposition to be regarded as consisting ultimately of two parts only, the verb and the nominative.

2d, This verb and nominative may either be considered as simple or compound; as "the king sees," or, "the king, with his accustomed sagacity, sees all the machinations of his enemies." In the first instance, the nominative and the verb stand out unlimited, in the second instance, the nominative is limited by the adjunctive, "with his accustomed sagacity," and the verb, by "all the machinations of his enemies;" that is to say, the king's seeing, is, in this last instance, modified by these machinations, or spoken of as directed towards them. Were this compound sentence to be expressed in as few words as possible, these words would not be fewer than two, the verb and the nominative. Bearing these principles, there-

which, if I live, I mean to give to the public, and by means of which, that stumbling block, which lies on the very threshold of classical study, will be removed, and the avenue smoothed and levelled, which conducts to the fair and inviting temple of ancient taste and literature. I shall never forget the difficulties which the "*Salve præceptor's*"—"E cubiculo nostro's"—and "*Tam multo mane's*"—presented to us in our inexperienced and entirely helpless state; and could not help coming to the conclusion, that those who composed the "*Colloquies*" must have been the most arrant bunglers, since they left so much in every sentence to be understood, or, as we termed it, to be "*taken in*." All, at this period of my education, was dark and mysterious with me,—and if I said right, or if I said wrong, was entirely the result of guess-work, or of the friendly assistance of some one more advanced than myself. Finding in the instance, in particular, of "*Tam multo mane*," that my name-sake "*Tam*," with all his retinue of faithful followers, were*, in respect of speech, to be considered as "*adverbs*"—a race of "*words*" with whose history and caprices we had usually no further trouble—I had mentally resolved to subject the

fore, in mind, Rudiman's rules of syntax should be exemplified thus:—

1st, The simple verb agreeing with the simple nominative—*c. g.* Rex amat.

2d, The compound nominative agreeing with the simple verb; which involves the rules "*an adjective agrees*," the "*conjunctions, et, ac, atque*," &c.—thus, "*Bonus et intelligens, sed timore subjugatus Rex amat*."

3d, The simple nominative agreeing with the compound verb, involving a variety of subordinate rules likewise; *c. g.* "*the cause, manner, preposition, and relative regimen*," &c.—thus, "*Rex amat omnes homines qui sunt just*."

4th, The compound nominative agreeing with the compound verb, and involving, if taken in the most comprehensive sense, all the rules of syntax—thus, "*Rex quidem, nequiquam, omni tempore prudentia, et modestia præditus, amat inter inæquales ludere, et regalem habitum ceno, et luto illinere*."—(&c., *verbum est*.)

*Oh, wise critic! spare thyself and my Uncle here; for "*were*" is not bad grammar!

other seven parts of speech to the same immobility of being. And accordingly, when questioned respecting "*cubiculo*," boldly pronounced him an adverb. As the lightning descends, citius dicto, upon the devoted turret, or as the bent branch of a tree comes slap against the cheek of the hindmost, when two are closely companioning each other through the mazes and entanglements of a wood or jungle—such, and so suddenly, and so forcibly, did the palm of the master's hand, on this occasion, clash with the leathern covering of my clattering jaws. "*I'll teach you*," said he, "*to make a noun an adverb!*" "*I wish they were a' adverbs*," responded I, in a grumbletonian accent and gesture—"and then we wad be nae mair fashed wi' them." The master, though passionate, was good natured, and fond of a joke; so what he termed my wit, on this occasion, stood me in some stead, and saved me from a repetition of the blow.

Soon after our initiation into the *Colloquies* of Corderius, we were supplied with the Latin Grammar of Ruddiman, and subjected to the drudgery of repeating, by heart, Latin rules, not one word of which we understood, or, in the present stage of our education, could be expected to understand. These rules were portioned out at the rate of from betwixt twelve to sixteen lines to us at night, and were repeated immediately upon the convening of the school next morning. Various were the shifts and the schemes which were adopted by us, of the lower bench in particular, to aid us in making out so irksome a task. Sometimes a boy at the head of the class, and who stood almost immediately opposite to us, would display an opened grammar behind the master's back, and directly in our view; and, at other times, a book fixed beneath a table, and under the scone of a seat, would yield untimely, but precarious and insecure assistance,—the master having, unconsciously, but to our utter dismay, placed himself directly betwixt our vision and the indispensable object of secret and sidelong regard. At other times, again, the foot of a passenger, or the motion occasioned by some adjoining disturbance, would derange the angle of position, and reu-

der reading impracticable. On all these occasions, chastisement was resorted to, which was generally repaid, however, with interest, after school hours, upon the person of any poor subordinate wretch who might happen, unconsciously, to have occasioned the derangement: Had the one-half of the ingenuity and pains been spent in obedience to, which we expended in evasion of, the master's injunctions, we could not have failed to have placed ourselves beyond the reach of accident. But it is ever thus in society and real life—as well as in that epitomè of both, a school—that those who endeavour to get on by evading the laws, whilst they are ultimately subjected to all the misery of disappointment and ruin, have this consideration to comfort them,—that, had they laid out one-half of the trouble and ingenuity in a lawful, which they have wasted and perverted in an unlawful direction, they could not possibly have missed of their mark.

"Turner's Grammatical Exercises" were soon added to the burden already imposed, and Latin versions were exacted of boys who had scarcely penmanship to write their own name. As each boy was compelled, at the same hour of the day, to give in his version, and to await the master's strictures and award upon its merits, there was here no opportunity of evasion by means of the ordinary methods. So, new and still more ticklish schemes were resorted to. In the meanwhile, I had begun to feel my way; these most useful and well-adapted exercises of Turner had compelled me, as I had my version to write every night at home, without advice or assistance, to think for myself. The possibility of doing that for myself, for which I had hitherto relied upon the assistance of others, gave me infinite pleasure; and, upon finding that "*Deus gubernat mundum, mundus gubernatur a Deo*," was really good Latin, I leapt, and sung, and raved for joy. From being one of the dunces, I ranged gradually upwards, till I had occupied a respectable station above the middle of the class. Along with my perception of power, my ambition was awakened and aroused; and I had the satisfaction of occa-

sionally finding myself at the very head, or Dux, amongst my class-fellows. But rank and elevation are ever accompanied by some drawback or alloy. One of my former associates among the dunces—or, as we termed them, the "Boobies"—being less fortunate in his discoveries, or, what was truly the fact, less inclined to put himself to the trouble of exercising very respectable powers with which God had endowed him—and having formed, at the same time, a close and mutual friendship with me, took advantage of the change in my circumstances and character, to continue his own indolence, and indulge an inordinate disposition for every species of play and amusement. He prevailed upon me one evening, just by way of experiment, to write out his version for him, along with my own; and the forgery having, unfortunately for us both, escaped detection, I was, for two years afterwards, saddled with the same task. Being a boarder, as we termed those gentlemen's sons who could afford to pay forty guineas per annum for their board and education in the schoolmaster's house—he was possessed of pocket-money, and took special care to reward me, from time to time, with various implements of amusement which money could purchase; my dragon-strings were of his bounty—my bowls, pines, and balls, were derived from the same source—and, notwithstanding that he was in the habit of giving me a "doucer" occasionally on the pit of my stomach, till I gaped for breath, still our friendship was sincere. If he did me injustice, he always took care to repair the injury by an additional blandishment and remuneration; and I was, consequently, careful to put one error the less into his next exercise. Indeed, it formed a part of my system of deception, to write out our versions not only in different hands, but with such a discrepancy of mistakes, that detection became less likely. Sometimes, however, my caution and desire of deception became extreme; and, in sprinkling the proper proportion of mistakes over my friend's supposed performance, I exposed his shoulders to a round caning, and his "haffit locks" to a little derangement. But here, too, there were limits as-

signed to my "deevlry;" as whatever was judged by him as overdone in punishment by the master, was duly transferred, with a consideration of compound interest, to me. There was a reaction in the school-yard, which made me feel, as if imposed upon myself, every supernumerary blow which he sustained in school.

And yet we were friends! true, and attached, and inseparable friends! Though we knew not of it at the time, we were laying the foundations, in the deepest recesses of the heart, of a friendship which no succeeding contingencies have ever been able to shake.

And thus it ever is with all the most genuine attachments of which our nature is susceptible. They are formed in youth, and almost imperceptibly; not on the constrained and prudence-modelled plan of forbearance, and suppression of occasional and hearty resentment; not on the artificial and interest-erected scaffolding of wisdom and consideration;—but amidst the squalls and the bluster of whatever weather may chance to blow; under the influence of that variable, yet healthy atmosphere, which nourishes no hot-house plants, and brings no sickly shrubs into blossom. If it be true, as true it is and of verity, that no friendships are so sincere and permanent as those which have been contracted at school and in early life, this fact is assuredly owing, not so much, as is generally supposed, to the softness and pliancy of the heart at this season, as to the freedom from all constraint, and to that disclosure of character, which then obtains. You cast a careless eye over that noisy, and contentious, and seemingly quarrelsome group, and your ear seconds the intelligence conveyed by your eye, and discovers to your apprehension nothing but discordancy, opposition, and wrangling. Nick-names are given, sarcasms are exchanged, threats are vented, and blows are not withheld; yet, amidst these "thistles and cockles," the good fruit is springing up, so much the more vigorous and promising that the sheltering exuberance of nature is suffered to go to seed around it. Boys know each other "intus et in-

cute," and can no more help disliking what they do not like, nor approving what they really relish in each other's character and conduct, than they can avoid feeling sourness in sorrel, or an agreeable pungency in water-cresses. It is because we become artificial beings in after-life; because we are constantly aiming to appear what we really are not; because there is a want of sincerity in our offers, and a presence of suspicion in our acceptance of friendship; and not in consequence of any physical drying up of the veins and the sympathies of the heart, that we are, in maturer years, so difficult of friendly access. If I had no other motive to actuate me, in determining that mode of education which is best fitted to prove the most beneficial to my son, than the chance of his forming sincere and lasting attachments at a public seminary, this motive of itself were sufficient to influence my resolution. I have had my trials through life—some of them more, and some of them less severe. I have been visited by calumny, misrepresentation, malice, and even persecution. I have been exposed, under suspicious circumstances, to apologies from would-be-thought friends and to defences from would-be-reckoned supporters, as well as to pity and commiseration from those who could have wished me sunk. There is scarcely a species of disappointment upon which my heart's feelings have not been in danger of being wrecked. But, amidst, and enduring, and under all these trials, not one of my few surviving "school friends" have deserted me. Their answer, on all occasions of trial, has been, "We know Tam better than you do, and are fully persuaded of the falsehood of your statements. At all events, let him amongst us, who is without error or misconduct, cast the first stone against him." No, Mr Editor, I am not speaking personally, but in consonance with the experience of thousands, when I represent and regard those connections which are formed—amidst the tasks and the games, the pains and the pleasures of a public school—not only as the most enduring, but also as the most sincere and delightful which we ever attain.

I have discoursed of tasks and tricks, and school friendships, like the "loquax corvus," till I have almost forgot the expression and drift of my own croaking,—and but that I am anxious to treat you at last with "the play," I should certainly not resume the thread of my somewhat desultory narrative.—Now, there are three ways of "giving" and "of receiving the play." The first method is, by means of a regular rotation of holidays, which come round as fixedly as the day of the week, or month, and which are received by the boys, with just about as much joy and thankfulness as a parish pauper of St Paul's pockets his weekly, or monthly allowance. By the second method, an annunciation, sometime before-hand, of the master's intention, in regard to "the play," is made; this intention, always, like the designs of Providence, to be traversed or modified by the conduct of the poor erring creatures who are to receive the benefit. That this plan should issue in disappointment, rather than in delight, cannot appear unlikely to any who are acquainted with the nature of hope deferred, and enjoyment long anticipated. The third and last, and by far the most efficient method of any, consists in taking the school by surprise, and in dismissing about two hundred boys, it may hap, into liberty, and voluntary action, and immunity from task and punishment, who had been but one instant before standing with their grammars in their hands, and with the tear of apprehended chastisement ready to well up into the eye-cup: and this last was the plan which our good-hearted and sagacious master habitually adopted with us.

A whisper, perhaps, had gone round the various groups in the school-yards during the morning; a surmise, originating nobody could tell how, or where, or when, had been made; and the more knowing in such matters looked wise—but mysterious—and held clusters of agitated enquirers around them. Some were seen playing at the ring, who were accustomed to spend the morning in grammar rule-getting; others, with the book in one hand, and the ball in the other, presented, at the same time, a kind of Janus-aspect of

hope and fear;—not a few of the more desperate had boldly set fortune at defiance, and were losing, or at least trying to lose, in noisy and boisterous play, all fear of disappointment. The hour of nine—the decisive hour of convocation—had approached, had arrived, and had passed; it was at least half-past the usual hour of meeting, and yet no signal, with the sweeping arm and expressive eye, had been given. The porch-way—at which the master's approach was wont to be hailed—had long been watched with anxious, and even aching eyes. At last Cato, the well-known precursor of his master, appears;—and, in all the every day, business-like aspect of convocating authority, comes there at last forth, into distinct and astounding view, the master himself. His wonted beckonings are performed—the usual course is pursued; and what was so lately the scene of clamour and revelment, is now filled with short and pithy ejaculations of disappointment, or calmed down into a still and deep consternation. The guilty soul, in the day of final reckoning, assimilates, in colour and intensity of misery, with his, who, now placed in the corner of a window, endeavours to do that in two minutes which it would require a full hour to perform, even imperfectly. The master has entered the school; and the school-door is shut, and carefully locked; whilst "Cato" has taken his wonted station on the outside of it; and the prayer—the dismal and ill-omened prayer—is repeating within. "Amen," has been pronounced; and the desk has been carefully dusted, even up to the farthest corner, with the floating and cracking pocket-handkerchief; the poker has found its way betwixt the ribs of the grate; and the morning classes have been mustered up; and all is one breathless pause, till the watch-word "Go on," shall have determined the fate of many a trembling victim. But see!—is it imagination, or is it reality?—something betwixt a smile and a wrinkle seems to be playing at hide-and-seek around the corners of the master's mouth! He mounts behind the desk; his hand is before his eyes; and he coughs inwardly to conceal his

emotion. Ye gods! is it possible?—he begins, in all the mantling glory of an illumined countenance, "to speak," whilst the boys of the high class are "shelling their books," and securing their hats; and those nearest to the door have their thumbs upon the neck. Yet still the silence is as deep as the forest pause under the untouched thunder-cloud, or the culprit's heed ere his sentence is read out to him.—"Boys, I have been asked——" but to proceed is impossible; not an individual, within hearing, but understands the finished import of that exordium; not a boy, beyond ear-shot, who can mistake for a moment the language of that smiling and benignant countenance. As burst the water-spout down Caple-linn, when a troop of persecutors were overtaken, and overwhelmed in the rear—as poured the ocean in upon the undammed Dutch, when 14,000 perished in the breach—as roared the winds and the tempests into freedom, when their Eolian potentate gave them their exit with his spear;—so loudly, so impetuously, and with such a rush of confounding and commingling sounds, does the school-door now fly open, and send forth, with choaked and impeded discharge, boy after boy, all stewed, and rolled, and lacerated. "The play, the play, the play!" rings amidst the school, bursts through the windows, escapes at the folding-door, and pours out into a thousand diverging rivulets, over field, and pathway, and forest. Cato capers, barks, and pursues his shadow in the sunshine; whilst hand after hand is laid upon his smooth head, and glossy back, and bushy tail;—and all the neighbouring streams, and woods, and parks, are incontinently peopled with joyous visitors! Some are to be seen in the "gravel walk," stripped, and disencumbered, even down to the shirt and breeches—the light-armed Velites "of England and Scotland," "the duff," or the "shinty."—Others have drifted away into the Castle-wood, and are providing themselves with the unerring bow, or the matchless club. Some are lashing the pool, to little purpose, by "Porter's-hole, or Cample Craigs;" whilst another detachment have succeeded in exalting a dragon, and are loading

his disk with messenger after messenger, of regular, but meaningless dispatch. A few drones, and one or two whom the schoolmaster's wife has doomed to endure the dispensation of medicine, are seen hovering, in spiritless saunter, about the school walls, as a few straggling bees are observed to keep languidly wheeling about their hives, even after their associates have perished, and their winter treasure has been removed.

Various, and oftentimes not a little ingenious were the schemes resorted to by us, in order to procure the gratification of a "play-day." If any of the house-boarders' parents arrived on a visit to the master, the son instantly rose into vast consideration and importance; he was followed up the "close," withdrawn behind the school, coaxed, flattered, entreated, threatened, and even compelled to go to his father and ask "the play." When no such favourable opportunity as this I have mentioned occurred, the "parish minister" was resorted to, who, by means of a letter, often very good-naturedly interposed his influence in our behalf. Petitions, too, were sometimes framed in Latin, and presented by the boys of the high or most advanced class, to the master, upon his appearance to convoke the school, the success of which depended entirely upon the humour in which the party addressed chanced to be at the time. And when every other shift and device failed, there still remained one method which, more than once, was found to prove completely successful. Our worthy master had, during his early life, been overtaken upon a wild and solitary muir by a thunder-storm, and had seen, close by him, a large flock of sheep, with the shepherd and his two dogs, laid dead in an instant by an electric stroke; he had even felt the shock in his own person, but, happily, only slightly. It is not surely to be wondered at, that ever after this dreadful occurrence his mind should retain a kind of superstitious timidity during thunder, and that the very apprehension of a storm, or the most distant "dinnling," completely unnerved him, and rendered him unfit for the discharge of his ordinary duties in the school. Of this pecu-

clarity or weakness in our excellent preceptor's character, we were fully aware, and contrived occasionally, as well as in the instance I am about to particularize, to turn it to account.

All ordinary expedients to obtain the play had been resorted to, but in vain; the master remained inexorable, and even indicated, by the pettish impatience of his refusal, that it would go hard with some shoulders and finger ends, and even breeches, during the day. A convocation, "sub diu, et in ore Germanico," was held, and measures were adopted accordingly. The day was favourable for the purpose. It was a hot sultry day in the glorious month of July. White, towering, and somewhat dusky clouds sat around the horizon, and occasionally a dark and portentous detached fragment advanced upon the sun, and obscured his beams. Yet the day was a fine day, and, in fact, indicated nothing but heat, fair weather, and sunshine.

The master advanced from his porch-way at the usual hour, and his attention was immediately arrested by the blank and apparently agitated countenances of a considerable number of the elder boys, who having deserted their play, stood with the implements in their hands, eyeing the heavens, and piercing, as it were, with earnest enquiry and alarm, into the very bowels of a black cloud which overshadowed them. They did not appear to observe the master, so intent were they upon the object of observation, until his voice at their very backs imperatively dismissed them to school. The master, however, cast his eyes upwards, and we could observe through the school windows, that he did not seem quite comfortable; at this instant, a hollow and seemingly distant sound was heard; "hist! hist!" ran in electric whispers through the school, along the area, and up to the master's very elbow, who was now turning the corner of the school, hastening inwards—"Did you hear that, Tam?"—what was't, Ellic?—it's thunder, Watty—it's surely thunder!"—The master entered, locked the door, and though evidently troubled in soul, mounted behind the desk, and repeated the morning prayer. All appeared to be lost, and the scheme

seemed completely to have failed, when a loud and rattling peal ran quickly, and amidst a confused, bustling, agitated whispering, around the school. "Did you see the flash?"—"Where did it come from?"—"That's awful loud—it's dreadful near now!" &c. &c. perambulated and pervaded the whole school in an instant. The master descended quickly from his desk, cast an alarmed and a despairing look towards the window nearest to him, called upon his dog Cato to accompany him across the area, pronouncing the words, "Go home, boys, go immediately home, boys," in the most hurried manner; and in a few seconds was snugly lodged, with the curtains drawn, and the room windows shut, in his bed, and beneath the blankets, trembling all the while like an aspen leaf. It may be proper, for the benefit of those who are not in the secret, to add, that a "thunderspale," skilfully whirled beneath the school-yard "dike," suggested the notion of the distant, whilst a pointed and jagged stone, torn from a fence, and trailed rapidly but skilfully over the inequalities of the outside school-house wall, represented the more approximated thunder-clap; and that a few drops of rain which chanced soon afterwards to descend, conferred, in the mind of our over-reached and terrified master, an air of consistency and verity upon the whole transaction.

* * * * *

Here my Uncle has a long digression upon interesting or amiable, and uninteresting or forbidding peculiarities; the drift and tendency of which is to prove, that "*Προσηγορία*" is of the later description; and that the individual who was, in this case, so liable to it, was endowed in many respects with the most manly, and in all respects with the most amiable and interesting qualities.

The sisterhood, whom, in reference to this and the foregoing paper, I have, as in duty bound, consulted, return me regularly the same response, delivered, however, in somewhat of a peevish tone and manner:—"Provided he says naething about us, we care na a needle's e'e what low stuff and nonsense he tell about himself;"—so you see my "imprimatur" is legal, and I remain yours, &c.

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, May 29th.

MR COLMAN'S "*Law of Java*," mentioned in one of my last letters, continues to be acted, and has succeeded much better than it deserved. It is called a *new play*; but there is hardly any thing new in it, if I except a good deal of the dialogue, and a very small portion of the plot: the former is in the grandest style of flash and fustian; and though bombast is common enough now-a-days, this exceeds any thing of the kind yet introduced even upon the stage: it goes beyond "the Mountaineers" of the same author, so that those who have not seen it, will be able to form something like a notion of it. It is to be hoped, that the success of "the *Law of Java*" will not warrant imitations: Mr D—d himself must despair of coming up with the original: in this respect, and some others, the hero is "the very paragon of animals."

Into the plot, of which I would first speak, I do not feel at all warranted in entering, because the greater part of it was, two or three years ago, to be seen at the minor theatre of the Adelphi. The native Chief of Java, as is not unfrequently the case, is in love with a young lady, and she, as is also not unfrequently the case, likes somebody else better: this somebody else, as a matter of course, is Parbaya, the hero; and since he, as another matter of course, must be got rid of, he is condemned to be exposed to the baleful effects of the poison tree. This mode of inflicting death is selected by the chief with great sagacity, because there is a chance of escape. I need hardly say, that he does escape, having received instructions how to proceed, from an old priest, who turns out to be no other than his father. The hero returns, and now comes the very wise and humane "*Law of Java*" to his aid, for it is provided, (and here, indeed, lies the chief novelty of the plot,) that whoever comes back in safety from the poison tree, with a quantity of its inalignant juice, shall not only be pardoned, but allowed to claim whatever may best please his fancy. The promulgation of this law comes like a thunder-clap upon

the savage monarch, and as it is irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians, the consequence is too obvious to need explanation. The scenic effect of the *finale* is very ingeniously heightened. The heroine is about to be shot (by archers) for disobedience to the reasonable command of the Chief, that she should love him, at the very instant when the hero rushes in with the poison in one hand; and his father with the law in the other. Here the curtain falls.

The comic part of the dialogue is considerably better than the serious: it possesses humour, which is now rather a rarity on the stage, unless people, like Mr T—— H——, take puns for humour. Fawcet, Liston, and Jones, do their utmost to keep up the life of the piece. Liston may be considered the representative of modern travellers; not those

—— "Who scour a continent,
And come as wise home as they went;"

but industrious, book-making, pains-taking travellers, who turn their toils to account, noting down in their journals the most insignificant matters, and seeing every thing, yet nothing. The hint of this character was obviously taken from "*My Pocket-Book*," that joke which, a few years ago, extinguished one of the most voluminous and popular tourists of the day. It might not be amiss, if this repetition of the joke could have a similar effect.

Mr Colman's experience has enabled him to avail himself of all the aids of the theatre. From what precedes, it may be gathered that his "*Law of Java*" is at once comedy, tragedy, and farce; it is also melodrama and opera. He understands as well as any man the rule,

If you can't get along,
You may throw in a song:

and how deeply he is indebted to Miss M. Tree, all who have seen the play can judge. She sings, as the heroine, delightfully, and every day improves as an actress, both in serious and comic parts. The music, nevertheless, is not always well adapted to her voice; and the composer seems to have aimed so much at originality, and to have been so fearful of wan-

blending into any popular air, that sometimes he nearly forgets the melody. It should be with the notes of an air, as with the incidents of a story; they should follow each other in easy and natural succession. Miss Stephens sung some ballads with great sweetness, and was well seconded in a duet by Duruset.

Racine, in the preface to his "Bajazet," lays it down as a rule, (though far be it from me to recommend the French rules of the stage,) that if you cannot take a story a thousand years old, you must lay the scene a thousand miles off*. Mr Colman has obeyed this injunction; but he obtained his rule for compounding characters from the modern and ridiculous mode of writing plays for a particular set of actors; so that if, some years afterwards, there be any thing worth reviving, it will rarely happen that it can be done with success: the suit of clothes will fit only the man they were made for. It must seldom occur that a company of performers, of the same peculiar cast, can be collected again. The remark I have made will apply to the majority of the profitable pieces brought out within the last ten or twelve years.

London, June 1st.

Liston had his final benefit at Covent-Garden the night before last, when he undertook, not to say performed, the part of Sir Bashful Constant, in Murphy's comedy of "The Way to Keep Him."

This play is like Lord North's Administration. The reader does not perhaps directly see the resemblance; but Burke speaking of the above coalition, called it "a patched and piebald composition:" so is "The Way to Keep Him." It was originally an afterpiece, and was often performed in that capacity; but it occurred to the author, that he had been to blame in not making it a five-act comedy: accordingly he went to work in his off-hand way, and by lengthening

some of the scenes, adding others, and inserting two new characters, (Sir Bashful and Lady Constant,) he accomplished his object, but in a manner by no means free from defects.

In attempting the part of Sir Bashful Constant, Liston has obviously stepped out of his department—broad, dry humour,—and has fairly offered himself as an object of criticism. Many who write on theatricals are of opinion, that on such occasions the performer ought to be exempted from remark. There is no reason for this exemption; for on benefit nights, the actor is allowed his own choice—he takes what cast of part he likes, and challenges observation. When Liston first came upon the stage, he imagined that his forte was tragedy and pathos. How he arrived at such a notion, especially with his countenance, it is not easy to guess: it was indeed "putting a strange face upon his own perfections." That he retained the opinion till lately, we have proof in his attempt to perform Octavian, not as mock-tragedy, or what may be termed acting-travestie; but with all possible gravity—I mean gravity on the part of the actor; and the audience could hardly laugh at the melancholy, yet ridiculous failure of so deserving a favourite. The common quotation—

"A man's true standard 'tis not hard to find,
But each man's secret standard is his mind—"

may be applied to actors as well as authors; and it may be doubted, from this new effort on Thursday last, whether Liston is yet convinced that he is in his proper sphere in the parts which are usually assigned to him. When, on a former benefit night, he played Ophelia, it was obvious that his only purpose was to draw a house: absurd as this exhibition was, it may be forgiven, after the "Hamlet Travestie" of Mr Poole. The actor's object was the same, but more innocent in its execution, when he presented himself to the audience, mounted upon that "most patient, most harmless, and most abused of all God's creatures."

It requires great, and very peculiar talent, in any actor, to render the

* *L'éloignement des pays répare en quelque sorte la trop grande proximité des temps; car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est, si j'ose ainsi parler, à mille ans de lui, et ce qui en est à mille lieues.*

part of Sir Bashful Constant effective. His name indicates his nature ; and, barring two or three expressions, he is generally a gentleman. To have made him perfectly so, would have been inconsistent, for the error of his character arises from not having kept good company. Murphy, therefore, who could draw polished gentlemen, carefully guards the audience against expecting him to be completely finished and refined. However, Liston rendered the part considerably more vulgar and coarse than was the clear intention of the author ; for though this actor is a very gentlemanly man off the stage, he cannot even put on the look of a gentleman upon it. His scenes with Lady Constant were the best, because they were of a more decisive character ; but he failed wherever the least delicacy was required. His bashfulness was rather the awkward shyness of a booby, than the withdrawing timidity of a man of education, who wants the confidence which is acquired by mixing in society. On the whole, the performance was flat ; and, probably, since Bannister left the stage, the part has never been very well acted. It was rendered heavier by Liston not always being at home in the dialogue : as he did not expect to be called upon again to undertake the character, he did not seem to have bestowed any great pains in getting his part ; accordingly, when it was his turn to speak, and perhaps to say something suddenly arising out of what had been just remarked, he was obliged to wait for his *cue* from the prompter, and the business of the stage stood still. His bye-play was generally good.

Charles Kemble acted Lovemore, and though not, in general, a good actor of gentlemen, he shone to great advantage by the side of Liston. He appeared quite an elegant and accomplished man of fashion ; while Sir Brilliant, in the hands of Jones, much more resembled an attorney's clerk dressed out for some dancing-master's ball. He is the most flip-pant, superficial actor on the stage ; he whisks about the scene with great animal spirits, but not a syllable he utters ever makes the slightest impression. The female characters, by Mrs Fawcett and Mrs Davidson, were

well supported ; and all that it is necessary to say of Miss Foote, as Lady Constant, is, that she looked as pretty as ever.

On this occasion, Mrs Liston took leave of the public, in a sort of mock address, and mock duet, between her and her husband. Perhaps some might think this mode of retiring not quite as decorous as if the lady had shed a few sentimental tears, after a few pathetic expressions of gratitude, obligation, regret, &c. There was, nevertheless, a great deal more of truth and sincerity in it. Actors and actresses neither care about the public, nor the public about them, excepting as they contribute to each other's advantage. Mrs Liston never was any thing more than a very sweet singer of ballads and simple music, and she continues so still. What may be her motive for withdrawing from public notice, I know not.

The entertainments of the evening terminated with "The Highland Reel," and by his performance of the character of Shelly, Liston proved to what style of acting he should limit himself. When he goes out of his way, he must take the consequences.

Chi cerca briga, ne trova a sua posta.

London, June 5th.

Benefits at this season of the year follow each other rapidly : Kean had his at Drury-Lane the day before yesterday. The bill offered much novelty and variety, viz. a portion of Massinger's "Roman Actor," which has not been heard of on the stage for a century ; "the Mountaineers," Kean sustaining the part of Octavian, in which he has not appeared for a long interval ; and "the Watchman," Tom Tug by Kean, with all the original songs. One would have thought, with this actor's reputation, that here was enough to attract a full house ; but the pit was far from crowded even at half price, the boxes during no part of the evening were more than one-third full, and the galleries were very empty. It may seem difficult to account for this circumstance, recollecting the overflow Kean obtained last year, and the magnificent presents made to him, the year before : but it is in a great measure to be explained by the fact, that

a week before his benefit took place, he had announced, I will say with characteristic liberality, that the whole proceeds should be applied to the relief of the Irish sufferers. Had he been more considerate, he would have waited until the night was passed, and would then have given the sum he obtained to the pending subscription. There are many thousands who would bestow their money freely, as a matter of individual patronage, who would not contribute sixpence to a great public charity, where their names would remain unknown, and their bounty confounded with that of others. Had the price of admission to the boxes been a guinea each, with a promise that the names of the donors should be published in the newspapers, there would not have been a seat unoccupied:—

Imitatur homines domo, &c.

The chief attraction held out by Kean, to me, at least, was the introductory piece taken from Massinger. "The Roman Actor" was first performed in the year 1626, at the time when every conventicle of the Puritans rang with attacks upon the stage. One principal object of the author was to insert a vindication of theatrical representations, and he did so in the very opening of his play. It had, therefore, a peculiar application at the time it was written, as well as at the time it was revived by Betterton, about the year 1700, for just then Jeremy Collier had published his attack upon the immorality of the dramatic representations of Congreve, Dryden, and Vanburgh. At the present moment, however, there is no such reason for its representation; and it has been brought forward chiefly for the sake of novelty, and perhaps in some slight degree for the purpose of complimenting Kean. The Consul Aretinus thus opens his accusation, addressing himself to Paris, the Roman Actor:—

"In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,

I do accuse the quality of treason,
As libellers against the State and Cæsar."

The claim of Kean to be styled "the chief of his profession" was instantly admitted by the whole house; the applause, and waving of hats and

handkerchiefs, lasting for some minutes.

The whole of this performance consisted of no more than parts of two scenes, (the first and third,) which, in fact, have little or nothing to do with the plot of the tragedy. It is only to be looked upon as a piece of declamation, in which Paris undertakes to vindicate the stage, and to prove that it affords the most effectual means of encouraging and inviting virtue, and of checking and debasing vice. Of course Kean was loudly applauded; but I cannot say that he satisfied me, for he is never good at declamation. He injures the effect of the harangue to the Senate in Othello, by endeavouring to give too much point and weight to particular lines and words. He had the same fault here; and, instead of pronouncing the speech in a manly, but conciliating tone, he delivered it in a bitter, sarcastic spirit, laying a most peculiar and offensive emphasis (offensive, I mean, to his judges, the Consuls and Patricians) on the words closing every period, "we cannot help it:" thus,

—"If there be,
Among the auditors, whose conscience
tells him
He is of the same mould—we cannot
help it."

This mode of speaking, and, at the same time, looking under his brows at his auditors, had the effect of converting the implied attack upon the Consul, which follows, into a direct accusation. In consequence of this fragment having been produced, it has been reported that next season the whole play will be revived. Kean may do much for it, but not enough to make it profitably successful.

On his representation of Octavian I am unwilling to say much; it is a part unworthy of him, and it is a pity to see good acting wasted upon such balderdash. The whole play is a compound of love, sentiment, madness, folly, contrast, inconsistency, and improbability; and the two plots have no more to do with each other, than Sinbad the Sailor and the Siege of Troy.

There is not much to be said either for or against Kean's Tom Tug. His singing is tolerable; but it would

scarcely be endured, were it not for the recollection, that it is "the chief of his profession" displaying the versatility of his powers. As this attempt failed to draw a house, I suppose that, next year, he will be driven to the expedient of re-exhibiting his ancient feats upon the tight-rope. He has already shown himself in Harlequin.

London, 11th June.

Nothing new has occurred within the last week, during which Kean has sustained the part of Cardinal Wolsey for the fifth time. I mentioned, last month, that he was about to appear in the character. Dr Johnson, celebrated more for the boldness than, perhaps, for the justice of his criticisms, asserts of this play, (I forget where, but I am positive as to his words,) that "the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Queen Catharine;" adding, that there would be no difficulty in either "imagining or writing" the rest. He must have forgotten that there was such a personage as Cardinal Wolsey in it.

Without question, the part of Wolsey is secondary to that of Catharine in the play, and it maintained that rank in the times of Kemble and Mrs Siddons; but it is different in the hands of Kean and Mrs West; for the latter, though, in characters of less weight and dignity, a good and pleasing actress, is altogether unequal to the burden. On the other hand, Kean is superior to some portions of the character of Wolsey, and therefore gives it a prominence at present which does not really belong to it. I do not mean that the part, as a whole, is well suited to him; but no man has yet done particular scenes better than he has performed them. I refer, especially, here, to the conclusion of the third act, and to the most touching speech,

"So, farewell to the little good you bear me!" &c.

The interview with the taunting and triumphant nobles was admirable. There is, at present, no actress on the stage capable of sustaining the arduous part of the Queen; indeed, it would be difficult to point out a period when there was a more lamentable deficiency of female tragic talent, or when, consequently, there was a fairer opening for some new aspirant.

Kean repeated Othello on Saturday night last. The public will not, and ought not to be tired of seeing him in this character. Macready has recently attempted it at Covent-Garden; but the constant struggle, on his part, not to imitate Kean, marred his best exertions, so that he appeared to play under the restraint of trammels. Nevertheless, I admit his superiority in the scene before the Senate, though in no other. Young played Iago to Macready, but not in a manner to add to his reputation; for he rendered the villainy of the part so palpable, that it is necessary to suppose Othello not merely a generous and unsuspecting soldier, but an absolute drivelling idiot, to be imposed upon by it. Mr Cooper's Iago, at Drury-Lane, was at least free from this defect, and, upon the whole, if not a striking, it was a very respectable performance.

Nothing new is promised by the managers of either of the winter theatres; and it is probable that the season will end without a fresh piece, or a fresh performer. We hear that three pens are, at this moment, employed in putting "Nigel" into a theatrical form; but these *redacteurs* can hardly be in time this season, for Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane. I expect to see it very shortly announced at some of the minor houses. The variety and contrast of the characters, and the striking nature of some of the incidents, promise to make it a successful dramatic exhibition.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

● LONDON.

Mr Montgomery will publish, in a few days, a work, entitled, *Songs of Zion*, being imitations of the Psalms, in verse.

Shortly will be published by subscription, with a portrait, *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Alfred Stothard, F.S.A.*, author of "the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain," with some account of a journey in the Netherlands. By Mr Charles Stothard, author of "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France."

Speedily will be published, of the same size as the "Introduction to Geology, by the Rev. W. D. Conybeare and W. Phillips," an Introduction to the Study of Fossils: being a compilation of such information as may assist the student in obtaining the necessary knowledge respecting these substances, and their connection with the formation of the earth. By Jas. Parkinson, Esq. author of "the Organic Remains of a Former World."

Mr Dunlop, author of the "History of Fiction," has a new work in the press, entitled, the *History of Roman Literature*, from the earliest periods to the Augustan age, in two volumes, octavo.

Malpas, by the author of "the Cavalier," and *Roche Blanche*, by Miss A. M. Porter, are nearly ready for publication.

Mr Lewis, teacher of Chess, is about to publish *Elements of that Interesting and Scientific Game*, in one small volume, with diagrams.

The River Derwent, and other Poems, by W. B. Clark, B.A. Jesus College, Cambridge, will appear next month.

Dr Irving is preparing a new school-book on *Roman Antiquities*.

Speedily will appear, a work called *Macrulean*, a tale of the last century. By P. Croily, author of "the Chamber of Affliction," &c.

The Key to Nicholson's *Mathematics*, and the new volume of Dodsley's *Annual Register*, will be ready in June.

A *History of England* is preparing for publication, with conversations at the end of each chapter, intended for young persons, by Mrs Markham; in two volumes, duodecimo, with numerous engravings of costumes, &c.

The third part of Mr Rhodes' *Peak Scenery*, or *Excursions in Derbyshire*, will be published in the course of the ensuing month. These *Excursions* are illustrated with a series of beautiful engravings by Mr Cooke, from drawings recently made by Mr Chantrey, R.A.

A series of spirited *Etchings of Views*, &c. are nearly ready for publication, illustrative of, and forming a valuable acquisition to, Faulkner's "History and Antiquities of Kensington," from original drawings by Robert Banks.

Mr Busby is about to publish the *Plan and Elevation of the Capitol*, in the City of Washington, from measurements taken, and documents obtained on the spot, by himself, in 1819.

Shortly will be published, *Cumnor*, and other Plays and Poems, by E. B. Impey, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford.

Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry, by Allan Cunningham, are in the press.

Scholastica Doctrina, or *Lectures to Young Gentlemen at Boarding-school*, on the various Branches of a Liberal Education, with a characteristic view of the most approved elementary books of instruction, also on the conduct and duties of life, are preparing for publication, by J. K. Kent of Rupton Seminary, Herts.

Miss Scott, of Kendal, has in the press a volume of *Poems*, original and selected.

A new edition of Newton's *Principia*, from the famous Jesuit edition, with all their notes, will speedily be published, from the Glasgow University press, corrected by a Cambridge scholar.

The Modern Art of Fencing, by Le Sieur Guzman Rolando, of the Académie des Armes, is in the press. A *Technical Glossary*, in French and English, of the Terms which relate to the Use of the Sword, is added; and the whole is carefully revised by J. S. Forsyth, formerly a pupil of Le Sieur Guzman Rolando.

Euthanasia, or the State of Man after Death, by the Rev. L. Booker, LL.D. Vicar of Dudley, will be published in the course of the next month.

A new edition of Thomas Cole's scarce and valuable work on *Regeneration, Faith, and Repentance*; to which will be prefixed his two Sermons on *Imputed Righteousness*; edited by the Rev. John Rees, of Rodborough, is printing in duodecimo.

The Book of Fate, which it is feigned was formerly in the possession of Napoleon, and found in his cabinet after the battle of Leipsic, has been translated from the German, and will be published this month.

The eighth edition of "Female Scripture Characters," by the late Mrs King, with a Sketch of the Life of the Author, will shortly be published.

EDINBURGH.

Preparing for immediate publication, *Observations on the Cure and Pathology of the formidable disease termed Puerperal Fever*, which has been so very fatal in Edinburgh during the last twelve months. Together with a fair and impartial Review of Opinions entertained on this interesting subject. The facts detailed, and the successful methods of cure recommended, are the results of actual practice and patient pathological research. By John Mackintosh, M.D.

Preparing for publication, *The Youth of Reginald Dalton*. By the Author of "Some Passages in the Life of Adam Blair."

Napoleon in Exile.—This interesting work, which is expected to appear in the course of the ensuing month, is very similar in style to the entertaining life of Johnson by Boswell. It consists almost entirely of Napoleon's own remarks, in his own words, written down at the moment, during three years of the most unrestrained communication.

Professor Dunbar is preparing for publication, the second volume of Dalzel's *Collectanea Græca Majora*. The Text of Homer, Hesiod, and Apollonius Rhodius, will be corrected, according to the principles stated in the Essay upon the Versification of Homer, in the second part of the Professor's *Prosodia Græca*: the whole of the Text will undergo the most careful revision, and will be augmented by one of the Nemean Odes of Pindar; and a very considerable number of additional Notes, explanatory of difficult passages, &c. will be given.

In the press, and speedily will be published,

by subscription, in one volume, 12mo. price 5s. boards, *Lowran Castle*; or, *The Wild Boar of Curridoo*, with other Tales; illustrative of the Superstitions, the Manners, and Customs of Galloway. By Robert Trotter, Student of Medicine.

In the course of this month will be published, in one volume, foolscap 8vo. handsomely printed, with engraved title-page, and vignette view of Edinburgh, price 9s. in boards, *The Poetry contained in the Novels, Tales, and Romances of the "Author of Waverley;"* with short introductory notices from the Prose.

In the course of this month will be published, in one volume, foolscap, 8vo. illustrated with engravings, *Memoirs of George Heriot, Jeweller to King James I.* with an Historical Account of the Hospital founded by him at Edinburgh.

The subject of these Memoirs is a prominent character in "The Fortunes of Nigel," by the Author of *Waverley*.

On the first of July will be published, price 4s. No. I. of *The Scottish Cryptogamic Flora*; or, *Coloured Figures and Description of Cryptogamic Plants found in Scotland*, and belonging chiefly to the order Fungi. By Robert Kaye Greville, Esq. F.R.S.E. Member of the Wernerian Natural Society, &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in two thick volumes 8vo. with a Map of the Highlands of Scotland, denoting the districts of counties inhabited by the Highland Clans, price £1.18s. in boards, A new edition of *Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland*; with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments. By Colonel David Stewart.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

The Cottager's Agricultural Companion. By W. Salisbury. 12mo. 2s.

A Monograph on the British Grasses. By George Graves, F.L.S. No. 2. 4s. 6d. and 6s.

A New System of National and Practical Agriculture; with Hints for improving Estates. By R. Donald. 2s. stitched.

ANTIQUITIES.

Memoranda, illustrative of Egyptian Tombs; also, *Remarks on Mummies*, small 8vo. 4s.

Remains of a Roman Villa at Bignor, in Sussex. £.12.12s. boards.

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FRANCE.—A riot and tumult took place in Paris on the 27th of May. It had been reported during several previous days, that the Law Students intended publicly to commemorate the anniversary of the death of young Lallemand, who, as will be recollected, met his untimely fate during the commotions which were excited in that capital by the collegians. The authorities, to prevent their design, had caused the gates of the cemetery Pere La Chaise to be closed, and posted a civil force adjacent. At eight o'clock, a number of youths, belonging to the Schools of Law and Physic, attired in deep mourning, came to the spot in procession, and followed by a numerous multitude. M. Benjamin Constant was there in a hackney coach. The students demanded entrance to the church-yard, and attempted it by force, but were driven away. They rallied, and endeavoured again to enter, directing a volley of stones against the horse gendarmes, who charged them sword in hand: about twenty were wounded, and eight taken prisoners. The rest then fled.

SPAIN.—The last accounts from Spain represent the state of that country as alarming, and fast approaching to a state of anarchy, several provinces being overrun with rebels and malcontents, and the Government being without power, and the prey of rival factions. On the 24th of May, the Cortes voted an address to the King on the state of the nation. This document, which is of considerable length, and which gives a melancholy picture of the state of that country, points out the following measures as necessary to re-establish order, and to save the Constitution:—"The Cortes anxiously request of your Majesty, in order to put an end to the fears by which we are assailed, and to prevent the evils which we have indicated, to order that the national militia be immediately augmented and armed throughout the kingdom; for citizens, armed in defence of their homes and liberties, are the strongest pillars of the Constitution. Let the permanent army be organized with equal zeal and rapidity—that army so deeply entitled to the gratitude of your Majesty, and to that of the country, and whose exploits and virtues excite the admiration of the universe. At the same time, the Cortes hope that your Majesty will inform every

foreign Government which, whether directly or indirectly, would take a part in our domestic concerns, that the nation is not in a situation to receive laws; that she possesses power and resources to cause herself to be respected; and that if she knew how to defend her independence and her King with glory, it is with the same glory, and with still greater exertions, that she will always know how to defend her King and her liberty."

PORTUGAL.—Accounts of the 4th May from Lisbon state, that a conspiracy, which had been formed there for the overthrow of the Constitutional system, had been detected just in time to prevent the ill consequences which might otherwise have attended it. It appears that the first step taken by the Government, being made acquainted with the plot, was to issue a decree for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, which has been in force ever since the adoption of the Constitutional system. This measure led to the arrest of twenty-six persons said to be implicated in the conspiracy. These individuals were examined privately, and it was determined that six of them should be immediately set out of the kingdom. It is said that none of them were persons of any consideration.

POLAND.—By an answer of the Russian minister in Poland, to certain addresses of the Council of Wayvodes, to the Emperor Alexander, it would appear, that the Court of Petersburg is not without some fear that the Poles may attempt to regain their independence, as the minister, in the Emperor's name, strongly cautions them against imitating the revolutionary proceedings of other countries. It is thought, that the assembling of Russian armies may be to guard against the possibility of such an event, as well as to watch the Turks.

TURKEY, RUSSIA, & GREECE.—The continental papers are still filled with contradictory rumours regarding the state of the dispute between Russia and Turkey; and while, one day, we are told that all their differences are amicably settled, we have, in the next, accounts of an actual declaration of war, and the advance of the hostile armies. Upon the whole, however, the balance of opinion at present seems to be in favour of the continuance of peace. The contest between the Greeks and Turks, in the mean time, is continued with unabated keenness on both sides, and the island

of Scios has been lately taken and retaken from the Greeks, on which occasion the Turkish troops exercised all their usual savage barbarity upon the inhabitants.—Advices from Joannina to the 2d ult. represent Chourschid Pacha as placed in a situation which becomes every day more embarrassing. His differences with the Albanians and Suliotes increased instead of being appeased; and though he threatened to put to death, by the most horrible torments, four hostages whom he had found in the Castle of Joannina, and who had been given to Ali Pacha by the Suliotes, when that Chieftain entrusted his youngest son to their care, that brave people refused to betray their charge, and continued to protect the youth, who is said to have reached his twenty-first year.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—The Culcutt papers of the 16th December last, contain advices from the settlements of Singapore to the 4th November, which are interesting, as denoting the state of the trade in that quarter. Mr Morgan, a merchant of Singapore, had recently returned from a voyage to Siam and brought very favourable accounts of the disposition of the King of Siam towards the settlement. It was feared, however, that the commercial intercourse with that country would not, for that season, be on a large scale, in consequence both of the failure, to a certain degree, of the crops, and from the ravages of the cholera morbus among the lower orders. The trade with the island of Borneo had experienced a very great increase, scarcely any of the vessels from thence having passed over to Malacca or to Penang, but giving the preference universally to Singapore. The trade with the island of Celebes was also flourishing and extensive, not less than from 80 to 100 of the vessels of that island being in the harbour of Singapore at the date of the letters, besides many that had gone up to the Straits. The vessels from Celebes generally brought the cargoes of the greatest value, and those islanders had acquired a large share of the carrying trade of that quarter.

CHINA.—An unfortunate affair has occurred in China, which, for the present, has occasioned a suspension of commerce between the British East India Company and that country. This suspension took place on the 23d of December last, in consequence of an affray between part of the crew of the *Topaz* frigate, and some Chinese at Ling Ting, an island in the mouth of the Tigris. A letter from Canton of the 3d January says—"It appears, the day before, some of the frigate's men had

taken some sweet potatoes from their fields, and also two jars of wine from an individual. The following day the inhabitants beat the gong, assembled to the amount of 80 or 100, and attacked our unarmed men soon after they landed. The Lieutenant commanding the frigate, seeing the attack with his glass, fired some shot to cover his men, while he landed the marines. The inhabitants were followed into their village, where, I am sorry to say, our men, in the heat of passion, broke into the houses and wounded many, and two have died. Fourteen of our men were wounded before the others came to their rescue; they are now all nearly recovered. Had any of them died, the account with the Chinese would have been balanced; but as it is, they demand two lives for the two dead men. As they were the attacking party, we never can admit this sort of barter. The Viceroy of Canton is determined not to retract in his demand, and here we stand. Trade all stopped, and no prospect of a renewal."—In consequence of this affair, all the English belonging to the factory at Canton had gone on board the different ships, with their families and property. When the last accounts came away, on the 1st of February, the differences remained unadjusted; but it was expected that their own interest would soon teach the Chinese to abate in demands which can never be granted by the British. Among civilized nations, an accidental rencontre, attended with the loss of two or three lives, would not threaten the destruction of their friendly relations. It would seem, however, that, in the case of violent death, the Chinese acknowledge no distinction. The doctrines of manslaughter, justifiable homicide, &c. all those niceties of the English law, are unknown to them; and every case of violent death, by the hands of a foreigner, is to be treated and punished as wilful murder. This was the law lately dealt out to a poor American sailor.—A pot was thrown overboard by the unfortunate man, by which a Chinese woman was killed, and he was given up by his Captain, and executed the offence with his life.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—The New York papers of April 17, contain a report made to the House of Representatives upon the subject of the American navy. It details in substance, the progress which has been made in building vessels of war during the last six years, pursuant to an act of Congress, which appropriated the sum of one million of dollars annually for the

gradual increase of the navy of the United States. The general result is as follow :

"That, pursuant to the instructions and objects of these laws, there has been built and equipped one ship of the line, viz. the Columbus; and that there have been built and launched three ships of the line, viz. the Ohio, the North Carolina, and the Delaware; and one frigate, the Potomac, at Washington; that there is now on the stocks built, and ready to launch, one ship of the line at Boston; that there are now on the stocks, nearly finished, one ship of the line at Portsmouth, N. H., one frigate at Philadelphia, and one frigate at New York; that there is on the stocks, about half finished, one ship of the line at Gosport, Virginia; that preparations have, for some time past, been making for putting on the stocks one ship of the line at Boston, one frigate at New York, one frigate at Portsmouth, N. H., and one frigate at Washington; and that the frames, and nearly all the timber and other materials, have been provided for building one ship of the line at Philadelphia, one frigate at Washington, one frigate at Boston, and one frigate at Norfolk; that the live oak frames, and nearly all the other timber, and two steam engines, have been provided for two steam batteries at New York, and one steam battery at Washington."

CARACAS.—Accounts from Santa Fe to the date of the middle of February, describe the President Bolivar to be then advancing with a large force towards Quito, and to have received the agreeable intelligence of the voluntary surrender or adhesion of the province. Yucatan and the isthmus of Panama have also issued declarations of independence. The Congress was tranquilly proceeding in regulating the economy of the several parts into which the Republic of Columbia is divided, and other matters tending to give permanency to the new order of things. The advices from the city of Caracas were to the 19th March. The Royalists held Puerto Cabello, but the place was closely invested, and desertions were daily taking place, which report the Spanish force within the city to be reduced to the utmost extremity.

BRAZILS.—American papers of the 7th of May contain accounts of disturbances at St Salvador, which had been occasioned by the arrival of a European general to take the command as governor. The Brazilian commander refused to give up his authority, and he was supported by the native troops and the populace, who were fired upon by the Europeans. The Brazilians were at length compelled to retreat to fort San Pedro, with the loss of 300 killed and wounded.

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—May 6.—Earl Grey postponed his promised motion on the Agricultural Distress. He took the opportunity to animadvert, in terms of great severity, upon the Report of the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons, and to arraign all the late measures of Ministers, as well those which had received the sanction of Parliament, as those which are in progress. His Lordship particularly alluded to the scheme of pretended relief to the agricultural interest, which it was understood Ministers had borrowed from the Committee; to the "Dead Expenditure" arrangements, and the transactions with the Bank: in conclusion, he remarked upon the inconsistency of the former declarations of Ministers, that taxes were no burden, with their present professed anxiety for reduction. The Earl of Liverpool replied by a defence of the measures impeached by Earl Grey. He said Government had never expected that any legislative measure could give complete relief to Agriculture, but they had endeavoured to select the most efficient palliatives. Govern-

ment taxation (as distinguished from parochial taxation), he said, affected the agricultural population less than any other class, and therefore little advantage could result to the agriculturists from any practicable reductions of public taxes. To the taunt that Ministers were now acting inconsistently with former declarations in defence of taxation, he replied by a denial of its truth. He himself had always expressed an opinion, that taxes were an evil less only than a violation of the public faith. With respect to the Bank, he could only lament the monopoly which that Corporation enjoyed by its Charter; for as their right was indisputable, he could go no farther without the consent of the proprietors, which they were not disposed to sell at a cheap rate.

May 13.—The Earl of Rosebery presented the Report of a Committee of Privileges on the election of Scots Peers, which having been read, the Noble Lord moved, that notice of the Resolutions be given to the Lord Clerk Register (his Lordship deeming a Bill unnecessary,) which was agreed to. The following are the

Resolutions:—First, “That no person shall be entitled to vote for an elective Peer of Scotland, unless he is the son, grandson, brother, or lineal descendant of a Peer of Scotland, and that any other person claiming to vote must produce the certificate of his claim being allowed by the House of Lords to the returning officer.”

—Second, “That the proper officer shall have the power of challenging persons who present themselves to vote, as to their right of voting.”

20.—The Roman Catholic Peers’ Bill was brought up by Mr Canning, accompanied by a large body of the Commons. On the motion of the Duke of Portland, it was read a first, and ordered to be read a second time.

June 7.—Lord Dacre presented a Petition from a Clergyman named Grimshawe, complaining that he had been excluded from the Diocese of Peterborough, in consequence of his inability satisfactorily to answer eighty-seven questions, propounded by the Reverend Bishop of that Diocese. Lord Dacre introduced the Petition with a speech of some length, in which he described the course pursued by the Bishop of Peterborough as unusual, uncanonical, illiberal, and in opposition to the spirit of the Constitution.—The Bishop of Peterborough defended the right of every Prelate to examine candidates for orders, or ordained Clergymen, seeking admission into his Diocese, unless the latter shall have obtained from his former Diocesan a certificate of the correctness of his life and morals, and of the conformity of his religious opinions with the Articles and Liturgy of the Church. Mr Grimshawe had not obtained any such certificate of conformity, and, in the absence of that testimonial, he felt himself fully justified in propounding the questions alluded to, which were, however, strictly regulated by the Liturgy and the thirty-nine Articles.—Lord Holland charged the Reverend Prelate with sophistry and subterfuge; and maintained, that if the power of examination claimed by him had a legal existence, it ought to be abolished.—The Earl of Harrowby hinted his disapprobation of the course taken by the Bishop of Peterborough; but the Lord Chancellor warmly defended it.—The Earl of Carnarvon spoke shortly, taunting the Reverend Bench (which he said was unusually crowded) with its silence upon an occasion so interesting to the whole order.—After the Petition had been laid on the table, Lord Dacre moved that it should be referred to a select committee. The House divided without farther debate; when the numbers were—Contents, 19; Non-contents, 58.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 6.

On this, and the three following evenings, the House was engaged in the discussion of the Agricultural Committee’s Report. The subject was opened by the Marquis of Londonderry, who moved that the House should go into a Committee upon the Report.—Mr Ellis opposed the motion in an elaborate speech, the main argument of which was, that any thing tending to raise the price of agricultural produce would be ruinous to the manufacturing and commercial interests; but though his reasoning went generally to the principle of the Report, the Hon. Member directed it specially against the clause under discussion—the first clause of the Report; which advises that an advance, by way of loan, of one million, shall be made to the agriculturalists in distress, upon the security of corn in warehouse, whenever the price of wheat shall be below 60s.—Mr Bennet (of Wilts) deprecated the invidious preference claimed for the manufacturing and commercial interests. He said the landlords would be satisfied with the rents of 1792, with a proportionable reduction of taxation, which he considered the only effectual measure of relief. After two or three Members had spoken shortly, the Marquis of Londonderry rose to defend the clause. He contended that the proposed measure (which was to be treated merely as a temporary expedient) would operate beneficially, by equalizing the markets, and securing the small farmer against the necessity of selling at a disadvantage.—Mr Curwen expressed his approbation of the first clause, and hinted something of the advantage of a permanent measure founded on similar principles.—Mr Brougham nick-named the measure a pawnbroking scheme.—Mr Huskisson opposed the clause, on the ground that, if the markets rose, the proposed million would be useless; but, if they fell, there would be a great scramble for it. Several other Members spoke; those in opposition opposing the clause very earnestly, and the country gentlemen treating it rather coldly; when, at length, the Marquis of Londonderry confessed that he had opposed, in the Committee, the clause which he had just been recommending to the House, and consented to its abandonment.—The Committee was resumed on the following evening (Tuesday). The propositions offered to the attention of the House were, upon the suggestion of the Marquis of Londonderry, marshalled in the following order: 1st, The proposition of Sir T. Lethbridge, recommending the highest rate of import duty (35s. per qr.); 2d, The proposition of Mr Bennet,

recommending a duty of 24s. per qr.; 3d, Mr Ricardo's proposition for a fixed duty of 10s.—The Marquis of Londonderry, Sir F. Burdett, and Messrs Atwood and Ricardo, spoke each at some length; but much of the evening was consumed in political recrimination, and idle disputations.—On Wednesday night the debate was renewed under more favourable auspices.—Mr Bennet opened the discussion by a long and able speech in recommendation of his plan. An almost unprecedented number of speakers followed; amongst whom Mr Banks and Lord Althorpe argued at length, and successfully, in favour of a protection to the agriculturists.—Throughout the night's discussion, there was observed a close adherence to the practical view of the question. It was admitted, on all hands, that the restrictive import duty should be regulated by the *minimum* price at which foreign corn could be imported. But, with respect to the average price of grain in the foreign markets, and even its price at the present moment, all, including his Majesty's Ministers, seemed equally uncertain; opinions fluctuated between 20s. and 45s., probably according to the different markets with respect to which the speakers had been informed. Sir T. Lethbridge's proposition was rejected by a majority of 243 to 24.—Previous to the resumption of the Committee on Wednesday, Mr Wyvil moved, as an amendment to the order of the day, a resolution, that the only effective mode of giving relief to the agriculturalists, would be by a reduction of taxation. This resolution he prefaced by a declaration, that the scale of reduction from which relief was to be expected, was not less than *twenty millions* annually. A proposition so outrageous, necessarily ensured the defeat of the particular motion.—On Thursday, Lord Althorpe proposed, as an amendment, that the import duty should be 20s., with a drawback or bounty of 18s. upon exportation.—Mr Ricardo made a long speech in support of his proposition for a fixed duty of 10s., which, he said, was, according to his best calculation, 3s. beyond what would protect the British farmer in a fair remunerating price.—Mr Bennet suggested the convenience of an explanation of the terms of the Hon. Member's calculations, but without success.—Several other Members spoke, but without advancing any new argument, when the House divided upon Lord Althorpe's amendment, which was rejected by a majority of 220 to 24.—Mr Ricardo's resolution was then proposed, and rejected by a majority of 218 to 25.—The next question was the repeal of the exist-

ing duties, which was moved by the Marquis of Londonderry, and carried by a majority of 218 to 36. A resolution proposed by his Lordship was then put, and agreed to without a division.—This resolution, as explained by the Hon. Member, is in substance as follows: namely, that the ports shall not be open to importation until wheat shall have arrived at 80s. the qr.; that after the ports shall have continued three months open, corn may be imported, though wheat shall have declined to 70s.; and, finally, that all foreign corn imported, under whatever circumstances, shall pay an import duty of 17s. the quarter.

May 10.—The second reading of the bill to repeal so much of the 30th of Charles II. as debars the Roman Catholic Peers from the exercise of their rights of sitting and voting in the House of Lords, was moved by Mr Canning, and produced a long and animated discussion. Mr Wetherell and Mr Secretary Peel were its principal opposers; but the motion was carried by a majority of 12—the number being, for the second reading, 235—against it, 223.

13.—The Report of the Committee of the House, upon the Distresses of Agriculture, was brought up. Upon the motion for bringing up the Report, Colonel Davies proposed a series of resolutions to be adopted, which the Honourable Member afterwards withdrew on the suggestion of the Speaker, on the ground of irregularity. The Report of the Committee was at length proposed, and adopted by a majority of 153 to 22. Messrs Huskisson and Ricardo then proposed their respective resolutions, merely with a view to have them entered on the journals, but their motions were negatived.

14.—A motion by Mr Hume, for an inquiry into the state of the Ionian Islands, was, after some discussion, negatived by a majority of 152 to 67.

15.—Mr Lennard moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the diplomatic expenses of the Government. The Marquis of Londonderry defended the present diplomatic establishment, upon the ground of the changes which have taken place in Europe. His Lordship deprecated the doctrine, that the foreign relations of the country should be yearly exposed by an annual investigation of the diplomatic department of the Civil List; and went the length of declaring, that if the Committee were granted, he would never meet it as a Minister. Sir J. Macintosh and Mr Tierney supported the motion, which was lost on the division, by a majority of 274 to 147.

16.—Sir T. Lethbridge presented a

pation from the city of Bath, complaining of the injury resulting to the country from the emigration of the higher and middle classes to the Continent, and praying for a tax to be imposed on absentees. The Honourable Baronet estimated the number of British families at present resident abroad, in Europe, at 10,000, and the annual drain of gold from this country at a great amount. In the course of a discussion of some length, Mr Ricardo, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, joined in condemning the proposed tax, as tending in a serious degree to diminish the capital of the kingdom. Mr Warre then brought forward a motion for reducing the salary of the mission to Switzerland to the sum of £.1500, as in the years from 1792 to 1798. A brief discussion took place upon this motion, when it was negatived by a majority of 247 to 141.

17.—The Roman Catholic Peers bill was read a *second time*, and passed without debate.

20.—Mr Wallace developed his plan for the amendment of the Navigation Laws, and explained its principle, with the advantages proposed by its adoption. The Right Honourable Gentleman gave a very clear and full exposition of the proposed measure, founded on extremely liberal principles; indeed, so liberal, that it has excited a very lively alarm among the silk manufacturers, and the shipping interest. Alluding to South America, he stated it to be his intention, (without attempting to prescribe to the Executive Government what course of policy it ought to pursue with respect to the recognition of the independence of the South American States,) to propose that the shipping of those states should be admitted into this country, as those which regulated the admission of British ships into the ports of those states respectively.

24.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer this evening brought forward his new plan for commuting the Naval and Mil-

itary Pensions bill. Not being able to effect an arrangement with any public body, Government has itself undertaken the transaction; so that whatever benefit is to be derived from it, will accrue to the public, and not to individuals. It is now proposed to create a body of Trustees, who are to raise the necessary sums in the market each year, on the security of an annuity of £.2,800,000, or thereabouts, which is to be assigned to them. In consequence of this arrangement, taxes are to be remitted to the amount of £.2,000,000 per annum. Those which have been selected for this purpose, are—1st, The tax on salt, which is to be reduced in England from 15s. to 2s., and in Scotland from 6s. to 2s. This reduction is estimated to be equal to £.1,300,000.—2d, The hearth and window taxes of Ireland, which have been long a subject of complaint, amounting annually to £.250,000.—3d, The half of the tax on leather, amounting to £.300,000.—4th, The tonnage duty on British ships, amounting to £.150,000; the whole making £.2,000,000 per annum.

30, 31.—The business of the House on these evenings was of a miscellaneous nature, and not of much interest, with the exception of Mr Scarlett's bill for altering the Poor Laws in England, the chief object of which was to get rid of several defects in the present system of these Laws, which have been acknowledged to be productive both of expense to parishes, and of oppression to the poor. The leading feature in the bill was to do away with the compulsory removal of paupers, the hardships attending which the Honourable and Learned Gentleman ably detailed, and adverted to the enormous expense thrown upon the public by removals, and the consequent litigation of contested settlements. The motion was opposed by Messrs Monck, Nolan, and Courtenay, and several other Gentlemen. After a debate of considerable length, the measure was lost by a majority of 82 to 66.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

APRIL.

JUSTICIARY CIRCUIT COURTS.—Inverness.—The Court sat here on the 8th and 9th. The only case of interest was that of Alexander Sinclair, shoemaker, in Clachvale of Brabster, in the parish of Reay, and county of Caithness, who was put to the bar, on an indictment accusing him of having, on the 11th December 1821, by suffocation, strangulation, or other means unknown, murdered Chris-

tian Sinclair, in Torglass, and that her body was found afterwards in the river Brabster, on 28th January 1822. The case was one of circumstantial evidence, and the general outline of it, as proved, is this:—Christian Sinclair, the deceased, was about 40 years of age, was never married, and had three natural children, to different fathers. About the beginning of last winter, the neighbours became suspicious of her being again pregnant:

and from her great and improper intimacy with the prisoner, fastened on him as the father. In the latter end of last November, she called on a midwife in Thurso, and revealed her situation; and added, that the prisoner would likely also call on the midwife to ascertain her opinion. But the deceased intreated the midwife, on no account, to tell him of her situation, for, if he heard of it, she had great fears he would murder her alone in the cottage, or on her way home from Thurso that day. The prisoner called shortly on the midwife after this interview, and inquired particularly whether Christian Sinclair had been there, and if she were with child? The midwife admitted she had told him of her situation, and that if any thing happened to the woman or child, she would hold him answerable for it. A week after, the prisoner again called, and offered some whisky if the midwife would give him medicine to procure abortion, which she refused doing; and, in a very few days, Christian Sinclair was amissing, and was never afterwards seen, until her dead body was, after a long search, found in the river Brabster. A son of the deceased also swore, that, about a month before, the prisoner called his mother out one night, and he overheard him saying to her, that if she laid her burden at his door he would make an end of her. She had been working the whole of the 11th of December at a farmer's, and had engaged to come back next day. About sunset she left the work, and went to her own home. About two hours after, one of the witnesses observed her going for water to a small rivulet, but the witness did not wait to see her return; and another witness, about seven o'clock, called at her house, but found the door shut, and no one answered. On going next forenoon, the door easily opened; the whole furniture appeared in order, but the woman was gone. The wheel and wool-cards lay near the fireside; and the pail, in which she constantly kept water, was in the cottage, but without water, and there was none in the room, nor was any article of furniture wanting.—The prisoner was, the same night, employed in a smuggling-hut close by. Between seven and eight o'clock he went into his father's house, not far from Christy's, for a filler, and some meal, to carry to the hut, which he took away with him. About an hour after, one of the witnesses went up from the father's house to this hut. Sinclair got a tin pail full of ale, and left the hut, saying he was going with it to the wife of one James Sutherland, whose husband he would take back with him as an assistant at the distilling

operations. Sinclair accordingly went to Sutherland's, but the pail was empty, and he said that he had fallen on a declivity, coming down from the hut, and spilt the ale. On entering Sutherland's room, the prisoner took some straw and rubbed down his trowsers, which, he said, were soiled by the fall. He appeared agitated, and Sutherland told him he looked ill; to which the prisoner replied, that it was no wonder, considering where he had been, but mentioned no place. The prisoner prevailed here upon a brother of James, or Robert, Sutherland, to go with him to the hut, where they staid the next morning. This witness also remarked the prisoner's ill looks, but forgot the answer he made. After a most laborious search about the whole moss-holes and waters of the place, the body was at last found. There was no mark of violence; and, on dissection, the same appearances were observed as in that of drowned persons. Notwithstanding the long period of forty-eight days, during which the body was amissing, putrefaction had made very little progress; and the body was covered over with a thick coating of clay, to which nothing similar could be found, but in one small part about a mile above, the rest of the water channel being sandy. The head was towards the source of the river, and the hands and teeth were closely clenched. Under these circumstances, the medical men could not be positive that the deceased came by a violent death. Though the body had an appearance of having lain long in the water, yet no part of it was defaced by animals, and the medical witnesses seemed at a loss to account for the non-putrescence, from the mere antiseptic powers of the water. The right leg of the unhappy woman was forced through a hole in her petticoat, which could not have taken place from any struggling in the water, and seemed not to have been done by her. This petticoat was pinned on, but the pins were not rusted; and the whole appearances could be accounted for on the supposition that the deceased had been, in some way, first murdered, her body then concealed for a time in the moss-hole, and then thrown into the river. The river Brabster was very full of water on the 11th December, and about two furlongs from the deceased's cottage there were two planks thrown across the river, as a sort of bridge. She might have thrown herself into the river, but, as it was rocky, her body must have been defaced, which it was not, if carried down the stream. She seemed in no way responding on the evening of the day; but, a few days before, pointing to the bury-

ing-ground of Westfield, she observed to a witness, "that her friends lay there, and if she had God's peace with her, she would like to be with them." The prisoner's declarations were full of contradiction, but as no evidence of the *corpus delicti* could be obtained, the Prosecutor, after an eight hours trial, abandoned the case, and the Jury returned a verdict of *Not proven*, and the prisoner was, in consequence, dismissed from the bar.

John Grant, for theft, was sentenced to fourteen years transportation; Angus Macdonald, for an aggravated case of assault, and Robert Reid, for various acts of theft, were each sentenced to banishment for seven years.

Aberdeen.—The Court opened here on the 15th, and the business brought before their Lordships occupied their attention during that and the two following days. The first case was that of William Gordon, fishing-tackle maker in Aberdeen, who was accused of the murder of his wife, by inflicting a mortal wound in the upper part of her thigh. It appeared from the evidence, that the prisoner and his wife, along with some others, had been drinking on the night the murder was committed, and that both of them had become intoxicated. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, one of the witnesses, who lives immediately above the prisoner's house, heard the cries, as he thought, of "Mother, mother, let me be," when he went down stairs to listen, and found the cries proceeded from Gordon's room, and that they were "Murder, murder, let me be;" he listened a little, and then heard an awful shriek or scream, accompanied by the cries of "Murder," and afterwards a noise, as of a heavy body falling. He went then to the street, and called a watchman, the cries continuing during this time, though fainter. On going to prisoner's door, found it locked; broke it open with his foot, and he and watchman entered; found Gordon sitting on a chair, half dressed; his wife on her knees, on the floor, at the left side of the fire; she was then crying, "O me, I am gone now!" cries became fainter, and soon after stopped. On asking prisoner what was the matter, he said, "Nothing, nothing; that his wife had taken a drop too much, and fallen over." The floor all around her was covered with blood. Prisoner occasionally exclaimed, "He had not lifted his hand against his wife that night." It was frequently put to him how she came by her death. He said she had fallen on the fender. The fender was standing within the jambs of the fire-place, and did not appear to have been recently moved; ashes lay undis-

turbed beside it; tongs and shovel lay across it; observed no blood on prisoner's hands. Deceased complained sometimes of her husband striking her.—Another witness (the town-serjeant) stated that the blood did not reach to the fender, inside of which the poker was lying, which was very sharp, and clear towards its extreme point. The deceased attempted to speak when the surgeons were dressing the wound, and witness put his ear close to catch her meaning, but could not, from the prisoner continuing to speak loud, which the witness thought was on purpose to drown his wife's voice. Saw knives and forks in the house, but thinks the poker was the weapon by which the fatal wound was inflicted.—Three medical gentlemen described the nature of the wound, which had proved instantly fatal, and gave it as their opinion, that it could not have been received by falling on the fender, or by a fall, the perforation being three inches deep beyond the femoral artery, which had been two-thirds divided. The Jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to be executed on the 31st of May.

The next case was that of Robt. Mackintosh, farm-servant in the parish of Cruithie, accused of the murder of Elizabeth Anderson, daughter of the deceased Charles Anderson, at Bush, in the aforesaid parish, by cutting her throat with a razor. Alex. Damesy, Esq. LL.D. Sheriff-Substitute of the county, took the deposition of the deceased's mother, a woman 85 years of age; and who at the time thought herself dying, and is since dead. [The deposition of Ann Farquharson, the deceased's mother, was read. It stated, in substance, that her daughter, Elizabeth Anderson, had returned home on Sunday night; had sat down at the fire, and was preparing to read her Bible, when deponent heard a voice at the door calling her daughter out; soon after heard a loud shriek; but being old and infirm, did not attempt to rise, and soon after fell asleep; her daughter used to sleep in the same bed; but when she awoke in the morning, her daughter was not beside her.] Several witnesses proved the finding of the corpse of the deceased, the first of whom, Helen Gordon, stated, that on going to the house on a Monday morning in October, the deceased's mother called out "Is that you, Lizzy?"—answered no; the mother then desired witness to see if she was in the other bed; on going there, found the deceased's body lying on the floor, on her right side, in front of the bed, and blood about the head. It appeared, from the other witnesses, that the deceased's throat had been dreadfully

severed; and that a paper was found in her chest, signed *Robert Mackintosh*, promising to make her his lawful wife.—[From the report of the surgeons it appeared, that the deceased was about three months gone with child.]—The deceased had mentioned the written promise to two of her acquaintances, and also expressed her belief, that “Robby (the prisoner) had ta'en up wi' anither, for he wanted to get back his promise, but she wadna gi'e him't;” deceased also told these witnesses that he had money of her's and her brother's, which she wanted to get from him, but could not.—Duncan Stewart had a conversation with prisoner about eight days before the deceased's death; was rallying him in regard to his dealings with her; prisoner said “all that would soon be over;” on asking what he meant by that, prisoner replied, “you'll soon hear.”—Peter Grant was asked by the prisoner to lend him a razor, and gave him one on the Thursday before the deceased's death, which he never got back.—It appeared from the evidence of an acquaintance of the prisoner, his master and mistress, and two maid servants, that on the Sunday previous to the murder, he wore a fustian coat and trowsers, which coat was found by one of the servant-maids, on the roof of his bed, on the Monday morning, much stained with blood, and wet about the sleeves.—One witness was called to the character of the prisoner, who described him as a good-natured, honest, and civil lad.—A verdict of *Guilty* was the result of this evidence, and Mackintosh was also sentenced to be executed at Aberdeen, on the 31st May.

Several other cases came before the Court, but none of them of particular interest. Two men were sentenced to transportation for life, and two for seven years.

Perth.—The Court opened here on the 20th, but no case of importance came before it. The following occurrence, however, deserves to be recorded. A man and woman were indicted for theft, of which the former pleaded Not Guilty; the latter resisted the repeated intreaties of Counsel to plead Not Guilty, to whom she indignantly said, that she would not tell a lie. An informality in the execution of citations of the witnesses had vitiated the proceedings, and when interrogated by the Judge, the woman at length waved her conscientious scruples, and retracted her plea; the Jury afterwards returned a verdict of *Not Proven* against both prisoners.

24.—*Edinburgh School of Arts.*—The Session of the School of Arts closed this evening. After Dr Fyffe had finished his lecture, Mr Leonard Horner, in a short

and sensible address, gave an account of the proceedings of the Session, and the advances made by the Institution. The Directors, he observed, had not engaged in the undertaking without feeling some diffidence as to the result. They had the example of the Andersonian Institution in Glasgow to encourage them, but they were aware of the difference in the character and pursuits of the inhabitants of the two cities. They could not be sure whether any considerable number of the industrious classes felt the want of such an establishment, or how far the form that had been given to it would suit their views and circumstances. The result of this first Session, however, had entirely dispelled the doubts of the Directors. The success had much surpassed their expectations. Nearly four hundred individuals, chiefly mechanics, had come forward and entered as students. The principal classes had been well attended; and, among many who had distinguished themselves by scientific exercises, it was remarkable that there were three individuals from the Blind Asylum. But what was a most gratifying proof of zeal and diligence, a number of the students, who felt how much their progress in some of the sciences taught was impeded by their ignorance of Geometry, associated themselves into classes for studying the latter science. The expenditure this year has exceeded the sums raised from the contributions of the students, by £300; but the deficiency has been made good by liberal public contributions, and the establishment is free of debt. The expence will probably be less in some particulars next session; but still the efficiency of the School of Arts must, in the long run, depend upon the amount of its funds. At the close of the proceedings, Mr A. Dick, in the name of the Students, presented a Silver Inkstand to Mr Horner, as a mark of their gratitude for his unwearied exertions in establishing and supporting the Institution. On this occasion the large auditory present, students and strangers, testified, in the most unequivocal manner, how well they appreciated Mr Horner's services.

3. *Duel between the Dukes of Buckingham and Bedford.*—A meeting took place yesterday morning between the Dukes of Bedford and Buckingham, accompanied by Lord Lynedock and Sir W. Williams Wynn, in consequence of words used by the former at the Bedford county meeting. Both parties fired together, at the distance of twelve paces, on a word given; but without effect, when the Duke of Buckingham observing that the Duke of Bed-

ford fired into the air, advanced to his Grace, and remarking that, for that reason, the thing could go no further, said, "My Lord Duke, you are the last man I wish to quarrel with; but you must be aware, that a public man's life is not worth preserving, unless with honour." Upon

which the Duke of Bedford observed, "Upon his honour, that he meant no personal offence to the Duke of Buckingham, nor to impute to him any bad or corrupt motive whatever. The parties then shook hands, and the whole business terminated most satisfactorily.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

William Rose Robinson, Advocate, to be Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire.

Sir George Naylor, to be Garter Principal King of Arms, in room of Sir Isaac Heard, deceased.

Members returned to serve in Parliament.

Feb. 16.—Borough of Higham Ferris—Right Hon. Henry Constantine Phipps, Viscount Normandy.

University of Oxford—Right Hon. Robert Peel.

Borough of Great Bedford—Sir John Nicholl, Knight.

Borough of Dunfermline—Hon. George Lamb.

Maresfield—Borough of Dumfries—Sanquhar, &c.

—William Robert Douglas.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

April 28.—Mr John McFarlane, preacher, called by the Relief Congregation at Dumbarton.

May 2.—Rev. Donald Sage admitted minister of Helensburgh.

Rev. John Fraser admitted minister of Chiswick.

4.—Dr George Skene Keith called to the parish of Tulliallan.

5.—Mr John Turnbull ordained a sexton and successor to the Rev. Dr Smith, Penryn.

11.—Rev. George Gray presented by his Majesty to the church and parish of Eekford.

Rev. Thomas McCue ordained minister of the Constitutional Associate Congregation of Cuthbert.

27.—Rev. John Sinclair, son of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, appointed minister of St Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Carnarvon's Close, Edinburgh.

June 1.—Rev. John Brown, late of Biggar, ordained minister of the United Associate Congregation in Rose Street, Edinburgh.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Lieut. Col. Hon. T. P. Lygon, 2nd Life Gds., to be Colonel in the Army.

27 April 1822.

Capt. W. Gray, h. p. R. African Corps, Major.

1 Life G. Lt. Whitard, Cornet by purch. vice Locke, from 31 p.

R. H. Gds. H. Wellesley, Cornet by purch. vice Hotenkin, from 9 May.

3 Dr. G. Asst. Surg. Brown, from 22 p. Asst. Surg. vice Williamson, Staff, 2 do.

W. Mount, Cornet by purch. vice Weir, 1 do.

14 Dr. Lieut. Beckwith, Capt. by purch. do. vice, 1st do.

Cornet Willes, Lieut. by purch. do. vice, 1st do.

Cornet Ross, from h. p. Cornet by purch. do. vice, 1st do.

15 Asst. Surg. Joyce, Surg. vice Easton, 2nd h. p. 2 do.

16 Lt. Lieut. Col. Murray, Lieut. Col. 25 do.

Capt. Perce, Major, do.

Lieut. Grimes, Capt. do.

Capt. Grenville, from h. p. 5d Dr. Ch. 1. 26 do.

Cornet Smith, Lieut. 25 do.

Lieut. Williams, from 59 F. Lieut. 26 do.

— Hinton, from h. p. 25 Dr. Lieut. do.

— Hake, from h. p. 21 Dr. Lieut. do.

— Lovelace, from h. p. 25 Dr. Lieut. do.

— Macdonald, from h. p. 16 1st Lieut. do.

10 F. Lieut. Jones, from 87 F. Lieut. 26 May 1822.

— Lowe, from h. p. 6 Dr. Lieut. do.

— Armstrong, from 58 F. Lieut. do.

— Douglas, from h. p. 20 Dr. Lieut. do.

Cornet Stewart, from h. p. 18 Dr. Cornet 25 do.

— Osborne, from h. p. 19 Dr. Cornet 26 do.

Asst. Surg. Murray, from h. p. Asst. Surg. 25 do.

Lieut. Suter, from h. p. 28 F. Lieut. vice Oreck, dead 25 July 1821.

Far. Sherburne, from 70 F. Lieut. vice Wandrop, dead 18 Oct. 1820.

A. H. Lord Dorchester, Ens. by purch. vice Ward, rel. 16 April.

Lieut. Fraser, Capt. vice Loftus, dead 2 May.

1st. Clackson, Lieut. 6 do.

Hosp. Asst. Freer, Asst. Surg. vice Boyd, dead 9 do.

Capt. Elliott, Maj. by purch. vice Gell, rel. 2 do.

Lieut. Richards, Capt. by purch. do.

Ens. Davidson, Lieut. by purch. do.

Capt. Cadet G. S. Egan, from R. M. Col. Ens. by purch. 1 Aug. 1821.

Lieut. Cadet H. M. Dixon, from R. M. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Gunning, a 2 F. 24 April 1822.

Hon. C. A. Monahan, from h. p. 53 F. Lieut. vice Armstrong, h. p. 26 May.

1st. Childers, late of 10 F. En. rel. 24 April.

1st. Haxlons, Corp. 1st. Cornet. Vice Short, dead 25 May.

Br. Lieut. Col. Hardie, Lieut. Col. 25 May.

Br. Lieut. Col. Nixon, Major 1st. do.

Lieut. Mackenzie, Capt. do.

1st. Mackrell, Lieut. do.

1st. Donohoe, Lieut. 26 do.

1st. and Adj. Woodford Bank of India 1st. do.

The Pastwood, Lieut. 28 do.

Lieut. Conyngham, from 1st. Lieut. 29 do.

— Scott, from h. p. 34 F. R. Lieut. do.

— Gledhill, from h. p. 25 F. Lieut. do.

— Nugent, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. do.

— Swayne, from 17 F. Lieut. do.

— Wood, from h. p. 6 F. Lieut. do.

— O'Halloran, from 7 F. Lieut. do.

— Ens. Robinson, from h. p. 25 F. 25 do.

— Capt. Moorhead, from R. M. Col. Ens. 26 do.

— J. J. Boyse, Ens. 28 do.

Asst. Surg. Stark, from h. p. 60 F. 28 do.

Asst. Surg. 28 do.

R. Laurie, Ens. vice Carroll, cancelled 18 April.

1st. Sutherland, from h. p. 61 F. Lieut. vice Swayne, 11 F. 29 May.

Lieut. Browne, Capt. vice Scott, dead, 18 April.

- Ensign Willes, Lieut. 18 April 1822.
 Ensign Ross, from h. p. 67 F. Ensign. do.
 Ensign Miller, Lieut. by purch. vice Powell, from. do.
 Sir W. Scott, Bt. Ensign. by purch. do.
 Capt. McNair, Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. do.
 Lieut. Col. C. Rowan, ret. 25 do.
 Lieut. Sir W. H. Clerke, Bt. Capt. by purch. do.
 Ensign Hill, Lieut. by purch. do.
 Ensign Gunning, from 30 F. Ensign. do.
 Ensign & Adj. Dowdall, Lieut. by purch. vice Burnett, from 17 do.
 Ensign Thorne, Lieut. 18 do.
 Gent. Cadet, L. P. Townshend, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign. by purch. do.
 Lieut. Kelly, from late 9 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Williams, 16 Dr. 26 May.
 Ensign Fitz-Maurice, Lieut. vice Madden, dead 15 June 1821.
 R. Campbell, Ensign. 18 April 1822.
 Lieut. Leppard, from h. p. 10 F. Lieut. vice Courtaigne, 44 F. 29 May.
 Capt. Stuart, Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Manners, ret. 18 April.
 Ensign Gore, from h. p. 57 F. Ensign. vice M'Leod, dead 25 do.
 Maj. Pitt, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Cookson, ret. 28 do.
 Capt. Harpur, Maj. by purch. do.
 D. A. Courtaigne, Ensign. vice Burney, E. I. C. Serv. do.
 Lieut. Armstrong, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Jones, 16 Dr. 26 May.
 Lieut. Worsley, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Hawkins, 44 F. 25 April.
 Assist. Surg. Walsh, from h. p. 10 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Pope, cancelled do.
 W. I. R. Capt. Willats, from h. p. African Corps, Capt. 25 do.
 Lieut. Alt, from h. p. African Corps, Lieut. 21 do.
 Lieut. Ross, from h. p. African Corps, Lieut. 25 do.
 Ensign Maclean, from h. p. African Corps, Ensign. 24 do.
 Ensign Rogers, from h. p. W. I. Rang. Ensign. 25 do.
 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign. Doyle, Adj. vice Ross, cancelled 18 do.
 Capt. McDonnell, from late 6 Vet. Bn. Capt. 26 Dec. 1821.
 Ensign Ella, from late 2 Vet. Bn. Ensign. vice Norton, cancelled do.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- 1st Lieut. Robinson, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Manley, dead 1 May 1822.
 2d Lieut. Kaye, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet. Humphrey, 2d Lieut. do.

Medical Department.

- Hosp. Assist.illery, Assist. Surg. to the Forces 18 April 1822.
 Hosp. Assist. Sibbald, Assist. Surg. to the Forces, vice Napier, dead 25 do.
 Assist. Surg. Williamson, from 3 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. to the Forces 2 May.
 Hosp. Assist. Maury, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Munkittrick, cancelled 25 April.

Chaplains' Department.

- Rev. R. W. Tunney, from h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Jenkins, dead 8 March.

Exchanges.

- Lieut. Col. Elphinstone, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Cav. and Inf. with Bt. Col. Newbery, h. p. 24 Dr.
 Lieut. Col. O'Hara, from 65 F. with Lieut. Col. Burke, 2 W. I. R.
 Major MacLaine, from 37 F. with Major Lenn, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 Capt. Forlong, from 55 F. with Bt. Major Hall, 68 F.
 Fowden, from 3 F. with Capt. Cotton, h. p. 22 Dr.
 Fullerton, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gray, h. p.

- Capt. Sanderson, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Ld. G. Bentinck, h. p. 50 F.
 Bishop, from 50 F. with Capt. Powell, h. p. 23 F.
 Rowan, from 67 F. with Capt. Dwyer, h. p. 84 F.
 Lieut. Terry, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Life Gds. and Infantry, with Lieut. Locke, h. p. 34 F.
 M'Dowal, from 9 Dr. with Lieut. Montgomery, 16 Dr.
 Graham, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Menteath, 17 Dr.
 Ashhurst, from 34 F. with Lieut. Rice, 46 F.
 Osborne, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kerr, from h. p. 100 F.
 North, from 44 F. with Lieut. Williams, 86 F.
 Peel, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barker, h. p. 25 F.
 Mainwaring, from 65 F. with Lieut. Carroll, 87 F.
 Smith, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Laing, h. p. 51 F.
 Otley, from 90 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Read, h. p. 61 F.
 Cornet Campbell, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Davies, h. p. 12 Dr.
 Martin, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Wess, h. p.
 Moore, from 5 Dr. with Cornet White, 16 Dr.
 Vet. Surg. Spencer, from 1 Dr. Gds. with Vet. Surg. Ions, 16 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Col. Rowan, 52 F.
 Manners, 74 F.
 Cookson, 80 F.
 Major Gell, 29 F.
 Capt. Hon. C. Petre, 14 Dr.
 Lieut. Hewett, 8 Dr.
 Pns. Ward, 8 F.
 Surg. Easton, 15 Dr.

Appointments cancelled.

- Major Lenn, 21 F.
 Lieut. Shaw, 2 Vet. Bn.
 Ensign Carroll, 16 F.
 Assist. Surg. Pope, 89 F.

Deaths.

- Lieut. Gen. Sir Gonville Bromhead, Bt. Lincolnshire 11 May 1822.
 Lieut. Col. Browngg, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
 Major Loftus, 9 F.
 Gough, 68 F.
 Capt. M'Namara, late 1 Vet. Bn.
 Peldie, late 6 Vet. Bn. Castletown, Isle of Man 24 April.
 Pickard, late 8 Vet. Bn. Banwell, Somerset 25 do.
 Fowler, h. p. 104 F. Dep. Assist. Qu. Mast. Genl. Quebec 21 do.
 Harpur, h. p. R. W. I. Rang. Woolwich 18 March.
 Crompton, h. p. York Lieut. Inf. Vol. Paco D'Arcos, near Lisbon 29 Nov. 1821.
 Lieut. Manley, R. Art. Woolwich 30 April 1822.
 Ryan, late 5 Vet. Bn. Kemington, 1 March.
 Wetherhead, late 7 do. formerly Capt. in late 25 Dr. Halifax, Yorkshire 7 do.
 Campbell, h. p. 18 Dr. Otter House, Argyll 21 Feb.
 Cormack, h. p. 19 F. near Thurso, North Britain 25 March.
 Chamberlayne, h. p. 72 F. 21 April.
 Roeden, h. p. 2 Hussars Ger. Leg. Hanover 19 do.
 Cornet M'Dermott, h. p. Wagg. Train. Croydon 15 March.
 Ensign Copson, 11 F.
 Porter, h. p. 32 F. Isle of Man 25 Dec. 1821.
 Coulson, h. p. 45 F. Brighthelm, Yorkshire 15 March 1822.
 Douglas, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. 29 April.
 Med. Dep. Dr. Menzies, Deputy Insp. of Hospitals. Barbadoes C.
 Assist. Surg. Lucas, h. p. 6 F. Pershore, Worcester-shire 19 April.
 Hosp. Assist. Stubbings, h. p. Canada 8 Jan.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and five o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
May 1	M.39 A.54	30.130 29.996	M.59 A.57		Warm, with sunshine.	May 17	M.16 A.56	29.782 A.62	M.60 A.62	E.	Dull, warm, thun. & lt.
2	M.40 A.14	.982 .945	M.55 A.50		Rain, and cold.	18	M.17 A.60	.826 .826	M.61 A.65	Cble.	Warm, with sunshine.
3	M.56 A.45	.847 .796	M.19 A.46	E.	Fair foren. h. rain after	19	M.11 A.65	.861 .861	M.67 A.61	Cble.	Ditto.
4	M.55 A.11	.772 .666	M.45 A.45	E.	Fair but very cold.	20	M.46 A.63	.876 .904	M.69 A.66	E.	Ditto.
5	M.51 A.45	.716 .682	M.45 A.17	E.	Fair, but dull and cold.	21	M.17 A.56	31.152 .127	M.67 A.58	E.	Ditto.
6	M.53 A.45	.629 .522	M.45 A.45	E.	Fair foren. but cold.	22	M.22 A.56	.179 29.329	M.65 M.65	S.	Ditto.
7	M.57 A.42	.716 .818	M.45 A.48	E.	Fair, but dull and cold.	23	M.45 A.56	.385 .876	A.65 A.60	S.	Ditto.
8	M.55 A.47	.876 .658	M.50 A.51	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	24	M.38 A.59	.620 .260	M.64 A.60	Cble.	Ditto.
9	M.56 A.48	.665 .518	M.51 A.48	E.	Day cold, rain at night.	25	M.36 A.56	.145 .576	M.62 A.56	SE.	Ditto.
10	M.33 A.40	.501 .404	M.46 A.14	E.	Very cold, hail & rain.	26	M.10 A.51	.451 .325	M.58 A.57	SE.	Dull morn. th & lt. aft.
11	M.11 A.24	.521 .830	M.11 A.45	N.E.	Ditto.	27	M.42 A.52	.354 .354	M.58 A.59	Cble.	Heavy showers.
12	M.57 A.44	.865 .865	M.46 A.18	E.	Fair, sun- shine, cold.	28	M.11 A.57	.911 .875	M.62 A.59	SW.	Fair.
13	M.55 A.47	.760 .618	M.52 A.54	E.	Cold morn. sun. aftern.	29	M.39 A.60	.620 .856	M.62 A.59	SW.	Fair day, rain night.
14	M.45 A.56	.594 .617	M.58 A.39	W.	Very warm sunshine.	30	M.45 A.55	.410 .810	M.61 A.61	Cble.	Fair and warm.
15	M.48 A.61	.624 .728	M.65 A.62	W.	Ditto.	31	M.42 A.58	.780 .791	M.61 A.61	Cble.	Ditto.
16	M.45 A.55	.706 .744	M.61 A.60	Cble.	Dull, slight showers.						

Average of Rain, 1.926 inches

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

		Wheat.			Barley			Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	May	Oatmeal.		R. & P. Meal	
		Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.				Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May	15	59 2	23 0	20 0	26 9	17 0	20 0	14 0	17 6	12 0	14 0		72	0 10
	22	54 9	25 0	29 0	27 10	17 0	20 0	14 6	17 0	12 6	14 0		62	0 11
	29	31 8	25 6	29 0	27 1	17 0	20 0	15 0	18 0	13 0	15 0		61	0 11
June	5	51 0	25 6	29 6	26 10	17 0	19 6	15 0	17 0	13 0	15 0		52	0 10
	12	54 4	3 0	29 0	26 7	17 0	19 6	15 6	18 0	13 0	15 6		59	0 10

Glasgow.

		Wheat, 240 lbs.		Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 520 lbs.		Bms. & Pst	Oatmeal, 140 lbs.	Flour, 79 lbs.
		For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.			
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May	16	55 5 10	51 0	17 0	19 0	19 0	21	18 22	13 0	17 0
	26	50 33 0		17 0	19 6	19 0	21 0	16 21	16 0	17 0
	30	50 55 0	26 30 0	17 0	19 0	18 6	21 0	16 21	16 0	17 0
June	6			16 0	18 0	18 0	20 6	16 21	15 0	16 6
	13		28 29 0	15 6	17 6	17 0	20 0	16 21	15 6	16 6

Haddington.

Dunfermline.

1822.	Bolls.	Wheat.		Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.	
		Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
May	17	55 5	22 0	26 2	16 20 0	15 17 0	10 15 0	May	15	11 0
	24	51 0	21 0	25 8	16 20 0	14 17 0	11 14 5		20	11 0
	31	54 5	25 0	26 8	16 20 0	14 18 0	10 15 6		27	11 0
			26 6	26 9	16 20 0	15 17 6	11 15 0	June	5	15 0
			25 6	26 5	17 22 0	14 18 0	11 14 0		10	11 6

London.

1822.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.	Pease.	Flour.	Quar. Loaf.
				Ed & Pot.	Potat.				
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May	17	55 65	20 21	11 20	14 22	19 23	21 50	19 25	50 51
	20	50 61	24 21	11 20	13 21	18 22	25 09	18 21	20 53
	27	50 64	20 21	14 20	13 21	18 22	25 29	18 21	29 35
June	5	50 64	20 21	14 20	13 21	18 22	25 29	18 21	28 31
	10	48 54	20 21	14 22	13 22	19 25	26 50	20 24	52 54

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat, 70 lb.	Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lbs.
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May	14	1 0 9	9 2	3 3 2	8 5 9	26 28	24 50	21 51	55 37	27 50
	21	4 0 9	9 2	3 3 2	10 3 9	26 28	24 50	21 51	55 37	27 50
	28	4 0 9	9 2	3 3 2	10 3 9	26 28	24 50	21 51	55 37	27 50
June	4	4 0 9	9 2	3 3 2	10 3 9	26 28	24 50	21 51	55 37	27 50
	11	4 0 8	9 2	3 3 2	10 3 9	26 28	24 50	21 51	55 37	27 50

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May	45 7	19 5	17 7	16 5	21 4	22 8	—
	16 8	20 8	17 5	17 4	22 4	22 11	—
	18 7	22 0	16 11	17 4	22 8	24 6	—
	23 4	20 10	16 7	17 5	22 4	25 3	—
June	45 11	20 5	16 0	17 0	22 10	24 8	—

May 11.—Quarterly average of Corn in Britain, which governs importation.

Wheat 45s. 2d.—Rye, 19s. 11d.—Barley, 18s. 2d.—Oats, 16s. 5d.—Beans, 21s. 6d.
Pease, 22s. 1d.

PRICES CURRENT.—JUNE 8. 1822.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
TEA, Bohea, ½ lb.....	—	—	—	2s. 7d. 6
„ Congou.....	—	—	—	2 6½ 3 6
„ Soucheong.....	—	—	—	3 8 1 6
SEAL, Musc. cwt.....	—	—	—	—
„ B. P. Dry Brown.....	52	60	52	56
„ Mid. Good, & Fine Mid.....	70	82	56	73
„ Fine and very fine.....	80	82	70	79
„ Brazil, Brown.....	—	—	18	24
„ White.....	—	—	27	29
„ Refined, Double Leaves.....	120	130	—	104
„ Powder ditto.....	96	100	—	81
„ Single ditto.....	88	96	110	80
„ Small Lumps.....	84	90	92	—
„ Large ditto.....	81	86	85	—
„ Crushed Lumps.....	75	82	86	—
„ Molasses, British.....	29	—	27 6	26
COFFEE, Java.....	—	—	—	—
„ Ord. good, and fine ord.....	100	105	94	103
„ Mid. Good, & fine Mid.....	105	120	106	122
„ Fine, and very fine.....	—	—	—	122
„ Dutch, Triage & very ord.....	—	—	—	78
„ Ord. good, & fine ord.....	120	135	104	113
„ St Domingo.....	122	126	—	96
„ Pimento (in bond), lb.....	8½	9	—	8½
„ Spirits, Jam. Rum, 160 P.....	2s. 0	2 2	1 8	1 10
„ Brandy, gal.....	4s. 3d.	4 6	—	—
„ Geneva.....	4 10	2 0	—	—
WINE, Clar. 1st Gr. hhd.....	£ 15	55	—	—
„ Portugal Red, pipe.....	24	46	—	—
„ Spanish, White, butt.....	31	55	—	—
„ Teneriffe, pipe.....	28	30	—	—
„ Madeira.....	15	65	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton.....	£ 7	7 7	—	9 0
„ Honduras.....	—	—	—	9 10
„ Campeachy.....	8	—	—	9 15
„ FUSTIC, Jamaica.....	7	8	—	10 0
„ Cuba.....	9	11	—	10 0
INDIGO, Caracas, fine, lb.....	9s. 6d.	11 6	—	9 0
„ Timber, Amer. Pine, foot.....	1 8	2 2	—	9 7
„ Ditto Oak.....	2 9	3 3	—	—
„ Honduras Mahogany.....	1 0	1 6	1 2	—
TAR, American, brl.....	20	21	—	14
„ Archangel.....	16	17	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle.....	36	38	—	38
„ Home melted, cwt.....	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.....	41	46	—	—
„ Petersburg Clean.....	40	—	—	53
„ Flax, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.....	48	49	—	—
„ Dutch.....	44	45	—	—
MATS, Archangel.....	85	90	—	—
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts.....	13 10	15	—	—
ASHES, Petersburg Pearl.....	45	46	—	—
„ Montreal ditto, cwt.....	48	—	46	47
„ Pot.....	34	35	36	38
OIL, Whale, tun.....	£ 22	—	20 10	21
„ Cod.....	—	—	—	—
TORACCO, Virg. fine, lb.....	7½d.	8	7½	7½
„ inferior.....	5	5½	3½	4
COTTONS, Bowed Georgia.....	—	—	0 8½	6 10
„ Sea Island, fine.....	—	—	1 5	2 1
„ Demerara & Berbice.....	—	—	0 9½	0 11½
„ Pernambuco.....	—	—	0 11½	1 0½
„ Maranhão.....	—	—	0 11	11½

Course of Exchange, London, June 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. Ditto at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburg, 37 : 9. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 40. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 155½. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn 17½. Genoa, 43½. Lissabon, 57½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Dublin, 9½ p cent. Cork, 9½ p cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 o 17 o 10½. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11½d.

Premiums of Insurance—Guernsey or Jersey, 15s. 0d.—Cork or Dublin, 15s. 0d.—Belfast, 15s. 0d.—Hambro', 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 15th May to 12th June, 1822.

	May 15.	May 22.	May 29.	June 5.	June 12.
Bank Stock	239½	240	240	—	240½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	78	78½	788½	78½	79½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	78½	79½	—	—	—
2½ p cent. do.	88½	89½	89½	89½	90½
4 ½ cent. do.	94½	91½	94½	94½	96
5 ½ cent. navy annuities.....	102½	102½	—	—	—
India Stock.....	—	243½	—	—	—
— Bonds.....	51 pr.	53 pr.	52 pr.	42 pr.	49 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)....	3 2 dis.	3 1 pr.	1 pr.	1 d. 2 p.	1 pr.
Consols for account.....	78½	80½	80½	80½	80½
French 5 ½ cent.....	88 fr. 15 c.	88 fr. 40 c.	89. fr. —	90 fr. 5 c.	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th April and the 20th May 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Ackland, H. and C. Rose, Leadenhall-market, provision-merchants.
 Adams, J. Bromyard, Herefordshire, victualler.
 Attre, W. Brighton, coach-maker.
 Beley, J. Birmingham, dealer.
 Benbow, T. Bromyard, Herefordshire, draper.
 Bentley, T. & E. Leicester, brace-manufacturers.
 Bird, J. T. Bury St. Edmunds, butcher.
 Bley, J. Marston, Oxfordshire, corn dealer.
 Boshier, J. Norway-place, Hackney-road, timber-merchant.
 Bradley, W. Louth, linen-draper.
 Bramwell, J. Leadenhall-street, hatter.
 Brittain, J. Worcestershire, linen-draper.
 Burr, J. Haies Owen, Shropshire, ironmonger.
 Carleill, C. Bury St. Edmund's, carpenter.
 Carter, M. Forton-mill, Gosport, miller.
 Child, J. St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, boatwright.
 Collard, W. Enmore, Somersetshire, baker.
 Coates, J. Kanth, Huntingdonshire, liquor-merchant.
 Cole, T. & R. Priest, jun. Norwich, warehousemen.
 Crosser, W. Millbank-street, timber-merchant.
 Cruckshanks, J. Gerard-street, wash-manufacturer.
 Davis, G. East-stonehouse, Devonshire, ship-builder.
 Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cooke, Sugar-loaf-alley, Bethnal-green, brewers.
 Devey, H. F. T. Tickell, and J. Sanders, Golds-hill, Staffordshire, iron-manufacturers.
 Dryden, J. Wood-street, warehousman.
 Dunnet, D. Norwich, veterinary-surgeon.
 Elms, W. sen. St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, inn-keeper.
 Ely, T. Fenchurch-street, malt-factor.
 Ennett, C. Mangotsfield, Gloucestershire, quarry-man.
 Evans, F. Cirencester, corn-dealer.
 Faulkner, P. Manchester, warehousman.
 Fearman, W. New-Bond-street, bookseller.
 Frier, F. Drury-lane, grocer.
 Frimstone, J. P. Wolverhampton, iron-master.
 Fowler, W. Staines, linen-draper.
 Freethy, T. Acton, Middlesex, baker.
 Gamson, J. Gainsborough, mercer.
 Goodwin, J. Sheffield, victualler.
 Green, J. Birmingham, ironmonger.
 Griffith, T. Hilmorton, Warwickshire, victualler.
 Hamper, H. Cheltenham, hosier.
 Hannum, E. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, insurance-broker.
 Hawkins, J. jun. Glastonbury, Somersetshire, horse-dealer.
 Heath, W. Cheadle, grocer.
 Hewitt, T. Carlisle, draper.
 Hirst, J. Awkley, Yorkshire, iron-founder.
 Holland, S. P. Worcestershire, hop-merchant.
 Horseley, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper.
 Hudson, J. Ulverston, victualler.
 Jones, D. Liverpool, dealer.
 Jones, L. Deptford-bridge, dealer.
 Kent, C. Manchester, shop-keeper.
 Lawson, P. Bownes-hall, Cumberland, corn-dealer.
 Marsh, W. and W. Willatt, Haneley, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturers.
 Mortram, J. Bristol, hop-merchant.
 Moore, D. Aston, Warwickshire, ironmaster.
 Morris, S. Long Itchington, Warwickshire, corn dealer.
 Nash, J. sen. Clandon, Surrey, farmer.
 O'neil, H. Liverpool, brewer.
 O'wen, J. Leadenhall-street, cabinet-maker.
 Parkes, J. J. and J. Warwick, worsted-manufacturers.
 PEARL, R. Cambridge, cook.
 Pearson, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, grocer.
 Pritchard, J. Rosaman-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter.
 Prothers, J. Bodwelty, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper.
 Robinson, W. Halifax, ironmonger.
 Roxby, R. B. Arbour-square, Commercial-road, merchant.
 Rose, J. G. Brompton, dealer.
 Reut, J. Whitechapel, linen-draper.
 Russ, J. Evesham, Worcestershire, butcher.
 Salman, J. Lambeth, coal-merchant.
 Samson, J. Exeter, china-dealer.
 Schofield, J. Sheffield, cutler.
 Smith, J. K. Farnham, Surrey, upholsterer.
 Smith, A. J. and J. Shepherd, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, iron-masters.
 Smith, R. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, innholder.
 Smith, M. H. Burslem.
 Smith, J. Wangford, Suffolk, warrener.
 Stewart, R. King-street, Cheshire, Scotch factor.
 Surnam, F. Crowle, Worcestershire, maltster.

Fahner, W. Kent road, victualler.
 Caperton, R. Petworth, banker.
 Vaughan, T. Chorley, Lancashire,
 butcher.
 Vincent, J. Mary-le-bonne, victualler.
 Watson, S. Norwich, linen-draper.
 Walwyn, R. Abbad-street, Glasgow, printer.
 Warren, G. Wyminster, meabhan.

Watkins, W. Norton, Worcester-shire, corn-dealer.
 White, T. Regent-street, St. James's, whitesmith.
 Whitehouse, B. Dale End, Birmingham, baker.
 Wilson, J. Hatton-garden, auctioneer.
 Willet, P. E. and R. Thetford.
 Williams, P. sun. Knightsbridge, linen-draper.
 Winkles, J. Hereford, upholsterer.
 Worwood, T. Lancaster, banker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced May 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Campbell, Duncan & Archibald, paper makers at Millholm, near Glasgow.
 Cowan, Robert & Sons, grain-merchants in Glasgow.
 Gordon, William, corn-merchant in St Andrews.
 Hill, Peter, & Co. book-sellers in Edinburgh.
 Inray, James, stationer and general-trader in Glasgow.
 McKellar & Co. merchants in Greenock.
 Malcolm, Robert, bookseller in Glasgow.
 Nasmyth, Pollock & Co. stationers in Edinburgh.
 Newham, Thomas, merchant in Glasgow, and cattle-dealer in Paisley.
 Peck, Samuel, spirit dealer in Glasgow.
 Richardson, Robert, merchant in Lachmahen.

Robertson, James, & Co. booksellers in Edinburgh.
 Steven, Hugh, merchant in Girvan.
 Tod, James & Andrew, merchants in Borrow's town.
 Walker, Robert, victualler in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Forbes, William, merchant in Aberdeen; by J. D. Milne, advocate there.
 Lawson, William, grocer in Glasgow; by Gilbert Saunders, accountant there.
 Macfarlane, Robert, & Co. merchants in Glasgow; by Alexander Crawford, merchant in Paisley.
 Philip & Taylor, merchants in Aberdeen; by J. Ewing, advocate there.
 Wardrobe, Alexander, iron monger in Glasgow; by Archibald Lawson, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1821. Nov. 12. In India, the Lady of Capt. T. Gordon, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, a son.
 1822. April 10. At Malta, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Balcanquhall, 27th regiment, a son.
 23. In Great George Street, London, the Right Hon. Lady Emily Drummond, a son.
 24. The wife of Mr Henry Spink, of Kinross-borough, mason, of three children, two boys and girl; the latter since dead, but the two former likely to do well.
 25. In Hereford Street, London, the Lady of Capt. Hatton, R. N., a daughter.
 26. In Lower Brook Street, London, the Lady of Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart, a daughter.
 27. At Florence, the Lady of Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., a son.
 -- At No. 7, Pellesay Crescent, London, the Lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, a daughter.
 28. In Portman Square, London, the Lady of Frederick Colville, Esq. a son.
 29. At Springfield, Mrs Duncie, a daughter.
 30. At Upton, near Jedburgh, Mrs Black, a son.
 -- At Wauze, the Lady of Allan Robertson, Esq. Royal Regiment, a daughter.
 -- At Uffington House, the Countess of Lindesay, a daughter.
 May 1. Mrs Wm. Maxwell Little, Duncan Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 2. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Sinclair, Esq. of Barrock, a son.
 3. At Bizzay Park, Mrs Gillespie, a son.
 4. At the Lordship's house, in Piccadilly, London, the Countess of Rosebery, a daughter.
 -- In London, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Peel, a son.
 -- Mrs Davidson, of Drumley, a son.
 5. At Wellington Square, Mrs Crawford, of Ardmillan, a son.
 -- At Deanbank House, Stockbridge, Mrs Bruce, a son.
 6. At Gallanach, the Lady of Dugald MacLougall, Esq. of Gallanach, a son.
 -- At North Berwick, Mrs Dr Fogo, a son.
 8. Near Stirling, the wife of George Gorie, of two girls and a boy, who, with their mother, are doing well.
 9. Mrs J. A. Cheyne, No. 50, London Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 -- At Georgefield, parish of Wester Kirk, Mrs Murray, a son and heir.
 -- At Stirling, the Lady of John Fraser, Esq. advocate, a daughter.
 10. Mrs Van Hathorn, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

10. Mr. Forrest, wife of Mr Forrest, banker in Perth, of two sons and a daughter. The girl is since dead, but the mother and the two boys are well.
 11. At Stirling, Mrs Captain Galbraith, a son.
 -- Mrs Paul, 65, York Place, Edinburgh, a son.
 -- At Kewington, Mrs Carnegie, a daughter.
 12. Mrs Anderson, No. 99, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 13. At his seat near Exeter, the Lady of Alexander Hamilton, Esq. of the Retreat, in Devonshire, and of Chulterst, in the county of Ayr, a son.
 -- At the Manse of Dunblane, Mrs Anderson, a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 22. At Murrumbidge, Mr Thomas Dales, writer, Hamilton, to Isabella, daughter of James Munro, Esq. of Murrumbidge.
 21. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, William Sheldon, Esq. of Glasgow, to Ellen, daughter of the late William Ingham, Esq. of Calcutta.
 At Southampton, the Hon. and Rev. Francis James Noel, fifth son of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. and the Baroness Barham, to Cecilia Penelope, fifth daughter of the late Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. of Corsham House, Wilts.
 26. At Benning, Mr John Friar, farmer, Bomer-cyde, to Isabella, third daughter of the late James Cochran, Esq. Benning.
 -- At Richmond, Major George Con Monro, of Poyntisfield, to Jamaica Charlotte, third of Frances Graham, Esq. of Tulloch Castle, Jamaica.
 28. Alex. Robertson, Esq. younger of Candy, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Baird, Esq. Grange.
 -- At Dundas Street, Edinburgh, William Corrie, Esq. of Linthill, to Jane, second daughter of David Falconer, Esq. of Carlisle.
 -- At Provinsale, Mr Leonard Gow, merchant, to Mary, eldest daughter of James Casswell, Esq.
 30. At Edinburgh, James Mac Millan, Esq. W. 26, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Ainslie, Esq. W. 8.
 May 4. At Edinburgh, Lieut. Nathaniel Taylor, late of the 90th light infantry, to Maria, second daughter of the deceased Charles Angus, Esq. Tunberry Lodge.
 2. At Bath, Major-General Sir William Inglis, K.C.B. to Margaret Marianne, eldest daughter of Major-General Raymond.
 6. At 126, George Street, Edinburgh, Gilbert Laurie Finlay, Esq. W. 8, to Grace Hunter, daughter of George Charles, Esq. M.D.
 8. At St Omer's, France, Ernest Vaneehout, Captain of Engineers in the French service, to

*Mrs Anna Ann Gregore, second daughter of David Gregore, Esq. late merchant at Dunkirk.

1822. May 8. At Whitehaven, Mr W. Butterworth, Moffat, to Miss Clementson, daughter of E. Clementson, Esq.

— At Woodchester Church, the Earl of Darnley, to the Hon. Miss Moreton, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Ducie.

10. At Berthurn, Mr William Robertson, writer in Glasgow, to Christian, eldest daughter of Wm. Liddell, Esq.

14. At Edinburgh, Captain John Duncan, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hill, of Rosebank, Esq. W. S.

16. At Dighton, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart. K.C.B. to Maria Susannah, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart.

17. At the Church of St Mary-le-Roche, London, James Niven, Esq. of Glenarm, in the county of Kirkcubright, to Anna Jane, only daughter of the Rev. Dr John Vardell, rector of Fish-stoff, and Skirbeck, in the diocese of Lincoln, deceased.

21. At Ripley, Surrey, James Ochterlony Lackham M.D. Esq. of Livingston, in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, Scotland, to Miss Louisa Dalziel, daughter of James Dalziel, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Daniel Gorrie, King's Kettle, Kife, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late John Moffat, surgeon, royal Navy.

25. At Leith, Lieut. John Baikie, R. N. to Sarahella, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Hutton, merchant in Leith.

— At North Bank, Walter Ritchie, Esq. H. P. 11th light dragoons, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Moore, Douglas, Isle of Man.

DEATHS.

1821. June 7. At Mullingum, in the presidency of Madras, of spasmodic cholera, Assistant Surgeon James Stewart, age 122 years, eldest son of Mr Charles Stewart, Korymum, of the 1st battalion 5th regiment Madras native infantry.

August 28. At Madras, Lieut. James Hamilton Wreghitt, son of John Wreghitt, surgeon, Falkirk.

Sept. 28. At Mhow, in the East Indies, Ellen Cameron, Esq. of the Bengal horse artillery, eldest son of Alex. Cameron, Esq. of Coleridge, Rosshire.

29. At Cluffick, East Indies, Alexander Maclean, Esq. (youngest son of the late Mr John Maclean, Langmuir, Mull, Argyleshire) Surgeon to the Commissioner, and Civil Surgeon of the station, aged about 37 years. The illness which terminated in the death of this estimable and lamented man was a severe fever, which, in its early stages, assumed an alarming character, and, after fourteen days of suffering, baffled all the skill and endeavours of the medical gentlemen who attended him. It would be idle, in a notice destined for the public eye, to attempt to give expression to the profound sorrow for the loss of Mr Maclean, experienced by an extensive circle of friends, at the station where the last three years of his life was spent; but the superior worth and excellence of his character deserve to be recorded as a brief obituary tribute. Emaciated by the science and practice of his profession, and devoted with ardour to the discharge of all the duties attaching to it; the frankness and cheerfulness of his manners, the soundness and lucidity of his understanding, and his extensive knowledge of mankind and books, rendered him the delight and ornament of the society in which he moved. His active benevolence, and universal philanthropy of his disposition, formed, however, the principal feature of his character, and should be chiefly dwelt on here, as the qualities which endeared him to all classes, and commanded the love and esteem of the poor and destitute, as well as those who, by their rank or situation, might possess a claim to his professional services. His career of usefulness and benevolence has been cut short in the prime of life, but the memory of his virtues will long survive him, deeply imprinted in the eyes of his numerous friends, who have followed his remains to the grave with feelings of sorrow which no language can adequately portray, and whose consolation is derived from the reflection,

that if the practice of every Christian duty, combined with sound and endearing religious impressions, can afford a reasonable ground for hope hereafter, the object of their regrets has been transferred to a state of happiness in another and a better world.

Oct. 3. At Trincomalee, island of Ceylon, Lieutenant-Colonel William Goddes, of the 80th regiment of foot.

5. At Shiraz, in Persia, aged 55, Cleveus John Huch, Esq. (author of the Memoirs of Ancient Babylon,) formerly of Bristol, and late resident of the East India Company at Bagdad; to which station he was raised before the age of 17, in consequence of his great literary attainments and distinguished merit. He was at Shiraz on his way to Bombay, when he was carried off by that fatal disease, the cholera morbus, the ravages of which, in that city, swept off, in the brief space of five days, sixteen thousand persons. His imminent death will be the subject of most painful regret to many of his friends who remember his truly amiable character, together with his intense application and his ardent genius, by means of which he was enabled to make an almost unexampled proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, Persian, Arabic, and Turkish, as well as in several of the European languages. Independently of his extraordinary acquirements, thus prematurely lost to the world, his death will excite additional regret in the mind of the Christian, from his having engaged, in the most decided manner, to promote the circulation of the Scriptures through Persia, and other parts of the East; an ample acknowledgment of his valuable services is contained in the records of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

25. At Berhampore, Bengal, David Monteau, Esq. third Appeal and Circuit Judge at Moushelabad.

Nov. 1. At Baroda Camp, Capt. Robert MacFarlane, 4th regiment grenadier battalion, a native of Montserrat, British Isles.

5. At Bombay, aged 19, P. C. Baird, Esq. M.D. Superintending Surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service on the Bombay establishment.

9. At Pootooghur, in Bengal, Foreign Jonas Campbell, third son of a native infantry.

— At Madras, Peter Scott, M.D. Surgeon of the Male Asylum there, and Assistant-Surgeon at the Hon. East India Company's service, a gentleman, highly respected and lauded by his relations and friends.

12. At Churchoore, East Indies, James Johnston Duncan, surgeon, Madras Establishment, son of the late Rev. Dr Duncan, rector of Whitland, Northumberland.

21. At Muttra, in Bengal, Capt. Andrew Christie, of the 4th native infantry, eldest son of Andrew Christie, Esq. of Perthshire.

23. At Berhampore, in the East Indies, of a bilious fever, Capt. Thomas Bunry, of the 11th dragoons, aged 50, son of Thomas Bunry, Esq. of Montrose.

28. At Meent, Major General F. R. Parry, son, C.B. Colonel of his Majesty's 15th regiment of foot, and Commander of the 2d division of the helmetry in Bengal.

1822. Jan. 7. At Cape Town, on his passage from India, Lieut. Colonel John Stuart Jardine, of the 10th regiment of Bombay infantry, and of Kelso, in Roxburghshire.

Feb. 11. At Mount Rose, island of St Vincent, the Hon. Andrew Ross, Secretary to the Council, youngest son of the late William Ross, Esq. of Gresham, Roxburghshire.

March 11. Dr Alexander Menzies, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals at Bangalore.

— At Enniscorthy, Colonel Robert Stewart, of Enniscorthy.

April 7. At Jemnaen, Major Emanuel Poe, of his Majesty's 4th regiment.

— At Wokingham, John, second son of the late Peter Landry, of Boscith, Esq.

15. At Vale House, Lanarkshire, Mrs Horrock, mother of S. Horrock, Esq. W. P.

18. At Glenelg, Dumfriesshire, Jas. Whyte, Esq. of Newmans, in his 60th year.

21. At Belle Isle, near Middlesea, on his way to Cheltenham, the Rev. William Curwen, of Harrogate, second son of J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P.

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